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THE
LADY'S FRIEND.

EDITED BY
MRS. HENRY PETERSON.

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TO THE
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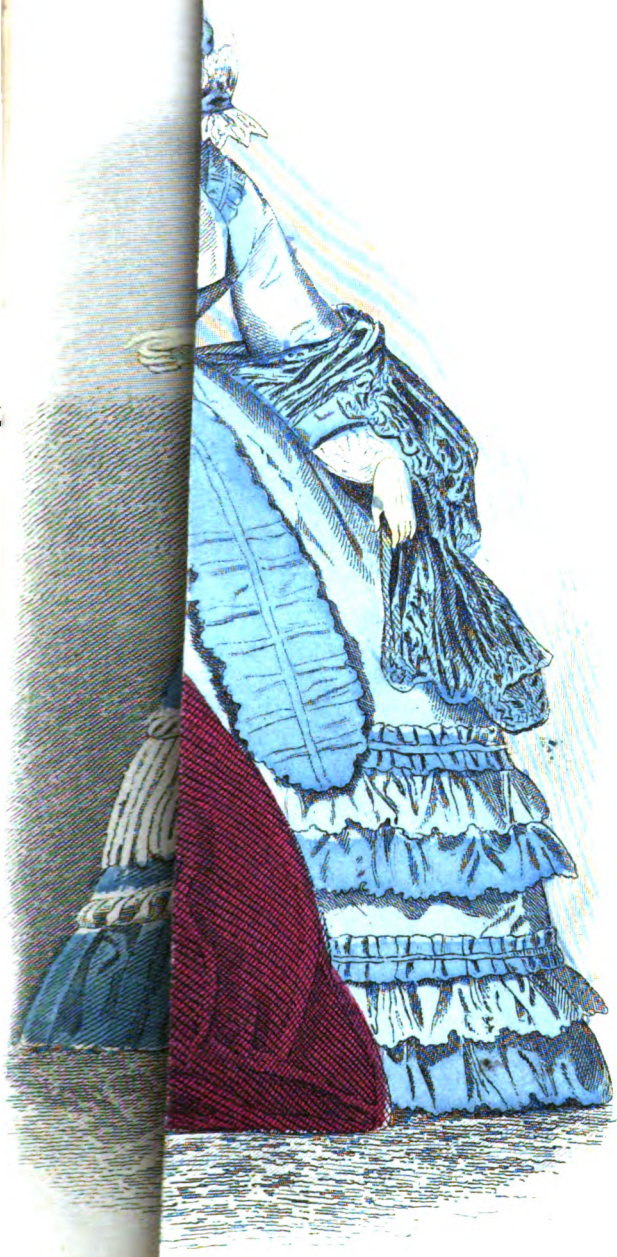
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AFTER THE BATTLE.

Words by H. Peterson.

Music by O. W. Heywood.

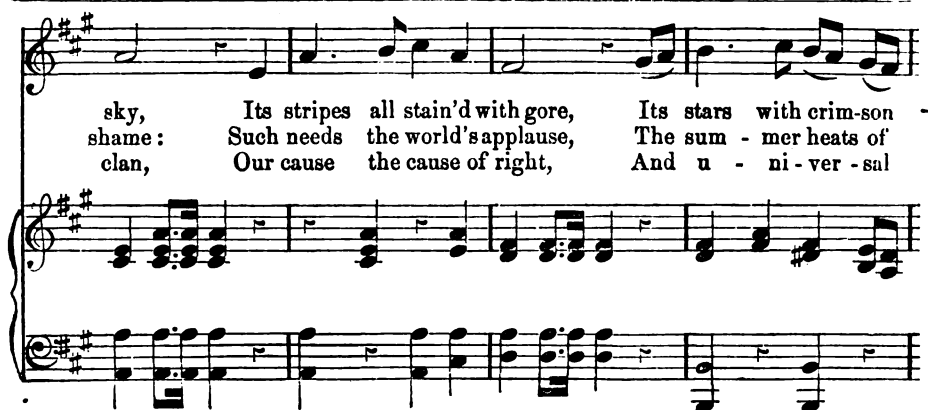
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In March Time.

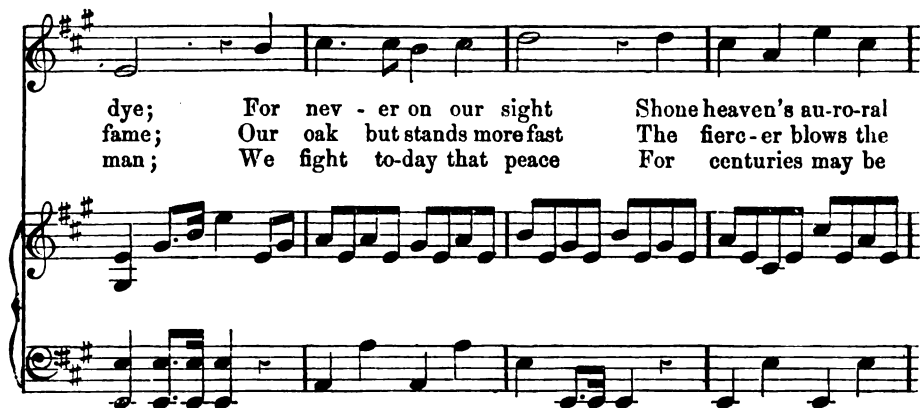


| | | | |
|--------------|----------------------|------------|--------------|
| 1. Fling out | the flag once more | A - gainst | the Southern |
| 2. De - feat | may doom a cause | Born of | disgrace and |
| 3. We fight | no self - ish fight, | For par - | ty or for |

The third system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the lyrics. The vocal line is written in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal notes. The piano part continues with chords and single notes, with a final pedal marking at the end.



sky, Its stripes all stain'd with gore, Its stars with crim-son
 shame: Such needs the world's applause, The sum - mer heats of
 clan, Our cause the cause of right, And u - ni - ver - sal



dye; For nev - er on our sight Shone heaven's au-ro-ral
 fame; Our oak but stands more fast The fierc-er blows the
 man; We fight to-day that peace For centuries may be

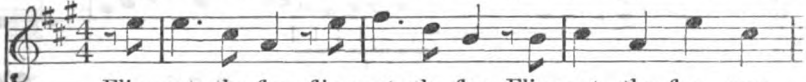


gleams, As in this hour of night Our country's banner streams.
 storm, For e'en the chilling blast With God's own breath is warm.
 ours, With all its glad in - crease Of Freedom's fruits and flow'rs.

CHORUS.

*Repeat.**Cres.....cen.....*

SOPRANO.



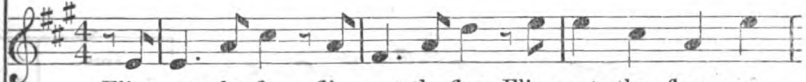
Fling out the flag, fling out the flag, Fling out the flag once

ALTO.



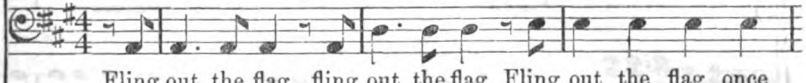
Fling out the flag, fling out the flag, Fling out the flag once

TENOR.



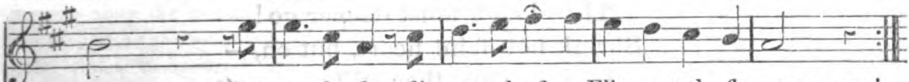
Fling out the flag, fling out the flag, Fling out the flag once

BASS.

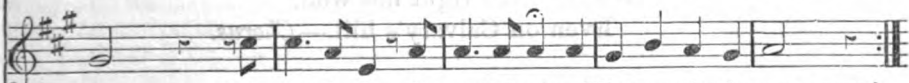


Fling out the flag, fling out the flag, Fling out the flag once

PIANO.

*Cres.....cen.....**do. e Acc.....le.....ran.....do.*

more; Fling out the flag, fling out the flag, Fling out the flag once more!



more; Fling out the flag, fling out the flag, Fling out the flag once more!



more; Fling out the flag, fling out the flag, Fling out the flag once more!



more; Fling out the flag, fling out the flag, Fling out the flag once more!

*do. e Acc.....le.....ran.....do.*



4.

Why fate still seems to chide,
 It is not ours to know;
 Perhaps 'mid roots of pride
 The plough must deeper go!
 Shrink not, faint heart, but on,—
 God is above thee still;
 Who has the right has won,
 Even on Calvary's hill.—*Chorus.*

5.

Then fling the flag once more
 Against the Southern sky!
 Its stripes all stain'd with gore,
 Its stars with crimson dye;
 For never on our sight
 Shone heaven's auroral gleams,
 As in this hour of night
 Our country's banner streams!—*Chorus.*

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1864.

[No. 1.

GABRIEL WILKIE'S RETURN.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

[See Steel Engraving.]

There was an unmistakable pout upon Lucy Dwight's pretty face as she sat that winter afternoon twisting the leaves of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," open upon her knee, and beating her foot restlessly upon the carpet. The red lips, usually irresolute or smiling, were tightly compressed, and a large diamond upon one of the nervous little hands seemed to catch the contagion of her restlessness, and quivered and burned in her lap like a fallen star. Gabriel Wilkie leaned against the chimney-piece, and watched her absently. Nothing could be brighter or pleasanter than the wide, old-fashioned sitting-room, with its blazing fire and Christmas holly upon the walls; nothing fairer or prettier than the excited little lady in the arm-chair, with the firelight dancing over her delicate violet dress—over her soft, flushed cheeks, her bright hair, her blue eyes sparkling with temper. But the young man's expression was one of downright fatigue and vexation. If ever a look told a heartfelt disappointment, that one did.

"Once and for all, Gay Wilkie," cried Lucy, shutting her book, and clasping her hands forcibly upon it, "this must be an end to it. What I told you in the beginning of this preposterous affair, I tell you in the close—if you want to go to that hateful war, and fight and be killed, why, for pity's sake, go and fight and be killed; but remember," and she lifted her hand warningly, "you accept *all* the consequences. I do not give my consent, and what is more, I never shall."

"In that case," returned Gabriel slowly and reluctantly, "I shall be compelled to go without it."

The blue, childish eyes, lifted to meet his grave ones were swimming with tears. The

lightning was not quite done with yet; but after the first thunder-clap the rain was beginning to fall.

"O, Gay!" sobbed the girl, hiding her face, "and I was fool enough to dream that you loved me——"

"So I did—so I do; no man's love was ever truer or stronger than mine. But, my goodness, Lucy," cried he, driven to desperation, "what can I do! This matter is too serious for a woman's whim. Must I sacrifice honor, conscience, country, everything to you?"

"You have sacrificed nothing as yet, that I can see," pouted Lucy, still in tears.

The young man came over and sat down beside her. It was an effort for him to speak calmly just then, and harder for him to look it. His fine, honest face, was as flushed and excited as her own; but he spoke in a soothing way, as if to a spoiled child:

"Listen to reason, my dear girl, for five minutes. Consider what serious times we live in: in the midst of civil war, rebellion preying upon the very vitals of our once prosperous country, everything at sixes and sevens. Now Heaven alone knows how long this is going to last! Peace is bound to come some time, sooner or later; but in the meantime battles must be fought, victories *must* be won, or treason will triumph."

"What difference does it make to you?" persisted Lucy, too selfish to be patriotic—"you are only one man, after all; you admit your ignorance of tactics. There are thousands there already, who know all about it. You would not be missed."

Gabriel Wilkie looked at her with grave disgust.

"Lucy, you are a coward, and a girl of

miserable perceptions. How differently Ursula would have spoken."

The last words were *sotto voce*, but they did not escape her quick ear. She turned upon him like a pretty tigress, her eyes blazing with wounded vanity—

"That is the key, is it? I might have guessed it. Somebody is so brave and has such fine perceptions that we are all cowards beside her. Bah! Ursula has bitten you with her mad folly."

"Don't excite yourself without cause," said the young man, coolly ignoring the subject. "As to the thousands who are doing the fighting without me, don't you think they have their home ties as well as I? And, Lucy, my dear Lucy, don't you see that if their wives and sweethearts were all to argue as you do, there wouldn't be a man to strike a blow or fire a shot? Be rational now, like a good girl."

Lucy looked pettishly into the fire, no ways inclined to come to terms.

"It is very easy to talk," was all she said.

"And quite as easy to act when the heart is brave," said her companion, firmly. "Here am I, a young, powerful fellow, in the prime of life, lounging, day after day, from my office to court and from court to my office, eating and sleeping like a lord, while out West and down South fellows of half my weight, with paper cheeks and attenuated frames, are fighting and bleeding like giants for the cause. And shall I stay at home, making pitiful speeches and carrying about a green bag crammed with contemptible litigation? Forbid it, Heaven!"

He rose to his feet, folding his arms tightly upon his broad chest.

Lucy looked up at him; her eyes still defiant—the angry flush again rising in her cheeks:

"In spite of everything, then, you will go?"

"Where glory waits me—yes. Next to my God I love my country; next to my country—you."

"Humph!" returned the girl, piqued at the third place. "Brutus said it better when he gave the death-blow—'Not that I loved Cæsar less, but Rome more!'"

With a weary sigh Gabriel Wilkie turned from the fire and pushed open the door leading into the next room. It was a quiet haven after the stormy interview. Charlie Dwight, Lucy's ten-year-old brother, was at the library table. There was a military map spread upon it, and Charlie was engrossed in it, talking with shrill animation to a girl who leaned over his shoulder

tracing a route with her finger—a singular-looking girl, with a head like a muse, and a quaint, quiet grace in her drooping figure. She might have stepped out of some old picture in that dress of quaker simplicity. Not a gay tint, not a jewel about her; even her linen collar was fastened at the throat with a knot of sober ribbon. She lifted her dark, earnest eyes as Gabriel came in, and bowed gravely.

"Are you planning a battle, Miss Ursula?" he asked, with a faint smile. The address was formal, considering Ursula was Lucy's younger sister, but the girl was almost a stranger to him. He had boarded at Dr. Dwight's two years, but Ursula had not lived home for three. The doctor's practice was not the best in the world. He was a good old man, a fair pink old man, with bright blue eyes (which his daughter Lucy inherited), and far from unskilful. But he had a weakness. He talked too much. Tact is a blessing in every profession, but especially in that which feels the pulse and looks at the tongue of an ailing public. "Silence is golden," as that medical man discovers who looks the wisest and says the least. Dr. Dwight did not discover it, however, and his receipts were small. So small, indeed, that one day he found out if something were not done to increase them they would all shortly come to grief. One of the girls must teach—a genteel occupation and tolerably remunerative. Ursula or Lucy? It lay between them; at least it would have, if Lucy had not edged away from it as far as possible and left it all to her sister. Like a great many pretty things in this world, Miss Lucy was decidedly more ornamental than useful. She was superficial and had no perseverance. Besides, she went into hysterics with malice prepense and aforethought, and protested she wouldn't teach. It was stupid, and tiresome, and degrading. It would spoil her eyes, and crack her voice, and ruin her complexion. She would be a positive fright in a week, if she lived that long, which was doubtful. All this, while Ursula had been quietly answering an advertisement, packing her trunk, and taking her ticket for the night line to Baltimore. So the elder sister stayed at home in her bright-eyed selfishness, and the younger went forth, like a fairy princess, to seek her fortune. Ursula became a governess in a southern family, and Lucy made careful *toilettes* and looked at her pretty face in the mirror, and wasted life in the old butterfly fashion. A month back, Dr. Dwight came into

an opportune legacy, and Ursula came home to rest. Gabriel Wilkie did not know all these particulars, but he was beginning to suspect a good deal. There was much respect, much of what was almost tenderness, in his tone:

"Are you planning a battle, Miss Ursula?"

"I was showing Charlie the first advance upon Bull Run," she replied, quietly folding up the map. "Now you may run away and play, dear; sister will call you when she wants you." And, as the boy darted out of the room, she took up some knitting-work from the table and sat down with her back to the light.

"You were living near Bull Run the time that battle took place, were you not?" said the young man, breaking the silence.

"So near that the noise was deafening while it lasted. We scarcely quitted the private chapel; we could do nothing but pray and hope. After it was all over, I went down with the rest to the field."

"It must have been a fearful sight. I should not judge you strong enough for it."

A slight shudder crept over the young girl at the memory:

"I should not have been if I had gone simply through curiosity, but going to help was a different matter. There was too much to do, and no time for squeamishness. If ever men needed womanly care and tenderness, *they* did, heaven help them!"

She spoke with an earnest simplicity which was characteristic. Gabriel Wilkie looked at her, and thought of Lucy pouting in the next room. The sisters were strangely unlike. The elder, childish and frivolous; the younger, soft-spoken and serious. Lucy all bloom, dimple, and sunshine, like a Watteau shepherdess; Ursula dark, colorless, and slight, with magnificent hair and eyes—those luminous, liquid eyes which are a life-long memory to you when you once look into them—but for the rest almost plain.

"Miss Ursula," said the young man, after a pause, during which he had paced deliberately up and down with his hands behind him, "I have been thinking seriously since our conversation yesterday. I never realized before how effeminate a man can grow leading an easy life. Last night was a sleepless one; but my mind is made up."

He stopped in front of her; but though she was listening with a hushed, attentive expression on her pale face, she did not lift her eyes from her knitting.

"Is it to go or stay?" she asked quickly.

"To go."

"With your whole heart in the cause?"

"With my whole heart in the cause;" and his handsome face did not belie it.

"Thank God! It is what I expected. Had you decided otherwise——" she stopped and began to count her stitches.

"Go on," said Gabriel abruptly.

"It does not matter now," she replied.

"I beg your pardon, I would like you to finish," retorted her companion with an interested look.

"Your perseverance would carry a battery. I was about to say had you decided otherwise, and had I been in my sister Lucy's place, I——," she paused to speak more slowly, and to turn the calm indignation of her beautiful eyes full upon him, "I should have despised you."

Gabriel made an odd gesture:

"Your sister Lucy thinks and acts very differently."

"What do you mean?"

"She threatens if I go to break our engagement."

A quiet contempt hovered about Ursula's lips, but she said nothing.

"Listen to that, will you?" said Gabriel with a vexed look. A stormy overture had begun on the piano in the next room. Lucy was not generally a striking player; her touch was too timid, her execution too irresolute. When she lost her temper, however, she lost her timidity with it, and played well. Now, piqued at her lover's firmness, and jealous of his long conversation with her sister, she had worked herself up to fever heat, and, as a consequence, her performance was most brilliant.

"She plays well to-day," said Gabriel, enjoying it in spite of himself; "that chromatic was faultless. But it's all temper, every note of it, the unreasonable girl! Have you no influence with her, Miss Ursula?"

"Not the least. She does not confide in me. We have nothing in common."

The young man gave a low, rueful whistle: "Then *that* chapter's ended," he said, flinging himself into a chair. "I thought you could have helped me. Both women, and sisters at that. To be sure you are as different as day and night." (Ursula was looking him quietly in the eyes.) "But one woman ought to understand another, and—pshaw! come in, wont you?" taking her suddenly by the hand, "and make an effort to convince her?"

She made no resistance, but putting her work calmly aside followed him into the sitting-room. It was gall and wormwood to Lucy to see them come in together. With her pretty face unusually flushed, and her lips quivering with nervous agitation, she bent her sullen eyes upon the music, and dashed through it like a steeple-chase.

Gabriel Wilkie stalked to the window and looked out with an uncomfortable expression. Lucy had begun to sing a song which he detested, and she knew it:

"I'll be no submissive wife,
No, not I—no, not I!"

"I believe you," muttered the youngman, with a glance at her defiant mouth. Then he looked at Ursula. What a character there was in her pale face! It was hard to believe that she was younger than Lucy. She leaned against the end of the piano, looking down with a peculiar expression. Suddenly she spoke, laying a quiet hand upon her sister's shoulder:

"Don't sing that song, Lu—I don't like it."

"You don't?" Lucy dropped her pretty hands into her lap, and looked up at her in a mass of indignation.

"You are quite in a fever," pursued Ursula, composedly. "You must not go out to-night. Stay at home, and let father give you a draught."

"I don't want any draughts; I'm well enough;" and Lucy dashed into a brilliant waltz. All at once she broke off pettishly, and burst into a perfect tempest of tears.

"Lucy," said Ursula, her pale face still paler, "you are very unhappy, but it is all your own fault. Mr. Wilkie thinks——"

Her sister broke away from her with wet cheeks and flashing eyes, and walked to the door. There she halted:

"What Mr. Wilkie thinks, or what he does not think, is of no importance to me. It may be to *you*," with jealous emphasis on the last word, and throwing it all back vindictively over her shoulder. "I have already given him my decision. I have neither time nor words to waste further upon him. I am going to the opera."

With that she abruptly quitted the room, shutting the door sharply after her. Ursula went over to the fire and knelt down before it, spreading her slender hands to catch the warmth. She was shivering from head to foot; but a speck, like a flame, burned in her colorless cheek, and her eyes glittered like diamonds.

When Lucy came down an hour later, unusually brilliant in her evening dress, her opera cloak over her arm, and her white gloves in her hand, Ursula sat knitting quietly by the fire, and Gabriel was gone. This was unexpected. She thought he would have waited for her like another Jacob, if it had been seven years. She bit her lip and stopped in front of the mirror to adjust a flower in her hair.

"How stupid you are," she said sharply to her sister, "to sit moping here when you might go to the opera."

Ursula leaned her elbow on her knee and looked into the fire:

"That is your pleasure—this is mine," was her reply.

Lucy's bright eyes were searching her face, keen with a sudden suspicion:

"Ursula Dwight, you have a motive in staying at home to-night."

If there was any point to the arrow, Ursula did not feel it. She was perfectly unruffled.

"If I acted without a motive, I could scarcely be reckoned a rational creature," she replied in her usual tones.

Lucy turned away in a pet: "There, I have torn my glove. You are the most provoking girl in the world, Ursula. I can't make you out, but I know you are deceitful."

With which remarkable speech Lucy sailed majestically from the room. That night was the beginning of her folly. Between the acts (that most convenient season for gossip), she flirted, she talked brilliant nothings, accepted and extended invitations, and made such a little goose of herself generally, that Mrs. Dwight felt it a duty to read her a sleepy lecture coming home in the carriage. At midnight, standing in her warm, quiet chamber, with Ursula asleep among the pillows, looking almost beautiful with the flush of quiet dreams upon her face, Lucy took off her engagement ring, tossed it into the drawer with the rest of the jewelry Gay had given her, and turned the key upon it. Her finger felt odd without the ring; it was the first time it had been off since it was put on. She set her rosy lips tightly:

"It will be a tough battle, I suppose," she murmured; "but I know who will conquer."

Then she fell asleep and dreamed, with the usual consistency of dreams, that Ursula went to war instead of Gabriel, and was shot through the heart with a plain gold ring.

The house was flooded with visitors all that week, but Gabriel Wilkie was not among them.

Ursula was reserved as ever after the opera-night. Lucy laughed a great deal, but watched the doors. At last he came. It was evening, and a number of gay people were in the drawing-room. Lucy, brightly dressed, was fluttering among them, like a brilliant bird, when Gabriel came upon her unexpectedly and called her by name.

He was in uniform; pale, but perfectly self-possessed. The sight of his dress flushed her scarlet. Then she turned white, and her blue eyes snapped like steel. She had pitted his love against his patriotism, and vanity had whispered but one result. Now it broke upon her all at once. She was desperate.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Wilkie," she said coldly, withdrawing the hand he had taken, "they are waiting at the piano—I am going to sing—"

Gabriel Wilkie was a lawyer, and the changes in her face had not been lost on him.

"I shall not detain you long," he interrupted, with a quiet meaning in his voice, "I only came to say good-bye."

"Good-bye, then," she said carelessly, her pride carrying her through.

"Good-bye."

He released her as suddenly as he had arrested her, and moved away. She looked after him. What a noble-looking fellow he was! How splendidly the uniform sat upon him! But he was a cruel, unfeeling wretch for all that, and she hated him—that she did, with an hysterical sob rising in her throat.

He met her mother at the door. She heard him ask in a low tone, "Where is Ursula?" and after watching him up the lighted staircase on the way to the library, she went to the piano and sang, "*I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,*" like one in a dream. Somebody cried "charming!" but she only felt giddy and sick. She was very childish, and had no power of endurance. She had scarcely strength to quit the instrument and walk slowly into the cool, dimly lighted dining-room for a glass of water.

Some one was there before her. It was Ursula. Ursula, as pale as a ghost, and with dark circles about her eyes. She had her handkerchief pressed to her lips, and as she took it away Lucy saw that the delicate cambric was stained with blood.

"Dear me! Ursula! you have broken——" she was beginning in sore fright, when her sister checked her.

"Bring me some salt and close the door," she said quietly.

Lucy was passive as a child and did as she was bid.

"Now leave me alone," said Ursula, lying down on a sofa, "and say nothing about it."

"But if you should get worse——" hesitated Lucy, her hand still upon the door.

"I shall not get worse—I shall get better. You have done all that is necessary."

"If you aren't the strangest girl!" and then Lucy came over and knelt down by the sofa.

"O Ursula! If you *would* only show a little more feeling for my sorrows! You are as cold as a statue. I don't think you ever suffered or really felt anything in your life. As for me, my heart is broken."

"Is it possible?" said Ursula with a faint smile, as she looked into the round blooming face of her broken-hearted sister.

"You needn't laugh. It's the honest truth. Gay Wilkie is gone."

"Is he?" said Ursula, closing her eyes as if she was tired of it all.

"Yes. What a pity you wern't in the library—he ran up to bid you good-bye. But I won't bother you any longer," added Lucy, in a meek, resigned sort of way. "You'd better go to bed, Ursie, dear, you're just as white as a corpse."

That night when Lucy Dwight cuddled down in front of her bed-room fire unlacing her dainty gaiter-boot, she said to herself: "If Gay Wilkie stays away a month I shall die of a broken heart!"

Poor frivolous little Lucy! the shoe-lace which snapped in her fingers was not any stronger than her resolution.

Gay Wilkie stayed away a month—three months—six months—a year; fighting his country's battles with the bravery of a man whose soul was in the cause; and Lucy outlived it all with a whole heart. Gay Wilkie wrote to no one; he was trying an experiment. There was an invalid corps in the town, and Lucy had the gayest of gay times with the officers. All bloom, dimple and sunshine, and more like a Watteau shepherdess than ever, the elder Miss Dwight dashed passed the camp in the most bewitching of riding habits, with the most charming of jockies shading her sparkling face. What with her riding, her dancing, her singing, her flirting, she was quite the toast of the mess.

And Ursula lived her old quiet life at home: quiet, and yet as busy as it could be. Seeing to Charlie, knitting or sewing for the soldiers, and carrying sunshine in her gray skirts, wherever she moved. Sometimes she visited the hospitals, always to come back with a sweeter

gravity upon her face, and a pathos in her voice which told how deeply the troubled spirit of the times had sunk into her thoughtful heart. In the long evenings she read the war-news aloud to her father. Once among the names of the wounded that of Gabriel Wilkie met her eye. She did not read it with the rest: she could hardly tell why. But after the good old doctor dozed in his chair, she sat for a long time staring into the fire, and dreaming as she often did.

Gay Wilkie was a year gone that night. Did Lucy remember it? She came in as if in answer to the thought, singing:

"For the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she wore when he rose."

She was gay as a sunflower, if not as constant. There was to be a moonlight party on the ice, a compliment to the invalid corps; and Lucy was already dressed in her fanciful skating costume. She bent over Ursula and laid her hand softly upon her knee. A new ring sparkled upon it. Ursula turned as pale as death:

"Are you mad, Lucy? This day of all others! and Mr. Wilkie——"

"What of him?" cried her sister pettishly: "he has never written—he has forgotten me."

"You don't know what you are saying. He—O Lucy!" and Ursula, usually so silent and impassive, broke down completely and hid her agitated face in her hands.

"Good news, girls," cried Mrs. Dwight, entering the room "a telegram from Gabriel Wilkie. He has got a furlough, wounded slightly, I think, and says we may expect him home to-morrow."

Lucy stared at Ursula with a horror-stricken expression, but her sister, putting her aside, quitted the room and did not come back again.

The officer who buckled on Lucy's skates that night thought her singularly abstracted. Once on her feet she skated with a desperation which filled the entire corps with admiring wonder; but she talked to no one. Twice she came near breaking her ankles and once her neck. But she would rather have enjoyed it than otherwise. She almost wished she could skate into an air-hole and be done with it. One thought was uppermost. Gabriel Wilkie was coming back to-morrow, and how, under the sun, *was* she to face him? She had thought it all fine fun in perspective, this flirting and coquetting and exchanging of rings, which was to drive

poor Gay Wilkie half mad with jealousy on his return. But now that the reality came knocking at the door, the heart of the little coward began to fail her. Oh! if she could only run away and hide herself! But Mrs. Dwight was determined that she should not. Quite blinded to the real state of affairs, that lady insisted upon Lucy's accompanying her to the depot to meet Gabriel the next morning: and Ursula pleaded headache and would not go in her place. Was there ever anything more provoking? Lucy went, like a criminal going to execution. When the train came in, she shut her eyes in desperation. She might as well have kept them open. A few soldiers got out and lounged away, but Gay Wilkie was not among them.

"He will come in the afternoon train," said Mrs. Dwight confidently; "cheer up, Lucy, my dear."

"Lucy my dear" did cheer up, but from different causes. And when the afternoon and evening trains came in, one after another, and no Gabriel still, while the rest looked grave, Lucy laughed like a bell.

"If he should have got worse and died on the way," she whispered to her sister as they sat at tea, "wouldn't it be shocking?"

"Hush!" said Ursula so sharply, that Lucy dared not renew the subject, but gulped down her tea and sat staring at her ring in uneasy silence.

Supper over, they all gathered in cozy reunion in the wide, old-fashioned sitting-room. Again the bright fire crackled on the hearth, again the Christmas holly glistened on the walls. It was a bitter cold night. The snow lay thick upon the ground out of doors, but the stars were shining, and the clear winter moon rode up the sky. Dr. Dwight, with little Charlie cuddled closely to him, was telling him tales of the hospital and the sick soldiers. Mrs. Dwight was busied with her sewing, and the two girls sat side by side at the end of the long table.

Ursula had a brilliant color and an expectant look in her eyes, and Lucy, relieved from her present anxieties, was more childishly gay than ever. Her laughter, her lively nonsense, were like the prattle of a pleasant brook or the chirping of a canary.

"You do not take your disappointment much to heart, child," said the old Doctor laughing, and looking at his watch; "but it was strange, after all, that Gay did not come. We may give him up for to-night. The last train is in."

The dog, lying at his master's side, started up at the word, and ran barking to the door.

"Hark!" said Ursula, springing to her feet with clasped hands and the expectant look deepening in her eyes. "There is a footstep—some one is coming."

Some one *was* coming—some one had come. A quick foot upon the frozen path without—a moment's pause—and the door was dashed open. Gabriel Wilkie stood upon the threshold with outstretched arms, and the winter moonlight shining upon his pale face.

Ursula paused as she had risen with clasped hands. Lucy leaned upon her shoulder, the gay smile frozen upon her lips. Dr. Dwight and Charlie were starting from their corner with a noisy welcome; while Mrs. Dwight, still seated, shaded her eyes with her hands and gazed bewildered at the visitor.

"Ursula, my darling! my one, true, patient heart!" broke from the lips of Gay Wilkie, as, forgetful of all else, he darted forward and caught her outstretched hands.

And Ursula, for the first time in her life, did what many another woman has done as much from joy as sorrow—happy Ursula fainted.

"And to think, after all," said poor little bright-eyed Lucy, sitting neglected in a corner, and wiping away a tear of girlish pique, "to think after all it is Ursula he has been loving so fiercely all this while and not *me*, who may marry whom I please without giving him a moment's pain. Oh! the fickleness and ingratitude of men!"

THE YANKEE GIRL.

BY THE EDITOR.

A large and gay party were assembled in the spacious parlors of Colonel R—— in honor of the marriage of a young relative. The bride had come from a distant state, and was a stranger to most of the family of which she was now a member; therefore, among the lively young people particularly, curiosity was on tip-toe awaiting her entrance.

At last the bridal train swept into the room, and a universal murmur of admiration showed that in one respect at least there was no disappointment. She was beautiful exceedingly—fair as a lily, with a soft rose tint on her cheeks that deepened with excitement into the richest bloom, a few ringlets falling lightly upon her white neck, and the mass of her luxuriant hair braided into a golden crown that gleamed richly from under the transparent bridal veil floating airily about her—a form of perfect symmetry, a step of majestic grace.

"Did you ever see anything so exquisite!" exclaimed Annie Ashton, the sister of the bridegroom, a sprightly, impulsive girl of nineteen, following with eager eyes of unbounded admiration the gliding star of the evening. "Is she not beautiful, Uncle George?"

The gentleman addressed did not immediately reply. When he did it was with a slight shade upon his brow, and a touch of seriousness in his voice.

"Beautiful indeed, that cannot be denied; but what is Frank to do with such a dainty creature on his farm? He needs a useful help-mate—one who can share with him the toils and cares inseparable from a farmer's life. Can those pretty hands mould a pound of butter or knead a loaf of bread? I fear not."

Annie laughed merrily. "Why, uncle, what would you have? A sturdy country lass, who would only shine in the kitchen? No, no, Frank would never be content with anything less than a veritable lady for his wife, though he did insist upon being a farmer."

"I am afraid it will not work well."

"I am not afraid, uncle. Alicia is one of those who do all things well."

"Alicia too! Who ever heard of such a name out of romances? Fancy an Alicia superintending the substantial preparations for a harvest dinner!"

"Call her Alice, then. She is a sensible girl, and will like that as well from you. Indeed, Uncle George, if you knew these Yankee girls as well as I do, you would not be troubled with so many misgivings. They are very witches at management—have a magical gift of accomplishment in their finger ends; and because they have beauty, and grace, and refinement, it does not at all follow that they are poor house-keepers."

"Perhaps not," said Uncle George, quietly.

"I have travelled through New England myself, you know," pursued Annie, too much in earnest to heed his incredulous tone, "and have seen so much of the wives and daughters of the New England farmers, that I have any amount of faith in their power to combine the useful and the beautiful in the same character. Those lovely little homes, as snug as birds' nests, and as happy too, how many of them have I seen! and in all the constant presence of a skill and energy that transform work into play, and exhibit to strangers' eyes a daily miracle, as if things were done by the turning of a crank. You see the house in princely order, yet look around in vain for any who seem likely to have performed the manifold services required to keep it so, for its inmates are refined and intelligent enough for any society; and you think involuntarily of the troops of brownies that work all night for the gude wives of Scotland, making all trim by daybreak. It was a standing astonishment to me, and is so still, how so much could be done with so little visible effort; but it is a fact in my experience, and as Frank's charming wife comes from among these wonder-workers, I feel quite sure that she can do everything required of her."

"You seem to speak from the card, Miss Annie," said her uncle, smiling at her volubility and earnestness, "and I must needs give in for the present to such elaborate testimony. I hope for Frank's sake that you may be right."

Mr. Ashton was one of a class common in the large cities of America—an enterprising merchant, who had risen from poverty to riches, building up unaided his own fortune. He had consequently a very accurate experimental knowledge of the qualities necessary to rise in the world, and amid all the elegance and refinement of the wealthy circle in which he moved, never forgot the homely words, industry and economy, nor failed to commend them to young people as the talismanic virtues through which success was to be won. He had never married, and his brother's orphan children, Frank and Annie Ashton, his pets in their infancy and playmates in their childhood, became as they grew up, more and more the central objects of his interest. This they repaid with a warmth of affection most acceptable to the craving heart of one whose advancing age was cheered by no nearer ties, and in most cases the will of Uncle George was their law.

The time came, however, when Frank Ashton, a fine, generous, open-hearted youth, but impetuous and wilful as young men of spirit are apt to be, found it impossible to do otherwise than take counsel of his own heart solely, trusting that the slower decisions of others' judgment would in time coincide with his instinctive choice.

While completing his education in the North, he had gone home to spend the summer vacation with a college friend, Lewis Barton, and, before the visit ended, became completely captivated with the beauty and numberless attractions of his sister, the lovely girl whom he had now brought home as his wife. It was natural that Frank should desire his bride to make a favorable impression upon her new relatives, and especially did he wish that Uncle George should be pleased. The affection and gratitude and high respect with which he had always looked up to this indulgent friend, made him intensely anxious that he should approve his choice and love the object of his love.

That this good opinion, so much desired, was not won at first sight, we have already seen. The old gentleman, though not without a decided taste for grace and beauty, was not to be allured by them from his uncompromising demand for the simple household virtues—the old-fashioned tests of woman's worth—and he left it to time and trial to prove to his satisfaction whether his beautiful niece would be a crown of honor to her husband, or merely a charming appendage.

The young people were settled on a good farm a few miles from the city, with every reasonable convenience about them, but in a simple way that called for the exercise of all their practical energies. Uncle George thought it a poor kindness to establish young beginners in a position of so much ease, that they should never have their getting along faculties developed by use. Knowing that he could at any time step in if assistance were needed, he had no objection to letting them rough it a little at first as a wholesome preparation for the proper use of the fortune which he meant them to inherit.

Annie was their most frequent visitor, and her affectionate admiration of Alicia had matured into the warmest sisterly love. She shared fully her brother's eagerness to bring Uncle George to the same opinion, and was perhaps more confident of success.

One lovely afternoon in June he drove up to

the door in his handsome vehicle, and invited his niece to ride with him.

"We shall take the direction of Poplar Grove, and perhaps make a call upon Frank and his pretty wife."

"The very thing I should like best in the world, dear uncle!" cried Annie, joyfully, and speedily equipping herself, she sprang in with buoyant step and sparkling eyes, and seated herself like a piece of embodied sunshine at the old man's side.

There was such an exuberance of life about her that her uncle delighted to have her with him, especially when he needed the relaxation of cheerful talk. His most inveterate fit of the blues would be spirited away by her innocent gayety, gushing as naturally, and to his ear as musically, as the song of a bird from its ever springing fount in her young heart.

It was a perfect hour for a drive out of town. A recent shower had laid the dust on the road and freshened the air, and left sparkling rain-drops on every tree and bush.

As they approached the farm, Annie called her uncle's attention to the pair of patriarchal poplars that stood like sentries at the entrance of the lane.

"I have taken a special fancy to these much-abused trees," said the lively girl. "He must have been a tasteless mortal who called them 'shadowless abominations.' What grandeur there is in their towering height, and what beauty in the rich emerald green of the foliage, every small glossy leaf quivering on its slender stem!"

As she raised her eyes to the tree-top, on the very summit of that leafy spire alighted a little bird, with a white breast, that gleamed purely against the sapphire blue of the sky. It did not sing, though she sent up an entreaty that it would, but poising a moment on its airy seat, spread its wings and soared away into the blue.

The fine eyes of Annie Ashton shone with a delight hardly proportioned to so trifling an incident, but quite in keeping with her enthusiastic temper. Not a gleam of natural beauty was ever lost upon her sunny spirit. She was of those whose hearts

"Have a look southward, and are open
To the whole noon of nature."

"I am afraid our visit is rather malapropos uncle!" exclaimed Annie, as they neared the house and saw clothes drying on the green. "It is washing day, and there is Alicia doing her maid's work. She must be without help.

The provoking things! there is no stability in them."

"In that case we may see some of the marvellous management of which I have heard so much," returned the old gentleman, rather pleased than otherwise, and smiling at the anxious looks of his niece as he assisted her to alight from the vehicle.

Alicia was in truth as ill prepared to see company as a lady could be; her bright hair disarranged, and her dress adapted to her employment, which at the moment of their arrival was sweeping out the pump-house, after the departure of a temporary washerwoman, her "help" having unexpectedly forsaken her, as American help are prone to do.

However, she threw aside her broom and advanced to meet them with her accustomed warmth of manner, and that winning grace of deportment which no awkwardness of circumstances could deprive her of for a moment. A deep blush at the undeniable *deshabillé* in which she was surprised, was the only sign of embarrassment, and this certainly did not detract from the beauty of a face so remarkable for its transparent purity of complexion.

With a welcome in word and manner as cordial as if they had come at the most suitable time in the world, she led the way into the house, and having comfortably established her guests in the neat little parlor, retired with a graceful apology to make the necessary arrangement of her toilette.

"Don't you like her manners, uncle?" exclaimed Annie, when she had left the room. "I never did see any one so perfect in that respect. Come upon her when you will she is always sweet and ladylike, and ready to greet you with that bright smile that goes to your heart like a sunbeam."

"What a little enthusiast you are, Annie! She knows how to behave sensibly, and I am glad to see it."

"You are very prosaic, Uncle George, to speak in that way of such an enchanting creature. But no matter, she will win warmer words from you before long."

Alicia soon returned, and in a simple white dress, with her ringlets of "paly gold" loosed from their confinement and drooping upon her white neck, she looked very lovely.

Her distinguishing charm was grace,—grace of person, of manner, of speech, proceeding from an inward harmony breathing through her whole being, so that its every manifestation

was like the according notes of music. There is an indescribable fascination in this innate melody of spirit which art may imitate but never equal.

The time for conversation was necessarily brief, for supper was to be prepared, and the lady was her own maid of all work, so Annie considerably proposed to her uncle a walk about the grounds. There was much to admire, for Alicia had her full share of the taste for flowers that prevails in New England, and had lost no time and spared no pains in spreading their refining influence around her new home. Honeysuckles and white roses twined about the pillars of the piazza, and, tastefully set in many a sheltered nook and on many a sunny knoll, the daily rose, her favorite flower, scattered its pink or crimson petals over the grass.

Frank had left his work upon hearing of visitors, and having peeped into the kitchen, had straightway received a commission from its busy mistress and hastened to execute it. With basket in hand he entered the garden gate, and after a warm greeting and brief chat with his visitors, repaired to the strawberry bed. Enjoining him to be industrious, for they meant to eat heartily, Annie led her uncle away to look at the flower borders near the house, that he might see in them a new proof of Alicia's neatness and taste as well as her skill in the charming art of floriculture.

Here they came in sight of the piazza, and Annie exclaimed, delightedly—

"There is the supper table set out among the flowers! Could anything be more enchanting? I do love to eat supper in the open air, where the woodbine and jessamine are breathing around you, and the darling little humming birds come darting about, their tiny bodies glistening like jewels in the sun. You taste the joy of the country through every sense."

Mr. Ashton felt inclined for once to chime in with his niece's raptures, especially when he caught glimpses between the vine-wreathed pillars of a white-robed figure flitting back and forth in busy preparation for the evening meal, and he said, smilingly—

"I do not pretend to be poetical, Miss Annie, yet to my fancy there is something on the piazza that is much prettier than the flowers and more graceful than the birds."

"Bravo, Uncle George," cried Annie, joyfully. "Your eyes are opening at last. I

thought you could not long resist our nonpareil of a Yankee Girl."

The fair object of their admiration now looked towards them and rang the bell for tea. When Frank answered the summons, he was accompanied by a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance and engaging manners, whom he introduced to Mr. Ashton as his college friend and the brother of his Alicia, who was now paying them a visit. Lewis Barton was strikingly handsome, though in a style different from the beauty of his sister. He had the same clear and blooming complexion, but sun-embrowned except where it shone out purely in the white forehead, rendered whiter from contrast with the dark hair sweeping over it and the darker eyes beneath.

He was a stranger to Mr. Ashton, but very far from being a stranger to his lively niece. In spite of her effort to appear indifferent and composed, the uncle's quick eye detected an unusual degree of interest in the changing hue of her cheek and the consciousness of her manner. This was the more noticeable, as she had hitherto treated all lover-like advances from whatever quarter very cavalierly, remaining wholly unmoved by the admiration that her bright young face and sprightly character were constantly attracting towards her. Mr. Ashton now remembered to have heard some railery from her young companions about leaving her heart behind her when she returned from her northern tour the summer before.

"Is it, then, the witchery of love," thought he, "that has been at work upon my little Annie? The gipsy!—to think of her being so eager to convince me that the Yankees were the finest people under the sun! I see through it all now."

It was well that this important revelation to the mind of Uncle George was made under such happy auspices. The last shade of disapprobation of Frank's choice was rapidly vanishing, as he looked over the table and saw that every arrangement was such as to please the most fastidious taste. There was of course a display of the finest table linen and the best china and silver—no young housekeeper would fail in that respect. And for the rest, the cold chicken was delicious; the butter incomparable; the biscuits light and white enough to do justice to the fairy fingers that had moulded them; the coffee, the old gentleman's favorite beverage, which he used to declare warmed him in winter and cooled him in summer—the coffee had that

amber clearness and rich flavor so grateful to the eye and taste of an amateur. And as for the strawberries and cream, no one who has partaken of that luxury on a lovely evening, amid the beauty and fragrance that impart a spiritual zest of their own, need be told that no repast out of fairy land can be half so luscious and delicate.

Uncle George, who was the least bit in the world of an epicure, appreciated fully the excellence of all that was set before him. Frank saw it, and his eye sparkled with pleasure and pride. He saw his beautiful wife presiding with the air of a princess at the table her own hands had spread, and he rejoiced at the happy issue of a visit that seemed at first so inopportune. All had gone "merry as a marriage bell," and it was evident that Uncle George gave full credit for this to the tact and skill of the accomplished young housekeeper. That his anxious doubts were all given to the winds was plain from his unusually gay and cordial manner, and the unchecked admiration that occasionally spoke from his eyes.

"She is a fine girl after all," said he to his niece, as they rode home. "We have tried and not found her wanting. These Yankee girls are wonderful creatures."

He was in high spirits, and talked on with unwonted animation, while Annie, whose mind was now at rest upon this subject, had reverted to a little private anxiety of her own, and was absent and thoughtful,

"What is the matter, Annie? Am I not praising this beautiful prodigy of yours to your heart's content? Perhaps you would rather that I praised her brother."

Annie looked up wistfully in his face, and, interpreting favorably its arch and significant expression, answered with a slight blush and a radiant smile—

"No, no, uncle, no more of that if you please. We will talk of Alicia now. How fortunate it is that we went there to-day! You are ready now to acknowledge that Frank has secured a treasure to himself in winning one of the matchless girls of Yankee land."

AFTER LONG YEARS.

BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

Do you remember that far-off day,
Its shadow, and wind, and rain,
When Anna, Philip, and you and I,
All met, but never again?
The scattering drops fell drearily,
The wind had a sobbing tone,
But what cared we for the chilling damp,
Or the storm king's ceaseless moan?

Our lives were young, and we heeded not
The cloud's funereal pall;
This earth to us was a fairy land,
The glamour was over all.
We had met, as only strangers meet,
But a little while before,
And soul unto soul responding, knew
A friend for the evermore.

Lit with a radiance from within
Were the eyes which answered mine;
And faith was the spirit's talisman
Which made all the world ashine.
So we talked, as youth will ever talk,
When Hope plants the coming way,
Till its sunny margin shines as white
As the hawthorn bloom in May.

Time and again have the snow-drifts lain
Where our feet that August stood;
Time and again has spring's tender green
Gladdened the old gray wood.
Day following day, and year by year,
Have gone with a stilly tread;
And joys have blossomed, as faith foretold,
While others lie crushed and dead.

For the hills—those grand, blue crested hills—
Is a stretch of rolling land;
For valley, meadow, and rocky stream
Are forests on either hand.
Once more together, face turned to face,
'Mid the gold of summer's prime,
Our thoughts go back to the long ago,
The beautiful, olden time.

The olden time, for the paths which then
Were parted, we thought for aye,
Through slanting sunshine and dewy bloom
Run parallel to-day.
So I lay my hand in your true hand,
While your eyes looking in mine,
As mine in yours, see the perfect faith
Which makes all the world ashine.

LINES

Written in a Young Lady's Album.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Seek first the kingdom of heaven and the righteousness thereof, and all things else shall be added unto you."

Thou whose life is in its spring,
Its sweet time of blossoming,
Who with thine enchanted eye,
And thy spirit swelling high,
Like a rose-bud softly furled,
Lookest forth upon the world,
Thy young heart is glad and gay,
'Tis its spring-time holiday;
Happy thoughts come dancing round thee,
Flowery wreaths alone have bound thee,
All the world is bright and fair,
Friends are smiling everywhere;
It is well—with tuneful voice
Let thy buoyant soul rejoice,
But forget not Him whose love
Watches o'er thee from above;
Give to him thy youthful heart,
Keep not back the smallest part,
Wish for naught that is not right,
Good and holy in His sight,
Over all thy sweet desires,
All to which thy soul aspires,
Glorious hopes, ay, every one,
Breathe the prayer, "Thy will be done!"

If thou countest this a loss,
Shun'st to bear the Saviour's cross,
Turnest from the face of God,
Bowest not beneath His rod,
All the joys of earth will fly
Phantom-like before thine eye;
Love will vanish, glory fade,
Promised pleasure prove a shade,
All to which thy spirit clings
Will become unholy things;
And in ceaseless inward strife,
Utter weariness of life,
To thine anguished heart will seem
Earth a waste and Heaven a dream.

'Tis the voice of God has spoken,
And His word may not be broken;
Worldly joys bring pain and strife,
In His way are light and life,
Peace that passeth all compare,
Peace that men with angels share:

Give up all with willing heart,
Then shall thy free soul have part
In the riches of His grace,
Spreading sun-like through all space;
Share but in His love divine,
And the Universe is thine,
All the blessings this world hath
Will come clustering round thy path:
Would'st have love? The loveliest thing
Of the heart's imagining,
Is the youthful Christian bent
Upon deeds of high intent,
On the world's enticing road
Walking humbly with her God.
Would'st have friendship? Only where
Love to Christ is full and clear,
Can its constant flame arise;
This will prompt the sacrifice,
This will sweeten every pain
Suffered for another's gain.

All things needful will be given,
Trust the promises of Heaven!
Trust the Father who hath said,
When His children ask for bread,
They shall never ask in vain.
See the lilies of the plain!
They have not a thought of care,
Yet can kingly robes compare
With their gorgeous tissues, wrought
Finer than the artist's thought
E'er can dream of equalling?
Art thou not a higher thing?
Well He knoweth thou hast need,
For thy wants will He not heed?

Seek Him then in thy bright youth,
With a whole heart seek His truth;
For that pearl of price untold,
Loose the fondly grasping hold
Thou hast kept on meaner things:
In thy heart the hidden springs
Of the joys the Blessed share
Gush already free and fair;
Even in this fallen world
Spirit wings are half unfurled,
And their waving calm and soft,
Keeps the struggling soul aloft;
Here, mid sorrow, strife and sin,
Even here may Heaven begin.

STELLA.

BY HARRIET W. STILLMAN.

"Cousin Stella, I promised some days ago to tell you a story. Everybody is gone to-night; we have the house all to ourselves. Come with me to the bay-window in the parlor—no, don't bring any lamps, Stella; this mellow moonlight is all the light we need. Sit there, Stella, and I'll take this ottoman opposite you. Now for my story *ma belle* Stella; it is about—myself."

Stella started.

Horace inwardly smiled, but remained outwardly expressionless. He, however, drew his seat a trifle nearer his companion that he might more narrowly observe, though all unseemingly, the effect his narration might produce. His face was in the shadow—he had no wish to be himself observed. Stella apparently did not notice this slight movement, but she drew instinctively back into the deeper shadows of the white rose-bush that draped the outside of the window, thus escaping the full flood of moonlight which before fell upon her face. Horace had done better to have kept his first position.

"The story I was going to tell you," he continued, "is about myself. Though we are nominally cousins, and I have been now these three weeks a favored guest in the house of my uncle, your step-father, yet we are almost wholly strangers, and you know comparatively nothing of my life. This much you and your family know, that I am and have been for years alone in the world. Not a known relative have I except this kind old gentleman, my uncle, to whose hospitable doors chance, or rather kind Providence, at length has brought me. My father died when I was an infant, so of him I have no remembrance. My mother—blessings on her memory—lived to guard and guide me till my thirteenth year, then she too died. How vividly do I remember her death scene—the heavenly smile that irradiated her pale, sweet countenance—the last gentle pressure of her hand upon my head—her faintly uttered words, the last to me: 'My loved son, be good, love God. He will be to you father, mother, friend. He will'—and thus she died. Ever since then, when sin has beckoned me forth to the luring pathway of destruction, that gentle hand and voice have interposed. When the full tide of

desolation has swept over my soul, her mild, sweet smile has come back to cheer me and make me forget that I am alone. This blessed memory of my mother, this constant spiritual companion, if I may so call it, has been the great, effectual barrier between me and vice while among dissolute companions at school, or alone in the populous city toiling to acquire the education necessary to fill honorably and usefully the place I had marked out for myself in life—that of a physician. My toils and studies I will not detail to you. It is perhaps enough to say that with God's blessing and the little heritage my parents left me, which was barely enough with constant economy to clothe, feed, and educate me, I have succeeded even beyond my most sanguine hopes. Now while I am firmly treading the high road to fortune, I walk also in the path of usefulness. When I die, Stella, God keeping me, it shall not be said that I have lived in vain—that the world is no better for my having lived in it.

"In many, in most respects, my life has been an uneventful one. Yet there is a portion of it that may interest you, Stella. I have been, as I have before told you, alone since my mother's death—shut out from all those social bonds that link families and hearts together. More acutely have I felt this desolation when in the midst of the crowded city. Where all around me seemed to have friends or kindred, I had none. You, Stella, blessed as you have been by the so common but so sacred associations of home, can scarcely imagine the desolate isolation from my kind that for years has darkened my life. But the human soul, however solitary, will find for itself companions. Mine, at first solely, and always in greater or less degree, were books. But there came a time when my heart took to itself another companion. What human heart has not done so in some period of its existence?"

Did Horace perceive the nervous tremor that for a moment only agitated his auditor? Perhaps not, for he did not pause or hesitate in his narration.

"While I was pursuing my studies with Dr. Stowe in the city, I used daily to see a fair young school-girl pass my window. That she was a school-girl I knew by the hours in which

she regularly passed up and down the street, by her books, some of which she always had with her, and by the gay young companions that often went back and forth with her. I knew nothing about who she was, what her name, or where her home. I scarcely cared to know—at first. It was enough to know that morning and afternoon, like a stray ray of sunshine, she would flit by my window—enough to revel in dreams of this new divinity, at whose shrine my very soul bowed to do homage. It was my mother's smile in her face that so riveted my gaze on that morning when I first beheld her; and each day as I watched for her advent, she seemed to me the visible embodiment of my mother's gentle spirit. Do you wonder, Stella, that I thought of her only in vague, wild dreams? that the fair apparition was never spoken of to those around me? that I never took any steps to ascertain nught concerning her, but only dreamed on blindly like one enchanted? If you wonder, you have never dreamed."

Stella drew back still further into the shadowy recesses of the window, but neither sigh nor stifled sob escaped her. Had Horace's listener been a spirit, she could not have been more noiseless.

"At length my divinity came no more. I watched for her mornings—she might be late to school. Late or early she never came. I watched for her afternoons—possibly I had missed her in the crowd that jostled by my window. Ah, no—she was in the crowd no more. Slowly, reluctantly, I admitted the fact—she was gone. I might never see her again. Then the light went out in my heart. Then I fully realized what a hollow cheat my uncontrolled fancy had been practising upon my too susceptible heart. From that time I was like the father of Ginevra, wandering as in search of something—something I could not find—I knew not what. I indeed pursued my studies and made my daily round of calls on various patients, but through all this I was rather like an automaton than a living, sentient being.

"But my sun arose again. Oh, what a glorious morning was that to my lonely, stricken heart! This was the manner of its dawning: Dr. Stowe changed his office to a more central portion of the city; for convenience I too changed my lodgings to a place near his new office. One day I had occasion to return to my room at an hour when usually I was engaged at the office, and as I approached the front

entrance, my divinity issued therefrom. There was the same smile upon her lip, the same unspeakable expression in her eye that had graced my mother's when she used to caress me, her child, with looks and words of tenderness. I started, grew almost dizzy with emotion, as the vision flitted by me and was lost among the crowd; then I rushed forward through the doorway and up to my room, utterly overwhelmed with the new thoughts that struggled in my heart. Did *she* really live within the same dwelling that sheltered me? Was it possible that I was breathing the same atmosphere with her? that nightly one roof covered us both? "Oh, what blessedness was there in the thought! Who could prophecy what full fruition of earthly hopes the boundless future should not bring to me? Aye, even to poor, lonely, desolate me!

"Again for weeks I did not see her. The house in which I hired a solitary room was leased to separate tenants, of whom I knew nothing. If she dwelt there I never chanced to meet her in door or stairway. If she lived elsewhere, and only visited here occasionally, it was while I was absent. There was a mysterious lady who sometimes sang and played upon a piano in the next room. I met her on the stairs occasionally, and sometimes caught sight of her floating drapery just disappearing in her doorway. One day I chanced to hear her speak of her music scholars to another lady that stood with her upon the landing as I passed. Then I thought this mysterious lady might be *her* teacher. Perhaps, could I be there at the right hour, I might even catch the silvery tones of her voice—might possibly meet her and find some way of forming her acquaintance. I feigned illness for a few days. I need scarcely have feigned it, for the mental wear of the last few months had made me quite thin and sallow. I found my conjectures correct. She came at regular intervals, and I enjoyed the supreme blessedness of listening to her sweet, half childish voice. What plans I laid to meet and speak with her. What air castles I built for the sunny future. But they were built, alas, on no tangible foundation. Ere I had completed any of my schemes the mysterious lady removed, the voice of my beloved unknown was heard no more, and new tenants occupied the next room. I sought my angel, as I fondly called her, all over the city, but I met her nowhere. From thenceforth, Stella, I was changed. I gave up useless visions of love and sympathy, and—*her*.

Hopeless as to the joys of this life, yet earnest in the labor that should tell upon the life to come, I resolutely set myself at work to become a proficient in my calling, that thus I might the better help to lessen the sufferings of humanity. I have made my mother's last words the watch-word of my life. And, Stella, even in my comparatively joyless life I have been blessed. But—why are you leaving me so hastily, my cousin? Stay a few moments. Is my story, then, so tiresome?"

Stella had risen suddenly, and like a spirit was gliding from the room. The last words recalled her. She sunk down silently upon her seat. If she was agitated, perhaps the shadows concealed it. If she was pale and trembling, how should Horace see it? Should she betray the folly into which *she* had unconsciously fallen? Should she, in her weakness, allow this stranger to comprehend what she herself had not until to-night—that she loved him? No; she could, she *would* command both word and manner—she would stay and hear all, though each new sentence struck like a blow upon her heart. Why had she dared to hope, and what had she dared to hope for? Poor child, she had not known her own heart till now—now when it was *too late*.

Again Horace resumed his tale.

"There has been another era in my life, Stella. Since coming to this place I have seen that sweet embodiment of my dreams; aye, have spoken with her—have learned to call her friend. I have found her all my heart had dreamed of—loveliness. Again hopes such as I had believed were utterly dead within me have sprung up to new life; but are *these* new hopes also doomed to die? must they be trodden in the dust? Stella, do you know what it is to

give life for life? Love for love—life for life? Nothing less than this do I seek. This friend of yours and mine, Stella, seems to love me. I believe that I have but to ask and she is mine. But will her *whole heart* be mine—mine alone? *Will* she give me love for love—life for life? Of this I have been in doubt. You have a woman's tact, Stella, will you sound her heart for me? Will you——"

This passionate appeal was suddenly broken off, for Stella, pressing her hand against her forehead with quick convulsive movement, rushed from the room. Horace lingered a moment, then went to seek her. She was not in the sitting-room, nor yet in the library. She had not taken the way to her own room. He turned his steps toward the garden. In a retired corner, beneath the thickly overarched trees, was Stella's favorite resort—a beautiful summer-house. As Horace noiselessly approached, hidden by the dense foliage, heavy, half-suppressed sobs reached his ear—then Stella's own voice, exclaiming: "Oh, this blow—this last, bitter blow—could he not have spared me that?"

"Dearest Stella, *have* I struck you? Do you then love me wholly? Do you *love* me, Stella? You alone have been the day-star of my life. It was you, you only, that I so long, so blindly worshipped. Forgive me for thus wounding you. I was selfish, Stella. I *would* know whether you could be happy without me."

Horace had flung himself at the feet of the weeping fugitive. Again she would have fled from him, but his strong arm detained her—his low voice breathed forth words of tenderness. From that night Horace, the orphan, was no longer alone—no more unloved.

TO IDA.

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

Down the valley, where the leaves were straying,
Oft we wandered in the Autumn time;
Gentle breezes soft around us playing,
Sighing softly where the flowers climb.

Then, ah! then we both were free and happy,
Little dreaming what would follow soon;
Deeming not our hopes were to be blighted
Ere our youthful lives had reached their noon.

When the Spring, with wreaths of scented flowers,
Came to beautify the dreary earth,

Then we wandered 'neath the shady bowers,
Laughing freely in our guileless mirth.

But when Summer's winds were sweetly blowing,
Came the parting scene, so full of woe!
Thou wert to a distant climate going,
Where the gentle waters softly flow.

Down the valley, where the leaves are straying,
Now I wander sadly, all alone;
And the sighing breezes soft are playing,
'Round thy grave, in some far land unknown.

MARY DARLEY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The sultry day was over at last. Through the long hours whose languid pulse had swooned away with the August heats, the young seamstress had toiled faithfully at her needle. She had drawn a little sigh sometimes, thinking how pleasant it would be to lay aside her work for half an hour when the intense heat fairly overcame her with heaviness and stupor. But then she was working for wages, and the half hour belonged to the lady who had bought her time. So the girl kept on sewing, occasionally reminded of a slight, dull pain in her left side, which of late she often experienced when she was very tired; but then it was not constant nor acute; she had not thought much of it.

She had sat all day sewing at the window, a rather slight, somewhat pale girl, a little out of her teens, with abundant brown hair, which had sometimes been admired, and a rather pretty face, lacking somewhat in force and cultivation; and this was the seamstress Mary Darley.

I am not about to paint a heroine for you. She formed no exceptional instance in character or experience, differing I suppose not widely from your seamstress, oh, lady friend, who may be idling a half hour over my sketch.

This girl's life held no harrowing, perhaps no strikingly interesting details. Culture, physical and mental, a refined social atmosphere, with all the advantages of graceful surroundings and good breeding, would have developed in her an agreeable, socially accomplished woman; not a genius certainly, nor a grand, rich, forcible nature; but this girl, Mary Darley, did not lack intelligence and tasteful appreciation so far as it had been developed, and was originally of quite as fine grain as many a lady whom money and birth places in high, social position, and who has been admired, courted, caressed all her life.

The oak will remain oak wherever it is, but it makes a vast difference whether it lays broad and strong the keel of some ship, or is wrought and carved and polished into some rare and dainty ornament for a lady's drawing-room, which all eyes admire for its grace and beauty.

A few words shall strike out the prominent features in Mary Darley's life. She came of

good, honest, American stock. Her parents died within a few years of each other, and when she was still a child, without fortune and without near kindred in the world, saving a brother a little her senior, who was just able to take care of himself by obtaining a situation as farmer's boy in the country.

A distant relative, in humble circumstances, took Mary into her family, intending to do kindly by the child. In a certain way she did; but this relative had children of her own, and was troubled to make both ends meet. Moreover, she was of that narrow, limited quality which never could take anything close into her heart that did not belong to her. She never forgot that Mary was not her own child, and the girl's youth was well filled, though not overburdened, with household labor, and barren of sweet, clinging words and tendernesses, which ought to twine their fragrant blossoming vines about all childhood and youth.

So with a very small amount of schooling, Mary Darley came up into her womanhood, a pleasant, well-meaning, kind-hearted girl, and sensible as far as she had opportunities. Then her relatives conceived a plan of going West, and Mary did not take kindly to the thought of a rough, pioneer life. She was diligent and tasteful with her needle. She went to the city, and through the aid of an acquaintance found employment there.

Her brother had just taken a wife, and with a small farm on his hands to pay for, his struggle upward in the world was likely to be a hard and a long one, and his sister was thrown quite on her own resources for her livelihood. So there may be much to pity and regret, but certainly nothing very remarkable, in Mary Darley's case.

Neither was she intensely unhappy. I suppose there was some undefined consciousness that the barren spaces of her life were not filled, some sense of meagreness and yearning and loss which she always carried with her. I suppose that her undeveloped capacities for growth and enjoyment, all the sweet and tender possibilities of womanhood, thrilled through her life some vague pain and craving; but still her youth vindicated its right to gladness in a thousand

ways in her daily walks to and from her work; and in the little changes and excitements in the company, and petty gossip of her cheap boarding-house, in the new people she was constantly thrown amongst, she found more or less interest and pleasure.

Then there was always the fair perspective of her future for her hopes and fancies to wander in at their own sweet will. What woman at twenty-one, in high life or humble, has not this?

Mary Darley was not, as I said, a genius. She did not build along the future years vast and shining palaces, drenched in the marvellous lights and glow of her imagination. Fountains and gardens, and all beautiful and gracious things, did not dwell in the land of her dreams.

No mighty purposes, no grand aims, over-arched and exalted her present, but she had sometimes visions of a pleasant little home of which she should be the happy little mistress, and of somebody there whom she had never yet seen, but who was certainly coming to shelter her with his strong arm, and love her with his warm heart, and take away from her forever all that sense of dreariness and loneliness and aching that came over her sometimes; and then as she thought of all this, something would rise in her throat, and tears would brim the pleasant blue eyes of the little seamstress Mary Darley.

But this day, which seemed to hold in its heart some fiery dream of the tropics, she had had no such visions. The sluggish heats had seemed to lay a torpor upon heart and brain, until just before sundown a cool wind sprang up, a black cloud overspread the heavens, making the darkness almost like midnight, and then the rain fell in great, swift sheets, that the winds flapped against the windows and dashed fiercely on the ground, and in half an hour the panting earth was soaked with the shower, at the end of which time it abated into a slow, drizzling rain.

And so at the close of the day Mary Darley stood at the window, and looked out with a face full of solicitude. A long walk lay before her, and the pavements and crossings were drenched with rain. Her summer parasol was just large enough to shield her bonnet, and her thin mantilla would afford very small protection from the damp air; but there were her gaiters—she looked at them wistfully a moment—the dampness would penetrate at once through those thin soles, and her feet would be thoroughly wet before she reached her home, which lay

a mile and a half away, and there were no omnibuses or cars in that part of the rambling old country city in which Mary Darley dwelt.

She had forgotten her overshoes that morning, which she very seldom did, for she had experienced the results of wetting her feet a year before in a protracted and painful cold. It seemed to her often that she had never felt *quite* so strong since that time, and the doctor had gravely cautioned her against all farther exposure of the kind.

"The trimming on Adelaide's waist looks very neatly, Miss Darley; I shall like to engage you for next week," said a voice, which startled the young seamstress from her thoughts, and she turned to confront Mrs. Oswald, a lady of pleasant face and dignified presence, who had just entered the room with her purse in hand.

"I shall only have two days next week for you," answered the seamstress.

"Only two? I'm very sorry. Adelaide is in a hurry to get off next week, and there are so many last things to be done," added the lady, as she placed the girl's wages in her hands.

The girl received it without glancing at the amount, and quite forgetting to acknowledge it as she turned towards the window. At that moment Adelaide Oswald burst into the room. She was a young girl of Mary Darley's age, with a graceful figure and fair face, that just now looked prettier than usual in its glow of pleased excitement. There was a little pride in the carriage of her head, in the expression of her mouth, which might develop themselves into haughtiness or superciliousness, but now was not emphasized into either of these qualities. She broke out impetuously:

"I am delighted with my dress, mamma. It fits charmingly, and is so becoming."

Mrs. Oswald evidently entered into her daughter's satisfaction, though in a less demonstrative fashion.

"I'm glad you are pleased, my dear; but I fear you'll have to give up those flounces on your green silk."

The girl's start of surprise was almost tragical.

"Why, mamma?"

"Miss Darley is, unfortunately, engaged four days out of next week."

Adelaide Oswald sank down on the lounge with a face and pantomime of profound despair.

"And I have depended on Miss Darley for the whole week. Mother, what is to be done?" The appeal was pathetic.

"Try and bear it like a woman, Adelaide.

You'll have worse troubles than this to meet in life. Wear the skirt untrimmed."

"Wear my green silk to Saratoga without the flounces, mother!"

"Well, my child, it's the only alternative I know how to offer. There is no one who will engage to do it on such short notice."

"It's just my fortune." And all the brightness of the young face was drowned in a frown. "I never expected to have a little pleasure in this world but I was sure to be disappointed in some such way as this."

"I don't like to hear you talk in this way, Adelaide, although I know it's hard for a young girl who happens to set her heart on a particular dress to be disappointed in this manner," answered the mother, whose sympathies were decidedly with her daughter. "But we'll make a desperate effort to-morrow to see if we can't get the dress into somebody's hands."

During this conversation Mary Darley stood at the window, her attention divided betwixt the ladies and the rain outside, which still continued to drizzle slowly against the panes. Mrs. Oswald observed the girl's attitude for the first time; and meeting her glance, the young seamstress said, in a half apologetic voice—

"I thought the rain would hold up in a few minutes."

"I thought so; but it seems to have set in for the evening. Are you afraid of it?"

"I shouldn't be, but I've forgotten my overshoes, and I dislike to wet my feet."

"Yes; it isn't prudent. You ought always to remember to take them with you, Miss Darley. Where are your overshoes, Adelaide?"

"I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea, mamma. I haven't seen them in an age, for I never go out in the rain."

The reply was rendered in a most ungracious manner, for the pout had not yet slipped off from the fashionable young lady's face, for she entertained a feeling that she had been greatly wronged, and in some way Mary Darley was closely associated in her mind just then with the cause of the disappointment.

"Oh, Adelaide, what a careless girl you are," added the mother, in mild rebuke. "Can't you let her take a pair of your walking-boots?"

"It's not likely that she could wear them if I did, mamma," complacently sliding out from under her flowing skirt the toe of a very dainty slipper.

Mrs. Oswald deliberated a moment. "You should have mine," she said to her seamstress,

"but I lent them to a friend who was calling and happened to be caught in the shower. It is quite unfortunate that our umbrellas are all off just now."

"Oh, I don't mind the umbrella," answered Mary Darley quickly, for she naturally disliked giving trouble, and the young lady's tone and look had wounded her. She turned towards the door with a little indrawn sigh.

"Really I feel uncomfortable to have you run so great a risk of taking cold," interposed Mrs. Oswald, who was not without good feeling. "If Dick had not put up the horses I would certainly have him take you home."

"Thank you, ma'am, I shall walk fast, and perhaps I shall not experience any bad effects from the rain," said Mary Darley, for some delicate instinct assured her of a little note of annoyance in Mrs. Oswald's tones which that lady herself was quite unconscious of; and this made her hurry out of the room, with a hasty "Good evening," to the front door, where she stood a moment, her heart swelling a little bitterly, and then with a kind of desperate rapidity she went down the stone steps, and as soon as her feet struck the damp stones a chill shivered over her frame, torpid with long inaction. There was no help for her now. She kept on for the long mile and a half through the drizzling rain, and when she reached home her feet were thoroughly soaked. Poor Mary Darley!

Mrs. Oswald was not a hard-hearted woman. She would have been honestly shocked at the thought. She was a member of the church, and really aimed to carry her life in accordance with her profession. But she was naturally conventional; she occupied a prominent social position, and thought quite too much of its responsibilities, and had by nature and education quite too great a "respect of persons," forgetting sometimes the Master she sincerely purposed to serve. Certainly if Mary Darley the seamstress had been a guest in her own sphere she would never have allowed her to go out unprotected in a rain, where she was incurring such terrible exposure. The house would have been explored for shoes, shawls, umbrellas; and if these could not have been obtained, the reluctant coachman would have been ordered to get out the horses once more.

But a guest and a seamstress were two different persons in Mrs. Oswald's estimation, certainly in her daughter's, as was proved by the latter's answer to her mother's remark:

"I really can't help feeling uneasy about that girl. I do hope she'll get home safe."

"Of course she will, mamma; people of that sort are used to being out in all kinds of weather, and it doesn't hurt them." With which general principle the fashionable young lady dismissed the subject, and turned once more to her dresses.

The next week Mary Darley did not present herself at the time appointed, but a message was brought from the boarding-house to the effect that she had been ill for several days.

Mrs. Oswald was out at the time, and merely learned afterwards, in an indefinite way, that the young girl had sent an apology; but a friend of the family's having kindly volunteered the services of her seamstress in this extremity, mother and daughter were quite relieved from all further necessity of dependence on Mary Darley, and too much absorbed in their preparations for Saratoga to be mindful of her absence.

Six months had passed. One day in the early March, a day of hoarse, raw, stormy winds, Dr. Graham, the family physician of the Oswald's, was sent for. Adelaide had taken cold a few nights previous on returning from a large party, and that day had exhibited symptoms of fever.

Dr. Graham was not prompt as usual with his old friends, and when he arrived late in the afternoon said, apologetically:

"I should have been here before, but I've had a peculiarly interesting and distressing case, and I couldn't tear myself away until the end came."

"What was it, doctor?" inquired Mrs. Oswald, as the physician seated himself and took the fair wrist of Adelaide in his professional fingers.

"A case of swift consumption—the patient a young, delicate girl, friendless and helpless. She sort of clung to me, poor child! as though I was her best friend. But she's out of trouble now for time and eternity I trust," said the kind-hearted physician.

"I wish I had known it before; I might have

been of some assistance," said Mrs. Oswald, in tones of genuine sympathy.

"Yes; she needed a friend in that great boarding-house, although the people there tried to be kind to her. It was simply a case of suicide you see. The girl was a seamstress—a young, pretty, delicate thing—and went from her work one evening and walked two miles after a drenching shower, soaked her feet, took cold, and the natural consequence was the death-bed I've just left. I wish the people who employed her, and who let her go out of their house in that unprotected state, had stood where I did—that still, dead face would have said something very much like what I did, a few moments before the last breath, to her brother, who got there an hour before it was all over—'This girl has been murdered!'"

Dr. Graham was a very popular physician, and he had the reputation of a man who always spoke his opinions without fear or favor.

"What was this girl's name, doctor?" asked Mrs. Oswald, with a sound of fear in her voice.

"Mary Darley!" answered Dr. Graham.

Mrs. Oswald and her daughter will never forget that moment. The memory of it always makes them shudder; but regrets could do no good then.

"The tender grace of the day that was dead
Never came back to them."

Oh, my countrywomen! has the fate of this girl no message nor warning for you?

In your goodly homes all over the land are those who toil day by day for their wages. Remember that their joys and sorrows and needs strike root with yours in one common humanity. Remember that in the high and pleasant places which God has permitted you, you owe somewhat of kindness and sympathy to these your lowlier sisters. "Try to find the secret place where their soul abideth," and deal with them thoughtfully, generously, faithfully, and which is sometimes harder still, *patiently*, for to these also your womanhood has its debt that must not be left unpaid.

SONG.

We met when the light was fading,
We met when the stars were new,
When the soft twilight was shading
The earth with a sober hue.
And many a vow was spoken,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er,
For the morning light was a token
To meet—perchance no more.

With a wild, fond hope we parted,
And a grief too deep for tears,
But hope has at last departed,
Through the weary lapse of years;
And many a day has vanished,
And many a night of pain,
But, since we met for a parting,
We never met again. SARA J. RUMSEY.

MABEL'S MISSION.

Every one of us, with God's help, and within the narrow limits of human capability, himself makes his own disposition, character, and permanent condition.
Attic Philosopher.

"Economy is the first great law of nature, and self-preservation the second—that is father's doctrine," said Ralph Day, as he took off the new overcoat which he had put on to go out in the stormy night, but encountering his father had been advised to exchange the new garment for an old one.

A group of children were engaged with their books and their games around a large centre-table in the middle of the room, and their cheerful faces were lighted with a ruddy glow—more from the wood-fire, which was blazing and sparkling on the hearth, than from the lamp around which they had gathered.

Mabel stood aloof near the mantel-piece. She was engrossed with a piece of work, which evidently from her perplexed look and flushed face she did not understand. At her brother's speech she turned sharply upon him—

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Ralph; you are always speaking disrespectfully of father. Wait until you have a family of eight or ten children to clothe and educate, all with your own hands or out of your own head, as father has to. Then you will understand him. I wish I were a man—a boy even. I would see——"

"We would see great things I suppose," broke in Ralph, his face coloring a little, despite his bantering tones. "I think it is a pity myself that you are not a boy. We would have lots of fun together—jolly times; and it wouldn't be half so stupid for me as it is now, with only a parcel of girls in the house. What are you bothering over now?"

"Never mind. Here, don't go off without any overcoat. Your old one hangs in the closet."

"Catch me wearing that old, outgrown affair. No; if I can't wear my new one, I'll go without any. I am going to see Milly Reed, and I don't choose to make a scarecrow of myself."

"If Milly Reed cares what kind of an overcoat you wear, she is not worth going to see. If I were you, Ralph, I would not spend my time as you do. I would see if I couldn't earn

something to help father along, for of course you can't study all the time."

Ralph's cheeks crimsoned as he replied:

"I knew what was coming. When you commenced before, I knew what you were going to say. It is mighty easy to talk, Mabel, but it is another thing to do. Now what would you propose? That I should hire myself out to Esquire Reed, and shovel the snow out of the paths, chop wood, fodder the cattle, gear up the oxen, drive the sled, and sundry other desirable and congenial occupations? The 'squire wants a hired man; that is the only opening I know of. I will step over and apply for the situation, and let you know my success when I come home." And with a roguish twinkle in his eyes, Ralph took his departure.

Mabel, with her back to the children, still busied herself with her work, now making progress with the intricate mesh of strands which she was braiding together, and the next moment pulling out what little she had accomplished.

"You will never make your fortune braiding whips," said Bertha at length. "You should see how Sophie Granger's fingers fly. Come, put up that tiresome work, and play a game of chess with me."

Bertha, who was Mabel's twin sister, laid down the history that she had been reading, and, drawing up a chess-stand, commenced arranging the pieces upon it.

"No; get Mary to play with you," answered Mabel; "I shall keep at this until I get it right. There, now it goes smoothly enough; and maybe one of these days my fingers will fly as fast as Sophie Granger's. It's dreadful disagreeable though, this salt and water; but if Sophie clothes herself, I don't see why I can't. I wish I were a boy."

"Well, I am sure I don't wish that I were. I would a great deal rather be just what I am: wouldn't you, Alice?"

Alice looked up with her great, dreamy, blue eyes from the pages of her novel, while a shade of annoyance at the interruption passed over her fair young face as she said—

"Wouldn't I what? I don't know what you are talking about."

"Mabel wishes that she were a boy. Wouldn't you rather be a girl?" repeated Bertha.

"To be sure I would. I wouldn't be a boy for the world. What ever could make you wish that, Mabel?"

"Why everything. Boys can go out in the world and make a name, if they have it in them. But a girl! what can she do?"

"Why, better than that. When she grows to be a woman, if she is a wife and mother of boys, she can train them so that they shall grow up good men, even if not great ones. Wouldn't you rather have been Cornelia than either one of her seven sons?" Bertha's eyes fired with light, and her olive cheeks glowed as she spoke.

"And if she isn't a wife and mother, what then?" asked Mabel.

Bertha's enthusiasm seemed dampened a little. She looked thoughtful and made no reply.

"Fame does not bring happiness, Mabel; we all know that," said Alice. "I would rather be the happy wife of a good husband than the greatest of men."

"Humph! I believe you," answered Mabel, her lip curling as she spoke. "Lovers and husbands, marriage and housekeeping—that is all that girls think about, and all that they are allowed to think about; and that is the very reason that I wish I were a boy."

"Perhaps if Mr. Right had turned up before this, you would have been better satisfied," said Bertha, jestingly.

"Perhaps I should," answered Mabel, with candor. "But Mr. Right has not turned up, and I am older than mother was when she was married; and father has his hands full to clothe and feed us all; and he will not let me go away to be a teacher, and what can I do?"

"What could mother do without you, rather?" asked Bertha. "You are ten times more efficient than I am. Besides, if you really wanted to get married, there is—Mr. Wrong waiting for you, you know."

"Yes, and Mr. Wrong will have to wait. I shall never be his wife, that is certain. I will braid whips all my life first; and look, just see how it hurts my fingers. I wonder if I ever shall learn to be as expert as Sophie Granger?"

Bertha shook her head.

"I doubt it," she replied. "Mother says that you will soon get tired of it; and father thinks it is very foolish too. I am sure you have enough to do—housework and sewing—to allow yourself evenings for recreation. I'll tell you what, you can knit and read at the same

time, and so can I, and we might both knit things to sell, which would be a great deal pleasanter employment than that horrid work, and improve our minds at the same time."

"Yes, we could knit them, but who would buy them?" asked Mabel.

"I think I know. That is, I think I know who would try and sell them for us. At the new store; I am sure they would," replied Bertha.

"Mr. Fleming? I never thought of him. He has such pretty goods too. That is a bright idea of yours, Bertha; we'll try it."

At mention of Mr. Fleming's name, Alice, who was again engrossed in her novel, glanced up from its pages.

"We will send Alice to him with the things. I'll be bound he would buy them all himself, and give her royal prices," said Bertha, laughing.

"What a mercenary set of individuals you are getting to be," exclaimed Alice. "Perhaps you'll be bartering me off to Mr. Fleming next."

"He'll be bartering for you himself the first we know, if I am not mistaken," answered Bertha. "He can't keep his eyes off from you in church, or anywhere else, when you meet; but of course a better match will be expected for the beauty of the family."

"Don't put such ideas into Alice's head," said Mabel, somewhat testily. "Anything in the world but a vain girl! Besides, how do you know but that he is looking at me? It is nonsense, across the church, to pretend to say who he is looking at; so don't fill Alice's head with any such notions."

"Well, if it is you that he is looking at, I have the consolation of knowing that it may be me of whom he is thinking; for I am sure it would puzzle him to tell us apart," laughed Bertha.

"Look! look!" interrupted one of the younger children. "Sister, see what a pile of jack-straws I've got. I have beaten by ever so many."

Mabel, thus addressed, holding the end of the lash which she was still busily braiding, advanced as near to the table as the length would allow, and looked over the children's shoulders.

"Yes, Zny, you've fairly won the game. Now don't play any more to-night, but go up to bed like good children, and be as still as mice, for fear of disturbing mother and making her head ache worse. Bertha, you go up with them, wont you?"

At this moment, striding through the hall with heavy steps, came Ralph into the room.

Mabel dropped her whip-lash, and the long strands fell from the little hook where she had fastened it down to the floor.

Bertha, who was gathering the children together and leading them out of the room, said, as she passed her brother—

"What has brought you home so soon? Did you apply for the situation of son-in-law to 'Squire Reed, and get 'no' for an answer?"

Ralph made no reply, but, fixing his eyes upon Mabel, approached her. As Bertha closed the door after her, he said—

"Mabel, what is this nonsense that I hear? Has Sophie Granger been teaching you to braid whip lashes?"

"What if she has?" asked Mabel, steadily returning her brother's glance. "Both she and I might have been worse employed."

Ralph, with set teeth and breathing hardly, glanced at the corner of the mantel-piece where he had left Mabel standing. The unfinished whip-lash hung full in sight. Another moment, and Ralph seized it, and throwing it on the bed of coals that glowed in front of the back-log, it lay there hissing and writhing like a thing of life.

"For shame, Ralph! for shame, I say!" and now Mabel's eyes returned glow for glow with Ralph's. "If you do not see the need of doing something, I do; and let me tell you once for all, I will stand no interference. If you are a boy, and I a girl, it gives you no right to domineer over me. Remember that I am the eldest, and I have my rights as well as you."

Ralph drew nearer to his sister. His face was pale now, and very resolute. In this sudden subduing of his temper there was something that inspired Mabel with respect, and she made no attempt to interrupt him as he said calmly—

"I dare say, Mabel, that you think me very hot and unreasonable. I know that I had no right to interfere; but I cannot have thrown up to me what was thrown up to-night. Besides, my sisters shall not work for a living while I have life and strength. I suppose because I do not talk about the future, you think that I do not think; but I do, and have my plans all the same. Father works for us now; one of these days he will not be able to, and then I shall do for him and all of you as he does now."

"God forbid!" said Mabel fervently. "God forbid that you should be kept down in such a way. We girls have our work to do; and Ralph

I shall never be above doing my share. It is not in me to eat the bread of idleness and dependence—to see you kept back as I have seen other young men, toiling for finery to put on their sisters' backs. To be sure," she added, laughing, "there are not many such cases. Come, Ralph, be reasonable; do not let others have it in their power to annoy you by throwing up, as you say, this or that. Think how terrible a thing real disgrace would be, and let all such unworthy prejudices sink into the insignificance which they deserve."

"But, Mabel," interrupted Alice, "I have the same prejudices, unworthy or not. I can't bear to think of your braiding whips for a living."

"And I *won't* think of it," added Ralph, his temper rising.

"Come, come, sir Ralph, don't be too dictatorial, or I shall grow obstinate. Bertha and I have come to the conclusion that I shall never make a fortune in this line, and so there lies my first and last attempt. Can you suggest a better field for my exertions?—for I must at least be worth the salt that is put in my porridge."

"Good gracious, Mabel! I don't know what more you can do. You are as busy as a bee from morning until night. If it were Alice here who asked the question I should think it more reasonable."

"Oh, I'll promise for Alice that she will never disgrace you by any such outlandish notions. Alice is too fine a lady by far, to have any aspirations out of her legitimate sphere. With her attractions she will probably make an eligible match, and do you great credit; but I, who have a plainer face, must think about making my own living. As for you, it will be five years at least before you can do anything towards paying your own way, let alone the rest of us."

"No, it won't. I am going to college this fall, and after a year of hard study I shall be competent, and can spare the time, to teach as private tutor two or three hours every day. Then the course is but four years at the most, and I have hopes of passing examination for the Sophomore class, which will leave but three years before I come home with father, and take loads of care and of writing off from him, while I study with him for my profession. You see, Mabel, though I do not talk much about my plans, I have them all in my head."

Mabel took hold of her brother's hand and gave it an ardent pressure, as she said fervently—

"May God give you strength, Ralph, to do all that you have in your heart to do; but you are young and easily influenced; and I don't know, it isn't that I do not trust you, but I never can look forward to your taking father's place—to your doing anything for us; and that is the reason that I feel so much need of doing something myself."

"Mabel," answered Ralph, "it is because you do not trust me—because you do not believe in me. But what have I ever done that you should? Well, we shall see."

"Yes, we shall see; and who knows but some day you will get to be a judge? They say that father is the very best lawyer in the country; and with all the advantages that you have, I am sure there is nothing to prevent your rising still higher, if you have the will."

"Good-night, Judge Day," said Alice, rising with her book. "You keep up such a chattering that you drive me off to bed. Mabel ought to have been a boy, with her ideas and her ambition, that is a fact."

Mabel laughed pleasantly. Ralph smiled, and, when Alice had closed the door, drew a chair up to his sister, who had sat down by the fire-place, and, putting his arm around her, the two fell into a long and confidential talk. That night, the pouring out together of their common aspirations and hopes for the future, knit their hearts more closely than years of ordinary intercourse could have done. Mabel was understood and appreciated by her brother as she had never been before; and she in turn grew strong in her reliance upon Ralph, and built her hopes upon him as she had never dared to until then.

CHAPTER II.

"When all the shrubberies rock in rustling glee,
And clouds of blossoms fall from every tree."

MRS. KEMBLE.

"Mabel, I have a letter for you to read before I answer it," said her father one morning, some months after her conversation with Ralph.

Mr. Day's face, always thoughtful and somewhat careworn, wore an unusually sad expression as he spoke.

"It is a matter of importance; take it to your room and read it, and think over it, my daughter. Decide for yourself, and let me know your decision."

By this time Mabel's face was in a burning glow. She took the letter which her father

handed to her, and without a word of comment left the room.

"He has written at last to my father," she thought, as she flew up the staircase, and bolted the door of her chamber. "It is like him—duty first, always; but I have half a mind to punish him. I could——"

The handwriting arrested her attention, and put a sudden stop to her rambling thoughts. It was not from him. O, the grievous disappointment. It turned her cheeks as white as the cherry blossoms that the light, spring breeze was showering in at her open window.

Tears sprang to her eyes, but she forced them back, and set herself to reading the letter. It was addressed to her father, and read thus:

"DEAR ELNATHAN:—You once told me that if ever the time came when it lay in your power to do anything for me, it would be one of the happiest hours in your life. You may think me ungenerous to remind you of this promise, in connection with the request which I have to make; but my gratitude to you will be commensurate to the generosity which it will require on your part. I want you to give me Mabel as a companion for my lonely, invalid daughter. You have a large family of daughters, Elnathan, and I have but one. Let me have Mabel; or rather, lend her to me, and you shall not regret it. At least, let her spend a year with us; and if we fail to attach her to us in that time, she shall return to you. You know me well enough to understand that I do not make this proposal without mature deliberation. Indeed, ever since my last visit to you, I have been revolving it in my mind. I know the sacrifice that it will require on your part, as well as upon Mary's, but I rely upon your promise. Let me hear from you as soon as you can decide. Of course I wish my niece's pleasure to be consulted; but, if I am not mistaken, a little change will be agreeable to her. She can visit you as often as she likes. I shall place no restrictions upon her time.

"As ever,

"RICHARD VANE."

"P. S.—I may as well add, that it is my present intention, should Mabel remain with us, to leave her an independence at my death, as well as to provide for her liberally through my lifetime."

This letter from her Uncle Richard, her mother's only brother, Mabel read eagerly; and the surprise which it created crowded from

her mind her bitter disappointment. The surprise and the pleasure; for Mabel was beginning to feel her duties too monotonous—her life too circumscribed. Like the bird who beats its wings against the bars of its cage, so had Mabel struggled and longed to try her strength in a new arena; and yet, now that the door was opened, she could not but have some misgivings as to the nature of the unknown, untried life that lay before her.

This it was that tempered the bright glow on her cheeks, and lent her eyes their serious earnestness, as she carried the letter down to her father's study, and, laying it on the table before him, said—

"Answer it, father; and tell Uncle Richard that of course I will go. He is very kind, is he not?"

"He means kindly, Mabel; and yet he knows me well enough to understand how cruel his request is." Mr. Day drew his daughter down upon his lap as he continued: "He knows the value of the gift he asks for. He also knows that as tenderly as I love my first-born child, I would rather see her in her grave than to have her life tainted by the moral miasma of fashionable society."

"But, father," interrupted Mabel.

"No, hear me through. It is cruel and ungenerous in my brother-in-law, I say, to ask for you, Mabel—more so than you can understand, my child. Years ago I pledged myself to grant whatever he should ask of me, or you should never exchange the shelter of my roof for the glare and the temptations of the life which you will lead in his home. It would have been a great relief to me had you decided differently, but I knew how it would be, though I have hopes that one year will suffice to convince my daughter that neither money nor show can confer true and lasting happiness."

"But, father, it seems to me that you are taking a very one-sided view of the matter. It isn't like marrying and leaving home forever—it isn't half so bad as that; and yet I do believe that you feel worse about it. You know that I am old enough to get married, and certainly old enough to be trusted anywhere. It is the help that it will be to you that decides me as much as anything. Bertha is competent to do all that I do in the family—it will be a good thing for her to have a little more care; and I must confess that I have been wanting, in fact feeling the need of change. So now do try and take a cheerful view of the proposal—look at the

bright side of it, that's a dear, good father."

"I wish that I could see a bright side, my dear child," said Mr. Day, shaking his head as he spoke. "However, I will try not to throw a cloud over your anticipations; but we shall have a lonely house without you, Mabel."

"Oh, no; you'll not miss me with so many around; and then Bertha is my second self, you know," said Mabel, tears standing in her eyes despite her assumed gayety.

Still Mr. Day shook his head, but he said nothing.

The separation thus decided upon was discussed in turn by all the elder members of the family. No further objections were made. All felt the loss that they should experience in Mabel's absence; but all agreed that Mabel could do no other than accept the offer which seemed so generous to them.

Ralph was in high glee, for now his sister would be near him during his college course; and this, too, weighed with Mabel in keeping her firm to her first decision. There was also one other inducement—another friend who would be near to her; but Mabel scarcely knew how much this had influenced her. It needed something to maintain her courage, for as the time of her departure drew nigh there was much to disturb her. The younger children clung to her more than ever; and Bertha and Alice looked almost heart-broken. Her father's voice was often husky when he addressed her, and more than once she saw him brush the gathering tears from his eyes. Her mother, too, busied with preparations for her departure, came and went in and out of her chamber with pale, tear-stained cheeks; but Mabel, eager for a change—longing to be of use, kept her resolution, without wavering, to the end.

CHAPTER III.

He has no need of our poor aid
His purpose to pursue,
'Tis for our pleasure, not for his,
That we his work must do.

ALICE CAREY.

It was the night before Mabel's departure. The whole family wore a serious air, for this was their first separation. The younger children, clinging about Mabel, were allowed the privilege of sitting up an hour later. When they had retired, the seriousness deepened into solemnity. One piece of advice followed another. Mabel was warned against this, cau-

tioned in reference to that, and admonished in so many things, that she felt, as she had never done before, the importance of the step which she was about to take.

"I declare," she exclaimed at length, "I feel as though I were a knight going out on a crusade, beset with dangers and terrors."

"There never was a crusade beset with more dangers," answered her father. "But you have good mail; and you go in God's keeping. It is not that I do not trust you that I have given you these warnings, but I want you to be watchful and ready to meet all the temptations of your new life."

"If Richard's wife were living, I should feel much less anxiety," said Mrs. Day. "But we know so little of his son's wife; and that little not in her favor."

"Well, we can hardly say that, my dear. She is said to be young, beautiful, and fashionable. I have heard nothing worse than that," rejoined her husband.

"But I have," continued Mrs. Day. "Mrs. Reed was here to-day, and she heard of her at some watering-place last summer. They say she is very fond of dress and show, very vain and gay, and an utterly selfish and heartless woman."

Mr. Day shook his head. "'They say.' I never believe what 'they say;' but, if it be true, we need have little fear for Mabel, for such a woman could never harm her. And then, again, if it be true, so much the more need has Lucy of her cousin's society. Had her mother lived, she probably would never have felt the want of any other companion; but I can well understand how Eugene's wife, without either being utterly selfish or heartless, should weary of the society of an invalid."

"Am I to call her cousin? That is the next question to be settled," broke in Mabel.

Mr. and Mrs. Day exchanged glances. At length Mr. Day spoke—

"You can decide better about that when you have seen her. Your own good sense will teach you what to do in these minor affairs. It may be that you will see very little of Mrs. Vane—that Lucy will require so much of your time as to render your life monotonous, if not irksome. If so, my apprehensions will prove groundless. Well, better too little company than too much. By the way, Mabel, George Canning is in Boston, is he not?"

Mabel nodded her head affirmatively, as her eyes fell beneath her father's glance.

"We must let him know of your whereabouts. It will be pleasant for both of you to see each other occasionally," added Mr. Day, his daughter's confusion entirely escaping his observation. "George will make his mark yet," continued Mr. Day, musingly, "though it is a sad drawback upon him, poor fellow, having his mother and sisters to support."

Mabel's eyes kindled, and her lips parted as if to speak; but this was a subject too near her heart to trust herself in a word of comment or reply.

"He is a noble, industrious young man, and deserves success," said Mrs. Day. "Brave, too, as a lion! I shall never forget how fearlessly he plunged into the lake after that little Irish boy, when every one else in sight stood screaming that he would drown, and no one with wits enough about them to think how to save him. Dear me! I am sure I couldn't have raised a finger to save my life, I was so weak and frightened."

"Yes, he was courageous then," joined in Bertha, "but he has not got the true kind of bravery after all;" and she glanced at Mabel as she spoke.

"What!" exclaimed Mabel, lifting her eyes to her sister's. "George Canning not got the true kind of bravery!" Then, frightened at her own warmth, she sank back in the chair from which she had half started, and bit her lip in her effort to restrain the tide of words that rolled up for utterance.

"No, he has not," replied Bertha, resolutely. "Emily Canning told me that George would not let her teach school, because he did not wish *his sister* to be called a school teacher, and I think——"

"Come, children," interrupted their father, "it is too late to commence such a discussion. Mabel has to start early to-morrow morning, and you had better go to bed."

The good-night kisses for Mabel that night were longer and tenderer than usual. After she reached her chamber she renewed the conversation with Bertha that had commenced in the presence of their parents, and Bertha was not loth to tell her sister, in plain, strong words, what she thought of George Canning.

"You did not use to think so meanly of him, Bertha; what has changed you?" questioned Mabel, making a great effort to conceal the indignation swelling in her heart, and sending tell-tale flushes to burn her cheeks.

"It is his own conduct that has changed

me," replied Bertha, with warmth. "I am going to tell you everything; and, Mabel dear, if it pains you, remember it is better now than by and by."

"I am sure I do not know what you mean," answered Mabel, pulling at her dress to unfasten it, and turning her face away to hide the guilty blushes. "I like George Canning very much; we are old friends, and I am not going to hear him spoken ill of, without taking his part. If you think that I love him, you are mistaken. I shall never give my love to any one until it is asked; and," she continued, softening a little, "and when it is asked you may be sure I shall make you my first confidant; so do not suspect me of any romantic, hidden attachment, I beg of you, Bertha. I could not bear that."

"But, Mabel, maybe you love him better than you know. There, don't get angry, for at any rate I am going to tell you. Emily Canning says that George is dreadfully proud and ambitious, and——"

"I know that," interrupted Mabel, with a dignified air.

"Yes, but did you know that his pride and his ambition lead him to think of doing so mean a thing as to marry for money?"

"I do not believe it; I do not believe it," broke out Mabel.

"It is true. Oh, Mabel, believe me, he is not worthy of you—no, not even of your friendship. I could tell you a great deal more—shall I?"

Mabel's face was no longer flushed, but colorless. It still wore the same incredulous look—the same attempt at indifference; but to her

sister's watchful eye it was evident that both were forced.

"The reason that he has not been home of late—Can you bear it, Mabel?" No wonder that she asked the question, for Mabel's face was momentarily growing whiter.

"Can I bear what, Bertha? I do declare that all this mystery, and this taking for granted, is enough to put me completely out of patience with you. Do say out at once what you have to say without asking me another question."

"Mabel!" Bertha spoke reproachfully, for her sister's tones were petulant. "Mabel, you know that I would not hurt your feelings; but Emily Canning has told me things that you ought to hear before you are thrown with her brother. She says that George loves you, but that he is too poor to marry you, and that he is afraid to see you now that he has made up his mind to marry another."

"I do not believe it—I do not believe one word of it," broke out Mabel. "I understand Emily Canning thoroughly—I know what her ambitions are—I see her designs. She may deceive you, but not me. Do not let her come between us now—it is our last evening; you surely can trust to me. I know my own strength, and you ought to know it; at any rate, 'forewarned, forearmed,' you know."

Bertha threw her arms around her sister.

"That is all that I want," she said; "all that I ask. It is all right now, Mabel."

The subject was not alluded to again. The next morning the separation took place, and Mabel left her home forewarned, and therefore forearmed.

(To be continued.)

A MEMORY.

BY ANNIE F. KENT.

O pensive night! O moonlit eve!
Ye whisper of the treasured past,
When but one year ago, the last,
I sat with him for whom I grieve.

The winds were sighing thro' the trees,
The Whippoorwill unceasing kept
His weird monotonous note that swept
In liquid music o'er the breeze.

Within, the solemn cricket's call—
Without, the tree-frog's bolder key,
The lone bird's twittering melody,
And buzz of insects on the wall.

The moonlight like a molten mass
Of silver lay about our feet;
The air was velvet soft and sweet,
Rolling low billows in the grass.

THE LUCK OF MRS. RILEY.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

"Is it come in out of a ddrop of wather like this! Sure, ma'am, dear, I'm used to it, and it's just the life of me," said Mrs. Riley; and finding her determined, I went into my sitting-room, thinking how strange it was my new washerwoman should prefer to rinse clothes in the rain, rather than take them under the shelter of the shed. Seated at my work, I watched her hurrying round through the spattering drops that fell gustily every few minutes, shaking out and pinning up the wet garments; having assured me that the "rain would bring them out as puro and clean as snow itself." She was a cheerful, busy looking woman, who seemed as if she might have once been pretty, if one took the trouble to trace the original lineaments of her face under the various impressions it had taken of sickness, care, trouble, time, weather, and, perhaps, privation. Looking up from my work occasionally, I could not help noticing the perfectly defiant manner in which she treated the elements. Her hair, which was still black and had a pretty wave in it, was shining with the drops that had fallen on and were absorbed in it. Her dress hung damply around her, and her shoulders were soaked with rain; but she darted in and out among the lines, shaking out and hanging up piece after piece, lilting to herself in a shrill undertone the misfortunes of "Fair Caroline of Edinburgh Town." This air must have been an inspiring one, for she met the wet gusts that dashed in her face with many a blink and grimace, but still unflinchingly sang and worked on till the last article in her tubs was waving and slapping to and fro in the air.

"There, now, ma'am," she said, as she came in drying her arms, "you'll see the rain will be over in half an hour, and then they'll have the beautifulest chance with the evening wind, and no dust."

"Come in here beside the fire," said I, "and try to dry your clothes, Mrs. Riley, till Catharine has dinner ready. I am afraid you have caught cold; don't you think you've been rather imprudent?"

"I don't take cold aisy, ma'am," replied Mrs. Riley. "Some has luck in one thing and some in another; mine is in kapin' my

health, glory be to God!" she added with great fervor.

"But, Mrs. Riley," said I, "don't it stand to reason that if you expose yourself to rain while you are heated with work you should catch cold? There is no luck about it: it's common sense."

Mrs. Riley smiled on me compassionately, and then rejoined in an impressive voice—

"Whist, now, till I spake till you. Luck's luck, and it bates raison and common sinse any day to nothin'. Sorra a one of me but ought to know what luck is, for I've had my fill of it. Its bad luck I'm manin'," she added, in a lower tone; and having finished drying her arms, she pulled her sleeves over them, and, crossing her hands on her knees, looked gloomily at the fire, where her shoes stood drying. She seemed sad for the moment, and I felt sympathetic. It was twilight. I had laid my work aside; so I said, encouragingly, knowing the communicative race to which she belonged—

"So you have had your own troubles, I suppose?"

"True for you, you may say that same," she returned, sighing deeply. "It's seven years before luck changes; but mine's been seven and siven to the back of that; and, savin' your presence, the luck I've had wouldn't choke a flea. You see I was well born and well raised, ma'am; and, though I say it myself, was always thought a dacint lookin' girl. It was a country place I lived in, and my father was a farmer. Terrence Maginnis was his name, and none belonging to him had iver raison to be ashamed of it sure. I may say he was in a manner educated, for he was foster brother to as big a gentleman as iver was born in Ireland, and it's there that real gentlemen are. I wish you could just clap your two eyes on one of them; it would do your heart good. Sure it would take me a day to tell you the larnin' of them, their beautiful, grand manners, and their illigent ways. There's dacint folk here—sorra a word can I say against thim—but their not the raal gentry, you know; there's none of thim out of Ireland. Well, my father had one crony he thought more of than iver a one he knew, far or near. He was a neighbor man of ours, Tom

Riley by name, and me and his son Michael was brought up by the same fireside I may say. Likin' came natural to us, and he was clean daft about me. If I was milkin', he was at my elbow; in the chapel he was knalin' at my side, and in town on a Fair Day he hung round me like my shadow. My mother used to say she couldn't stir the fire without burnin' Mike Riley's shins. And, now, do you believe what I'm tellin' ye, my father set his face agin him intirely—the cruel Turk that he was, and may God forgive me for spakin' so of him that's in Paradise—but he brings home a man by the name of O'Neil—Peter O'Neil was his name—and my father told me he had been spakin' about me. He said he was a dacint man, and one who could drive his wife to chapel in a jauntin' car, and it was my luck I might thank that he would look at the likes of me. You see poor Mike Riley was as good a boy as iver walked, and a purty, red cheeked fellow as you would wish to see on a Fair Day, but drink was his wakeness, and my father was mane enough to cast it up to me. Well, I spoke to Mike about it, and he blazed away agin' Peter O'Neil, and said he was a purty sneak coming to stale away another boy's sweetheart, on account of his having a tailor shop in the town. One night they met on the porch forninst the door, and words rose betwixt thim from little to more, till Mike let fly at O'Neil wid a little sprig of a stick that he happened to have in his hand, and give him one cuff that stupefied him. Well, you see that brought matters to a close, for the next night I ran off wid Mike Riley, and we were married, and in a week, wid what little we could gather together, we started for Ameriky. I tried to have a partin' word wid my father, but he wouldn't see my face, and when my mother struv to soften him, all he would say was he wished me no more luck than I had brought on myself. My mother—blessed be her rest in Heaven—clung to me and cried over me till the last. 'God kape ye and give ye a strong heart, Peggy dear!' It's then Mike took me in his arms to the top of the Liverpool coach. Thim was the last words she said to me; and do ye mind that she didn't wish me luck? Well, ye see this tratement of my mother and my father, kind ov putting a ban on me, took the spirit clane out ov me in the start. It was in New York we landed, and there we lived five years. Mike was a good while out ov work, but at last I heard ov a place on a farm where a man and his wife was wantin', and I

went to the place I was told to apply to, and they gave me the chance out ov nearly a dozen more. Well, Mike and me went out in a railroad car to the farm. We stopped there nearly two years, and James, my first child, was born there. It was heavy workin' wid a baby; but you see they put up wid me; and Mike was off once or twice on a spree, and they tuck him back; so I tried to plaze them, and worried through with it. But, would ye think, my ill luck was on me, for they sent Mickey to the city wid grain. He was to leave it wid the man who spoke for it, and bring back the money; but by this and by that night came, and no Mickey, and they thought he had taken the cholera, or was robbed and murdered; but sure, dear, I knew it was his luck; and so it was, for they found him three days after in a little drinking-house, laying sick in a fever. He had spint the money, for he was aisy tempted, you see. The hard-hearted cratures had no pity for him, so we were turned out on the world agin. We came to the city, and here Mike got work sometimes, and more times none; but we struggled on somehow till Alick, my second boy, was born, and then we came near starvin'. I was lyin' in my bed wid the two babies; for havin' nothin' to eat I could find no strength to use. Little Jamie had cried himself hoarse wid hunger, and the little wee thing was cold and blue lookin'. Poor Mickey was lyin' on the floor. Ye see he had just lost all heart, for he was worn out strivin' to get work, and he had met a friend who offered him a dram, and they tuck that and more thegether, so he came home wake wid fatigue to slape off his trouble. I was thinkin' of the only help that seemed in store for us—death itself—and wishin' it was over, when a light, gintle tap came to the door. If ye belave me I hadn't strength to spake; so, after watin' a minute or so, the door opened, and a little, hump-backed crature walked into the room. I was light-headed and quare, and I'm afraid I looked as timersome as I felt, for she said, wid a swate smile, 'Don't be frightened, dear, and excuse me, for I mane no harm. I thought if there was sickness here I might be of some use.' Well, wid that, out she wint and in she come wid a basket, and out of a bottle she had she poured me a glass of the best wine, and, standin' on tip-toe, raised my head and made me drink it. It put new life in me, and I found words to spake and thank her. She brought a woman up from below, who helped her, and

between them they made a fire and fed the childer, and all the time she talked to me wid the cheerfulest voice and the swatest smiles, so that by this and by that I began to think her the beautifulest angel iver I saw. She made nothin' ov findin' poor Mickey a little wild like, but gave him a bowl of the good broth she had made for me, and niver left the place till we were snug and comfortable, wid a pair of beautiful blankets, a good fire, and plinty of wood to kape it goin'. I said I niver knew what good luck was; but it's not so, for the sight of this good lady, who was one of God's own angels, was luck to any one. She had met wid an accident when she was young, and that turned her heart from this world, and made her a ministerin' angel to the poor. She had known her own trouble I'll be bound, and that's what made her so kinder to others, but there was no mark of it on her except a swate, holy brightness, that was like a clear sky after a storm. She got Mickey a place, and me two comfortable rooms and clothes for me and the young ones, and I felt there was nothin' wantin' but health to enjoy it. But it's true I'm tellin' ye our luck was in it, for it was in a warehouse Mickey was, wid a lot of fool boys like himself, that, knowin' little to say, would be talkin', and one day the devil himself put it into Mickey's head to be braggin' about his country, and a dirty mouthed Yankee that was wid him—bad luck to him!—began to disparage ould Ireland. Mick had always a beautiful spirit, and up he gets and rams his fist, and a couple of teeth wid it, down the blackguard's throat, and gev him a touch or two in the eyes that tuck the imperance out of him. Well, you may think it or not, but they sint him away for that, and only for the good lady's word would have been after him wid the law. Now you're sinsable of what luck we had; for sure if you don't glory in your own country ye must be a mane spirited crature; yet ye see what Mickey's being a patriot brought on him. Even the good friend we owed so much to spoke so sharply to him that he wint off into the country to look for work by himself, and wouldn't be beholden to her. Well, it was many a day before I heard ov him, and all I know ov him was he got no good. I struv to get along; and what with washin' I got, and the help of the kind friend who niver forsook me, I might have been aisy, if it had not been for the trouble of not knowin' what had befallen poor Mickey. To set my heart at rest, home he come one day

to me like a walkin' ghost, wake wid faver, and ragged and starved wid want. He had no luck at all, ye see; and wid slapin' about in ditches and fields, and aitin' little and drinkin' whenever he could get a drop, his strength was gone intirely. He tuck to his bed, and then it was I supped sorrow; for wid him to nurse and work for I could have struggled through, but my lovely boy, my darlin' Jamie, wint down wid the faver. Five days and nights of watchin' and sorrow, and it was all over wid him. It may be because this was the first bitter blow I iver felt, but when I look back that seems the blackest day I iver saw—Mickey lyin' groanin', Jamie stretched and quiet, and little Alick sickenin', wid his cheeks burnin' and the faver glamin' in his eyes. Ivery time passes, and that wint by too. The youngest was spared me, Mike rose up wake and thin, but wid the life still in him, and our friend said to us, sez she, 'What do you think of goin' to California?' Sez she, 'Say the word, and I'll sind ye there, and then ye can take a fair start, and ye'll see, if you only strive to do well, heaven will prosper ye.' We came away from New York, thin, and landed in San Francisco. We had a dacint outfit and a little money, and we were to repay the good lady when we could, and 'Kape a good heart and always let her know how we were doin'.' So she told us at partin' from us, wid her blessin'; but even that couldn't bring us luck, for there was no luck for us. We were here but a day or two whin Mike met some old friends, who were kapin' a saloon, and nothin' would do but we must go and lodge there. I was not overjoyed at findin' Brady's—that was their name. The sight of them seemed to make Mickey dry, for many's the good spree they had at home thegether; but Mike's bad luck drove him to their house, and it wasn't till goin' out to look for work wid Tim Brady brought us to our last pinny, and I was forced to go out till a place meself, lavin' little Alick at the Bradys, and a poor place I know it was for him. I was a good worker, and could drive through wid my work, so I got good wages, and Mike told me Tim Brady would give him his board for helpin' him wid the bar till he could do better. My heart was broke at this, for I knew it was Mike's luck to be open to timptation, and I saw little good could come to him whin he had whisky at head and feet. Thinks I, his luck's in it, so I got a dacint woman to take care of little Alick, and worked on as best I could. When I could get time to ran round to Brady's

and see Mike, it was a weight on my heart to see the road he was takin', drinkin' late and early, and coming to no good; but I spint nothing and worked hard, hopin' to have a home to take him to and kape him from bad company. I hadn't the luck, ye see, to do it; Alick was so sick that I had no pace workin' away from him, and the lady I lived wid gave me lave to go to him for a week, and promised to kape me the place. Well, I wint, and tho poor boy was bad enough; it was a sore throat he had, and I nearly gev up all hope ov him; but, glory be to God, he got through wid it, and brought his life wid him. I wint back to my place to get a little money—for you see I had left all I made in the lady's hands, except what Alick cost, and a dollar or two to poor Mike—when, would ye think what my luck was! Mike, the poor, unfortunate thafe, had been before me, and got all wid an order he said I sint, and I can't write a blessed word but my own name, and that a cross. But I'm a very nate reader, and can spell equal to the priest. Well, he had gone, and God be good to him, his bad luck wint wid him, for eight months afterwards a workin' man comes to the place I was livin' at, and sez he, 'Are you Mrs. Riley?' 'I am,' sez I; and as I sed it I felt a cold shiver go through my heart, for I knew what was comin'. Well, he sets down, and out of the crown of his hat he takes a letter and gives it to me. 'It's from your husband,' sez he; 'I was wid him when he wrote it.' 'Where is he now,' sez I, holdin' it in my hand and trimblin'. He shook his

head. 'Glory be to God, Mrs. Riley!' sez he, 'poor Mickey is at his rest.' I felt wake and dizzy, and my mind wandered for a moment or two; I could see Mickey a young boy on our milkin' green at home in ould Ireland, and then I saw him lyin' in the faver in New York; it seemed as if some one was drawin' pictures of him, one by one, before me in flashes, they were so quick and faded so soon, till I looked up and saw the strange man, and felt the letter in my hand. I began to cry, and it was a great relief to me. I held the letter; I couldn't read writin' meself, but I knew what was in it; for when the lady I was livin' wid read it to me, it was just so. He was a dyin' man, he wrote, and would I forgive him for bringin' me nothin' but ill luck? (God help him, it was his luck, and he couldn't help it!) And he gave me his blessin', and said I had been a good wife to him—too good for such an unlucky crature. He was but a young man to die so; but it was his luck to take my earnin's, and there was no luck in the money, for he had drunk ivery pinney of it. I am a widow woman going on four years," said Mrs. Riley, rising, as Catharine appeared to say dinner was ready. "I have my health and strength wonderfully, thank God! I am paid well for my work, and my boy Alick is recavin' the eddication of a gentleman at a primary school; but it breaks my heart to think in all my life wid poor Mickey Riley there was no luck for us at all, at all!"

TWILIGHT.

BY CAROLINE A. BELL.

Be still, my heart! it is the hour
When daylight deepens into night,
When lingeringly the sun retires,
And shadows flit before the sight;
When heart communeth unto heart,
And visions of our lov'd appear,
While voices from the spirit land
Fall soothingly upon the ear.

It is the hour when mem'ry draws
Aside the curtain of the past,
And buried joys again appear,
That were, alas! too bright to last.

It opes again the fount of tears
That long repress'd gush forth as rain,
And to the weary captive brings
Some old, familiar household strain.

Be still, my heart! and let thy thoughts
Ascend on angel wings to Heaven,
That, in this holy, silent hour,
Some answering token may be given.
Oh! pray that when life's sun goes down,
And thou with earthly joys must part,
There may be sent to cheer the gloom
The calm, sweet twilight of the heart.

GLENGARY.

BY HARRIS BYRNE.

It must be that one steps blindly onward unto destiny, else I had shunned Glengary as accursed, nor with free heart and smiling lip clasped hands of friendship with this Dudley Aisquith. No raven croaked that summer night as all unconsciously I met my fate—I and another,—nor did any inward prescience of a far-off evil stir me with vague unrest and dim forebodings. The evening passed much as such evenings usually do. The lights flashed, the music lilted, and merry feet fell into merry measures as the throng of dancers swayed and sparkled through the long rooms. The wall flowers smiled and criticised after the fashion of their kind; and Mademoiselle—the Polish lady with the unpronounceable name—sang. “*Nie kann ich Dich vergessen,*” in a voice which seemed set to tears.

Tired of dancing, I ran out on the long balcony a moment to catch a breath of air and watch the waters of the bay that, stretching beyond dense folds of shrubbery, lay flecked by the white moonlight, with wave on wave of dappled silver. A light touch and a mocking laugh aroused me, and Janet Heath’s voice, saying—

“Winifred, do be so kind as to come down from the sublime height of your contemplations long enough to allow me to introduce you to—my cousin, Dr. Aisquith, Miss Farquharson. Now that you two have been made acquainted I shall have to leave you for awhile to finish the performance of my duties as hostess,” and turning from us she disappeared through the low, French window.

I had heard of this Dr. Aisquith before, and while we talked I gauged him mentally. Heard of him as a man of subtle intellect, keen insight, and onward reaching for the “far-off, unattained and dim.” A travelled man; one who had climbed the Alps, traversed Siberian steppes, and drifted on barbaric waters. A born aristocrat; you could tell that by the poise of his figure and the haughty twist of his head. Well, what of it? I too heired patrician blood, and my pride rose to meet his, angrily, as I silently said, “We are equals.”

A cloud rising out of the west slowly obscured the moon’s broad disk. The sea-gulls

screamed from their nests in the rocks, and the waves plashed drearily on the bay shore.

“There will be a gust I think,” said my companion. “Pardon me Miss Farquharson, but you will take cold if we remain here longer. We will go in if you please.”

“Autocrat!” thought I, as we reëntered the parlor.

Later in the evening Robert Heath bade me wait in the alcove, while he brought a book of rare engravings that had come that day. I sat looking through folds of frosted net-work at distant figures, moving as one sees them in a dream. A couple straying nearer paused before a vignette finished in oils.

“This is your friend Miss Farquharson, if I mistake not,” said a voice that I recognized.

“Yes,” answered Janet Heath; “you know painting is brother Robert’s hobby, and he persuaded Winifred to sit to him for Tennyson’s Maud. You remember,

‘Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky.’”

“‘Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, dead perfection no more,’” said Dr. Aisquith. “Robert should have represented Miss Farquharson as the Princess Ida.”

“What, Ida with her steel heart?” answered Jean, warmly. “Nay, cousin Dudley, Winifred’s haughty I’ll allow, and cold—sometimes even to me, and her pride will match yours; but she’s not stone, and I love her dearly.”

“Don’t be angry, Jean; I never said she was stone, only fire under ice that’s all,” and strolling away they left me with hot hands and tingling cheeks.

The last guest had departed, the wax lights burned low in their silver sconces, and with folded arms I paced to and fro the deserted rooms.

“How restless you are,” said Janet. “Come here and tell me how you like my cousin Dudley.”

“Like him? Why, Jean, if he were Czar of all the Russias, or Duke of Buccleugh, or even chief of the Camanche tribes, doubtless I should consider him magnificent. As it is I think him rather proud and haughty, and I have a private belief to the effect that there are secret an-

tipathies between us, which will prevent our ever becoming very good friends."

"Oh, you mustn't hate him quite," said Jean, with mock gravity. "In the first place because he's my cousin—and the mere fact of his being such is warrant sufficient of his possessing a few amiable qualities; and in the second place, he and his mother are coming to live with us. Yes, Aunt Annie's getting tired of the solitary grandeurs of Aisquith Hall, and she is to take up her abode at Glengary for the rest of her days; wont it be glorious?"

The next morning I returned to my home—the home that seemed dimmer and duller after these brief bits of luxury, gay glimpses of a life beyond my sphere. We had no mother—Maggie Farquharson and I. She had died when we were wee things; and my father, a cold, proud, sorrowful man, had taken no thought of the world, either for gain or pleasure since her death. We three lived very quietly at Ivy; in a long, low house, with whitewashed walls both in and out; its bareness half hidden by the tender, clinging plant for which we named it; its roof encrusted with lichens; its only beauty the shaven lawn before it, with branching oak trees and sweet-scented hawthorne.

It had not always been thus. Time was when Glengary had been our home, and the foundries down by the water side—there, where as a child I paused breathless with awe and admiration, to watch the dusky workmen, the savage fires, and rushing, molten, seething mass—belonged to my father. All this we had heard when we were children, and how there had been some kind of a law-suit, an arbitration, which we vaguely comprehended; and that my father had been cheated of his birth-right, robbed of his inheritance, by a Farquharson, his brother.

We went to the village school, Maggie and I, and it being carried on upon republican principles, there was a due proportion of the unwashed and unkempt. I remember how Maggie wrapped her white arms about me, saying, "Winnie, we're Farquharsons, the best in the land, and we wont go with such as they. But we're poor and the rich wont go with us, so we'll just keep ourselves to ourselves."

But presently Robert Heath, a brave, handsome lad, sidled up to us with his little sister clinging to his arm, and talking together—shyly at first—we gradually grew to be fast friends. After that many a ripe peach and

sunny apricot found their way from the Heath orchards to the basket of his "little queen," as Robert called our Maggie. And many a time Janet went home with me to share my bread and milk and little white bed; or I returned with her to revel in the unaccustomed splendors of Glengary—for even as a child I loved luxury and hated the sordid life of poverty we needs must live.

As we all grew older Robert was sent away to school and thence to college. Maggie being the elder and not to be spared from home, my father came out a little from his monkish ways, and recalling the lore of his youth taught her all things that he himself was learned in, which being better than the wisdom of schools—though not so strait-laced perhaps—I sometimes gazed on my sister in astonishment, she seemed so sage.

But me they sent with Janet Heath to some far Northern seminary—for my father having no lands or gold to bequeath to his children, said we should at least receive the inheritance of knowledge. And there we vexed our souls over Greek verbs and Conic sections; and were taught all mysteries of the earth and sky; and how to execute improbable feats upon the piano; and fashion quaint devices on canvas and velvet, till at the end of three years—being comforted the while by brief vacations—we returned home, having upon us the stamp and superscription of accomplished young ladies.

After that, knowing our straitened means, I would have gone forth as governess or teacher, but that my father sternly forbade it. So I was content to remain at home, helping my sister with the household concerns—for we kept but one servant—setting stitches in my embroidery or practicing the long sonatas I learned at school; and never a day passed but Janet was with me, or I over at the Heaths. Robert was home now and casting his eye on Maggie, as I thought, for a wife, so that we of Ivy and Glengary were like one family.

"But now that this lady Aisquith and her son are there," I said, sorrowfully, to Maggie one day, "I shall be no more free to come and go as I please." And I wished they had taken up their abode at the American embassy in Japan, or among a civilized portion of the South Sea Islanders, or in any other place equally remote from Glengary.

Two gentlemen in the parlor to see the Misses Farquharson. Robert Heath and his cousin, I knew. Maggie went down first. One of the

horses was restive, and Dr. Aisquith having gone out to attend to him, was just stooping his proud head to enter the room as I came in by an opposite door. As I looked around on the straw mat, the plain muslin curtains and white-washed walls—their bareness relieved only by an engraving of the Lady of Shalott, hanging over the mantel—I thought the place ill-fitting for his haughty form. Perhaps the thought pursued me, for I scarce think I spoke a dozen words to the man the whole evening. He and Maggie talked together, and Robert and I had a duet from the Brindisi.

The piano was arranged so that the performer faced all in the room, and I watched the Doctor's pale aristocratic face furtively, during the pauses of the music. I saw that his natural expression was one of quiet power that made itself felt; that his dark, gray eyes could flash with energy when need be, but there was a weary, dissatisfied look about them usually, and around the lines of his mouth.

"Your cousin looks blasé," I said to Robert, "as if he thought the world a specially tiresome affair, not worth the living for."

"Oh! he's lost his heart with some belle in Europe, I imagine."

"I wish he had taken to himself for a wife some fair haired German girl or dark eyed Castilian, and settled down in the Old World," I said, more to myself than any one else.

"What for?" asked Robert, wonderingly.

"Nothing; let us finish this duet."

As the gentlemen rose to go, Dr. Aisquith paused before the picture over the mantel—the solitary lady, weaving in her loneliness the magic mirror's shifting sights.

"*This* is the fairy lady of Shalott," said Robert to me, teasingly.

"Then you and Janet and Maggie must be the shadows," I answered, laughing; "and you're all too substantial looking for that. No, I'd break my heart for no man living, not the handsomest Sir Lancelot that could ride this way." Robert executed a comical grimace, expressive of incredulity, as he went out the door, and Dr. Aisquith "lifted his hat as if he were heir apparent to the English throne, and we princesses of the blood royal," as Maggie remarked to me afterwards.

That night, catching in the toilette mirror glimpses of a pictured vision reflected therein—what with the purplish blackness of the waving hair, the dark, glad, shining eyes, and proud, crimson lips—I wondered if the faces were so

very much fairer, that Dudley Aisquith had seen in all his grand, foreign tours.

The weeks slid lazily on towards midsummer, when the Heaths migrated to Newport, carrying with them the Duke and Dowager, and leaving Glengary to the care of servants. Maggie and I were very lonely without Robert's cheery presence, and Janet's blithe voice, notwithstanding the long letters that came to us; some mine, and others—whose superscription was in a firm, masculine hand—for Maggie's special benefit it would seem, since I could get no satisfaction concerning them beyond a blush and a smile.

We watched through all the long, hot, drowsy hours the reapers gathering in their grain; the shooting of the straight young corn under swift showers and blazing noons unto its tasseling. We hailed with delight the slowly shortening days and lengthening nights. And once of a chill evening, when a tiny wood fire glowered on the hearth place, Maggie stood before it rubbing her hands gleefully, and saying, "Oh, I'm so glad." I, looking in my own heart, knew that she felt it to be a harbinger of Autumn. With the sad, still September, with dropping leaves, and gonfalons of flame on distant uplands, came the Heaths from their wanderings, and Glengary was itself again.

I was very shy of the place—Janet's remonstrances to the contrary notwithstanding—but she came to me as frequently as ever, occasionally bringing with her Dr. Aisquith—Robert seemed to prefer making his visits à la solitaire. The Doctor and I spoke to each other coldly and courteously when the necessities of general conversation required it; and once, I believe, I sang for him at his request, "Thou art so near and yet so far;" but beyond that we were the merest acquaintances. Ah! well for us both could we have remained such.

A note from Janet. The child had been seized with a slight indisposition which would keep her within doors a week, more or less. "The house was lonelier than any Feudal Castle and more intolerable than the Bastile. If my friendship was not sufficient to send me to Glengary for a space of two or three days at least, it wasn't worth a fig." The beseeching was not to be resisted, and putting aside my scruples I went.

Towards sunset one afternoon we were sitting by a parlor window, having its out-look on the bay. The gentlemen—Robert Heath, Dr. Aisquith, and Brion Goldsborough, lounged in the

balcony over their wine and segars. Janet sat facing them, and I opposite her, watching a solitary sea-bird's flight—a dimming speck upon the amber horizon.

"If you and Cousin Dudley were not snubbing each other forever more," began Janet, in a tone of vexed complaining, "I should imagine he had a special affection for you, by the hungry way in which he is eyeing the gleam of your white arm. And I find him a dozen times a day gazing at your picture yonder, as though it were one of Correggio's Madonnas."

I laughed—a short, incredulous laugh—one that belied the mad throbbing of heart and brain. Was it joy or surprise?

Brion Goldsborough approaching, said:

"Ladies, what say you to a ride? I have two splendid saddle horses at your service, and the afternoon is glorious."

I forgot Janet's indisposition, and that the gentleman was almost a stranger to me—forgot everything in thoughts of the breezy, billowy motion, the wild sense of freedom, and swift, exultant rushing of the winds that set one's heart afire, and one's cheek aflame—and bending eagerly forward, I said:

"Oh! Jean, let us go!"

"I would like to if I was well enough, dear. But that doesn't matter; you and Brion go; you will just have time for a nice gallop before dark."

Recovering my senses, in slight confusion I demurred somewhat, but the temptation was irresistible, and a half hour afterwards found us cantering gayly down the avenue. Out-distancing my companion, half in jest, I looked back, waving to him mockingly, when—there came the breaking of a girth, the turning of the saddle, and a swift, sharp pain in my ankle as my foot lay twisted under me where I fell.

After that I have a dim consciousness of voices and confusion; of being lifted into a carriage and out of it again by a pair of strong arms; of a haughty face bending over mine, the proud mouth softened, the cold, gray eyes tender almost in their pityingness. Coming out of a world of shadows, I found myself lying on a lounge in the little sitting-room opposite the parlor, with dear old Mrs. Heath bathing my ankle in some cooling lotion, and Janet beside me sobbing bitterly.

An hour later I was alone for a few moments. Jean had left the room to procure her vinaigrette for my aching head, and thoughtful Mrs. Heath to despatch a note to Maggie, lest, hear-

ing of the accident from other sources, she should be alarmed.

The sitting-room windows opened on the balcony, and I could hear voices talking. Brion Goldsborough's excited accents as he exclaimed:

"Deuce take it all, Aisquith! I wouldn't have had the thing happen for a thousand dollars."

And Dr. Aisquith's cold reply:

"Don't concern yourself, Brion, Mrs. Farquharson is doing well enough. A sprained ankle is no great affair."

It contrasted strangely with the deep, gentle tones in which a few moments after he came to inquire "if I was suffering so very much?" What perverse impulse made me answer:

"Not much, thank you. Don't concern yourself, Dr. Aisquith. A sprained ankle is no great affair."

He bit his lips, frowned impatiently, and turned away, looking colder and haughtier than ever.

Came the last days of September. I had been at Glengary a week, "bound hand and foot in spite of myself," as Janet informed me, snapping her fingers in my face, to enhance my sense of helplessness I fancy. The day had been one of leaden skies and wailing winds, and rains tempest-driven upon a sodden ground; and now huge purple masses toppled above the sunset, cloud on cloud, hiding its glory—the opalescent hues that, fading slowly, give us a hope of the to-morrow—a promise of the dawn.

The cold, gray twilight streamed in through curtains whose vivid crimson added no warmth of coloring. The fire smouldered low in the hearth-place—dying embers, dead ashes—and the world seemed very dreary. I turned my face to the wall and wept—no sluggish tears, but the passionate, despairing outgush of early womanhood.

Some one has said that no hopelessness is so sad as that of youth—and true it is. In later years we can look back and know that the problem which lay blankly before us has worked out its own solution; that the wall which rose stubbornly in our pathway had an opening, beyond which were blue skies and flowery meads. And clinging to the past we go forward with a blind faith in the future. But to youth the problem seems so difficult. The cloud stretches so hopelessly before their lives, they rest in its blackness; its shadow rises with them in the morning and pursues them at night; until with

added years and longer memories they too can look fearlessly into the shadowy Beyond.

With closed eyes, absorbed in reverie, I had not heard the approach of any one, till quiet hands wrapped me gently in a soft, warm covering. A firm step, subduced to the lowest foot-falls, paced to and fro the room, and a manly voice hummed softly a serenade of Shelly's that I had heard Janet sing:

"The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The Champak odors fall
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O, beloved, as thou art!"

Upborne upon the hushed undertones into a new world of hope and love, I fell asleep.

Why is it that our happiest moments come to us over the ashes of sorrowful hours in which we sit forlorn—feeling that the past can bring to us no pleasure, the present no blessing, the future no joy? That night Dudley Aisquith came out of his reserve, and revealed to us the sunny side of his nature. His eyes grew tense and luminous, his voice ringing and strident. He sang for us ballads of the Rhine; carols of young-eyed peasants on vine-clad hills or in sun-lighted valleys, gathering in their wealth of purple grapes and shadowy-hued olives; drinking songs from the German, under all whose fire and clangor throbbed pulses of melancholy.

He told us Scandinavian legends, laughing as we shuddered and shrank closer to each other—Janet and I. We drifted with him down the Nile, threaded the dusty mazes of the time-worn Pyramids, and gazed into the brooding face of the unfathomable Sphinx. And I—seeing the rest so sunny—must needs forget my ice, laughing as carelessly with Dudley Aisquith, chatting as gayly as did Janet herself.

Perhaps it was as well that Mrs. Heath and her sister entered a little later, or we might have grown irrationally hilarious. The old lady came and stood by the back of my chair, and, stroking my hair softly with her plump, white hand, said—

"How very happy you all look."

Mrs. Aisquith elevated her head like an antelope scenting danger from afar, and echoed "very happy," in a tone which seemed to imply that the fact was quite a suspicious one.

Robert came in presently, his shaggy great-coat dripping like a huge, Newfoundland dog.

He stood warming his hands by the fire a few moments, and then said to me—

"The compliments of your lady sister, and she requests your presence at Ivy on the morrow."

Dr. Aisquith resumed his ice, and pronounced in a professional way that "Miss Farquharson was unable to be removed." Mrs. Heath said—

"My dear, we can't spare you yet;" and Janet made a rush at me half crying, and declaring I should not go. I, in the stubborn depths of my heart, resolved that I would—and I went.

In October, Robert and Maggie were formally betrothed. It was arranged that he should go to Italy for two years, to study his beloved art under the old masters; and, returning, take away Maggie to light the old house at Glengary, where my father had carried his bride years before. Dudley Aisquith was to bear him company, to see him comfortably settled, perhaps to roam for years in his Bohemian fashion.

It was the morning of their departure, Robert had spoken his adieu and was gone. I left Maggie in the parlor—there were tears to be shed and she might like to be alone. I had no lover for whose absence to weep, and I was half angry with my fingers for trembling so I could scarcely tie up the few poor little flowers that had been beaten down by the autumn blast.

A step on the gravel walk, and Dudley Aisquith stood beside me.

"I came to give you good-bye," he said abruptly. "Should I be gone for years, will you be glad to see me when I come again?"

I stifled the choking in my throat, I smoothed the tremor in my voice and answered, mockingly:

"Oh! of course, one is always glad to see one's friends."

He stamped his foot impatiently, and, seizing both my hands, held me with a steady, mournful gaze.

"What are you looking at me so for?"

"Only that I may know you should we never meet again save among the eternities," he said, a little sadly, and was gone before I could have answered.

Maggie seemed happier than I during all the sorrowful days that followed. But then she had a rich faith to sustain her—a certain joy, a revivifying knowledge; and I had only the upholding of a nameless hope. And nameless hopes are shadowy things at best—sweet, but vague; delicious, yet how unsatisfactory.

Mrs. Aisquith wintered in the city. "The country was so tiresome during the cold season," she said. Dudley was away and Janet lonely, and there was no earthly reason why I should not spend the Christmas holidays at Glengary, as the latter begged me, so I promised her the week. Christmas came on Tuesday this year, and on Monday afternoon Maggie and I dined at the Heaths with several others.

It was athwart a glittering array of silver and cut-glass that I first beheld Brion Goldsborough staring at me with a new, curious expression in the sleepily depths of his brownish gray eyes. He was ugly, and red faced, and unctuous looking, but he bore the reputation of being kind-hearted and good-natured to a fault, so I had always rather liked him on the whole. That night I had half a mind to hate him. He seemed suddenly to have waked up to the knowledge that there was such a person in the world as Winifred Farquharson.

He begged my hand for the first set, and, rather than debar myself the pleasure for the evening, I granted the boon, shuddering as the tips of his pungy fingers touched mine in the dance—perhaps with a presentiment of what was to be. He stood beside me at the piano, turning the music at wrong passages, and, when I had finished, led me to a seat by the window, where I was completely pinioned, while he talked of crops and horses, intermingling his conversation with awkward shreds of sentiment, till at last, in sheer desperation, I despatched him on a fabulous errand, and flew to Maggie in a remote corner of the room.

She smiled wickedly at my vexation, and, with mischievous eyes, said—

"Don't snub him, dear. To be sure he's hopelessly ugly and insufferably stupid, but then his family are unexceptionable, and he is rich—a golden apple worth plucking, and the Hesperides not far off, from present appearances."

"Apples occasionally turn to ashes, especially figurative ones," flung Janet Heath over my shoulder. "Winnie, come and be Charlie Sullivan's partner at whist, the youth is too bashful to ask you himself, and has deputed me to solicit the honor."

That night as we were retiring, Jean caught at a locket I wore suspended from a chain around my neck. The chain was a slender, gold one, that had been my mother's, and the locket a keepsake from Maggie. People don't

generally carry such things without reasons, and I had mine.

"Since when have you taken to wearing this?" said Janet.

"Only lately. Don't open it, Jean dear, it's a secret. Perhaps I'll tell you some time, but I can't now."

She looked at me amazedly, half inclined to be hurt—no wonder, we had grown up together with scarcely a thought concealed between us—and said:

"Why you are almost as mysterious as Cousin Dudley. You know the ring he wears on his little finger."—I remembered it, an agate shield with "Je crois en toi," the motto of the Aisquith family engraved upon it.—"Well, it has a what-you-may-call-it place for hair or a miniature. Last summer at Newport I begged him to let me open it, and he refused; and when I accused him of its containing some horrible Abracadabra he had brought with him from the East, he only gave one of his queer smiles, and said no, it was a relic he had found at Glengary. But it couldn't have been, or he would have let me see it, wouldn't he?"

I laughed an assent, and the matter was dropped.

Christmas morning rose, snow-swathed and cloudless. Pictured frost on window panes; pendent icicles from hoary tree tops, glinting in the sunlight clear as prisms.

The day seemed cheerfuller at Glengary than elsewhere, the house more genial, the wood-fires blazed and crackled with a heartier welcome. Others were of my mind, since through the morning, tinkle of tiny bells announced the arrival of a score of visitors, more or less; relatives of the Heaths—"cousins german and cousins' sons"—young people of neighboring families, come for a stately dining, an afternoon's romp, an evening's dance. With most I was acquainted, and I held my own among them. To the supercilious, showing haughty phases of the Farquharson pride; to the gentle, unbending graciously as themselves.

The short winter's afternoon was near its close. The guests had wearied of game and travestie, had scathed their fingers seeking raisins through the blue flame of conflagrated spirits; and, tired out, were dispersed in their various apartments to rest for the evening. All day I had been possessed of longings, conscious of a strange restlessness and fire that, underlying joyous hours, caused me to pause at unexpected sounds and pale at every opening door.

Tired of the loneliness—Janet had gone to others who were less at home than I—with a vague feeling of disappointment, I stole into the music-room to wake

* Those chorded keys that soothe a sorrow's aching,
Giving the dumb heart voice that else were breaking."

It was with the unerring, impalpable instinct that wares us of a presence, that, looking up from wandering figures and aimless arpeggios, I beheld Dudley Aisquith standing with folded arms within the doorway. He was looking at me with ardent, eager eyes—perhaps a reflection, for I could hardly help the gladness striking up through mine—while I sat motionless, scarcely startled, scarcely surprised; 'twas but a fulfilment of the day's expectancy.

"An Improvisatrice wrapped in the ashes of daylight! Have you no welcome for me?" he said, coming forward with gladder words of greeting; while I broke through them to question of Robert, of Italy, of himself.

Robert was settled at Florence, it seemed, and he gave me gay sketches of the careless, artist life already commenced. Italy looked the same as usual.

"A twice told tale," he continued, rising with me as I was about to leave the room. "And so I've come back to Glengary, because there is more happiness for me here than anywhere else on either hemisphere; can you guess why?"

"Only another illustration of poor Payne's sentiments," I answered, and passed on.

Going to Janet's room a little later to make a few changes in my toilette for the evening, I discovered a small parcel on the bureau directed to me. Opening it, I found a velvet jewel case, and, resting against the violet lining, three flaming rubies studding a hoop of gold. I put the ring on my finger, looked down at it a moment, shivered, and drawing it off hastily, returned it to the case.

The gentlemen were down stairs talking; leaning over the balustrade in the hall I could hear their voices, Dudley Aisquith's among them. At the end of the long gallery was an apartment specially devoted to his use, half library, half smoking-room. Thither I ran, and depositing the case upon the table fled swiftly back again.

Came a peace-offering, white Christmas roses, arbor vitæ and spiked holly with its scarlet berries. It was the first night of his return, why need we quarrel? I trailed the flowers in my hair and twined them in a breast-knot for

my bosom, where they rose and fell to the throbbings of a happy, happy heart.

That evening Brion Goldsborough would have renewed his attentions of the night before, but that Dr. Aisquith warded them off with careless ease. The latter took his cue, and subsiding into distant corners watched me with a dull pain in his sluggish eyes—and the sullen patience of a slow, passionless nature. I knew he was only biding his time. I looked at him a moment half pitying, half despising him, and then Dudley asked me to dance. We floated away in swooning mazes to the languid measures of slow moving music, amid flashing gems and odorous airs, and the hours sped by swift-winged.

Once in a lifetime the fire of passion thrills along the pulses of our being; the skies stoop down to earth, and Heaven reduplicates itself below. Sunrises come with gladder revelations, the day brings sweeter surprises, the night a holier silence. The glory folding about our lives may fade away to ashen hues—leaving behind the sting of memories bitterer far than any present anguish—but once in a lifetime it comes to us as it came to me.

For why should I deny it, that Dudley Aisquith was growing dearer to me than all else in earth or heaven. The days were made up of seeing him with his dog and gun strolling in distant stubble fields, or galloping swiftly past with a wave of the hand and a beam of the eye that set my heart to vibrating for hours.

Not but what he came to me often enough, and it was something to see the haughty face grow tender with smiles, or cold with frowns, as I willed it—*something*, it was all the world to me.

Through the long winter evenings I watched the light from Glengary burning up like a star through the dark—my beacon; and all the wild March days seemed sunny as May.

June again. I had not been to Glengary for many weeks. Janet was hurt and angry—as angry as it was possible for her to become with me—so one day I went. She met me with a kiss and a caress, saying—

"Oh! Winnie, I'm so glad you've come."

After seating me in an easy-chair in the long balcony and busying herself in removing my hat and mantle, she left me a few moments. I sat half in shade, half in sunshine, lazily sipping the iced wine she had brought, and thinking how glorious the day was and how joyous my heart.

I could hear voices talking in the little sitting-room I have mentioned—Mrs. Heath and her sister. We were separated but by a hand's breadth, but the window was open, the Venetian blinds down, and myself unseen; I could hear all that either said. A name caught my ear. Mrs. Aisquith was speaking of Dudley.

"Yes, he seems very contented here now, but I can never quite get over the fear that he will take to roaming again, and life seems so lonely without him. I wish he would marry."

"There seems to be every probability of it," answered Mrs. Heath, "he appears quite devoted to Winifred Farquharson, and"—

"Winifred Farquharson! sister, are you crazy? as if a gentleman could not amuse himself with a pretty girl without having his attentions construed into something serious."

"And why not Winnie? she is beautiful and refined, her family is quite as good as ours, and I shall consider Robert as getting a perfect treasure in Maggie, or Dudley in her sister."

Mrs. Aisquith gave a short, mocking laugh.

"Oh! you don't know Dudley as well as I do; he has too much of his mother's pride to marry a beggar, were she ten times a Farquharson."

There was more said on both sides; cold, cutting words from the one; hot, angry responses from the other. I did not heed them. I had heard enough.

I wonder how the lost feel, struck from life without a moment's warning. I wonder if amid their tortures they remember the last of earth, how the sunshine glinted shiveringly through green, tangled masses, and the wild cuckoo sang, or the lonely veery chanted its far-off hymn. I think I know the feeling, felt it then.

So Dudley Aisquith had been *amusing* himself with me. I did not stop to weigh the words of his narrow-minded, prejudiced mother; to know that her feelings were no criterion for those of her son; I only felt in the blind rage of the present that I had been the dupe of a fascinating, worldly man. All the Farquharson pride rose in arms and struck dumb the love that would have pleaded for him.

I got through the afternoon somehow. People meet us every day with smiling lips and breaking hearts beneath them, we none the wiser

for it, and my case was but one of a thousand. In the evening Brion Goldsborough was there. I turned to him with a half formed resolve, saying—

"You pass my way, may I trouble you to see me home."

He arose with a glad, triumphant light shining in his eyes. Janet came to me, begging me to remain with her the night; I hushed her with a kiss. Dudley Aisquith hanging away from me, outside the barrier of my coldness, approached a little nearer, but I drove him from me with a stinging sentence that whitened his lips and stormed in his eyes, and held him silent.

That night, I gave Brion Goldsborough my hand at parting; he came again, and twice after, the third time it was to kneel at my feet and beg me to become his wife. I looked at him wearily, and answered—

"Come to-morrow and I will tell you."

I had tried to prepare myself for this, and yet when the time came I had not courage to face it. Why should I not marry him? Dudley Aisquith did not love me, there was nothing else worth living for; I was tired of these low walls and bare floors, this sordid existence. As Brion Goldsborough's wife, life would be at least more tolerable—he should no longer look upon me as a "beggar," and yet—

All through the long, long night I watched the white towers of Glengary slumbering in the moonlight. All through the long, long night the forces of good and evil strove in my heart for mastery, and, when the morning broke, the evil conquered.

When Brion came again, it was to leave the ring of betrothal on my hand—whose diamonds with their hateful brightness burned into my very soul; the kiss of betrothal upon my lips—its warmth haunting me with a bitter tang.

The next day there was a boat excursion down the bay. Brion insisted upon my accompanying him, and I went—anything to get away from myself, my thoughts, my misery.

The Heaths were there, and Dudley—the latter holding himself aloof. I laughed, and talked, and danced with the rest, but the music of the band sounded like a funeral knell; and the long, low swell of the waves souged and murmured "like a human heart in pain."

In the afternoon the dancers had collected below. I sat upon the hurricane deck thinking; alone, as I thought. The reaction had

come. What if I had deceived myself? What if Dudley were true to me?—the thought was madness—too late, too late.

A step and Dudley stood beside me, he spoke in a hoarse, demi-voice—

"I can't stand this any longer, it is killing you, it is killing me. Darling, what ails you? What have I done?"

I sat looking at him hungrily, as the starving look at food they dare not take, and broke out desperately—

"Go away from me, Dudley Aisquith. I have no right to listen to such words, you have no right to say them."

"Why not?" he demanded, fiercely.

I had put the ring upon my finger so that but the gold was visible, and sliding it round its full brightness flashed upon him, striking him—dead, it would seem from the whiteness gathering to his lips, and the purple shadows to his eyes.

"Whose?" he spoke but the one word, faintly, as if it hurt him.

"Brion Goldsborough's."

He seized both my hands in his fierce grasp, until I could feel his hot, passionate pulses beating against mine. He looked at me—I remember that look and one other, the last, and hissing—

"*You* Brion Goldsborough's betrothed—why you were to have been my wife. You are false," dropped my hands and turned away.

I watched him as he strode to the far end of the boat and stood with folded arms gazing seaward, to where a strip of ghastly crimson stretched above the steel-gray rim of the horizon. With my own hands I had shut and barred the gates of Paradise, and now I might sit on forlorn during a lifetime of despair.

A storm was gathering. I noticed, half unconsciously, that the captain was issuing hoarse, hurried orders; the men running to obey them, hither and yon. That the waves were rolling high and the boat pitching fearfully.

It gave a sudden lurch; the guards were low; there came a heavy fall, a flash, and Dudley Aisquith fell among the seething waters. A white, despairing face gleamed a moment above the waves, the dark, yearning eyes turned towards me; the hands outstretched as if in supplication; the stiffening lips forming themselves into—was it fancy? or did the words "my darling" come faintly over the waters?

There came a confusion below, shrieks of women, voices of men, a blank, and darkness as I fell forward and fainted.

It was June when this happened; it was September when I came out of the ravings of my delirium to take my place in life again.

What it is to come back to the world, when *our* world is struck from earth forever.

Friends bent over me with pitying glances, Maggie and my father, Janet and Mrs. Heath. No word was spoken of my loss, but in still noons, through starlit midnights, or after dark dawns—when the ragged mist lifted itself away from Glengary, and the four tall poplar trees, guarding the Heath burying-ground, rose like spectres against the morning sky—I could see a marble shaft reaching Heavenward, and in the grave beneath it was buried my pride, my hopes, my *life*.

Janet came one day bringing me the ring that *he* used to wear. I opened it. I must have looked very white, for Janet and Maggie watched me pitifully, and turned their faces to the wall and wept. There lay a tiny curl of purplish black hair, and above it the false words, "*Je crois en toi*." He had trusted me then, and I—O God!

Years have passed since then. My father is dead; Brion Goldsborough married to a straight-haired, Indian featured little thing, with eyes black as beads.

I live at Glengary now; it is part of my punishment. To others the house may seem cheerful enough, made joyous by the prattle of children's voices—Robert's and Maggie's—to me it is haunted. A tall, haughty form stalks with me down the wide staircases and through the long halls; sits beside me in winter evenings, when the fire burns low in the hearth place, transfixing me with its dark, starry eyes.

I try to be patient, to look forward through long years of penitence and sorrow to when an aged, white-haired woman shall lie down beside the lover of her youth, shrived and forgiven.

But in the still midnight, when the voices of the cruel waves come throbbing up through the silence: above all the false patience will arise the anguished cry, as I stretch my hands out hungrily through the darkness, "I am so weary waiting, let me come to you now, my love, my love, O Dudley!"

THE STEPMOTHER.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER I.

"This is a horrible degradation of my father's, Davie! What could possess the old man to be guilty of such folly, such a piece of cruelty to Katie!"

"I suppose he could do what he liked, Sandy; but it's horribly bad taste, that's all."

The two speakers were young men, strong, broad-shouldered, and independent for their two-and-twenty and nineteen summers. They were as like each other as brothers could be, with a dogged bushiness of eyebrow and wilfulness of nether lip sufficient to prove them sons of him who in his gray old age had committed what was looked upon as a glaring imprudence. Sandy, the younger and firmer of the two, wore the half uniform of what was then the East India Company's Navy. He was very robust, and very arrogant; and his greatest exhibitions of strength and temper were shown in steam vessels somewhere about the Red Sea and Bay of Bengal. His elder and slightly more placable brother Davie, a young solicitor spending his short vacation, had a general crustiness of disposition, and a great devotion to his employer.

The young men were the only sons of an old gentleman and scholar, living on his inherited means in his own country house, and, till very recently, as much honored as a highly informed, but rather sarcastic country gentleman is wont to be. By his first marriage, Mr. Auchterlonie had also one daughter, about whose future her brothers were now resentfully anxious.

"There is one thing," declared the young giant Sandy, slapping whatever came in his way with his brawny arm, "Katie shall not remain in such company. How could the lassie be so tame and mean-spirited as to propose such a thing!"

"Some woman's nonsense about standing by my father if no one else should, and helping him to bear the consequences of his infatuation," growled Davie, the more wrathful the more he thought over the matter.

"I shall try to bring Katie to reason, and remove her to my lodgings in Edinburgh."

"She shall go with you whether she is will-

ing or not," Sandy vowed with a red, inflamed face, "or else I will not put a foot on board. It is our duty to see after Katie in this mess. My sister is not to be lost for my father's madness. When will you be ready to start for Whiteford, Davie?"

Of course! how should Katie Auchterlonie know what was right for her to do? How should her woman's generosity and meekness, under her frank, fearless temper, guide her in a mortifying perplexity? Accordingly Davie the quill-driver, and Sandy the navigator, set off home to see justice done to her, to wrest the child from the parent, to speak to their father violent, insolent words, never to be unspoken—perhaps to fling, nothing loth, a firebrand, to smoulder and blaze up in disaster and ruin at no distant day.

The fact was, Mr. Auchterlonie, of Whiteford, had committed, in mature years, a grievous *mésalliance*. He had on a moment's notice married again, after his sons and daughter were grown up, a woman thirty years younger than himself, yet still no girl—a woman without rank, or wealth, or even beauty—a woman of the homeliest education and antecedents—a ruddy, stout, mature woman, his first wife's housemaid, whom he took as much by surprise as everybody else when he removed her from her state of servitude and placed her at the head of his establishment. What whim or spell had possessed Mr. Auchterlonie no one knew, or was likely to know, for he was a retired, taciturn man. If ever well-endowed elderly gentleman deserved to be put under restraint for an outrageous act, it was Mr. Auchterlonie. But as there is no law to tie up elderly gentlemen who meditate unaccountable marriages, this marriage was accomplished, the only member of the family on the spot to have petitioned and entered interdicts being his daughter Katie. Mr. Auchterlonie had formally informed his sons of his purpose, without giving any explanation; indeed, he had not been accustomed to tell his children of his motives to this or that. He had taken care that the step should be taken when both the young men were abroad,—Davie spending a vacation with Sandy in the rare delights of

an Eastern expedition. Thus the lads had no opportunity to walk in and overturn their father's matrimonial arrangements; there was only Katie to prevent it. Poor Katie! But she was not to be pitied after all, even under this heavy trial, she was so healthy and happy. The family temperament might be said to have taken a new turn, so that the force which came out so rugged in the father and sons, was in her a purely sweet and sunny temper, sensible, full of enjoyment, and affectionate, without morbidness and without moodiness, possessing a large amount of moral courage and an endurance of character which might wear out strong, savage men.

For all that, Katie half cried her eyes out the night her father told her, in half a dozen abrupt sentences, that he was going to marry Beenie Tosh. She began to look out and pack up her effects, and to wander about taking farewell of her dear old home of Whiteford; for her father had said that she might go and live with her mother's relations.

"You may go if you like, Katie; only remember, if you do go, it is for good and all."

Yes, she would go; she would brave the alternative, and so she proceeded to pack up and say good-bye. Then, with so true a nature, reaction of course set in, sure and swift. After a bitter struggle and a sore battle with herself, she yielded to much that was cruelly antagonistic to her lively spirit; and seeing plainly her misfortune, she accepted it, and consented to the darkening of her prospects and the closing-in of her bright, social life.

Katie might be right or she might be wrong, but she was disinterested. Her attached, eager aunts, who would have encouraged any display of indignation on her part, and welcomed her to their houses, thought less of her from that day. They thought her time-serving and timid, not their poor sister's very daughter. Thus she became something of a heroine. "If I go away," she said to herself with a crimson face, "the world may say scandalous things of papa, and I won't have him abused; he has been a manly, righteous, refined gentleman, a benevolent, Christian gentleman. He never crossed me, though he never petted me much; he bore with my laughter, sometimes he laughed with me. I was always sure he loved me, as sure of his love as of Davie's and Sandy's, when they were imperious and scolded me. I never doubted any one of them. He will keep his word. If I leave Whiteford I would never cross the door again, or sit by his pillow and

kiss him when he came to die." "If I go away," she said again, "there will be no chance of Davie's and Sandy's coming back; the rupture will be complete, for I know the boys will never care about touching a farthing of papa's money; I believe they will not mind working for themselves, and he will not have one child left. If I go away, the whole neighborhood will forsake papa; and if his own child desert him, that will be setting everybody an example to turn their backs upon him. They have no right to do that," exclaimed the girl, getting up and walking in magnanimous discomposure and vehemence to and fro in her room. "Papa is not about to commit a deadly sin; some of themselves have done more unwarrantable things. Even towards *her* it is unreasonable, unfair. What is she that they should shrink from her? What is she that she should defile me since papa chooses her to sit in mamma's place? Poor Beenie! who always met me first when I came home from school, to whom I gave the largest Christmas-box, who doctored my sprained ankle better than the doctor himself, and who was so proud when she helped to sew and to fit on my first ball-dress," and Katie ended with a burst of tears.

No; Beenie's undue exaltation was not Beenie's fault. By no immodest scheming, by no vaulting ambition, had she attained it. Katie was convinced of that. Why was Mr. Auchterlonie guilty of the glaring inconsistency? But he being guilty, Beenie could not be justly blamed unless for not refusing the honor put upon her; and that was to expect a degree of wisdom, and self-control not more common in elderly housemaids than in the rest of the world. Katie was not certain—though the incongruity would not have been so great in that case—that she herself would have had the strength of mind to refuse a real English duke if he had solicited her to become a duchess and to be picked to death by all the other duchesses. "Besides"—Katie finished with a twist of her mouth, a comical idea shooting across her distress, as the sun's rays will gleam athwart dank, watery vapors—"Beenie dared not refuse papa, she has always stood in such wholesome awe of 'the Master.' Poor Beenie!"

CHAPTER II.

On a fine August day the two brothers, Davie and Sandy, arrived at Whiteford. They had travelled almost night and day since receiving the intimation of their father's set purpose—

not with the hope of stopping its consummation, for that was impossible—but, as Sandy puffed out, to get rid of their steam, and to rescue Katie. They were travel-stained and dishevelled as they stood before the red-brick house, which was warm and cosy, hung round with white jasmine, yellow rose-Japonica, and a profusion of common China roses, and the great leaves of the Canadian vines. Within the policy were the hay-field and patches of Indian corn, carrots, and beetroot (Mr. Auchterlonie being an amateur agriculturist); on the outskirts were shrubs, fancy laurels, acacias, araucarias, and sweet British lilacs and laburnums, as well as borders of daisies, and tufts of heather,—and the whole place was basking drowsily in the thick-moated beams of August sunshine.

But the place was very unhomelike to them this summer day. The one had not been here for nine months, and the other for three; yet in place of hastening in doors, they, by mutual instinct, stopped and rang the bell. Their two dogs, Punch and Judy, ran to them with much leaping and barking, but they knocked them off sternly. They did not acknowledge the new servant, although they knew her as having been brought up in the parish; accordingly they asked for Mr. Auchterlonie. "My father," added Davie, as if he felt he was acting a part in a play. Was he at home, and could they see him?

Beenie's successor was greatly excited, but she had the presence of mind to inform the applicants that Mr. Auchterlonie was not at home. He had driven over early in the morning to the train, she believed; and she added, in confidential accents (for which Davie and Sandy would have given the girl her dismissal on the spot had they been her masters), "he was gone for twa'ree days or the hale week to a grand meeting" (the Highland Society's, or the Antiquarian, or the Social Science, thought the brothers); "at least, so she had heard said by the mistress."

Sandy ground his teeth. This accident vexed him, for he might have to rejoin his ship before he could have his difference out with his father. But he said aloud, "Never mind. Tell Miss Auchterlonie she is wanted to speak to her brothers for a few moments;" and, at the risk of encountering his father's wife, he pushed past the girl and walked through the hall to the pretty drawing-room—faded since it had been fitted up for their own mother, but still pretty—with its old-fashioned blue-lined chintz dra-

peries framing the bushes and cornfields without. Here and there lay Katie's nicknacks—her drawings, her work-basket, her bird-cage, her books. There was only one token of another's company, and it was not very objectionable. It was a fine half-knitted worsted stocking on slim wires; and fastened to it was one of those little bunches of hens' feathers which one sees along with pieces of knitting on kitchen and cottage tables. Sandy's eye caught it, and he turned up his nose still higher as he and Davie sat down, in their dust and fume, on one of the finical chintz couches.

Davie and Sandy knew that room well. It was their resting-place on winter evenings, where they condescended to listen to Katie's music occasionally, or read with a lion's share of the lamp—where they had intended to recount their adventures to an impressed audience this autumn, but where they now sat still and stiff, as if death were in the house.

There was some fun in the proceeding, inasmuch as Sandy and Davie, who were in such wrath at their father's slight to established rules, were in their own persons notorious despisers of forms, and were as unmannerly and bearish as two gentlemen, the sons of a gentleman, could contrive to be. With what grace, therefore, they could sit there and swell at their father's indifference to public opinion and his assertion of primitive rights, the reader can easily guess.

After five minutes' rest, which was a benefit to the young men's exhausted bodies, but no sedative to their tempers, Katie came running in—a light, firm, well-made, comely-faced girl, with so clear a forehead, so reasonable an eye, so benevolent a mouth, that she was a beauty. And yet her features were nothing to speak of; her complexion was freckled, and her hair neither chestnut nor auburn nor tawny, but undeniably red—so red that a crimson rose in it would have been positively frightful. Still she was a beauty, one in a thousand, fair already, and to become always fairer, with her beautiful brow and her beautiful dimples. Katie came running in, in her blue muslin and her snow-white sun-bonnet, which she preferred to a hat.

"Oh! dear, dear boys, I cannot tell how glad I am to see you home again. When did you come?—and where have you been last?—and had you my letters?—and will you have something to eat and drink?" This after she had hugged them both closely.

"Where have you been, Katie, keeping us so long in this den?" grumbled both the brothers fractiously, kissing her at the same time, and allowing her to kiss them with a kind of gruff sufferance.

"Den!" exclaimed Katie, looking around her. "I think it is a very nice room; I see none like it. I was out, of course, this fine afternoon; we took an early dinner, and I was down at the bleaching-green with—*with Mrs. Auchterlonie,*" Katie got out with an inevitable red face and a disposition of the name to stick in her throat.

"How dared you, Katie," raged Sandy, charging upon her at once; "what do you mean by keeping company with that woman?"

"How could I help it, Sandy?" Katie defended herself. "Why should I not keep company with her, now that she is papa's wife?" she went on more calmly.

"The very reason you should never speak to her, never let your eyes fall upon her."

"She never did me any ill," protested Katie; "and this was papa's will—am I not to respect my father?"

"Katie," interposed Davie decidedly, "how long will you take to get ready to go with us to Aunt Leyden's?"

"Oh! Davie, I can't," objected Katie, piteously. "It is very kind of you, Sandy; I know you mean it for kindness, but I can't leave the house when papa is away—to steal a march upon him as it were, and turn my back upon her after I have taken her up. Papa kissed me when he left, and asked what fine thing he should bring me from Edinburgh—papa, who is so absent and inattentive in general. Oh! Davie, Sandy, I can't do it."

"I never thought you were so childish, so greedy," Davie accused her.

"I never heard such idiocy," proclaimed Sandy. "What call have you to support the woman? Nobody—not even my father—could ask it of you. No; he has made his choice, leave him to it. You will be giving that woman a hand at the washing-tub next; I wonder at you, Katie."

"Katie," remonstrated Davie, "we cannot see you sacrificed. You do not understand. Nobody will look near you; the whole neighborhood will shun you; you will be classed with him and her; you will lose caste, Katie; you will deteriorate by grubbing among her low ways, and her low relations."

"She has never brought a relation to the house," explained Katie; "she tries to accom-

modate herself to our ways, poor woman! See, she is knitting that pretty stocking for me. Surely, refinement is little worth if it cannot match with homeliness. Then, papa is cultivated enough to inoculate us all with cultivation. I am not frightened."

"No matter, Katie," contradicted her brother angrily; "the world won't judge so, and it will put you out of society as it will put them out."

"The more shame to them," said Katie, warmly; "what right have they to judge? Davie, you forget," said the generous girl, standing erect in womanly dignity, though her face was a deep red, "my father's wife is an honest woman. No, I will not forsake her."

"You pay a small compliment to your own mother," reflected Sandy, bitterly.

"No, I don't, Sandy—I don't," cried Katie sharply, as if he had struck her a blow. "And, Sandy," continued the bated girl, with a quivering lip, "the last words mamma said to me were, 'Be a good girl, Katie, and do everything your father bids you.'"

"And so I suppose you would cut your throat at his word?" sneered Davie.

"No; but you know well papa would never ask me to do anything that was really wrong. I did not think you two cared so much for the opinion of the world," added Katie, with innocent craftiness. "You went little into company when you were at home, and you were always angry at me when I went to a dance or a picnic. A set of stupid, silly folks you said the neighbors were, who did not really care about us, though you cared sufficiently for them to help them in serious trouble. They have not cut me completely; they have been a little shy, but the Lindsays and Andersons have been inviting me, and Patricia Lindsay came round to me at church yesterday, and told me she would come over as usual, if I would like it; and what do you think, Colonel Fordyce called to see papa on justice business, and brought his wife with him—she who had never leisure to notice us before, on account of her great circle of connections through the Elliot Oswald family."

"Impertinent jay! come to spy our miserable relations and to laugh at them."

"No, no, Davie, she is not an unkind woman; and her own son married an actress, and she receives her at her house," commented Katie, significantly.

"She may do what she likes. An actress is one thing and a woman who scrubs floors

another. Have you made up your mind finally, Katie?"

Before Katie could answer, the door opened and the second Mrs. Auchterlonie entered, with the peculiarly distracted gait of an untrained woman who has known no dancing-master and never moved in drawing-rooms except to serve in them. She was, as has been stated, not a handsome woman, and she had probably looked better as Beenie the housemaid than as Mrs. Auchterlonie of Whiteford. She was a square woman, on whose broad shoulders a strong silk gown was only strong, and neither rich nor splendid. Her arms were short and thick, and her hands, with the marriage-ring conspicuous on one fat finger, were dreadfully in her way. Her blonde head-dress had been charitably subdued by Katie since it came from the milliner's.

It is not easy to say how the young men had intended to conduct a personal interview with Mrs. Auchterlonie, or whether they had contemplated one at all. They had seen her before as often as there were hairs on their heads—had been accustomed to her going in and out of that room waiting upon them. Now, in instinctive manliness, they both rose and made surly bows, to which Mrs. Auchterlonie responded with a deep duck of a curtsy, which would have been laughable if it had not been so lowly. Her old feelings as Beenie Tosh the housemaid came back on Mrs. Auchterlonie, and she stood before them with apprehensive deference. "Master Davie and Master Sandy, what will you please to have for a refreshment, and where would you like the tray?"

The young men looked at each other in a confused, baffled way. At the moment Davie stood up he reeled with a sensation of sudden illness, which he had concealed by grasping the back of a chair. "The horse had better be baited, Sandy," he answered, indirectly addressing his brother. "He cannot carry us back to Corehead without a feed." Sandy, highly resenting the small concession, remained doggedly dumb.

Mrs. Auchterlonie, perspiring at every pore, finding she was to have no further reply, took this indifferent reception of her overture as a consent to a meal of some sort whose details were left to her discretion. She considered for a moment, standing awkwardly in the centre of her drawing-room, though Katie rose and placed a chair for her. She retreated hastily, turning at the door: "I'll send the cook to the dining-room. I'll let you know

when it is done, and I'll come and help it if you want me; but I'll leave you the now to your cracks."

Down Mrs. Auchterlonie went to the lower regions, to beg the cook (who was not over-obedient or over-courteous to her) to have a tray of all that was best prepared at once for the young gentlemen. Then, shrinking from the inquisitive eyes—which scorned her with the ignorant scorn with which the lower orders overwhelm an equal who has risen to be a superior—Mrs. Auchterlonie retreated, by force of habit or by a feeling of pride, not to her handsome bedroom, but to the remote, bare garret where her spare "kist" used to stand. And sitting down on the rickety chair, she rocked herself to and fro, and then put her scored thumb in her mouth, like a child. "What for do the lads gloom at me in that way, and me an honest woman? Oh! I cannot bear it, for all Miss Katie is condescending and tries to endure me. I did not ken what I would have to thole. I wish I could gang back and be a douce servant lass again. I think I would do it were it not for the master. He would follow me and fetch me back, and that would be the worst disgrace ava." And Mrs. Auchterlonie sobbed heavily.

CHAPTER III.

Katie was doing her best to calm and soothe her exasperated brothers, and to convince them of what she believed was her duty, though they would not see it. Sandy threatened to resign his berth, mortally offend his father, and ruin himself if she caused him to fail in his errand. Davie, too, was on the verge of gravely quarreling with her. Both of them assured her solemnly that they would never come near Whiteford again, and that she would see little more of their faces if she chose to remain under her father's and stepmother's roof. She was torn by conflicting emotions, and had no guide but the single-hearted resolution not to do evil that good might come—not to disobey her father to please her brothers.

She, in despair, left the young men for a moment, to compose herself, and gather fresh strength, and to think over this miserable home-coming of her brothers. When she returned, neither of them was in the drawing-room; and, in a little trepidation lest they should have gone off in their huff without the ceremony of leave-taking, she ran down to the dining-room, and was relieved by finding Davie

sitting below his father's picture, to which his strong-marked, dogmatic face bore so great a resemblance, with the luncheon-tray before him—not eating, however, but leaning his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand.

"Why aren't you eating, Davie?" asked Katie, softly; "and where is Sandy?"

"I cannot stay any longer here, Katie," he exclaimed, pettishly. "I don't know what has come over me; I'm as sick as a dog, and there is a pulse like a hammer beating in my head. Sandy, too, could not stay in the room with the food. We must be off."

But, to Katie's increasing alarm, Davie, in place of going off, clutched at the table while he spoke. His face got first white and then scarlet, his eyes looked both hollow and glistening, and drops began to burst out on his forehead.

"Davie, dear, you are ill. What will you try? Brandy? You must not attempt to start again—I mean not for an hour or two. Come to your room and lie down, and sleep it off. I will not allow any one else to come near you; I will sit beside you till you are better. Oh! do be persuaded, Davie."

Katie had never seen Davie droop an eye or bend a leg or arm in her life before; but her proposal was the suggestion of common sense and sisterly regard.

Davie made another effort to be himself again, but felt dizzier than ever, and was forced, sorely against his will, to comply with Katie's entreaty. He was even under the necessity of holding by her slight arm, as he staggered to his room, and threw himself on the bed which he had occupied when a stout, unruly boy.

It was really a distressing spectacle to see a powerful young man suddenly smitten and brought down by sickness, and Katie was as much frightened at it as a creature of a cheerful temperament could be. But there were most comical elements in Davie's sickness. He was so exasperated and cankered; he made such dour attempts to resist it and get the better of it. Katie even smiled as she endeavored, with all her might, to pull off his boots, but was nearly knocked down by his starting up, and kicking off the troublesome auxiliaries. After she had shaken his pillow, and brought him a smelling-bottle, she was bidden keep her smelling-bottle to herself and go about her business, and leave him to sickness and solitary majesty. Suiting the action to the word, Davie turned his back haughtily, and buried his face,

in disgust, and nausea, and throbbing anguish, in the pillow.

All sense of the ludicrous disappeared when she left the room, and went, burdened by care and regret, to seek Sandy, to see if he could guess what was the matter with Davie, and advise her what to do. Her fears rose to something like terror when she found Sandy sitting, without his hat, on the seat beneath the weeping ash, bent down, half blind and stupid with equal illness and helplessness. She coaxed and assisted him with still greater difficulty to his room, told Mrs. Auchterlonie of her brothers' strange, simultaneous sickness, and sent for the doctor.

Dr. Sutherland arrived, and soon got at the mystery by a few plain questions, which cut to the root of the matter. Had there been any fever in Sandy's ship, or in any other locality where the young men had been? Of course there had. Had the brothers been exposed to it? Of course they had. They had with iron constitutions and bulldog tendencies, considered that precautions were not in their sphere. They had done their best to develop and mature the seeds of disease, by affording no rest to the soles of their feet, or nourishment to their thirsty throats and craving stomachs; by coming on like madmen, by land and sea, boat and rail, without sleeping, or eating, or shifting their clothes; without giving their ill-used constitutions the shadow of a chance to throw off infection; and now they had broken down.

Without a doubt, that was the explanation. Thus Davie and Sandy were each in for what the doctor called (taking a pinch of snuff) a smart touch of Mediterranean fever; and they need no more think of moving from where their headstrong wills had brought them, for many weeks to come, than of flying in the air, or turning poets or courtiers.

The doctor at once prescribed for the patients, and curled up his shrewd lip at the bare idea of their defiance.

There were great demands on Katie's decision and endurance at this time; demands to make her a stronger and a more sedate woman ever afterwards. She had gathered from the doctor that there was no immediate danger for her brothers, and therefore she did not summon home her father by telegraph, in order to shift the responsibility from her shoulders to his. Indeed, Katie was in some apprehension that her father's coming would only complicate the

trouble, and, if Davie and Sandy continued in their present state of mind, lead to more dire hostility, unless her father was so touched by their illness as to bear everything off their hand.

But in the meantime there were Davie and Sandy to nurse in a bad fever, and only one young girl to do it. It was an alarming prospect, even in the most sanguine view of the case. Dr. Sutherland had thought it right to warn her, even while her lips parted with dismay—

"If there is any raving in either of the patients, Miss Auchterlonie, which is not unlikely, and they threaten to master you, get in the steward or a man-servant from the offices; but of course, don't use restraint till it is necessary, and don't be unduly alarmed. You know nurses are not to be had in a country place, but I may get you one from Edinburgh when you cannot do without her. Yes, I trust your brothers will go on favorably; they have everything but their own unjustifiable rashness in their favor."

That might be all very true, and the doctor might have known them all from their childhood, and—no mean judge as he was—might place confidence in Katie's discretion; but how was Katie to justify that confidence? The extremity of the case supplied some strength, and the fever was not so bad as the doctor apprehended. Davie and Sandy retained their reason, but they were as refractory as reasonable young tyrants dared to be. They were broken by the pangs of severe illness, but their original characters were not crushed out of them. They tossed and tumbled, and not only coveted, but demanded, the most improper solaces that crossed their wayward fancies. They refused to swallow medicine after the first trial, and pulled away leech and blister before they had produced the least result. It is a marvel how childish even wise men can be in pain and weakness. Davie and Sandy were not particularly wise, only vigorous-willed fellows, whose determination was a snare to them at this very moment, by its never suffering their minds to be brought down to a level with their present fortunes.

Katie had it lodged in that little red head of hers what true manliness consisted of. She was sometimes provoked to contradict the rebels, and tell them a good bit of her mind. She reminded them how much more resignedly she, a girl, had behaved under her bad influenza, and

went the length of assuring them that the merest button of a child would conduct itself with more propriety than they did. But most frequently Katie bore with her brothers, and fought with them as a mother fights with her foolish bairns.

One afternoon Katie came out of Sandy's room, crying bitterly. "Oh! Mrs. Auchterlonie, Sandy will not swallow a drop of the draught, and the doctor said it was of great importance; and he wants to sit up without his dressing-gown, though he speaks rationally otherwise. I must telegraph for papa."

"Telegraph or not, Miss Katie, as you think fit, but the time has come for me to try my hand on Master Sandy; na, he manau risk his precious life." And to Katie's amazement, with quiet, but unflinching resolution, Mrs. Auchterlonie turned the handle of the door and walked in upon Sandy, with Katie trembling behind her.

Sandy groaned at the unwelcome apparition.

"Master Sandy, you must do what the doctor tells you, and I must see to it; so dinna risp your teeth at me, like a gude lad," said the despised woman, towering in her size and stoutness over Sandy, lying panting and quivering in his bed, as if she would be able to take him up like a puppy in her work-hardened, capable hands. "But eh! Miss Katie, you have not made the lad comfortable; no wonder he is camsteary. Siccan a bed! I dinna mean to reflect; you are a lady, and you are worn out, poor lamb; but it must be mended. Rax back, Master Sandy; heize your head on my arm. Are you not able? Then let a-be, and I'll manage mysel." And before the querulous revolting Sandy could repulse her, his head was easily and firmly elevated, his pillow was buffeted by the other arm into a state of submission, his very mattress was shaken up into evenness, and the draught was put to his lips, with no choice save to drink, if he would not enter into a contest, for which he felt in every nerve unfit. He was laid down again, with a sense of great relief and repose. A weary grunt was all Sandy's thanks for the benefit conferred. But an important precedent was established, and the foundation of a reign laid.

The fact was, Beenie (at whose exaltation the world, including herself, had wondered) had one special endowment—she had the qualities of a super-excellent nurse. However phlegmatic and stupid in other fields, she was quick

and acute here; and the plodding application of her working days came out in unwearied devotion to the young men. Perhaps Mr. Auchterlonie had recognized this gift in his handmaid; perhaps he had looked forward to the time when lovable Katie—not without her lovers—would marry, and he would be alone, sinking into old age and infirmity. Whether Mr. Auchterlonie was foreseeing or no, Mrs. Auchterlonie was the best of nurses. “Admirable!” even dropped from Dr. Sutherland’s close lips. And, now that she had undertaken her charge and entered on its offices, Sandy and Davie reluctantly, dumbly as it were, admitted her power. Katie was all very well—a good girl, and would learn; but if they wanted a second’s ease, a half an hour’s oblivion, Mrs. Auchterlonie must tend them, soothe them, sit guard over them. Tacitly the concession was granted, and sensible, large-hearted Katie showed no jealousy, but suffered herself to sink into a subordinate position, and be eclipsed in the sick-rooms.

Mr. Auchterlonie returned home, made no remark, and never so much as mentioned their stepmother to the lads. He looked in twice a day or so, put his hand to their pulses, commented on the drugs, and occasionally proposed to sit an hour or two with them. He was inwardly frightened—poor, learned, awkward gentleman!—that his offer might be accepted; and this although he was a true father, and would have sacrificed himself for his offspring. A pretty plight Davie and Sandy would have been in left to his care!

But Mrs. Auchterlonie never flinched. The disease assumed a malignant type in the one brother, and the doctor considered himself bound to cause her to keep the almost heart-broken Katie and every other unnecessary attendant out of the darkened, dreary room. She was never absent one moment at the crisis. She breathed the tainted air, chafed the infected limbs, met the wistful eye and ear with homely mother smiles and words of cheer, speaking the more directly to the tried forlorn hearts that they were now so childlike.

No sooner had Davie breasted the danger than Sandy sank to the lowest ebb to which human strength can fall and yet rally. For days he lay as one dead, with fallen jaw and sunken lack-lustre eyes, and clammy, unearthly cold skin; and still the blunt countrywoman stood at her desperate post, moistening the lips, sponging the skin, cherishing every spark of

that incommunicable, irrecoverable life burning low in the socket.

It was not till Sandy had revived to sight and hearing and dim articulation, and was far back from the shores of death, that Katie was puzzled by finding Mrs. Auchterlonie resting on a lobby-chair and crying unrestrainedly, as Katie herself had done on a former occasion, but from a different cause.

“Oh! my dear, never mind me. It is just that your brother Sandy has been so weak I could not spare time and thocht to greet till he was set up again, but now I’ll greet my fill while he’s sleeping, and be licht and bricht and ready to take care of him again when he waukens. Oh! the fine young lad, who fished, and rode, and hunted, and walked at the plough when the fit was on him, and sailed the high seas—to be no better than an infant. And think of his uniform, that I hung in the press out of sight, and his sword and pistol! Oh! waly for the strong, proud, fiery young chap; but he’ll never ken, you’ll never, never tell him, Katie, that I fed him and lifted him and held him in my arms as if he had been a wee feckless wean.”

CHAPTER IV.

Slowly and surely the lads recovered. Davie was able to move into Sandy’s room, and Sandy was no longer in need of constant care.

It was a fine September day, and Mrs. Auchterlonie took occasion to impress the fact upon Katie, and recommended her to take “a run” over the fields. A walk for a young person was always “a run,” if it were not “a halop” or “a ralyie,” with primitive Mrs. Auchterlonie.

Katie was not aware that Sandy heard them till he spoke up, imperiously, in his weakened voice—

“No, Katie, you stay here. Send my mother to take the air among the stooks.”

Katie started—Davie started; Mrs. Auchterlonie raised her big body quickly, and sidled into the shadow of the curtain to feel for her pocket-handkerchief. It was the first time any one of them had styled her by her title of adoption. Davie never employed it, respectful and kind to her as he was in his gruff way, after he rose from his sick-bed. Katie only applied it now and then, to express special feelings; but the blustering, outrageous sailor never named her by any other term, to her face or behind her back, in private or in public, from that moment.

Sandy had several relapses. When suffering from one of these, and thinking that his time in this world was to be short, he directed Katie where to find the key of his trunk, which had been forwarded to Whiteford, and in what quarter lay the gifts he had brought home for her, his aunts and cousins and general female friends; for Sandy, like many another despot, was munificent. Katie brought them all to him at his request, and spread on the chairs and sofa the treasures of yellow silk, scarlet shawls, fine woven stuffs, representing imperial gardens of plants, and Noah's arks of animals, until Mrs. Auchterlonie screamed in pure delight at the grandeur of the show. Sandy stretched out a bony hand, over which the wristband of his shirt dangled—"a world too wide for the shrunk shank"—and put it on the fleshy, comfortable, corresponding member of Mrs. Auchterlonie—

"Mother," he said, laconically, "choose."

It was difficult to say what Mrs. Auchterlonie could do with that extravagant bravery—the vision of herself in a yellow silk or a scarlet crape was something formidable. But only a callous heart could be unmoved by pride and gratitude, and the innocent design of gratifying Sandy. Therefore she made her broad, solid shoulders a block for sprawling tiger and luxuriantly tufted palm-tree, stepping to the right and left the better to display the drapery and its device. In truth, she would have appeared in the glaring costume before gentle and simple, comforted under her intuitive misgivings that it was Sandy's taste. It was Sandy's present, it would please Sandy; and what did

it matter what she put on?—what did it signify for her? Katie, to be sure, should have the snowy muslin and the ivory-white, maiden-like, bridal-like silk. These things were far too fine for the like of her—a plain body, although now risen to be Mrs. Auchterlonie.

Sandy was so near entire convalescence, that there was talk of his rejoining his ship when Davie returned to his office.

"But first I am going to church on Sunday," Sandy announced abruptly.

"If you are able, that is right, that is very pretty of you, Sandy, my man," murmured Mrs. Auchterlonie, in fervent admiration; though she would have reckoned it quite scandalous in herself to abstain from a similar acknowledgment on a similar occasion.

There is some good left in this old world, which has seen so much evil and been so much abused in its day. When Sandy Auchterlonie reached the Kirk doors at Whiteford, and under the Kirk-yard trees, drew the dumpy arm of shy, happy Mrs. Auchterlonie within his gallantly, Davie walking before to hold open the pew-door, Katie and her father following after, many a proud heart melted, many a sharp eye glistened.

Many fine churchings one may miss, and suffer no loss; but that churching, with its contrast of ruddy, homely, middle-aged health and virtue, and white bleached manhood—that commentary on many a text of simple, practical domestic love and charity, was a sight a Christian minister might well congratulate himself upon, a Christian congregation seek to witness.

THE END OF THE EVIL DAYS.

BY CARRIE MYER.

The king with a wond'rous mien hath spoken,
 'Tis the end of the evil days!
 The bands of a fiery fate are broken,
 And scattered in lonely ways
 Are they who so often came to charm thee
 With fairest forms of grace—
 Who carried the hidden dart to harm thee,
 Yet smilingly looked in thy face!

Tread firmly. The air is fresh and bracing,
 And sweet with the breath of Hope,
 No more, 'mid doubts and fears interlacing,
 Thy feet in the darkness grope;

Bright golden rays are lavishly sifted
 Thro' the meshes of mercy down,
 And see, where the ruby clouds are rifted,
 White hands hold a jewelled crown!

Dost wish that the gems were leaves unfading
 To twine round thy brow the same
 As when, in the evil days, o'ershading,
 They murmured of naught but fame?
 No, no, thy purified vision hath rested
 Too long on the light above!
 Those hands with a sacred power are vested
 To give thee the crown of Love!

"HOW THEY DO IT."

EMBODYING A PLEA FOR WIDOWERS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART I.

HOW HE DID IT.

"Hear this, girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Waitley to three or four young ladies who were collected about her in her pleasant sitting-room one fragrant August night, and she read from the evening paper:—

"Married, on the third inst., by Rev. J. Smith Robinson, Conrad Elliott, Esq., of Oldport, to Louise Katherine, only daughter of G. B. Sinclair, of this city."

"You don't say so!"

"Impossible!"

"Infamous!"

"Why, his wife has not been dead a year yet!" arose in confusing chorus from the horrified listeners.

"And those sweet children! what a trial for them! They still talk of their own mother—still mourn her!" said Mrs. Waitley, her eyes wandering involuntarily to her little Freddy, her first-born, who had fallen asleep upon the foot of the sofa, after the fatigues of the day's sports. "That is the most objectionable feature of second marriages—this installation of a stepmother, who may or may not be fit to have charge of such sensitive little beings as children generally are."

"That is your view of the evil; but, for my part, I consider all such unions not merely inexpedient, but positively wrong—utterly inexcusable!" pronounced Clara Mercer, a fine-looking girl, who sat at the hostess' right hand. "No man who ever truly loved his first wife has a right to marry again. In so doing he must be false either to himself, to his former love, or to her whom he has chosen to supply the vacant place in his home. It was never meant that one should espouse a wife because he needs a housekeeper or nursery governess. Marriage in these circumstances is worse than a mockery—it is a desecration of this, the most ancient and holiest of human contracts."

"Hear! hear!" said a manly voice behind the energetic speaker. "Who has, by committing this heinous crime, brought down upon

his head the weight of your righteous indignation, Miss Clara?"

Mrs. Waitley's pale cheek flushed and her eye sparkled with pleasure as her husband leaned over the back of the sofa to kiss her, regardless of the observation of the rest.

"Only think, Edgar! Conrad Elliott is married again! Isn't it perfectly disgraceful?"

"Something very like it, it must be confessed," rejoined Mr. Waitley, amused at the earnestness of her reprobation; and taking the paper from her hand he read the paragraph to which she directed his attention. "When did his first wife die?"

"Don't you recollect? Last January—just eight months since! It seems only yesterday that I attended the funeral, and wept over the motherless babes, so carefully nurtured, so sadly bereaved," said the tender-hearted Mrs. Waitley, the tears starting anew at the recollection. "And while her image is yet fresh in their minds—young as they are—it is hard that they should be forced to call another—a stranger—by the endearing name of 'mother'! If I believed that you could act so heartlessly—so cruelly, Edgar, after my death, I would pray with my last breath that I might take my darlings with me to a better home!"

"Gently, my pet! You are going on at a terrible rate! In the first place, you may outlive me by some dozens of years; in the second, if I were doomed to the misfortune of surviving you, I trust that I know what is due to you, to my children, and myself, too well to select your successor in such indecent haste. Elliott's feelings are none of the finest, I have always thought. He is not one who would be troubled by scruples on this score."

"I blame the lady of his choice as much and more than I do him," observed Clara Mercer, severely. "She had not even the pitiful plea of convenience or expediency, behind which otherwise disconsolate widowers shelter themselves from the just censures of society. Ugh!" continued the young lady, with a tone and gesture of intense disgust—"how I despise the perfidious wretches—practising with crocodile

tears and furnace-like sighs, upon the sympathies of credulous, simple-hearted and soft-headed maidens! How any woman of common sense or common prudence can listen to them for an instant passes my comprehension. Still less can I imagine the process of reasoning by which a girl who possesses one atom of true delicacy of feeling or depth of affection lowers herself to the point of becoming any man's second-best love and second wife!"

"Take care! you may live to repent your words!" The caution came from a mischievous damsel of eighteen, who until now had appeared wholly engrossed in the task of dressing a doll for little Susie Waitley, a child of three summers, sitting watchful and happy in the lap of her friend. "I should not be a bit surprised to see you marry a widower yet, and that in less than a year from the period of his first becoming 'disconsolate.'"

"Myra Jewett! how dare you say so!" retorted Clara, half vexed, yet laughing at the absurdity of the prediction. "What warrant has my conduct ever afforded for your remark?"

"I judge chiefly from your violent protestations that you would act differently," replied the minx composedly. "When you are caught I shall remind you of this talk."

"You may!" Clara promised readily.

"I believe all you say now," pursued the other, "but, do you remember how Hazael asked—'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' and became a murderer twenty-four hours afterwards? The race of Hazael's seems to me to multiply instead of diminish. As to men, they are all alike—"

"Thank you!" Mr. Waitley bowed gayly.

"You needn't! I was going to say that if you were ever to become a widower, which Providence forbid!—you would behave as all your brethren do who get a chance to figure in that character. It is a common adage that when a man loses his wife he buries his senses with her, and really I credit it when I witness the fantastic tricks of the bereaved creatures. I am not sure that it is not a fortunate instinct which impels so many of them to rush frantically into matrimony again, since by this means they can recover their lost reason."

"Hit him again! he has no friends!" interpolated Mr. Waitley; then, tapping his wife's cheek—"Come, little lady, cannot you venture a word in defence of the sex?"

"We are not abusing the sex, Mrs. Waitley,"

said Myra. "As bachelors, they are desirable—as husbands, convenient and comfortable—often rather ornamental than the contrary;—as widowers, they are——"

"Detestable!" Clara finished the sentence, ringing out the adjective clearly and strongly.

"Fie! fie! I would have said 'irresistible!'" said Myra, in pretended horror. "I hope no member of the fascinating brotherhood will ever pay his devoirs to me! 'Surrender or flight' would be the only alternatives."

"I will treasure up the hint, and recommend you to the first eligible widower I meet," threatened Mr. Waitley.

"As you please!" said the unabashed maiden, coolly clipping off a needleful of silk—"only, if it is all the same to you, I should prefer that the term of his affliction had lasted longer than that of the latest case that has come under my notice. The unhappy man spent two whole nights in bewailing himself, stretched weeping upon his wife's grave. Upon the third morning he was discovered diligently fanning the damp mound, considering it but decent that the marks of his tears should be dried before taking a second partner to his lacerated bosom."

"Oh! oh!" was the simultaneous exclamation in various tones of laughing incredulity.

"What is the matter?" asked Myra, in mock surprise. "Now his conduct in thus testifying his regard for appearances, strikes me as being eminently respectable. I knew one man who selected spouse No. 2 while peeping around the corner of the handkerchief held gracefully to his eyes at the funeral of No. 1. Still another case—and for the truth of this I myself can vouch, was that of an elderly gentleman, who on being mildly reproved for having contracted a second alliance in three months after the decease of his wife, replied, in innocent amazement—'Where is the harm? Isn't she as dead now as she ever will be? Will she be any *deader* in three years than in three months!'"

"Don't, Myra—please!" begged Mrs. Waitley. "It gives me a pain at my heart to hear such talk, even while I know it to be the veriest jesting. It is a sad and dreadful thing, this sundering of the nearest and dearest tie of earthly love. I cannot think of it without a shuddering prayer that my husband may be spared to me, and I to him. That there are those who can and do forget their sorrow quickly, and insult the memory of the departed by an early marriage with another, proves

nothing beyond the fact that some husbands are not gifted with fine feelings, or are deficient in affection for their partners; but we must believe that these are exceptions to the rule. In the event of my decease my husband would never so disgrace himself—never put such wrong upon my babes, and there are many others like him."

No one spoke for awhile. The wife's tone was too full of sorrowful earnestness to admit of further pleasantries upon this topic. At last, Clara Mercer, with her accustomed decision of thought and language, ended the silence:—

"It is a mystery to me how any of them can do it!"

"And to me!" rejoined Mr. Waitley, seriously, and there the subject rested.

The conversation soon passed from the minds of the participants therein; for within the following fortnight a graver matter interested and saddened all. This was the alarming illness of the most popular member of the little band—Mrs. Waitley. She had complained of a cold and feverishness for some days previous to the evening of the girls' visit, but on that occasion rallied so far from the languor of indisposition, and spoke so lightly of her malady, that her husband indulged the confident hope of her speedy recovery. The next morning she awoke with hot hands and throbbing head, and coughing hoarsely. The disease gained character and ground so rapidly, that, at the end of the week, it was reported throughout the town where she had resided since her birth—loving and beloved—that but slight hopes were entertained of her recovery. On the tenth day they told her that she had but a little while to live. She met the trial with Christian calmness; gave minute directions concerning the family arrangements that should succeed her departure; kissed her babes lingeringly, praying, inaudibly but fervently, as she took a last, loving look of their unconscious faces smiling into her dying eyes; then lay quietly back in her husband's arms to await the summons.

Around the bed were gathered other friends, for sweet Anna Waitley was a general favorite, and among these were several members of the merry party that had assembled about her lounge but a short week and a half before. As her eyes rested upon these, once her companions in innocent gayety, lately her affectionate nurses, some vague reminiscence of that last evening of comparative health may have entered her mind to ruffle its heavenly tranquillity, for

she gazed up at her husband with an expression of wistful tenderness, not unmingled with anxiety.

"What is it, my own one?" he inquired, in response to the mute appeal.

"You will not forget *me*?" she articulated in feeble accents, yet with perceptible emphasis.

"Never, darling! never!"

Tears fell with his kiss upon her brow.

"Thank you!"

A smile of unearthly sweetness irradiated her countenance—was stamped there, not many minutes later, by the marbling hand of Death.

The funeral over, and the sorrowing and busy friends having dispersed to their several homes, the widower came back to his desolate abode to fold his motherless little ones to his breast in speechless, tearless anguish; and when they had been carried off to their beds, awe-struck, yet wondering in a blind, piteous way at the fearful change that had come over him and their daily life, he watched through the live-long night in the cozy boudoir she had loved and beautified—made to be the very bower of domestic peace—staring in stony wretchedness into the blank, icy darkness of the existence from which the sun had been ruthlessly blotted out at noontide. With the day came the stern demands of external duties, the mechanical drudgery of business, the compulsory association with other men—and he met these with sullen endurance, walking faithfully through the joyless routine, yet with an apathetic despair that was discernible by the least observant of his acquaintances. "It was plain," so people whispered pityingly to one another, "that he took this affliction very hard. It was an awful stroke, and had made quite another being of him. It was doubtful whether he would ever be himself again."

This doubt was impressed upon the minds of most persons who came in contact with him. Gloomy, reserved, unsmiling, listless—it would have been hard to conceive of a greater contrast to his former buoyant, earnest self, and the compassionate regards of the community went out, as the heart of one man, towards the stricken household, as represented in him the suffering head. He looked not merely lonely and sad, but lost, bewildered, and wretched, beyond the power of words to express—and he felt all this, and more. His love for his wife had been deep and true, dating back to the girl-and-boy-days of both. Their courtship had comprised all the romance that was to be found

in the lives of either; their betrothal had preceded their union by four years, and she had just entered upon the seventh of her wedded life when the fiat of separation came upon them like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky, and behold ruin and blight in place of smiling serenity and dear delights! At the base of this stupendous mountain of calamity, on the hither side of the grim door, that shut out from him forever the blessed Past, he had dared, in happy presumption, to dream would be continued—a glorious, changeless Now—through the maturity and old age of both—he stood appalled, hopeless, rebellious! He had never thought of Anna's dying—his shocked senses could not comprehend even now the whole might and weight of the misery contained in that one word—"widowed!"

The companionship of his children, which others seemed to expect would be a solace to him, was, in fact, rather an aggravation of his distress. Their artless prattle and innumerable questions about the parent they missed at every turn, sometimes wrought him into a kind of impatient frenzy. Talk with them on this theme he could not, and he repelled them hastily—it appeared to them harshly. Often the very sight of the pair was insupportable to him—recalled the image of the dead mother, as he was wont to see her continually, busied about their welfare; memory rehearsed her tender offices and fond endearments with such cruel fidelity that he was fain to fly their presence, to hide his grief in private.

Two months dragged by, and the cloud abode still black and frowning upon his spirit, unlighted by one gleam of promise. Still he lamented the departed in the wild bitterness of unsanctified woe; rejecting the proffered consolations of friends; seeing in the bereavement the destruction of every mortal hope; still visiting, as the one dear spot that remained to him on earth, the green mound, beneath which he had seen laid to its final rest the gentle head so long pillowed upon his bosom.

One bland autumn afternoon he repaired to the cemetery, intending to pass the sunset hour in its quiet seclusion, in real or fancied communion with the spirit, whose presence and blessing he so constantly and passionately invoked. As he neared the terminus of his pilgrimage, he perceived, through the embowering trees that lined the avenue, the flutter of a woman's robes, at or in the immediate neighborhood of his wife's burial-place. Dreading a

meeting with the intruder, he approached her very cautiously under cover of the shrubbery, designing either to drive her away by discovering himself unexpectedly, or to lie in wait near by until she should be gone. A high arbor-vitæ hedge enabled him to watch the movements of the unwelcome apparition—himself unnoticed, even while he stood within a few feet of her.

It was Clara Mercer—his wife's chosen and most intimate associate—who, kneeling by the grave of her friend, was arranging thereon the contents of a basket of flowers which she had brought with her. It was not unnatural that Waitley's first impulse should be one of fierce, almost uncontrollable jealousy—resentment hasty and high—at sight of other hands than his employed about the hallowed spot, and that these were augmented by a certain angry recollection that he had, upon several occasions, marvelled at the perfect preservation and continued bloom of the blossoms he had deposited above the pulseless heart of the pale sleeper below. It was evident to him now that these had been secretly removed between his visits, and others deposited in the stead of the faded ones. But this emotion of displeasure was transient—gave place to more worthy and softer reflections, when, by a change in her position, Clara's features were brought into view. Her face was bedewed with tears that, ever and anon, dropped upon the leaves and buds she was grouping, obliging her to pause in her task to clear her sight sufficiently to allow her to proceed. Her work done, she remained kneeling by the mound, looking down upon it with an expression of yearning and fondness that went to the heart of the spectator.

"She too is a mourner!" he said, inly. "How steady and strong was the friendship between my Anna and her! *She* knows the extent, the irreparable nature of my loss!"

After laying her hand caressingly on the turf, as in tender adieu, Clara arose and turned to go. Mr. Waitley left his place of concealment and met her at the gate of the enclosure with outstretched hand and a countenance of grateful emotion, which told that the object of her visit was understood. Startled and embarrassed at the encounter, she blushed and tried to stammer some words of excuse for the "liberty she had taken."

He checked her. "There is no need of apology. I beg you to believe that I appreciate and deeply feel the reason why I find you here. This place is sacred in your sight as it

is in mine. I thank you for remembering her, and for the proof of affectionate remembrance you have paid her. She loved you dearly—next to the members of her own family. You have a right to mourn with us!"

Clara's fast-dropping tears were her response to this speech. The tone of respectful gratitude towards herself—of gentle affection for the dead—of profound melancholy in alluding to his stricken family—sank deep into a heart already softened by regrets for, and dear memories of, her early companion. She was a woman of fine intellect and powerful feelings, but she was not demonstrative of the latter; was regarded in her circle of associates as singularly independent of others' opinion and esteem, if not deficient in feminine softness of character and manner. Anna Waitley alone, of all her young acquaintances, had thoroughly understood and warmly loved her. Their intimacy had been close and long, extending over a space of ten or twelve years, for both had passed the earlier stages of womanhood.

"She was my best friend. I lost much in parting with her," she began, but the effort to control herself was insufficient, and she made a movement to pass him.

"Allow me to see you to your carriage!" said Mr. Waitley, yet more gently, seeing her too much moved to sustain any part in the conversation.

They walked, without another word, side by side, towards the end of the avenue, where her conveyance was waiting, and parted with a silent grasp of the hand. There was no one besides Clara inside the carriage, and as the coachman drove off, Waitley had a passing glimpse of her face, from which she had removed the handkerchief. The tears had bathed without disfiguring it, and the blended sorrow, sympathy, and loving remembrance, depicted in her noble features, gave her an aspect of peculiar loveliness.

"She looked almost angelic!" he said to himself, in retracing his steps to Anna's resting-place. "My poor darling always declared that there were few women like her!"

Then, taking his accustomed position at his wife's side, his mind swung back to meditations upon the magnitude of his grief, and unavailing repinings for the society of his buried love.

A week later he returned, at evening, to the habitation he used to call "home," and going, from the force of habit, to the library, ex-

changed his boots for slippers, his coat for a dressing-gown, sighing heavily as he did so. Both these necessary articles of fireside comfort were of Anna's manufacture, and, after the manner of most other good wives, she had greatly enjoyed making and presenting them to him. She was continually studying ways and means for affording him additional gratification. He was fast learning to seek out and cherish depressing fancies; his mind becoming morbidly alive to such links of memory as at once hal-lowed, yet rendered afflictive, the sight of every object associated with his wife, making his misery her representative. It is a common form of selfish and excessive woe. So, yielding to the train of thought suggested, or, more correctly speaking, deepened by his unwelcomed entrance into a house where his appearance at noon and evening used to be the signal for general rejoicing, he sat himself down in his arm-chair, opposite the vacant one he would not have removed from the corner where she would sit—watchful of every motion, ready to anticipate every want—in the blessed days of old, and buried his face in his hands, groaning aloud: "O, my precious wife! how long can I miss you thus and live?"

He seldom sent for the children to keep him company at this hour, although, in former times, he, with Anna, considered it especially the little ones' season of liberty and petting—gave themselves up to the combined amusement and tensing consequent upon the society of these household tyrants. How often he had sat just where he did now and listened to her pleasant tones, repeating to them, as they hung about her or climbed on her lap, the exquisite domestic lyric, beginning,—

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the children's hour."

It was this souvenir of her—not the desire to have them with him—that caused him to inquire of the housekeeper, when she brought in the evening paper, where Susie and Freddy were.

"They went to ride this afternoon, sir, with Miss Mercer. I thought you would not object, sir?" interrogatively.

"Certainly not," rejoined Waitley, listlessly. "You are the best judge of these matters."

"Miss Mercer called by for them," pursued the housekeeper, upon this encouragement, "and they were so overjoyed at the invitation that I had not the heart to refuse them. They

have seemed uncommonly quiet and dull lately, sir—poor things! It isn't to be expected that children will grieve like grown persons. If they are low-spirited long, it is generally a sure sign that they are not well."

Mr. Waitley raised his head at these words. They were the more worthy of notice since Mrs. Garth was not a great talker, and was usually so much awed by her employer's grave taciturnity as to imitate it while in his presence.

"Do you think them sick, then, Mrs. Garth?"

"Not exactly, sir; but the moping life they have led, since—since—"

"I understand!" interrupted her listener, with a look of deeper gloom, as she stammered for a phrase that should be at once delicate and expressive. "Go on!"

"I mean to say, Mr. Waitley, that quiet and lonesomeness don't agree with them any better than with most others of their age."

"What would you recommend?" asked the father.

"If they were mine, sir, I would let them go out oftener and have young playmates at home," said the good woman, further emboldened by the awakened interest of her hearer. "Ah, Mr. Waitley! sorrow is hard enough for older people to bear! You can't desire that they should understand all that they have been deprived of. That knowledge comes all too soon to every motherless child. The best we can hope for them is to keep it from them while they are so small, and make them happy while we can."

There was no reply beyond a sigh; and after pausing a moment to see whether he wished to prolong the confabulation, she lowered the window-shades, set the drop-light near his elbow, and left him to ruminate upon the hints she had thrown out.

Had his woe, then, been so selfish as to render him unfeeling—blind to the wants and sufferings of his innocent offspring—Anna's babes! Was the deadly nightshade of his sorrow poisoning their young lives? It was a sharp thought—but the pang was a wholesome one, for it was endured for others' griefs than his own.

"I, who should have striven to supply, in some measure, *her* place—to compensate, to the utmost of my poor ability, to them for their great loss—I have withheld from them even a father's love and care!"

He walked to a front window, and remained there, revolving bitter self-accusations, while he

watched for the return of the defrauded children. He had not to wait long, and by the time the carriage stopped he was at the bottom of the steps, ready to lift out its living freight.

"See, papa, what I have got!" cried Susie, gleefully, holding aloft a brown paper package in both her hands; and, "Papa! don't you think Cousin Clara bought me a splendid bow-and-arrows!" shouted Master Freddy, forgetting, in his excitement, the oft reiterated injunctions of the nursery-maid, "not to speak loud or make any noise that could worry his poor sorry papa."

Mr. Waitley kissed them both, retaining Susie in his arms, while he thanked Clara for her thoughtful kindness to his children.

"It has been a long while since I have seen them so happy," he subjoined, penitently. "I feel keenly that I have failed in one of the most important duties of a parent—that of rendering his children's lot as pleasant as possible, whatever may be his private and personal despondency."

"I believe that it is a duty," responded Clara, more modestly than she was apt to speak in delivering an opinion. "Yet it can hardly be demanded of you just now. It is not surprising that you should, at times, be unequal to the effort of entertaining them. They appeared to enjoy their jaunt."

"And she says, papa, that, if you are willing, she will take us out a great many more times. Wont that be jolly though!" vociferated Freddy, jumping up and down upon the steps behind his father, too full of delight to stand still, as he unfolded the enchanting prospect.

Mr. Waitley actually smiled—a gleam of real amusement such as rarely visited his countenance now-a-days.

"I have no doubt that you think so, my boy! Whether Miss Clara may not repent of her bargain is another matter which it may be well to consider."

"I will take the risk!" she replied. "I may call or send for them again soon—may I not? Are you willing to entrust them to me now and then? I will bring them home in better season next time."

"I am more than willing—I am greatly indebted to you for offering them so healthful a diversion."

"There, children—in a day or two we will have another ride. Good-night!"

"Isn't she a brick, papa?" inquired Freddy, following his father into the house.

"She is a very kind, lovely lady, and you ought to feel very thankful to her," rejoined Mr. Waitley, unable again to suppress a smile at the patronizing manner of the precocious youngster. He set Susie down upon the hall-floor, and bade them both, "Run away, now, and get your hats and cloaks off! I mean that you shall take supper with me to-night."

With shouts of "Good! good!" the children scampered up stairs.

Of late their father had fancied that he could not support the trial of having them at table with him in the evening. He was always most sad-hearted and abstracted as the night came on, and their noisy prattle about trivial and indifferent things disturbed the sombre current of his musings. He saw them but a few minutes at his hurried breakfast, to which they did not come down so punctually as when the mistress' hand was on the wheel, and he invariably dined down town, near his place of business. His tea was brought to him in the library, and, as frequently as not, went away again untouched. Freddy and his baby-sister were tutored to creep in on tiptoe at bed-time and bid him "Good-night," with faces curiously chastened by the feeling of pitying amaze awakened by his dolorous visage and silent caress. It was no marvel, then, that the promise of being once more admitted to the honor of supping with him, as well as the influence of his unusually genial mood, filled them with rapture.

They were back soon, hair and clothes in nice order, eager to display their acquisitions. "Cousin Clara" had taken them to a "magnificent"—(Freddy could just manage the polysyllable) toy-store, and there let each choose a plaything. Not without an effort, Waitley examined and admired the doll's bureau, which was a miracle of elegance and utility in Susie's eyes, and gave Freddy instructions in the use of his bow and arrow. The little girl sat upon his knee while the lesson was in progress, her fat, white arm laid over "Papa's" shoulder. When he ceased speaking to her brother, and looked again at her, he met her regards fixed upon him with an expression that thrilled him to the soul, which made him draw her nearer to him—hold her more tightly. How like the daughter's eyes to the mother's! Susie heard the stifled sigh, felt the strain of the closer embrace. In an instant the other plump arm had joined its fellow at the back of her

father's neck, and the cherry mouth was pressed again and again to his.

"Dear papa! I love you so dearly!"

"And I, too, papa!" echoed Freddy, sliding his rougher fingers into the hand that rested upon Waitley's knee. "And I am going to be a better boy, sir!"

"This is the refreshment I have denied my fainting spirit!" thought the parent, remorsefully. "I have yet something left to live for!"

This was the beginning of a reaction—not violent, but wholesome—a change in his demeanor and language which none hailed with greater pleasure than did the inmates of his home. The servants no longer crept about the house like solemn shadows; Mrs. Garth ceased to think it necessary to speak in condoling cadences whenever duty compelled her to address the widowed master, and the children sported, laughed and talked in rooms, to which the air and sunshine were once more admitted. This altered state of domestic arrangements had, without doubt, a potent effect in winning back the lost bloom and childish gayety of spirit to the orphans, yet some part of the happy change in their appearance and health was attributable to Clara Mercer's judicious kindness. Their rides were a never-failing source of enjoyment to the brother and sister, and these excursions were but one of the many means she employed for their entertainment. Her praises poured from their tongues into their father's ears with an eloquence and constancy that would have won for her his interest and gratitude had she been a stranger. As Anna's best friend, her attentions to Anna's children assumed a value for which common-places of thankfulness and obligation were a poor and unworthy recompense.

Chancing to overtake her in the street one morning, he walked several squares by her side, and said some phrases of acknowledgment of what he felt to be her great goodness.

"Do not speak of it!" she interposed hastily.

"Had they no stronger claim upon my notice than their own merits, I could not treat them with indifference. They are most engaging little creatures. It is impossible to know and not to love them. Freddy has in him the material of a noble man, and Susie is the dearest child I ever saw. By the way, I was wishing for an opportunity of preferring a petition to you. To-morrow is Freddy's birthday, and we want him to drink tea with us. Children always expect a treat on birthdays, you

know. There will be no party, of course—only my three nephews and their two sisters, to meet your boy and *his* sister, and help demolish the great cake which is an institution upon such anniversaries. I promise to see that there are not too many sugar-plums eaten, and to send your children home in the carriage at nine o'clock."

"There is no need of that; I will come for them myself," answered Mr. Waitley, on the impulse of the moment. "I accept your tempting invitation for them, and thank you in their name."

Clara looked gratified but astonished at his offer to call. Since his wife's decease, now four months since, he had never crossed the threshold of a single house as a visitor—had, so far as society was concerned, been a complete recluse. He repented him heartily of his hasty proposal almost so soon as it was uttered, but he could not retract it gracefully.

Even when he reached Mr. Mercer's door on the birthnight, he halted, and held serious debate with himself as to the feasibility of yet changing his plans, and despatching a servant in his stead. The recollection that Susie was inclined to be wilful latterly—that she might be sleepy and cross on the way home, and unmanageable by any one excepting himself, settled the matter finally, and his irresolution ended in his mounting the steps and ringing the bell. More important issues than those which flowed from this decision have often been settled by a mere trifling consideration. The parlor was brightly lighted, and the small people were in the full tide of hilarity, playing blindman's buff. At the moment of Mr. Waitley's entrance, wee Susie was being blinded by "Cousin Clara's" fingers. Their kind and cunning work was speedily made evident by the child's careful avoidance of tables, ottomans, and the like stumbling-blocks that beset her way. Her blindness was plainly not of a dangerous type. Her father saw this, and smiled at the tact that allowed the babe a share in the game, yet guarded against harmful accidents. He laughed as the outstretched arms grasped his knees, and a voice shrill with delight cried—

"Papa! I have caught papa! What a great big 'buff' he will be!"

Clara interfered with ready subterfuge, and rescued the prisoner, waiving the laws of the play in this instance, and nominating his substitute. She was ever mindful of his feelings—ever quick to avert annoyance and possible

pain from him. He took a seat with Mr. and Mrs. Mercer, without the ring of boisterous revellers, and contemplated the scene with a mingling of sadness and pleasure—pleasure in the spectacle of his little ones' happiness—longing and heart-sickness in the reflection of the contrast between this fireside and his own. After all, the seclusion of the past few months had been as irksome as injurious to him, he was slowly discovering—even while he had believed that it was his choice, that his wounded spirit shunned the society of his fellows. He was naturally social in temperament, and had done his moral nature actual wrong in avoiding all intercourse with his friends. He was glad to find that the present exhibition of cheerful domesticity suited his palate better than the very bitter salad of the solitary which had been so long his daily food. He hailed it as a symptom of returning health in mind and heart.

By and by a tray of refreshments was brought in, and he aroused himself from his philosophical cogitations and went to assist Clara in distributing them amongst the children. It was pleasant to note her management of their caprices; her manner to them, winning and lively, and exactly adapted to the character and comprehension of each.

"You pet without spoiling!" observed Mr. Waitley aside to her, as Susie, who had set her infantine affections upon a bit of richer cake than he thought good for her, sulked desperately at his refusal, threatened a stormy scene, and only condescended to be appeased by Clara's offer of another less hurtful, yet as palatable dainty.

"That is the secret of getting along smoothly with these very juvenile specimens," she returned smilingly.

Mr. Waitley heaved a sigh at thought of the many times when he was at his wit's end respecting the best method to be pursued with his "juvenile" subjects, dreading to punish with unwise severity, yet fearing lest he should injure them by unreasonable indulgence. He wished devoutly that heaven had endowed him with the gift of "getting along" in such straits.

"But what can a man do?" he asked inwardly and despondingly. "A woman is alone fitted for this sort of work—a woman, and a mother!"

A series of thoughts flashed through his mind with the celerity and force of chain lightning. He nearly dropped the basket of cake

in little Winny H. Mercer's lap, while she was solemnly hesitating between lady's fingers and macaroons. His first earthly duty now was assuredly to his children. They were in a fair way to be ruined for the lack of suitable government. Clara might pronounce them "engaging little creatures," and they sometimes deserved her encomiums, but he could not shut his eyes to the palpable deterioration of character and behaviour in both. Mrs. Garth and the servants indulged them to excess, and he did not spend enough time in the house to enable him to counteract the growing evil. Freddy was becoming rude—Susie pert and passionate. Since a woman's tact and a woman's care were imperatively demanded by their necessities, ought he not to consult their welfare rather than his own selfish preferences, and procure for them such an instructress and guide?

With a deep flush on his brow that looked like anger, he replaced the basket upon the tray, and strode to the other end of the apartment, where he seemed to stare through the window into the outer obscurity, until a musical voice at his side accosted him.

"Mr. Waitley, in providing for others you have forgotten yourself. Allow me to remind you that you are mortal, and stand in need of refreshment;" and Clara held out to him a small waiter, containing ice-cream, cake, and wine.

He wheeled quickly towards her; bent upon her a glance of such eager inquiry as startled and confused her—she knew not why—then recovering his self-possession, thanked her, took the burden from her hands, and set it upon a table near by.

"And you—are you superior to the wants of our common humanity? Can I do nothing for you in return?"

A rash, perhaps a foolish, impulse had seized him. He was in just the frame of mind that disposes one to trust to luck, and make superstitious ventures.

"If she accepts anything from me, I shall give this subject further and more serious consideration. If she declines, I will dismiss it at once, and forever.

In blissful ignorance of the important matter to be settled by her action—thinking to put him at his ease by eating with him—Clara took a French kiss from the plate of cake, a morsel of crystallized froth, and pretended to nibble it, while he very soberly tasted his cream, and

tried to discover whether he were glad or sorry that the question was decided in this way. He found himself presently scrutinizing her in a new light. To be sure he had no intention of marrying her, or any one else, at present—the wound in his heart was all too fresh for that—still there was no impropriety in studying an attractive character that might be of use to him some day. Clara would be an excellent mother for his neglected children—there was no room for doubt on that head—but had there been unintentional meaning in her playful address to him? In providing for others, had he overlooked his own needs? Was it not true that, while he wore the garment of mortality, he was indeed subject to human wants? that the companionship of a kindred mind and heart; the many nameless ways in which a woman's presence and influence in a household are felt for good; the cheer and comfort and rest he had once enjoyed so heartily—which he now missed so sadly—were more than desirable? Were they not indispensable to him? Without them, would his not be a dwarfed, sickly existence? Would he not grow misanthropic, morose, prematurely old, a curse to his children, to the world, and to himself?

What of Clara Mercer's capabilities for filling this responsible post—always providing that he should, upon mature deliberation, determine to elect any one to it? He saw—not a frivolous, giddy girl, whose chase after pleasure would shock his sense of fitness, and conflict with the matured tastes of a man who had lived in the world for thirty-three years, and whom sorrow had chastened into thoughtfulness—but a well-developed woman, comely to behold; a lady by birth and education, of strong, well-regulated intellect, and, withal, a large, true heart, whose worth he ought to know—perhaps did know better than any one else now living. What more could he or any other sensible man require? He would think the matter over.

Little Susie added impetus to this resolution that night.

"Papa," she said, when he bent over her crib to kiss her before leaving her to the rest she needed after her unwonted dissipation, "I wish you would ask Cousin Clara to come and live with us all the time. I do love her so!"

"Jolly!" came from Master Freddy's bed—the energy of his assent rendered somewhat less effective by his endeavor, at the moment of articulation, to bolt a mouthful of the apple he

had surreptitiously concealed under his pillow for discussion during the night-watches.

"Children are shrewd observers; their instincts rarely err. There really seems to be a Providence in all this!" piously ejaculated Mr.

Waitley, as he summed up the pros and cons of the important case in his "thinking it over"—a process which held his eyes waking far into the small hours.

(Concluded next month.)

A MEDIEVAL POEM.

BY MRS. ELIZA SPROAT RANDOLPH.

To ———.

I cannot sing as once I sung,

When rhyming first my thoughts engaged,
When you and I were very young,
Instead of rather middle-aged.

When all life's landscape spread before,
And naught behind we cared to see;
But—"what is next?" and "where is more?"
"How looks the beautiful To-be?"

Then all my thought and all my song
Were music, roses, honey-dew;
And most the dainty moonlight throng
Of yearning fancies, vague and new.

All vague, yet true; as, when you gaze
In summer skies, their best to win,
What seemed the sky will part in haze,
And show a deeper heaven within.

A deeper heaven; a deepening soul:
Youth's rosy mist-wreaths pass away,
And bare new spaces as they roll,
And depths unknown to yesterday.

And farther depths, and spaces grand,
And life increasing more and more,
As on each yesterday we stand,
And grasp to-day, till youth is o'er.

Youth is not o'er; the ripe fruit holds
The blossom's sweetness in its sphere:
The larger life the less enfolds,
And naught is lost, but more is here.

And more will be; and more with time
Life's scope and meaning we shall see;
And what shall keep the soul at prime
Through all the far eternity.

"WEAR THE RING."

BY OLIVE E. PAINE.

Wear the ring, beloved cousin!
Let my memory round it twine;
In thy wanderings thou wilt never
Find a purer love than mine.

Go! and guardian angels guide thee!
Go! and Heaven befriend thy way!
One true heart, whate'er betide thee,
For thy weal will ever pray.

I have heard thy parting blessing,
I have seen thy moistened eye,
Felt thy thrilling, clasping fingers,
In a fond, a *last* good-bye.

I have hid my spirit's sorrows
That the careless might not see,—
What were all their hopeful morrows,
Parted, noble friend, from thee?

Thou'lt remember, oh, my cousin,
All the songful hours of yore;

Think of me when music swelleth
Round thee on a distant shore.

Think, when other hearts would chide thee,
Gaze with coldness on thy brow,
I have praised, and blessed, and loved thee,
Knowing not *how* well—till *now*.

And when soft eyes greet thy coming,
Young love brings its offerings fair,
Thou'lt remember, one, in absence,
Blends thy name with every prayer.

Go where fame is beckoning to thee!
Go where waits the laurel crown!
And may holy peace be with thee
Till life's sun in death goes down!

Wear the ring, beloved cousin!
May its golden circlet shine,
Type of an unchanging friendship,
Spanning o'er the bounds of time!

NEW STYLES OF BONNETS, CAPS, SLEEVES, &c.

No. 1.



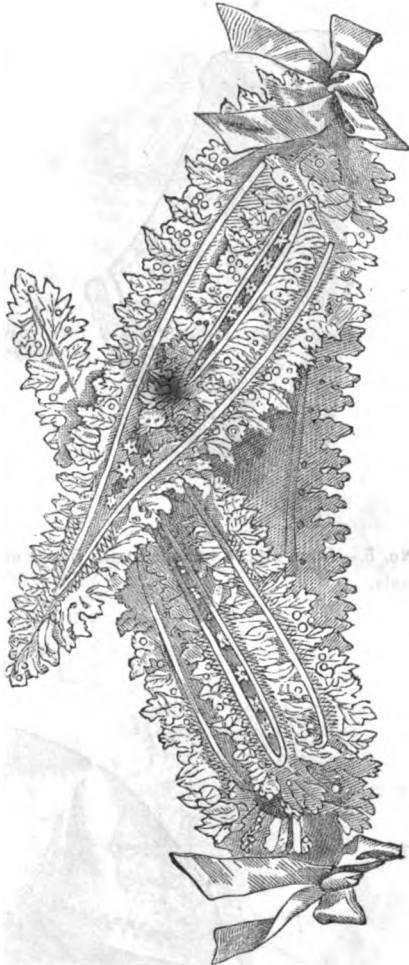
No. 1 is a dress bonnet of gray velvet; at the front edge is a broad white lace turned back: it is trimmed at the top by a large group of Marabout feathers, extending quite to the back, falling over the crown, and having in the centre a bow of scarlet velvet: the velvet curtain is rather narrow, but has a broad white lace at the bottom. Blonde cap with a bow of scarlet velvet at the top: the strings are of white silk.

No. 2.



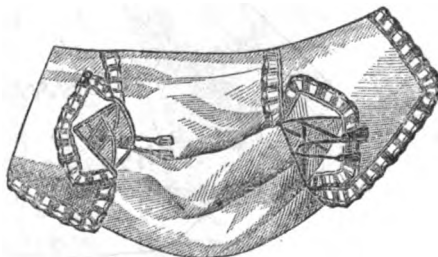
No. 2 is a dress bonnet of velvet; the color bright Napoleon blue. At the top in front there are fullings of white lace, mixed with blue velvet: a fulling of tulle is placed close to the front edge, and is crossed towards the top part by bands of blue velvet, which come from underneath the fullings of white lace: the curtain is of white lace, ornamented at the back by a small blue feather; the strings are of blue silk.

No. 3.



No. 3.—Berthe-pelerine, the ends crossed: foundation of tulle, and volants of lace; shoulder knots of rose-colored taffeta.

No. 4.



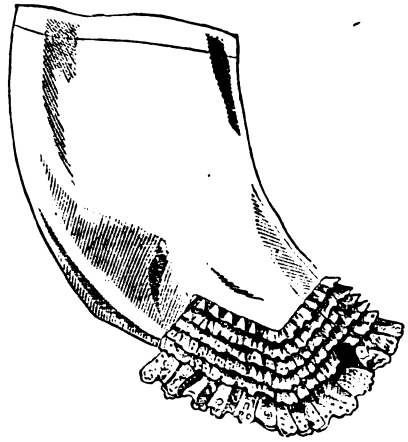
No. 4.—Half open sleeve with cuff and jockey, open and laced across with cord and tassels, and trimmed with leather trimming.

No. 5.



No. 5.—Open sleeve trimmed with fringe and tassels.

No. 6.



No. 6.—Sleeve of tulle, open at the wrist, trimmed with small ruffles of lace.

No. 7.



No. 7.—Child's dress of white piqué worked with wool, petticoat, waistcoat and vest to match.

No. 8.



No. 8 is the style of hat worn by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales at Sandringham. It is of black velvet, and in form is oval with a broad brim turned up all round, something like the "pork pie" hat: it is trimmed with a very large ostrich feather, and has in front a scarlet feather and a tuft of black velvet.

No. 9.



No. 9.—Hat of black velvet, the edges bound with plaid silk, a band of which is placed round the crown; in front is a rosette of plaid ribbon, from which a large white feather passes over the crown to the back.

No. 10.



No. 10.—Cap of embroidered muslin, with alternate embroidery and ribbon in bows and in folds.

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No. 11.



No. 11.—Cap of muslin and lace: loupes of lilac taffeta.

No. 12.



No. 12.—Tight sleeve with large puff and four bands, trimmed with lace bugles.

No. 13.



No. 13 is a very elegant bonnet of white Terry velvet; a little distance from the front edge is a band of black velvet, edged on both sides by a narrow black lace. At the left side there is a group of scarlet flowers and green leaves, and at the side of crown are a few black velvet flowers, with small green leaves. The curtain is edged with a band of black velvet, which has at bottom a narrow black lace; the strings are of white silk. Cap of white *tulle*, having at top a group of black and scarlet flowers and green leaves, which are separated from the edge of bonnet by some fullings of black lace.

No. 14.



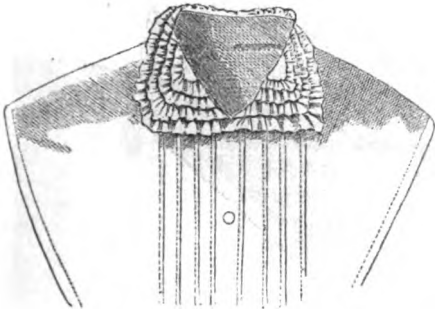
No. 14 is a cap of figured muslin, having at the top in front a bouquet composed of white flowers, a large rose, and some green leaves, with a bow and long ends of blue ribbon; the strings are of blue silk.

No. 15.



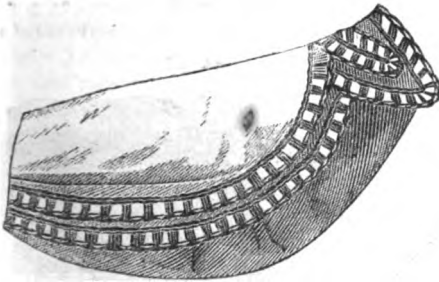
No. 15.—Bonnet of black velvet, the loose crown being formed of rich plaid silk, and having at the top a bow of black velvet and plaid silk, with a bunch of grapes and some vine leaves. The edges of the bonnet are all trimmed with two rows of plaid silk piping. At the top of front a handsome black lace is full on to the edge, and the lower part of front edge is trimmed by a fulling of spotted black net, having a narrow band of plaid.

No. 16.



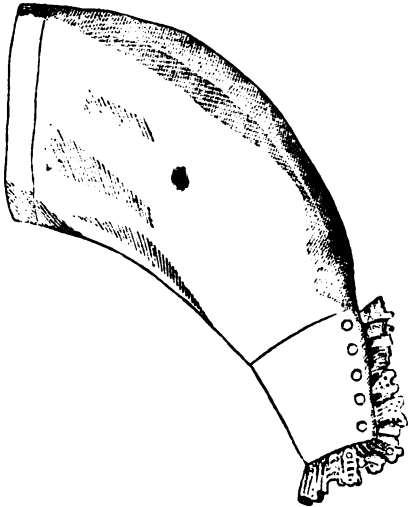
No. 16.—Chemisette.

No. 17.



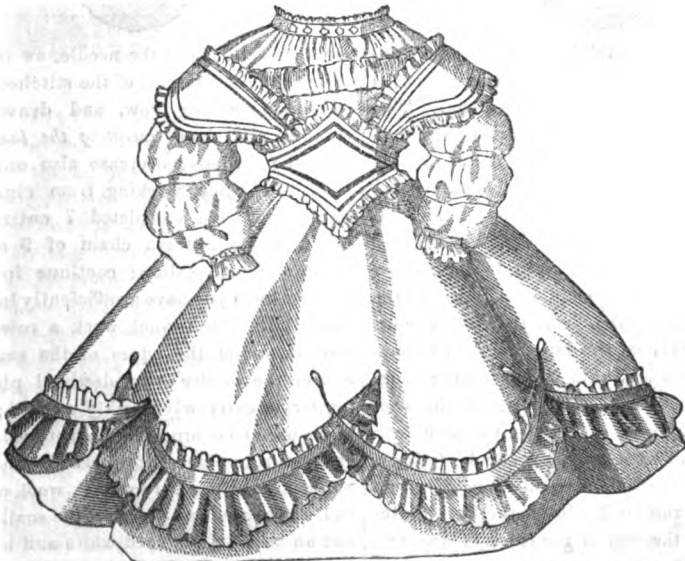
No. 17 is a close sleeve in one piece. The inside of this sleeve is straight; the under part turns over, and is to be plaited or gathered to the upper part, as represented in the cut. It may be trimmed with plaiting of the same.

No. 18.



No 18.—Sleeve with deep cambric band and buttons, trimming of guipure or lace.

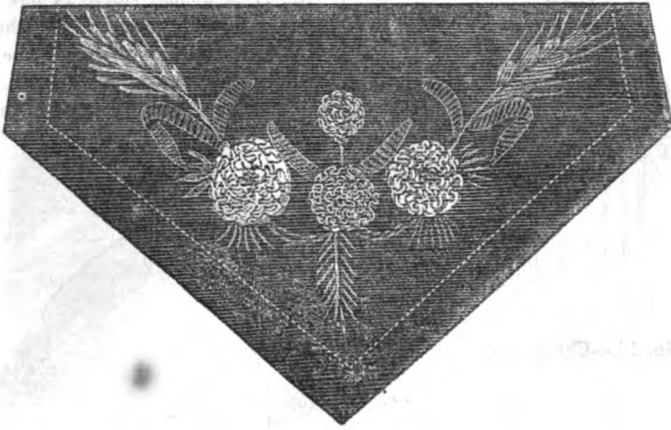
No. 19.



No. 19.—Dress of plaid blue taffeta or poplin; trimming of blue taffeta; belt and shoulder straps with *ruches* of blue. Muslin chemisette with valenciennes. Sleeves puffed.

WORK-TABLE.

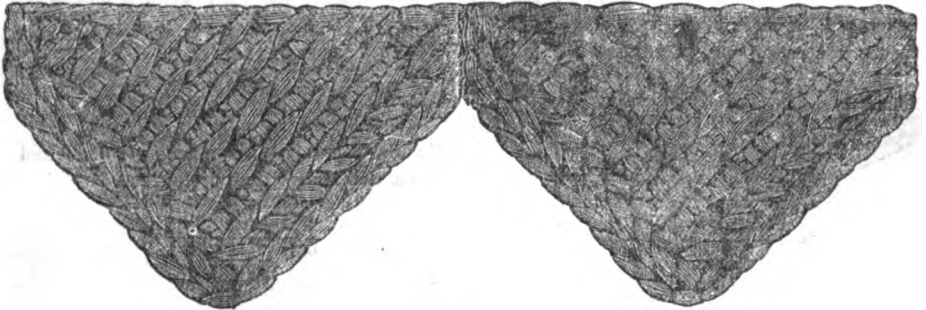
No. 1.



No. 1.—Design for the Ends of a Cravat. This pattern is intended for ornamenting the ends of a black silk cravat, and may either be worked entirely in white silk or in silks of

various colors; for instance, maize for the ears of corn, green for the leaves, &c. The ends only of the cravat should be edged with a narrow lace.

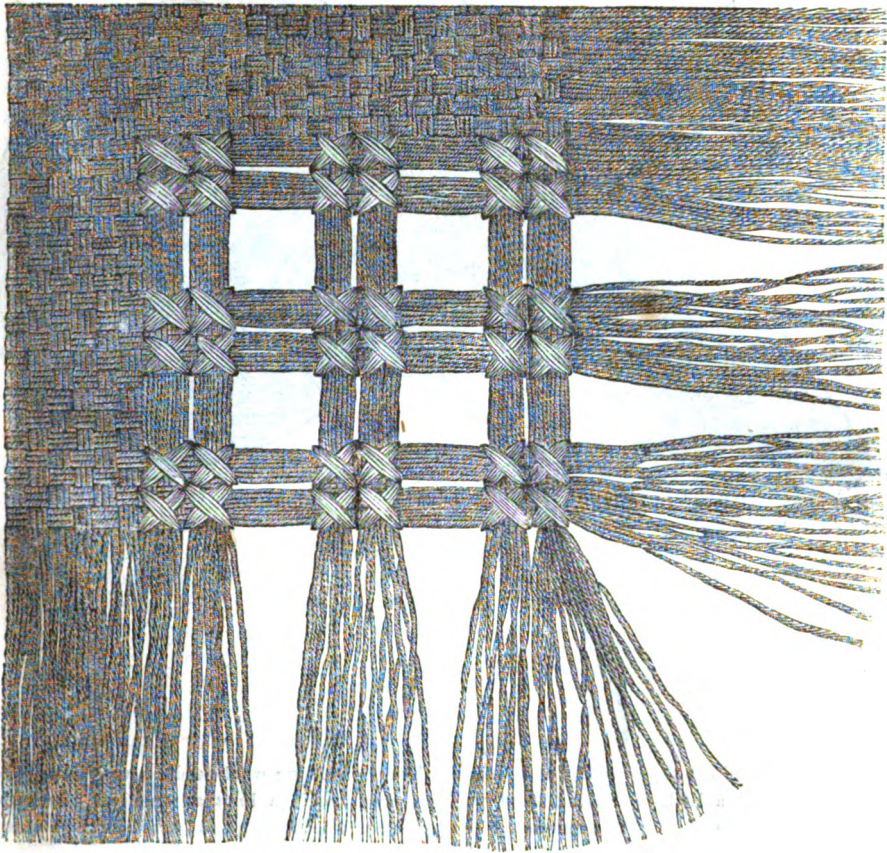
No. 2.



No. 2.—Scalloped Edging for Counterpanes in Crochet. Materials: Double Berlin wool of two colors; a long bone crochet-hook. This edging is very suitable for trimming counterpanes or couvrettes, and should be worked in two colors, to match those of the counterpane. Our pattern is worked in green wool; the scallops are edged with black. Make a chain of 9 stitches. 1st row: From right to left; draw the wool through the second loop (missing the first), and leave on the hook the loop formed with the wool; repeat the same for the 7 following stitches; you will have 9 loops on the hook. 2d row: From left to right; throw the wool round the hook, draw it through the first loop on the hook, and let it slip off the hook; * throw the wool round the hook, draw it at once through the next loop, and let it slip off the hook. Repeat from * to the end of the row. These two rows form one entire row of tricot; repeat them continually; for the row which is worked from

right to left, insert the needle, as in tricot, in the perpendicular part of the stitches belonging to the preceding row, and draw the wool through each loop, *excepting the last*, so as to form the scallops; decrease also one stitch in each row when working from right to left. After you have completed 7 entire rows of tricot, make a fresh chain of 9 stitches, or begin a second scallop; continue in the same manner until you have a sufficiently long border. Then, with black wool, work a row of double crochet round the edges of the scallops, and sew on the border to its destined place. This border is extremely quickly worked; it can be made use of for ornamenting petticoats, or even children's costumes, if worked in fine wool; it might also be worked in black wool, edged with red, and placed in two rows, the scallops facing one another on a striped white and black petticoat; with a narrow velvet, either black or white, sewn on between to hide the joining.

No. 3.

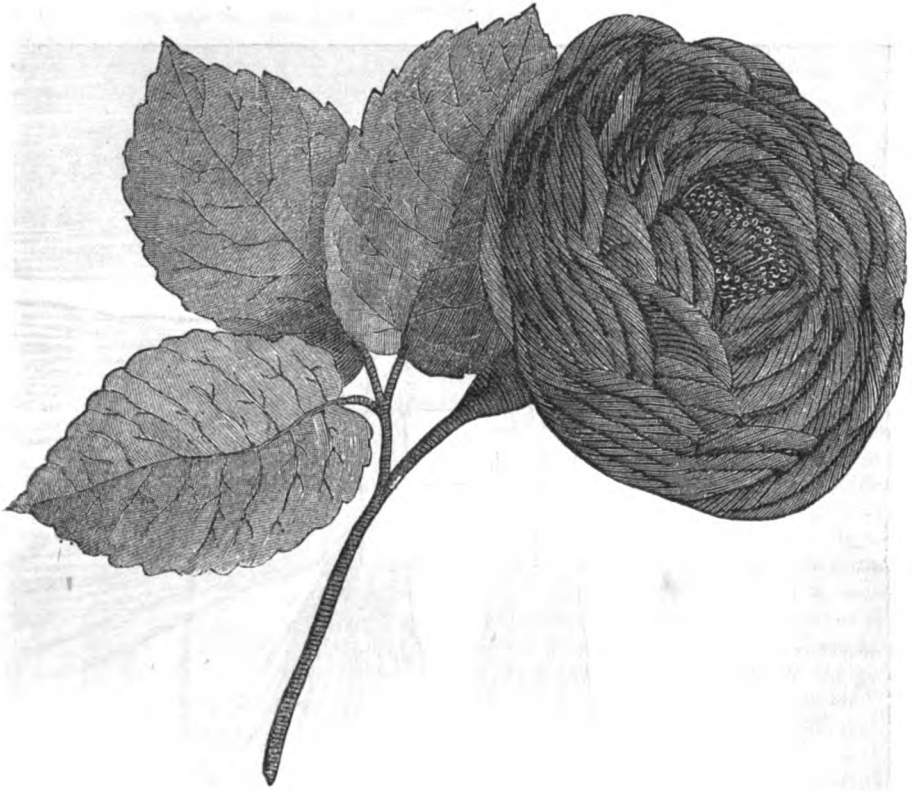


No. 3.—D'Oyley in Coarse Unbleached Linen. **Materials:** Some coarse unbleached Irish linen; a skein of magenta purse silk. We give an illustration in full size, showing very clearly the appearance of the work when completed, and the way to do it. For d'oyleys or quilts of small dimensions, a silk lining of some bright color looks very pretty and elegant. A very coarse linen should be selected, and the threads drawn each way of the material, as indicated in our illustration. To render the work firm, and to keep the threads in their proper places, the squares where the threads cross are worked with four stitches in purse silk. If this be objected to on account of its not washing nicely, ingrain embroidery cotton may be substituted for the silk.

Nos. 4 to 9. **Flowers in Wool. The Rose.** We commence a series of flowers in wool by telling

our readers how to make a rose, this flower being one of the easiest to accomplish. Their use extends to a great number of different articles; besides the mats made in imitation of moss mixed with flowers, besides cushions and fire-screens, they serve to ornament looking-glass frames, engravings, or pictures, to form bell-ropes, &c. This sort of decoration is as pretty as it is useful, whether to avoid the expense of a valuable frame or to hide the ravages that time has made on one that was once gilt. Let us add that this style of ornament is perfectly adapted to a cottage drawing-room, or to a young lady's boudoir. We now proceed to the description of the flowers, beginning with the rose. *The Rose.*—This rose can be made in all colors; 3 shades of the same color must be chosen to form it in 5-thread German wool; wire of dif-

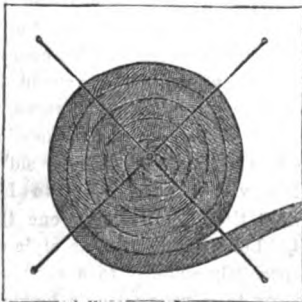
No. 4.



ferent sizes should be procured, with some diluted gum, and a little fine flour, dyed yellow with a little saffron. The petals of the rose are worked separately, and the engravings Nos. 5 and 6 show the way in which

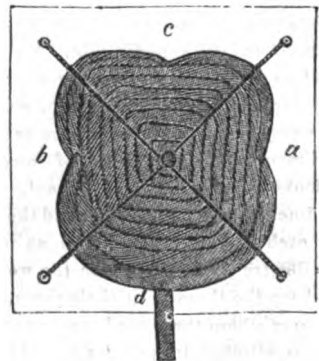
thread on a long wool needle a very long piece of wool, make a knot at one end, draw this piece of wool through the cardboard so that it

No. 5.



they are formed. Cut out a piece of cardboard about 2 inches square; stretch over this cardboard a piece of very thick thread, stitched to each corner of the square, fastened behind;

No. 6.



may come out where the pieces of thread cross each other; make the wool turn in a spiral shape under the thread, taking care that the

wool is laid very evenly, and that one round may never come over the preceding one. According to the dimensions you wish to give your petal, make 7, 9, or 11 rounds of wool. When these rounds are arranged properly, draw the end of wool through every one of them, as in darning, going first from *a* to *b*, and then from *c* to *d*. Pull the end of wool gently, to draw in the petal a little in some places; cut the wool, and take the petal off the cardboard, which use to make a fresh petal. To complete one rose like our pattern, 13 petals are to be worked, 3 in a dark shade with 7 rounds, 5 in a middle shade with 9 rounds, 5 in a light shade with 11 rounds. We shall now proceed to the heart and the stamens. (See engravings 7, 8, and 9.) Begin by engraving No. 7, which consists of a tuft of thread or wool of a light green shade, fastened to a piece of fine wire; tie this tuft of wool on to the wire, and cut the ends under the knot; surround the tuft with stamens (see engraving 8) made with bits of yellow thread thickly gummed; these threads should be twice the length of the stamens, because, after being tied to the stem, they must be folded back so that the stamens may stand thicker; tie them in that position (see engraving 9), and cut them even; roll green wool round the stem, fixing it at the bottom with a little gum. Dip the ends of the stamens in the gum, then sprinkle over them directly a little of the flour dyed yellow; when it is all dry,

begin to mount the flower. Wool is used to fasten all the petals; first place the 3 small ones close to the heart, then the 5 middle-sized, and lastly the 5 large petals. Fasten these last, not only at the bottom, but also at the sides, uniting them by a few stitches in the same shade of wool. The leaves are purchased ready made.

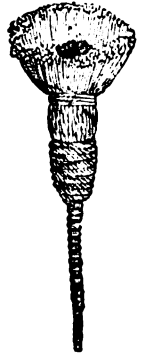
No. 7.



No. 8.



No. 9.





EMBROIDERY.



SALUTATORY.

Gentle Reader! In the New Year that opens before us in our new relation—you the entertained, we the entertainer—we propose to set before you monthly the best of its kind that the world affords, in due time and season. Whether your home be in town or country, amid the rush and whirl of crowded civilization, or in the lonely prairies and forests on the borders of primeval wildness, or in the happy medium that secures the good of both, you will almost equally feel the luxury of a friend whose coming you may securely await, who will enter intelligently into all your concerns with a hint here, a suggestion there, a piece of information, trifling perhaps, but just what you want; and, best of all, the mental and spiritual solace it brings you when wearied with daily cares, coming as it does like the breath of innumerable flowers, fresh and fragrant from the wide gardens of Thought. In literature we shall choose what is pleasant and enlivening, rather than weighty matter, the reading of which, however good, is felt to be but another kind of work. The face of the grave philosopher, his brow heavy with abstruse meditations, offering you in his speech the solid gold ore of intellect, would not meet your craving for recreation. You want a cheerful visitor, entering like a sunbeam, with color, warmth, and life, with conversation like small coin sparkling from the mint, ready for appropriation to instant uses.

Of our taste and skill, and executive ability to carry out this programme, you will gradually form your opinion, sitting in judgment upon the result of our efforts through the coming year. For the imperfections and short-comings incident to a new undertaking, we crave for a while the forbearance of our friends. One thing is certain, we shall be found much better at performance than at promise, and in conclusion will briefly say that, with our easy access to the richest sources of interest, amusement, and profit, and with the varied talents of our able corps of contributors, we feel assured of our power to present to you such a periodical as cannot fail to be a welcome visitant—in truth, as well as in name, *The Lady's Friend*.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

MARION HARLAND.

This favorite of the reading public is even more happy than usual, we think, in her treatment of a difficult subject. The most prejudiced, who know their own mind as well as the heroine herself, cannot but admit that the whole affair is admirably managed, with that practical sagacity and that insight of the subtle workings of the heart which have made for the author so wide and warm a circle of appreciative readers.

We are sure that our readers will unite with us in heartily enjoying "*The Luck of Mrs. Riley*." It is a rich piece of humor, heightened by an undertone of pure and tender sentiment, which the innocent narrator is all unconscious of. One cannot help laughing at the droll conceit that holds "poor Mickey" blameless through every variety of misdoing; at the same time that the deepest springs of feeling are touched by the love pulsing through it all—every heart-beat of the true wife faithful to the last.

A STORY BY MARY HOWITT.

In our next number we expect to have a story from the pen of Mrs. Howitt, so greatly esteemed on both sides of the Atlantic as a woman and as an author.

MABEL'S MISSION.

This tale is by one of our most distinguished lady writers, of whom a competent critic has said: "She understands her own sex thoroughly. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, for a man to anatomize the female heart as she has done. As a magazinist she enjoys an enviable reputation. Her success, indeed, is the more distinguished, because authorship with her is an amusement rather than a profession. She wisely considers that the duties of a wife and mother are paramount, and hence it is only her leisure that she surrenders to literature. Her pride is to be a woman first, an author afterwards." Consistently with this opinion, she has now, in the fullness of her powers and the flush of her reputation, abandoned, as a general thing, the field of light

literature—the picturing of ideal joys and sorrows, for what, in these troublous times, is undoubtedly a nobler sphere of effort.

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

One of the best plants for constant blooming is the *Abutilon Striatum*. The foliage is striking, and the flowers universally admired—yellow bells with live red veins running through them, hanging with pendulous grace from long, slender footstalks. We know of nothing so easily propagated. This was fairly tried during the past summer. We had a fine specimen from which some branches were accidentally broken. These were put into a rather shady bed, and became, every one of them, handsome young plants in the shortest possible time. Afterwards the children proceeded to try experiments in their haphazard fashion, sticking in pieces of all sizes and descriptions, new wood and old indifferently, in defiance of all rules for cuttings; it seemed to make no difference to this most obliging of flowers—not a failure occurred; and the unskilful young gardeners were greatly flattered by their unlooked-for success when the new leaves started and the budding stems sprang up. By the end of summer we had quite a plantation, which are now flourishing in sunny windows.

A very simple kind of Wardian case we have seen made of a block for foundation, and four large panes of glass, with a glass sliding top for admission of air. The wooden framework was covered with varicolored lichens. On the bottom were mosses and white-gleaming pebbles, fairy *Lycopodiums* and dainty Ferns; and one plant of the *Begonia Rhex*, with its curiously-marked leaves, made a striking feature. So much beauty in so small compass is well worth the little effort it takes to produce it. Any farmer's son in a winter evening could make such a case, and the woods abound with materials for filling it. The common little *Mitchella Repens*, that may easily be found late in autumn by its scarlet berries flaming out from mossy nooks, has a very pretty effect. We have seen it lighting up the verdure and the trailing and climbing creepers under a glass case such as is used for wax flowers. By the way, how much more truly beautiful than artificial flowers, and how much more refreshing to the eye, are those living green glimpses of the deep heart of the woods!

Entering a lady's parlor the other day to make a call, our ear was caught by the musical tinkle of falling water, just as a little rocky rill salutes us before we see it in a summer ramble. Attached to the wall of the room was an oblong case about a yard in length, and not quite as much in depth, arranged with piled up rockwork, and, falling from mossy point to point, feeding into lush luxuriance rich masses of ferns and water-plants, was a veritable live stream of water, sparkling in the light,

plashing down into a tiny shaded pool, and at length disappearing mysteriously into a dark chasm. We thought it the prettiest toy of the kind that could well be devised. It is easiest of execution in cities, where the water-pipes running through the walls can be made to work these magical effects with but little diversion from their usual course.

The warm, decided colors of *Chrysanthemums* are pleasing in mid-winter; and then we like the cheerful, hardy things for flowering so profusely and continuously. Our favorite among them, however, is wholly without color—as white, literally, as snow just fallen from the winter sky. Its petals, too, are not unlike snow-flakes in their airy lightness. The graceful poet, Florence Percy, has thrown a new charm around it by the following lines, which we draw forth from our treasury of choicest things, in the hope that some among our readers may enjoy, as we do, their glowing floral imagery and exquisite versification:—

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Once, long ago in summer's glow,
We threaded, you and I,
A garden's maze of pleasant ways
Whose beauty charmed the eye—
Where violets bent in sweet content,
And pinks stood proud and high.

And from their screen of tender green
Broad pansies, peeping through,
Wore gorgeous dyes like butterflies:—
Cool lilies kept the dew;
And fair and tall along the wall
The climbing roses grew.

The velvet bees, in fragrant ease,
Lay drunken with perfume.—
Song-sparrows made the garden's shade
Their fitting concert-room,
And all the air was music there,
And all the earth was bloom.

There grew one plant in utter want
Of bud or blossom-dower;—
I broke a spray of leaves away,
And said—"The winter hour
Will crown these stems with diadems—
This bears the Christ's sweet flower.

"It cheers with bloom the stormy gloom
By chill December nursed;
And it is told in stories old
That this fair blossom first,
On that blest morn when Christ was born,
Into white beauty burst.

"Perhaps—ah, well, we cannot tell
If truly it be so;
I but repeat the legend sweet,—
And only this I know—
That in the prime of Christmas time
The Christ's sweet flowers blow.

"More pure and clear than any here,
Their snowy discs unfold,

White as a star that melts afar
 Into the morning's gold,—
 And odor rare above compare,
 Their fragrant fringes hold.

* This branch I break for memory's sakes,
 And ere descends the snow,
 The slender bough I sever now
 Within our home shall grow;
 How brightly there, all white and fair,
 The Christ's sweet flow'rs shall blow!"

* * *
 The curtains fold away the cold,—
 The bleak and drifting snow—
 Red fire-gleams fall where on the wall
 The pleasant pictures glow—
 And fair and white beneath the light
 The Christ's sweet flowers blow.

But cold and deep the snow-drifts heap
 Above thy silent form;
 I cannot hold my garment's fold
 Between thee and the storm—
 I cannot dare the bitter air,
 And clasp thee near and warm.

And what to me are light and glee
 When all the while I know
 That cold and deep the snow-drifts heap
 Above thy slumber low—
 What do I care that white and fair
 The Christ's sweet flowers blow?

We clip the following from an English work. The differences between our climate and that of England would not affect any question of in-door culture; and though most of the suggestions come too late to be carried into effect the present season, they are none the worse for that; the true lover of flowers is accustomed to the patient waiting and working of nature, and willingly luxuriates month after month in her dream of beauty, which must inevitably lose somewhat of its glowing perfection when it comes to be realized:—

THE WINTER PLANT-STAND.

For this I have a suggestion. I have a great fancy for looking down on flowers; it always seems unnatural to mount them up on stages. Now, one of the prettiest flower-stands is, I think, a sort of basket. It may stretch into a flower-bed as it does in American drawing-rooms. But also it may be merely a long, low, simple thing, just with a light handle thrown over if one fancies it. The baskets with handles, however, require to be raised on a stand. These without the handle may front a window perfectly, standing upon the floor. The baskets are all the better for being of coarse manufacture—they should be varnished dark brown, and the sides should be made about seven inches high.

In such baskets as these I should advise a board being placed at the bottom, instead of basket-work, as this makes the tray both sturdier and flatter. A shallow zinc tray is also of much use; and it is quite possible to use merely the said zinc tray, with a edge of basket-work, which looks like a sort of basket without really being one.

For filling a basket of this kind, some of our commonest plants are also amongst the most beauti-

ful. Ivy and blue periwinkle are really charming ornaments, and both thrive easily. The beautiful veronicas are also extremely useful. Ferns are more difficult, because here we are supposing a quite uncovered basket, and in a sunny window it is doubtful if ferns would thrive. But little tiny evergreens would be very pretty, and the Chinese primrose is always quite invaluable. Pots of bulbs will be coming on, too, after another month. The Tom Thumb geraniums and heliotropes still exist, and the lovely cyclamens are also now in beauty.

There are one or two essential considerations which must not at all be lost sight of. First, we must be guided entirely in our choice of plants by what the aspect is of the window they are intended for, as in a sunny south window so many flowers will thrive which, in a northern aspect, should at once yield the place to ferns, and to begonias, and such-like green and shady things.

Secondly, it will be as well to make up one's mind at first whether one wants a *high* group, and to bring in large flower-pots, or whether a shallow basket with low shallow pots will content us.

THE MOTHER'S REMORSE.

The child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant that curls at the breath and shuts its heart from light. The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin, and the most mournful blue eyes. I had been trained by a stern, strict, conscientious mother. I was a hardy plant, rebounding at every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas! that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature; so one day when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and on sending her to her little couch, said—

"Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open. I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then; and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her lip quivering. Presently I was sent for—

"O, mamma! you will kiss me; I can't go to sleep if you don't," she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, as she held out her hand.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said, give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That is the way I have been trained until I was a submissive child, and I remember how often I had thanked my mother since for her straightforward course. I knelt by her bed and whispered—"Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," though the words seemed to choke me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot; but I attributed it to her excitement. I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with suppressed sobs, and saying, "Mother hopes Ellen will mind her better after this," left the room for the night.

It might have been about midnight when I was awakened by the nurse. Apprehensive, I ran to the child's chamber. I had a fearful dream. Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at the glance. From that night a raging fever drank up her life—and what do you think was the incessant plaint poured

into my anguishing heart?—"Oh! kiss me, mother, do kiss me! I can't go to sleep. You'll kiss your little Ellen, won't you? I can't go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll kiss me. Oh! kiss me, dear mamma! I can't go to sleep."

Holy little child, she did go to sleep one gray morning, and never woke again—no, never! Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out in the beautiful eyes—whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me; but with her last breath she whispered—"I will be good, mother, if you will only forgive me!"

Kiss her! God knows how passionate and unavailing were my kisses on her cheek after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if only once, that I would have yielded up my life could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is unavailing now. She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head, and a rose-bush at her feet—there grow sweet summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky shone down to-day, and there lies the freshness of my heart.

Parents, you should have heard the pathos in the voice of that sad mother, as she said: "There are plants that spring into great vigor if the heavy pressure of a footstep crush them; but oh! there are others that even the pearls of the light dew bend to the earth." Mothers and fathers, be kind to the little ones. Do not wait till the daisies grow over their bosoms before you learn to chide them in love. Kiss them before you strike them. Fly and by you must leave them; but leave no thorns in their memory.

At the risk of presenting what our readers have seen before, we copy this little story, because the lesson it impresses is much needed, and because it may, if taken home in time, spare many a mother-heart the infinite and unendurable pain that it pictures. Young parents, even if tender and devoted, are apt to err on the side of harshness. They are earnestly and conscientiously bent upon doing their duty. The child *must* be brought up right at any sacrifice of feeling on either side. They forget that Love—the love they trample down in grasping at perfect discipline, *is the fulfilling of the Law*.

It is stated to be in the code of Jewish belief that before a Jew is thirteen years of age his parents are responsible for his sins; after that age he is himself accountable. However this may be, it is the natural feeling of a mother when death has taken away her little one, that it has gone forth without spot or taint, straight back to the pure life of God, whence it came. However serious her child's faults may have seemed, it is not against *him* they are remembered. He goes free from the earth and the body, to which his errors now seem to belong. He is above her now—another white lamb of the Saviour's flock—all shadows of his soul and his life falling like a mourning veil upon the mother's head. Reverently she bows to receive it. Gladly, amid the streaming tears of a broken and a contrite heart, she takes upon her own soul the burden he has dropped, and henceforth walks more humbly with her God. "If he did wrong, was it not

through inherited defect?—or could I not, with the love that never faileth—that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things—with such love, could I not have prevented his fault?" How clear it all seems to her now, in the light of that dread decree that has struck down all hope of reparation, and left only remorseful thoughts, sweeping like autumn winds through the desolated home, with that mournfullest wail of the human heart—Nevermore! nevermore!

New Publications.

Weak Lungs, and How to Make Them Strong. By Dio Lewis, M.D., Author of the "New Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children," &c., &c. Profusely Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We find so much in this book that is of vital importance, and so cordially agree with Dr. Lewis in almost all his ideas, that if we should begin quoting the good things that tempt us, our notice would soon reach an unreasonable length. A few points of agreement we will mention—that consumption is *not* curable by drugs, but *is* curable by pure air and special exercises; that there is no possible weather which can excuse the consumptive for keeping in doors; that in this malady a ton of cure is worth less than an ounce of prevention; therefore begin, *all who have weak chests*, and conquer your enemy while yet you may. The suggestions of Dr. Lewis may be of the greatest importance to you. Fear in mind, however, that the best advice must be taken with reservations from your own experience. We are satisfied that the time-honored avoidance of night air, and of drafts, has more wisdom in it than the doctor concedes.

The custom of wearing the hair in a net at the back of the neck is advocated as beneficial, but carrying the hands in a muff or clasped in front, as ladies universally do, is condemned as unphysiological, and also in bad taste. "The arms should be carried at the side and swung." We concede the healthfulness of this; perhaps we should also think it graceful if it became the custom. We hear that ladies of the highest ton in France are seen carrying walking-sticks—slight, to be sure, as fairy wands, but then the appearance! If ladies may flourish canes and smoke cigarettes, we may surely allow them to swing their arms also.

The Patience of Hope. By the Author of "A Present Heaven." With an Introduction by John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A book to be kept in your chamber "for the quiet hour of holy solitude, when the heart longs and waits for access to the presence of the Master. The weary heart that thirsts amidst its conflicts and its toils for refreshing water, will drink eagerly of these sweet and refreshing words."

Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam.
With a Preface and Memoir. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

As the friend of Tennyson, and the subject of *In Memoriam*, we have felt interested in Arthur Hallam. The perusal of his memoirs adds but little to our acquaintance with him: his writings are few, and not so marked as to alter, but little to deepen, our first impression. We still know him best through the profound grief of his friends for his early death. To be so mourned, implies

"A spirit finely touched
To finest issues."

Poetical to the core, if not a poet, tender and pure of heart, "he seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world."

Miscellaneous Receipts.

A NEW WAY TO COOK BEEF.—To steam beef, procure a cast-iron pot of large dimensions, having at the bottom a shoulder, which is found in most large iron pots at the point where the diameter is diminished to fit the hole in the stove. Across this hole you place some pieces of shingle, then fill up the pot to the shingles with water, adding a few pieces of lemon-peel, or a little mace if you please; place the meat upon the shingles; cover up tight with a fitted tin cover; place over a hot fire, and wait till done. You must be careful to add water occasionally, for if it should all boil away, of course the gravy would be burned and the flavor of the meat injured. When finished, the bottom of the pot contains a large quantity of most excellent gravy, which, of course, must be thickened and seasoned.

A rump of beef or a shoulder forms an excellent piece to operate on. Mutton is also fine. Try it.

A STUFFED BEEFSTEAK.—Prepare a dressing of bread scalded soft and mixed with plenty of butter and a little pepper and salt. Lay it upon one side of a round of steak, cover with the other, and baste it down with needle and thread. Salt and pepper the outside of the steak, and place in a dripping-pan with half an inch of water. When baked brown on one side, turn and bake the other.

WHOLESOME BREAD.—Stir unbolted wheat flour into cold water until as thick as common stirred cake; bake twenty minutes in a very hot oven, in small tart tins; this makes a nice wholesome dish for breakfast, far preferable to buckwheat cakes.

An improvement upon this, for those who like something richer, is to take a pint of milk and four eggs, well beaten, thicken with unbolted flour and bake in the same way. A friend of ours, at whose table we first tried it, pronounces this the only wholesome form in which hot bread can be eaten.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Take an equal number of eggs and of heaped tablespoonsful of flour, with a teaspoonful of salt to six of these. Whisk the eggs well, strain, and mix them gradually with the flour, then pour in by degrees as much milk as will reduce the batter to the consistence of rather thin cream. The tin which is to receive the pudding must have been placed for some time previously under a joint that has been put down to roast; one of beef is usually preferred. Beat the batter briskly and lightly the instant before it is poured into the pan, watch it carefully that it may not burn, and let the edges have an equal share of the fire. When the pudding is quite firm in every part, and well colored on the surface, turn it to brown the under side. This is best accomplished by dividing it into quarters. The pudding should be an inch thick.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Dress of blue pou de soie, ornamented with a volant trimmed with chenille. Magnificent fringe of white chenille, and torsade above the volant. Corsage with berthe trimmed with chenille—same on the short sleeves. Head-dress of blue velvet. Gloves white.

FIG. 2.—Dress of white watered pou de soie, ornamented on each side with black and white stripes in blonde and lace. The graduated squares widen out on each side of the stripes. The edging of blonde and lace is caught under a *ruche* of white taffeta pinked, which follows evenly the outline of the trimming. The corsage is pointed—trimmed with lace like the skirt. Balloon sleeves, with jockeys. Head-dress of velvet poppies and white plumes. Gloves white.

FIG. 3.—Dress of ruby velvet, trimmed with chinchilla *en polonaise* about the neck and on the front of the waist; sleeves almost tight, with *revers* trimmed with fur, and jockeys to match. Pockets on the front of the skirt trimmed with fur. Collar and sleeves of lace. Head-dress of red roses, with plumes of mother of pearl. Kid gloves.

FIG. 4.—Dress of gray taffeta, ornamented with pinked *volants*, having for a heading a fold separated in the middle by a rich roll of a lighter tint than the fold. Corsage trimmed with the same fold, with a smaller roll in the middle. This fold goes from the shoulder knot to the waist. Two long tabs, plaited at intervals, with a plain roll in the middle, join the fold that crosses the corsage. Sleeves *semi-larges* with *revers* trimmed. Embroidered collar and sleeves. Scarf of black lace. Hat of figured tulle, trimmed with a band of violet

velvet, with a puff of the same shade. The head-gear is of blonde. Inside also of blonde, with white loupes. Kid gloves.

The most obvious change of fashion lately is that in the shape of hoops. They are worn much smaller, narrowed above and widened below, to accommodate the gore and the train. There seems no probability as yet of their falling into disuse; the efforts of inventors are rather bent towards avoiding the unsightly results of that ordinarily worn. The puffed horse-hair Jupou (under-petticoat), and the waved Jupou, claim by their pliancy to modify the objectionable features of the article, securing convenience and modesty in crowded car or carriage or opera, and allowing the dress to fall into graceful folds.

GORED DRESSES have been gaining ground. The extreme of the mode necessitates the goring of all the under skirts also. This looks well where it suits the figure, but those who find the fulness of skirts at the waist to be more becoming, will do well to take the liberty of adhering to it as long as possible. Where a dress of plain material is richly braided, up the skirt as well as on the body and sleeves, the gored shape will display to best advantage this style of ornamentation.

THE COLORS FOR DRESSES most in favor are all the various shades of cigar, leather, drab, and slate. The brown or *cuir* color, which we have seen so much of for some time past, is still worn because it is so useful, and because all other colors can be worn with it; but as a matter of fashion it has given place to the *tourterelle* or turtle-dove tint, than which nothing can be more delicate and modest. It contrasts finely also with any of the gay prismatic tints, which as trimming for bonnets or dresses may be chosen to light up its soberness. Nothing, however, is more in vogue than plaids of cheerful, lively pattern; and the taste extends to ribbons, feathers, neck-ties, trimmings, petticoats, all of plaid, and even plaid chenille hair-nets and fringes. It must be conceded just the thing for the season. To wear bright, warm colors in winter is almost a duty, so pleasing are they to the eye on a cold, dreary day. For costly materials the more sober hues are preferred—black or white cheeks on purple or violet grounds. Flounces will not be worn this winter; they will be replaced by fringes of all descriptions, especially those made of variegated chenille.

PALETÔTS are worn short, and the sleeves in the form of a half moon. The skirts of dresses, when gored, are very simply trimmed; the lavish adornment which has been common leads one to tire of it—hence the skirt is often left entirely plain; the necessity of looping it up when, as is frequently the case, it is immensely long, making this plainness advisable. The paletôts, on the contrary, are elaborately trimmed. The *revers* on house-jackets are now worn in plaid. Jackets of all forms are

made with long basques at the back, and trimmed with *revers*, which are fastened back with buttons. These fantastic garments are only worn in the house, although occasionally very young girls are seen out of doors with them, and in such cases a small, round hat is always worn.

Figured and brocaded materials will be more popular than they were last winter—a fact accounted for by the small amount of trimmings upon the skirts. Printed cashemires are very fashionable for dressing-gowns; many are made of violet, stamped upon the front of the skirt with black. These are very economical, as they do not necessitate any other style of trimming.

The stiff little LINEN COLLARS, the popularity of which we never could account for in any view of tasteful dressing, are now happily improved. Lace is introduced with the linen, and adds softness to the effect, rendering it far less trying to the complexion. The sailor collar is the fashionable form. This is rounded at the back and pointed in front. The new style is to make the collar of fine linen, to cut it in small vandykes all around, and then to place valenciennes lace edging at the back of the vandykes. The lace is sewn straight round, and not fulled on, except at the points, and the linen vandykes are overcast or sewn with satin-stitch down to the lace. This finish adds lightness to the otherwise heavy collar. The undersleeves are arranged in the same manner, with deep pointed cuffs fastened with linen buttons, and trimmed round with lace and vandykes. For afternoon wear, the muslin embroidered insertion is arranged in the same way; but the collars, instead of being cut in the sailor form, are simply rounded, and the ends are formed with broad valenciennes lace, corresponding in pattern with the narrow edging used for trimming around the collar (these are newer than the lace cravats). The sleeves are fastened with pearl buttons of a pyramidal form.

Black velvet hats are now quite taking the place of straw ones. They are trimmed with small shells, and with short white feathers issuing from the shells. The shells are what are known as the *Haliotis* or *Venus ear*. These ornaments are placed in the centre of the front. They should be of a moderate size, as, when too large, they look heavy and ungraceful—two points which should be carefully avoided in all that relates to head-gear.

Some of the imported felt bonnets are white, looking like uncut velvet, or the soft, refined white of parian marble. An exquisitely becoming *en-tourage* for a fair face set in a halo of light ringlets, would be a bonnet of the new blue, to which the name has been given of *bleu-de-chine*. It is quilted in the most peculiar way, having a cape of blue velvet set on over an under cape of rich blonde lace, the upper cape and the front of the bonnet being edged with crystal drops, which, falling upon the

flowers, represent dew-drops not yet dissolved in the rising sun.

The shape of the winter bonnet does not differ materially from last season's style, the difference being mainly that they are not so high over the face, and narrower at the sides. Being not so high, it follows that the trimming is less profuse. The style is also different. Already has the vegetable world been well nigh exhausted for the fruits, the foliage, and the flowers under which the tall, gothic head-dresses of our belles have lately been tottering. Now there is a tendency towards zoological ornament of the bonnet. On the front of the small round hats for young girls it is fashionable to wear the entire wing of a bird—not those of such a large bird as the ostrich, but the wing of the argus pheasant, flamingo, and even of ducks. These are dyed in bright colors, as their natural plumage is not sufficiently brilliant.

COMBS FOR THE HAIR now come within the sphere of jewels. They are made with a wide, flat piece, turned back from the teeth, and composing a very rich ornament, set with gold and precious stones. These combs are worn in the back hair. Smaller ones are also sometimes used to keep back the hair in front.

A fashion of wearing the hair, which is growing in favor, is to leave it loose and flowing, without any confinement whatever. This looks well when it waves or curls naturally; when it does neither, art is often called in to produce the desired appearance.

NECKLACES of very thick chains have become indispensable with a low dress, and are also worn with the high chemisettes and Swiss bodices. The large round jet or coral beads are preferred for demi-toilette, and married ladies often wear the thick gold chain.

FOR BLACK VELVET CLOAKS, the prettiest pattern we have seen is the "Alpine," a circular of medium length. It is not new, but a shape of such intrinsic elegance is not readily put by, and among people of the finest taste it will be as fashionable as ever this winter. The handsomest way of trimming it is with two rows of heavy chenille fringe, with a heading of jet *passemmentiere* above the second row and continued up the front. The close-fitting coat, with a jacket at the back and flowing sleeves, is becoming to slender figures.

We have seen the LEATHER TRIMMING set on a ground of black velvet used for cloth cloaks, and thought the effect exceedingly rich; though the good taste of using leather at all for trimming purposes is questioned by high authority in matters of dress.

OPERA CLOAKS of fine scarlet cloth, with facing and hood lining of white silk, are worn more in New York than in Philadelphia. Of course they are showy to the last degree. This Red Riding-hood style suits little children well.

The little KNICKERBOCKERS made of scarlet flannel, buttoned on over children's drawers, and tied below the knee with ribbon, are very comfortable, but not so complete as the knitted drawers, reaching to the top of the shoe and fastened beneath it, in use for some years past.

To consult COMFORT as a primary object in dress is the dictate of conscience as well as good sense; and, whatever may be in fashion, you will never forget, if you are naturally tasteful, the beauty of simplicity. A late writer in Charles Dickens' journal, "Once a Week," after criticising various styles of dress, thus concludes:—

"What can be more becoming than the prevailing dress of our female servants; the well-fitting dress, cotton, or dark material; the snowy apron; the round cap of lace, below which appears the knot of glossy, well-kept hair; the close, short sleeve; the white stocking? Observe the female domestics of good houses, and it will be thought they have hit a happy mean in dress, and have succeeded in combining in a remarkable manner the elegant and the modest."

In the children's library there is a copy of Cinderella, with fine wood-cuts. We see the young lady wearing with courtly grace the peacock train, the costly flowing laces and feathers of fashion, dancing with the Prince, and below, on the same page, the little cottage-girl, freed from all the frippery that made her presentable, fleeing from the ball-room like a startled fawn, with large apprehensive eyes, and movements of unconscious grace. We have often remarked how much the more beautiful of the two is the simple maiden, with not a single ornament of dress to distract attention from the loveliness that nature has given her; and no one has ever dissented from the opinion.

PLAN OF DRESSING FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

From "Lewis' New Gymnastics," a Boston Journal, all alive with important facts and sound suggestions concerning the welfare of the body, we copy the following directions for a lady's dress in cold weather:—

"First draw on a suit of tights—thick knit woollen; or if your skin will not bear this, then cotton tights, which shall in either case fit from the ankle to the wrist. Now draw on over this first suit another suit of tights, which shall cover the entire person, from the ankle to the wrist, and which shall be as thick as the thickest woollen sock. Next, a very thick woollen stocking, and a strong calfskin boot, with good lining and triple soles. Now you are ready for that part of the dress which is peculiar to your sex. The under-skirts should be no heavier in January than in July, for it is bad to carry a load suspended either at your waist or from your shoulders, and certainly very absurd to think of keeping your legs and hips warm by skirts which hang a foot more or less from them."



THE LUTE PLAYER.



"KIND FRIENDS ARE NEAR HER."

AN ANSWER TO

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

Words by E. Rossiter.

Music by B. F. Walters.

Furnished for the LADY'S FRIEND, by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut St., Phila.

Espressivo.



mf



p

1. Sleep, no - ble he - ro; Let not one fear Steal o'er thy brave heart,
2. An - gels will guard her, By night and day, Gen - tly they'll lead her



rall.

As death draws near. For, in her sor - row, Mo - ther will find
Up through the way. Though friends for sake her, They will be there,

rall.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1883, by LEE & WALKER, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court, of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

cres. *dim.*

True hearts a - round her, Lov - ing and kind. Though you have left her
 Read - y to save her From dark despair. Should an - gels leave her,

cres. *dim.* *p*

Weep - ing for you, Kind friends are near her, Con - stant and true;
 Still there is ONE, Who will receive her, When all are gone,—

rall.

They'll sure - ly cheer her When you are gone,
 One who will guide her Safe to that home

colla voce.

They will not see her Mourn - ing a - lone.
Where no more sor - row Ev - er can come.

cres. *dim.*

cres. *dim.*

CHORUS.

FIRST SOPRANO. *cres.* *dim. e ritar.*
Friends will be near her, Angels will come, To guard and cheer her, When you are gone.

SECOND SOPRANO.

TENOR.
Friends will be near her, Angels will come, To guard and cheer her, When you are gone.

BASS.

cres. *dim. e ritar.*

mf



RESCUE OF ARTHUR STEELE. See page 100.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.]

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[No. 2.]

OLIVE'S TRIAL.

BY RUFUS HARE.

PART I.

Wilmington Turrets was down by the sea, about a mile out of Atlantic City, and all the long, hot summer, and early fall, visitors had been going and coming like the waves upon the shore. Now it was the middle of November, and the establishment was comparatively small. To be sure, Mr. Wilmington had brought out his particular friend, Mr. Weber, to spend a month or so at the Turrets; but beside him there was no one save the regular family—Mr. Wilmington's sister Barbara, his daughter Olive, and his ward, Arthur Steele. The latter ought not have been there at all. It was no place for him. Sea air is a bad thing for weak lungs, and Arthur was threatened with consumption. But though he felt the change of the season most sensibly, he still lingered at the Turrets, the doctor coming up daily from Atlantic City, and looking graver each time he came. It had turned very cold since November set in. There was even a touch of snow in that sharp wind which blew so steadily from the north-east; but while Arthur shivered in his dressing-gown over the library-fire, Olive Wilmington, out of doors, did not seem to feel it. Up and down the windy terrace which faced upon the sea, she walked with the quick step of one who is dogged by unpleasant thoughts which it is not safe to face. She was looking her worst just then—a tall, sallow girl of sixteen, with her short hair, black and crisp, tucked loosely behind her ears, and her large eyes bent upon the ground. The wind had swept every trace of color out of her face; and the heavy, dark shawl in which her arms were so tightly folded made her paler by contrast. But for all she was so sallow and unmoved, there was a promise of beauty about her, one

day to be realized. The profile which the gray sky so sharply defined was regular as that of a statue; and if the mouth was variable, the eyes had character and depth enough to startle you.

Up and down she paced with the same quick step, too absorbed to notice the gentleman who came leisurely up the terrace-stairs and met her face to face. Then, indeed, she started, and a sudden weakness seemed to come over her. Not that her face altered in the least, but, as she leaned against the heavy stone balustrade, her figure dropped a little, and the hand which hung by her side shook like a leaf.

The gentleman gave her one sharp glance. There was keen inquiry in it, for all he smiled, and threw his arm so carelessly over the muzzle of the gun he carried. He was in a hunting-suit; a dark, well-built man, a trifle past thirty, with a handsome but cruel face. His eyes had a hard glitter like steel, and the disagreeable determination of his mouth was partly hidden by a silky moustache. His first words were—

"What are you doing out here in the cold? And bare-headed. You'll catch your death."

"Is it cold?" asked Olive, absently. Her eyes had sought his face from the first, and remained there still with a species of fascination.

He laughed a low, soft laugh.

"It was so bitter cold on the flats I had to give up the game—and it is worse up here. Even I feel it, salamander that I am, with fire in my veins instead of blood."

A sudden bitterness swept over the girl's face. She struck the stone balustrade with her hand, crying passionately—

"You are as cold as this, Mark Weber. You have neither fire nor blood in your veins, but ice. You are as cold as this!"

He laid aside his gun and walked slowly up

and down. The vehement words fell off from him like so much hail. One would have thought him deaf, as well as dumb, but for the peculiar smile upon his lips. When the momentary passion of his companion had spent itself, and she stood sallow and drooping as before, he halted in front of her.

"Olive," he said, quietly, "you have seen your father this morning. What did he say?"

"Words which I have been trying to forget ever since."

"Were they so very painful?"

"They were hateful;" and her eyes flashed.

"It is unfortunate —," he was beginning, when she turned upon him so transfigured that he lost himself and stood staring at her. Her head was lifted with a womanly dignity—her cheeks flushed and her eyes brilliant.

"Listen to me," she said slowly, as if each word was a drop of blood wrung from her throbbing heart; "what I promised you last night in the library, I promised my father again to-day. You have been very generous,"—and her lip curled; "but I am too young to marry now. I have said I will be your wife in three years—I am honest, and will not gainsay my word."

She paused, and drew her shawl closer about her, shivering for the first time, though her cheeks were all aflame.

"I do not deceive you," she went on more hurriedly. "There is no question of affection between us; but I love my father tenderly, and would make him happy. God help him, he is far from it now. The strange power you exert over him is something which I cannot comprehend."

He did not meet her searching eye, but leaned over the railing, looking silently down at the smooth beach.

"I am not blind, and I see that he fears you. But remember," and she took a step towards him, proudly defiant, "it is a different matter with me. I will not submit to this espionage. I must be free from this cross-questioning—this cruel scrutiny of my very looks at least," she added more slowly, "until you have a legal right to it. And now leave me."

A cavalier dismissal, to say the least. Had she looked anything but the beautiful Pythoness she was just then, Mark Weber might have walked away whistling, and thought no more about her. But he could not do it. Moments like these showed him the stuff of which she was made—the brilliancy of the uncut diamond,

the high spirit of the undeveloped woman. His blood boiled. Her indignant loveliness angered as much as it fascinated him. He bit his lips and strode across the terrace; but half way to the glass door he paused to say a few quiet words:

"I met the doctor as I came up, Olive. He says Arthur will not last till spring; his lungs are seriously affected."

He was gone. With the sound of the closing door, Olive dropped both arms upon the heavy stone, and her face upon them. Bloom and brilliancy were gone. The hot tears were pouring over it like rain, and she was shaken as with an ague.

"That was the Parthian shaft," she murmured. "O, Arthur! Arthur!"

Then she rose up, listening. A slow, solemn melody came floating from the library close by; muffled, because of the closed windows, but very sweet. It was an air out of Mozart's Requiem, a tender, soothing thing, which fell like balm on the troubled heart of the girl. She stood a moment with clasped hands and drooping head, quiet and very pale; then brushing off a tear which hung glistening on her heavy lashes, she went in to the player.

He sat at the piano in the dim library—a young, brown-haired man with a picturesque face. He was beardless and very slender; and if his transparent cheeks were red and his eyes so singularly bright, it was hectic and fever which made them so, driving out, for the time, the languor which confirmed ill-health had made habitual.

He looked up at Olive as she came in. When she threw off her shawl, and stood near him, he ran his hands lightly over the keys.

"I thought I could decoy you," he said, with such a happy smile that she could not meet it, but picked up a book and turned the leaves absently. His face changed. He watched her over his shoulder, still playing, but with a troubled look. Presently she turned away and went over to the fire, where her father was talking in a subdued voice to her Aunt Barbara. Both were watching the musician, and there was a peculiar pity in their looks, as well as in the tone of the last words which she caught.

"It is a desperate chance; but the doctor thinks it may save him."

"You are talking of Arthur?" she said, abruptly.

Mr. Welmingham looked mutely at Aunt Barbara, and Aunt Barbara spoke—

"The doctor has ordered travel and change of climate. He is going to Spain."

"The cup is full," thought Olive, her heart sinking within her like a lump of lead; but outwardly she was calm, and looked into the fire. And when Arthur called her the next moment, she went back to him with a mask on her face, and stood behind his chair listening to the pathetic air he played. She did not notice that it was Gottschalk's "*Last Hope*," but she talked a little in a general way, and even smiled as though nothing had happened. Mr. Weber joined them presently with a newspaper in his hand. Olive turned away her head and looked over some music; but Arthur said, "Well?" inquiringly, and stopped playing.

"You are in the very nick of time, my boy," said Weber, with a swift side-glance at the averted face. "The steamer sails this day week: plenty of time, you see, to pack without bustle and get aboard. Then for Spain and the Alhambra—lucky fellow! how I envy you!"

Arthur got up. Weber's words were unreasonable, and grated on him; he passed his arm through Olive's, and led her into the recess of a deep window. When the curtain fell behind them, shutting them off from the rest, and they were alone, Arthur grasped her hands in his own feverish ones, and turned his face to hers. How frail and delicate he was in his boyish beauty! Too frail, too delicate to be sent away alone and sailing into a foreign land.

"Let me go with you!" rose passionately to Olive's lips, but she suppressed it. He partly guessed her thoughts, however, for he smiled and said—

"If you look at me that way, I shall not go at all."

"Oh! that you need not—oh! that you need not!" murmured the girl, struggling hard for self-control.

What a sad tenderness there was in his face.

"It is my last chance, Olive," he said, quietly; "there is not much hope, but there is enough to be worth the risk. This climate is killing me by inches. Look at that," and he coughed slightly, holding out a slender hand, so transparent she could almost see through it.

Her cheek flushed with generous warmth, and her eyes were wet when she looked up at him.

"I am very selfish, Arthur," she said, in a low voice; "but you must not mind me. Go,

and may God bless and keep you wherever you are!"

With that she would have broken away and left him, but he detained her.

"One word more, Olive. It seems folly for one in my circumstances to speak, but I cannot help it. When I think that in a few short weeks the wide sea will roll between us; when I picture to myself the months and years to come—you here in the old house growing into a happy womanhood, I among strangers with nothing to cheer me but the past—something stirs within me, and I cannot be silent. We have been children together; we have grown up together—pardon me if I say bold words, for my heart's full—pardon me if I say that from first to last, from childhood to manhood, I have always loved you."

He could not see her face, for it was turned away; but he felt that she was weeping, and that she grasped the back of the chair so tightly because she was too weak to stand unsupported.

"I am going a voyage," he went on, without approaching a step nearer, but with infinite tenderness in his voice, "whose issue is very, very doubtful. The old navigators, who sailed out over unknown seas in search of the fountain of life, met death, and I may do the same. But if not—if my life should be prolonged, and God in His mercy give me back my lost health and strength, Olive, dear Olive, only woman whom I ever loved!" and he came over to drop on one knee beside her and take her by her cold hand, "will you wait for me? Will you be my wife?"

The struggle was a bitter one, and she was very young. Older and wiser women might have cast off the temptation, with little effort, and confessed all; but, undisciplined and impetuous as she was, Olive Welmingham tripped headlong into this tempting deceit.

She looked down at him, her heart of sorrow written on her face.

"If I tell him the truth," she said to herself, "it will kill him."

Then in a quick whisper, with her hand resting lightly on his shoulder, she said—

"I will wait for you, Arthur," and fled away to hide herself in her room, frightened at her words, and at the consequences they involved. Poor young sophist! she was truthful by nature, and deceit bewildered her. How she lived that week she never distinctly remembered. The days went so slowly because of her agony—so quickly because of the departure

they were bringing nearer and nearer. She saw little of Weber, and a great deal of Arthur. Mr. Welmingham watched them together and shook his head doubtfully. He was a weak old man, under heavy obligations to Weber, and with a nervous dread of offending him. He might have saved his credit by the sacrifice of his worldly position, but, cowardly and selfish, he would rather give up his daughter than his personal comforts. He trembled when he saw her with Arthur. Once he ventured to say—

“Did you tell him, my dear, of your engagement to Mark?” But she looked at him so singularly that he felt uncomfortable, and did not interfere again.

Meanwhile the tides ebbcd and flowed upon the sands, and the seven days ran out. The week had come to a close, and Arthur was saying good-by in the breakfast-room. Weber was there, walking up and down with his hands behind him, and a good-humored smile on his dark face. Mr. Welmingham was fidgeting uneasily in his chair, and Aunt Barbara, quiet, middle-aged, and self-possessed, was casting a last look at the trunks. But no Olive. Her chair was empty, her breakfast untouched. Each time the door was opened, Arthur's eyes wandered expectantly towards it, each time to be disappointed, until the striking clock warned him of the lateness of the hour, and he rose to go. It was “*Bon voyage*” from Weber; “Good-by, my dear boy,” from Mr. Welmingham; and “May God bless you!” from Aunt Barbara; but it was all very hollow. Arthur felt, somehow or other, they were not sorry to have him go, and his heart yearned for a last glimpse of the one absent face. At the door he paused to say—

“I shall walk over to the town to catch the train—you may send the trunks after me.”

Weber muttered something about accompanying him, but the traveller refused courteously, and with a last good-by departed. He wanted to be alone. He was languid and weak enough at best, and this sore disappointment quite unnerved him. It was a lovely morning. Indian summer had come in later than usual; but, like the belle who arrives last at the ball-room, it was all the more beautiful, all the more gorgeous, for its coquettish delay. Not a cloud flecked the deep blue sky; a golden haze brooded lazily over the sea and the shining beach, and the breeze which blew landward was soft and balmy as the winds of May. But

Arthur walked on amid it all, sick at heart. How could she let him go away for years, perhaps forever, without a parting word? If it was to save them the mutual pain of saying farewell, it was but a cruel kindness after all. Thinking this, with a little bitterness, he turned to give a last look at the old familiar house where they had played and quarrelled and loved so long together. He saw something other than the house—a female figure flying down the path and motioning him to stop. It was Olive. His heart beat joyfully as she came up, panting, with outstretched hands. Not caring to say a common place good-by before the rest, sharp-eyed as they were, she had watched her opportunity and run out bare-headed and without her shawl. A sleepless night had left her very pale; her rich morning-dress was thrown on carelessly, and there were traces of tears upon her cheeks. Arthur was too full to say more than—

“God bless you for this, my darling!” but he held her hands and looked at her with unspeakable tenderness. If he had been laid out in his shroud he could not have been whiter. His lips trembled, and the tears shone in his eyes. The glamor of an unknown destiny was upon him, the curious presentiment

“—that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives henceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again.”

He was giving up his only treasure—he was leaving all he held dear, perhaps forever. Small wonder that the uncertainty of the future, the thought of lingering illness and death in a foreign land, pierced him like a knife, and made his cheek so pale. Olive hid her face and sobbed bitterly. During the long, sleepless vigil of the night she had made up her mind to be truthful, and tell him all before they parted. But the first glance at his suffering face sealed her lips. She would be silent and trust in God. If he *must* die, it should not be through her fault; and if he lived—she knelt down on the sand at the thought, and prayed as she had never prayed before. Out of the very depths of her young, passionate heart there went up to Heaven a wordless petition for strength, for direction, for blessing upon Arthur and the future.

When she rose up to say good-by, there was a smile upon her lips, and Arthur Steele looking into her quiet, hopeful face, took away the memory of it in his earnest heart and was com-

forted. On the darkening sea, in the distant land, that girlish face would go with him, henceforth as a pleasant picture, a sweet something of which sickness, pain, and even death could not rob him. And so they parted.

PART II.

Two years were past, and the Rebellion had broken out. The news from Sumter, spreading over the land like fire on the prairies, had drawn thousands of willing hearts and arms to the defence of the Union. Among the rest, Mark Weber had taken a captain's commission in the Federal army, and, loyal and brave, even to rashness, had already fleshed his maiden steel and seen active service with the heroes of the peninsula. In midsummer of the third year he came up to Welmingham Turrots, on a week's furlough. It was not an ordinary visit. He had secured this leave of absence for a special purpose, and we meet him again alone by the open window of the library, looking out lazily, and inhaling the dreamy midsummer scents which floated up from the garden. Whether his military life was a hard one, or whether there was some other cause for his altered looks, it is hard to say, but changed he certainly was. Older and thinner than before, he had got a careworn look in his handsome face, which the complacent smile he wore just then could not altogether hide. There was cause enough for the complacency, if not for the care. He had come to marry Olive Welmingham. It had been long delayed. He had had much to endure from the caprice of that odd girl, much from the drivelling weakness of her father, and altogether his patience had been sorely tried; but the thing was fast drawing to a close.

There were traces of Olive in the room. Some needlework lay upon the broad window-sill, and an open book beside it. When he saw that it was "*Evangeline*," and that there were pencil-marks on its page, he picked it up and turned to the fly-leaf. "*To Olive, from Arthur*," was there; and he read the marked passage at which he had opened—

"Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she
beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and
absence,
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was
not.
Over him years had no power."

The complacent smile fitted again over his

face, and he laid down the book, humming softly, "The dream is past." The door opened and Olive came in. He stared at her in unfeigned surprise. He had not seen her for a year, and instead of the tall, sallow girl, with her unformed manners and her short hair tucked behind her ears, he was ill-prepared to meet this beautiful self-possessed woman, who welcomed him with a quiet "Good-day, Mark," and sat down to her embroidery as coolly as if alone. It was rather an odd greeting for a bridegroom elect, but Weber did not notice it. He was staring vacantly at the full, graceful figure, at the damask cheeks, the lustrous eyes, and the mass of luxuriant hair knotted so carelessly at the back of her fine head.

"She is magnificent," he said inwardly, and with much emphasis. Then he turned away to inspect a portrait of Arthur, which hung on the opposite wall. Olive's eyes left her work, and followed him calmly. She saw that he was changed—that there was an odd restlessness in his movements which was foreign to him—that his cheek was hollow, and his eye sinister; but while she studied the enigma, he turned upon her with the abrupt question—

"Where is he now?"

"Who?"

"Arthur Steele."

The long lashes drooped upon her bright cheek, and she smiled happily as she answered—

"He is still in Spain."

A sudden storm of jealousy, suspicion, he knew not what, woke in Captain Weber's breast. "Do you ever hear from him? confound him!" was trembling on his lips, but he bit them, and held it in, and compensated for it by striding fiercely up and down, boiling over internally. Midsummer is a bad season for violent exercise, as Mark soon found out, for he gave it up in a little while, and dropped into a chair by the window, fanning himself sullenly. Olive was opposite him, drawing her shining needle out and in her work, and looking so exquisitely cool in her thin muslin that the sight of her fairly irritated him. What right had she to be comfortable when he was not? What right had she to sit there smiling so pleasantly over her work when he was in a rage?

"It is stifling here—wont you put that away and walk with me?" he said, chafing.

His companion looked at him in calm surprise.

"It is rather warm, but I will go if you wish it."

As they paused in the wide hall for Olive to tie on her garden-hat, Mr. Welmingham came in from the grounds. He looked pleased when he saw them together, shook hands with Mark, and congratulated him. Olive heard him say—"I have a letter for you;" but just then Aunt Barbara called to her from the head of the staircase, and she went back to say a few words in answer. When she returned, Mark was alone, folding up a letter. He was putting it into his breast-pocket, and the sight of his shaking hand first led her to look at his face. It was ashen gray, and wore a vacant expression of helpless horror, quite pitiful to behold. He started from his reverie when he saw her, and made an effort to laugh and talk—so palpable an effort, that he relapsed after a few sentences, and they went out in silence.

What an odd thing it was, that long, quiet walk on the shining sands, with the midsummer sky above their heads, and the salt breeze from the ocean blowing upon their faces. In the years to come, Olive never forgot it. When they had gone about a mile in silence, they came upon the relics of an old wreck, half-buried in the sand. It was a pleasant spot to dream in; almost hidden by the bend of the beach, and shells, sea-weed, and other briny debris, washed up by the tide, lay glistening in the sunshine about it. Olive and her companion sat down by common consent on mouldering fragments of the old ship, and looked out at the wide sea. Some small, white-sailed vessels were skimming drowsily against the blue horizon, and far away the faint outline of a brig could be seen, bearing steadily into sight. How still it was! Nothing broke the sultry silence save the monotonous dashing of the surf upon the beach, and the shrill cry of a water-bird swooping overhead.

Olive's heart went out with her eyes. She fell to building regular *chateaux en Espagne*, and forgot her companion. How long she might have dreamed there, with her chin in the hollow of her hand, and her bright eyes on vacancy, it is impossible to say; but Mark's strong grasp on her wrist first aroused her, and she looked up in his dark face, wondering.

"I have spoken twice, and you have not heard me; your thoughts must be pleasant ones," he said, bitterly.

"I beg pardon—" she was beginning, when he stopped her—

"Never mind, now. Platitudes are tiresome, and I have something to tell you. I got a letter just now—" The perspiration stood in great beads upon his brow; he paused to wipe it off with his handkerchief, and in doing so looked out absently at a small black cloud which was creeping slowly up from the horizon. Olive was at a loss to understand the drift of it all. She sat with her hands clasped over her knee, watching him curiously, under the shadow of her broad hat. "If I do not tell you, some one else will," he resumed, after a little study; "it will soon be common talk. Olive, I am a ruined man."

There was no attempt at tragedy in his tone; his voice was his ordinary one throughout.

"How? what?" stammered Olive, not comprehending him.

He looked down with a bitter smile at the uniform he wore.

"I am an officer in the Federal army—I am accused of giving treasonable information to the enemy. That letter was a warning, but it came too late. Do you understand me now?"

Olive looked him full in the eyes—full in those hard, treacherous eyes—

"Are you guilty, Mark?" she asked, with grave simplicity.

He laughed a short, odd laugh.

"A Daniel come to judgment," was all he said.

"Traitor! I despise you!" cried the girl, turning away from him, with intense disgust written in her beautiful face.

The small black cloud, creeping up from the horizon, had made rapid progress while they talked. No larger than a man's hand at first it had spread and spread, growing blacker and heavier as it rose, until the bright summer sky was obscured, and a sudden storm pending. The wind rose, moaning like an animal in pain, and the sea was troubled.

Olive walked swiftly back the way they had come, full of her own thoughts, and the captain followed her, keeping a little in the rear, his sullen eyes on the ground, and scarcely heeding the coming storm. A low, ominous roll of distant thunder, a flash of lightning, and a few heavy drops began to fall. Olive broke into a run. There was no shelter at hand, none nearer than the Turrets, which was a full mile away. A second clap of thunder, a second vivid flash both closer than the first, and then the storm was down upon them in

good earnest. There was nothing for it but to make right use of their feet; and they did. Olive was light as a fawn, and Weber's zouave drill served him in good stead. They ran breathlessly on up the level beach, with the sand whirling in eddies round their feet, and the black waves breaking in foamy suds behind them. How bewildering it was! In the sudden darkness which had fallen, the sea was fearful to look at. Drenched to the skin, blinded with the lightning, and with the strong wind almost lifting her from her feet, Olive ran swiftly on. There was a spot ahead where a confused group of figures were hurrying to and fro in the half-twilight. What did it mean? The girl had not lived all those long years by that dangerous coast without coupling the thought of shipwreck with every chance storm. She strained her anxious eyes out to sea—she gave a sudden shriek, threw up her hands and stood still, in the midst of the beating wind and rain.

"The brig! the brig!" she cried, staring fixedly out at the angry waters. "O, heavens! the brig!"

Her hat was blown back and hung round her neck by the wet ribbons—the rain was dashing on her bare head, on her lovely face, so flushed and agonized.

Mark Weber caught up with her. He stood by her side, his eye following the movement of her quick hand. The wind was driving the vessel before it as if it had been a feather. Going to its ruin as swiftly and surely as an arrow ever went to its mark; it was hard to believe it the same white-sailed loiterer which drifted into sight with such a lazy grace a couple of hours before.

"Good heavens!" cried Weber; "it is all up with her. She is setting in upon that reef; she will be dashed to pieces!"

Olive was off, like a deer, with Mark in her wake. In ten minutes they were in the midst of the crowd gathered on the beach, white faces about them and broken exclamations passing from mouth to mouth. They were principally visitors come down from the Turrets, which was crowded at this season; the wreckers and coast men were too well inured to such scenes to change color at the sight or waste their breath in words. All eyes, however, were bent upon the laboring vessel, and a group of sturdy fellows were dragging out the life-boat. There was sore need for it, or would be presently. On came the fated vessel to her doom, the sport and

plaything of the furious winds and waves, lately so treacherously kind. She was near enough now for the crowd upon the strand to see her colors. The squall had struck her so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that the flag was still flying at the mast-head.

"It is a Spanish brig!" went up in chorus from the men.

Before the words were well out, she struck upon the reef. The foretop-gallant-mast was already carried away, while the foresail and foretopsail having started with the shock, fluttered loose in the crazy wind. Over her bows a heavy sea was breaking. The crew were gathered midships; but one solitary man was on the quarter-deck. On that lonely figure Olive Welmingham's eyes were riveted. When the cry "It is a Spanish brig!" rose suddenly from the men about her, she had covered her eyes with a nameless presentiment, and knelt down unnoticed on the sand. The rain was beating on her; her clothes, already saturated, hung dripping about her, but she only felt stupid and dull, and thought that the end of all things had come. Now, she looked out with a white, anxious face, her throbbing heart almost choking her. Keenly observant, as we all are when any great peril sharpens our senses, she took in every point in the fearful scene: the lurid sky, in which the lightning throbbed continuously, like a fiery pulse; the wreck on the reef, the rolling sea, the little steamer ploughing its way so painfully beyond the breakers—even the wild birds, did not escape her, flying hither and thither, dipping to the water's edge and screaming as if in sympathy with the wreck.

Mark Weber bent over her as she knelt. His coat was off, his dark face determined. He spoke—a voiceless whisper, lost in the fury of the elements; but his mouth shaped the words—

"I am going, Olive. It is not pity but desperation," and he sprang first into the life-boat and bent resolutely to the oar. A huge, black wave was forming in the distance. It gathered itself with the slow strength of a giant: came on, thundering, with its snowy crest uplifted, and toppled over, breaking, with a roar, upon the little boat rowed by such courageous arms. A moment more and Mark Weber rose, dripping, in the bow, facing the brig. His right arm was above his head—he was shouting aloud but the storm drowned his words. The solitary man on the quarter-deck

seemed to hear, however, and to understand. He secured a line in the stern—the clouds had lifted a little, and every movement was plainly visible—he clambered lightly and swiftly to the side—one bound—and he was overboard swimming in the heavy surf with the line fastened tightly about him. Something more than the roar of the wind and waves was in Olive Welmingham's ears; something more than the lightning was dazzling her eyes and making her head giddy. With a low moan, she sank down on the sand and fainted.

When she opened her eyes, the wild beach and the stormy wreck were gone, and the familiar objects of a room in the Turrets were about her. Had she been dozing in the hot, mid-summer noon, and dreaming an awful dream? Happy surprise—blissful reality which awaited her, almost startling her into a fresh swoon from pure joy! Arthur Steele's face was the first one she saw—Arthur Steele's voice was the first one that met her ear! Her exile had come back. Thanks to the good God! out of the wreck upon the stormy coast had been born that day the purest joy of her life. She looked up at him in wonder. She rose to her feet that she might see him the better. No longer the delicate, sickly boy, with hectic spotting his cheek and fever brightening his eye. Arthur stood before her a noble, bearded man, strong in his broad-shouldered development, health and hope glowing in his fine face.

She pressed his hand to her lips, her eyes shining with the hopeful trust of the day they parted.

"And Mark?" she questioned, with a dim foreboding of the truth.

Arthur looked at her with mournful significance—

"There was but *one* life lost to-day," he said, in a low voice. "When I sprang overboard with the line, without a word of warning, the men say, he leaped from the lifeboat and never came up again. 'Twas a mad trick, poor fellow, and I do not understand it."

Olive trembled and turned pale; but he led her to the window, his kind arm now about her. The storm had passed away, and the clear west was rosy with the splendors of the setting sun.

"Look out, my darling, and rejoice!" he said, with the old tenderness of voice and manner. "Let the happy omen sink into your heart; so have our storms passed away—so is our life rosy with the promise of a glorious future."

And while the golden radiance of the sunset flooded the silent room, Olive hid her face upon his shoulder, murmuring—

"‘Going they went and wept, casting their seeds. But coming they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves.’"

A FATHER AND A MOTHER'S CARE.

BY ———

Father, watching o'er thy child,
Mother, filled with anxious care;
In the soil by sin defil'd
Sow the seed, and sow with prayer.
Though, through many an anxious year,
Neither fruit nor flower appear.

Though the winter o'er it spread
Hard and frozen, and the seed
Seem forever lost and dead,
Only seen the noxious weed;
Yet refrain not in despair,
Though it sleep, the seed is there.

Sacred lessons thou hast taught,
Burst the ground and wake to life,
One by one each word and thought,
Springing vigorous and rife;
First the blade and then the ear,
Last the ripened corn appear,
Till the golden harvest stand
Ready for the mower's hand.

Though, perchance it meet thine eyes
Only when 'tis gathered in,
Hous'd and garnished in the skies,
Safe from every blight and sin;
Parent, friend, the soil prepare;
Sow the seed, and sow with prayer.

THE COQUETTE'S FATE.

BY MRS. B. Z. SPENCER.

"Oh! Nellie, Nellie! Oh! Nellie, Nellie!"

A tiny pair of white hands raised deprecatingly, and a pair of large, violet eyes sought her face, bearing in their depths an expression of entreaty beautiful to behold; but the proud face of Nellie Raymond turned away, perhaps to shut out that beautiful vision, and a low, trilling laugh ran over her red lips.

"Oh! Nellie, how can you be so heartless? How can you lead a man on to believe you love him, and then, when his heart is yours, with all its great, deep fount of manly love and tenderness, laugh in his face and bid him go from your presence—hopeless, despairing. I tell you, Nellie Raymond, you will some day have to account for the misery you have wrought."

"Do you think so?" lightly. "Ah, well!"

"But it will *not* be 'well.' You will see it in a different light some day. I could not close my eyes an hour in peaceful slumber were my life so weighed down with evil deeds as yours."

"Evil deeds! Really, Alice, you are harsh!" exclaimed Nellie, a flush of momentary mortification and anger staining her white forehead.

"Dear Nellie, what is the use of calling things by other than the right names? If I seem severe, I only tell you the truth, and you know that I have ever been your best friend—candid and frank."

"Well, Allie, you might have a little more regard for one's feelings."

"Have *you* regard for the feelings of others, Nellie? There is a good old book in which a glorious teacher said: 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' Now, how far do you carry out this rule?"

"Oh, Allie, spare me, for pity's sake—don't preach to me now; I'm not in a mood for it."

But Allie was relentless.

"You did not spare poor Horace Morton, whom you so cruelly deceived, and then drove him from you with despair in his heart, and the burden of a hopeless life. The green sod of an Italian vale to-day covers two hearts that loved you but too wildly, and whose reward was a pistol-shot after weeks of weary wandering, and a hopeless, pining life, which soon sank beneath its weight of sorrow. Then there is

another—a widow's only son and pride—who frets his life away in a mad-house—a *mad-house*, Nellie, to which your cruelty consigned him. Oh! Nellie Raymond, better a thousand times despoil your rare face of its dangerous beauty than bear the load of sin it brings upon you, for it *is* fearful."

A slight quiver in the erect frame of the beautiful girl was the sole response, and Alice continued sadly—

"Poor Walter Mayfield! Sometimes I pass the window of the cell in which he is confined, and catch a glimpse of his haggard face, and he always smiles like a pleased child when he catches sight of me. Then I contrast him now with what he once was, and weep in spite of myself over the wreck of a strong, great life. He used to be so pleasant and gay always, but he was strong and self-reliant when anything occurred to call forth energy or action. Oh! he was a noble, handsome man, and now he is a frail, helpless, feeble man—a hopeless maniac! God help him!"

Nellie's face wore an expression of mingled grief, defiance, and mortification; but she remained silent for a few moments, watching the tears as they rolled slowly over Alice May's cheeks. In a little while Alice looked up and said mournfully—

"And my own dear, only brother will be your next victim. Oh, Nellie, he is all I have—I am alone in the world with him only to love me—spare him to me, for the love of mercy!"

Nellie rose with a hotly flushed cheek and flashing eye.

"Allie, how can you talk thus? But I tell you, Allie May, if art or beauty can bring your proud, cold brother to the feet of woman, *he* shall come to mine. *He shall* love me."

"And if he does, and you turn him from you, you will murder him. Once unbend his proud nature, and unlock the founts of tenderness in his heart, and then cast him from you, and see the consequences. Oh! Nellie Raymond, there are enough murders on your soul already. Spare yourself, if you spare no other."

The last words were unheeded, for Nellie had swept from the room, and then poor little Allie May bowed her head upon the sofa cushion

and sobbed piteously. She had warned her brother repeatedly, but he seemed heedless, and with an aching heart the gentle little sister looked forth to a hopeless, desolate life for him who had ever been her all on earth.

Several weeks passed away, and little Allie May stood before the altar. The man she had chosen was noble, true, and good, and for her feet a bright path lay before her; but there was another to whom her eyes wandered uneasily—Clarence May—and who hovered incessantly round the gay butterfly form of the proud syren, Nellie Raymond. Her dark eyes flashed with triumph, and a low laugh bubbled continually over her lips, as the proud man bent his handsome, stately head with such devotion. Allie's sweet lips quivered when she saw him bend down and whisper in her ear, and hear the request that she would walk with him upon the piazza, and the two wandered off.

The moon shone brightly, and Clarence May, drawing Nellie's arm within his own, walked slowly down the broad gravel walk, his face upturned towards the calm stars, and a smile of infinite happiness softly wreathing his sweet mouth.

"Nellie," he spoke very low and softly. "Nellie, I am very happy to-night—happier than I had ever hoped to be, and I want some one to sympathize with me in it. Allie has another just now to occupy her attention. May I tell it you?"

"Yes," she whispered softly. "None can share your happiness and sympathize with you more freely. Tell me all."

For a moment he was silent, only stretching out his hand to draw her down upon a seat beside him. After a while he began half dreamily and very softly—

"I once believed that I could never find a woman whom I could love fully and truly—with such a love as I *must* cherish for the woman whom I would call my wife; but I have found her, Nellie—why do you tremble so—a sweet,

pure-faced little thing, fresh and fragrant as a budding rose, gentle as the summer breezes and gay and glad as the lark whose song she trills the whole day long. Tell me that you rejoice in my happiness, Nellie—tell me that you will love my little wife that is to be, sweet Lilly Walton."

But Nellie's lips were rigid and ashen, and she rose up, quivering like an aspen.

"Oh, I am ill!" she gasped. "Take me in the house."

Clarence May rose hastily and supported her with his arm, but she nearly repulsed him as she planted her foot fiercely upon the gravel. She had learned to love the man with all the hidden passion and fire of her strong nature, and now he told her he had won another, and that other was only a poor, but beautiful seamstress, in a rich man's family. Oh, it was too much! He knew Nellie Raymond's weakness, and he had punished her fearfully, though he believed in his heart that she was incapable of deep feeling.

Alice went to her in answer to her brother's call, and, when every one was gone from the room, she held out her arms to her, white and stricken, with an anguished moan—

"Oh, Allie, I gave him my whole heart, and he *loves another!*"

Then she sank down white and lifeless, and it was many weeks ere Nellie Raymond woke to life and consciousness. Then she was a changed, repentant woman; but it was hard to feel the soft touch of a little hand, and see the light form of *his* wife bending so pityingly. Oh, the punishment of her "evil deeds" *had* come, and it was heavy and bitter!

Nellie Raymond is Nellie Raymond still, but she has grown into a calm, dignified, but lovely woman. She can sympathize with the suffering, because she has suffered; and strives, by tenderness and love to her fellow-men, in a measure to atone for the misery she wrought while yet in the noon of her pride and selfish love for admiration.

CROSSES.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wished might always be,
Accepting what they looked for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

We need as much the cross we bear,
As air we breathe, as light we see;
It draws us to thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

MABEL'S MISSION.

Continued from page 38.

CHAPTER IV.

"Others may judge, but cannot know us—
God alone judges and knows too."

COLLINS.

It was a bright, beautiful August day, in which Mabel left home. The white clouds lay like calm-bound sails in the blue deeps of the heavens, with not a breath of air to waft them onward.

At the railway station, where she alighted the same evening, her Uncle Richard met her, and greeting her warmly, seated her in the carriage in waiting. His genial manner and affectionate tones placed Mabel quite at her ease, and overcame the slight feeling of homesickness which had been busy at her heart since twilight set in. They soon turned off from the turnpike, entering an avenue densely shaded with trees, and after some windings in and out, drew up in front of Mr. Vane's summer residence, which, situated on a rise of ground, commanded a broad and sweeping view of the surrounding country.

A large Newfoundland dog, wagging his bushy tail, and barking joyously, came out to meet them, followed close by a servant, but no one else was in sight; and Mabel's heart again grew chill, as she followed the servant up to the chamber assigned her. This was different from the meeting her imagination had pictured. However, after declining the offered services of the waiting-maid, she found it a relief to be alone. 'How different from home,' she thought, remembering the noisy household she had left behind, in contrast with the quiet elegance which surrounded her; and oh, in that moment, what would she not have given to have been transported to those dear, though homely scenes! She felt the tears starting to her eyes, but resolutely dispelling them, she loosed her travelling dress, bathed her face, and busied herself about her toilet, until answering a hasty rap at an inner door, her cousin Lucy joined her, giving her the warm greeting which she had yearned for.

She did not look like an invalid, with her glowing brunette complexion and sparkling eyes. The shawl which she wore concealed her disfigurement of person, and Mabel noted with surprise the change which a few years

had made in the slight form and sallow face which she remembered.

"I was walking in the grounds with my cousin—that is, with papa's cousin, when papa told me that you had come," said Lucy. "We had been watching for you, but the gardener wanted to show us a Japan lily which had bloomed to day for the first time, and so we missed you. I want to make you feel quite at home if I can."

Mabel tried to smile, but at the word "home" she felt as though her heart were rising into her throat, and she could not speak.

"Isn't it nice, our rooms opening into each other this way?" continued Lucy, leaning against the door-frame for support.

Mabel glanced into Lucy's room, which was the counterpart of her own, with its muslin hangings about the bed and windows, its luxurious lounge, its well-filled book-shelves, and every appliance which comfort or taste could suggest, and answered—

"Indeed it is; and these books! what treasures! Miscellanies, histories, poems, romances. I shall soon feel at home, Lucy."

"I hope so; and I am glad that you like books; they are my delight—novels especially. Don't you like them better than anything else?"

"A good novel is certainly very entertaining, but I get tired of light reading sooner than of other kinds; though to be sure, there are some novels which one can read again and again—just as I do Mrs. Browning's poetry."

"'Jane Eyre,' for instance," replied Lucy, "which I have read seven times, and know whole pages by heart. Do you remember how she describes her first meeting with Rochester?—where she says, 'I had a theoretical reverence and homage for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination, but had I met those qualities incarnate in masculine shape, I should have known instinctively that they neither had nor could have sympathy with anything in me.' I know what that feeling is, but whether I should shun them, as one would fire and lightning, that is another thing; and yet, I think that I could enjoy the warmth and the beauty without danger; but what nonsense I am talking!"

ing. Come and sit down by this window, I want to show you the view."

Lucy led the way to a window in her room, where she sank exhausted in a low reclining chair, which was kept for her convenience quite in the embrasure of the window.

"I did not know that you were so weak," said Mabel, "or I should not have let you stand so long."

"It was only the little excitement of meeting you. It will soon be over. Sit by me."

Mabel did as she was bid, holding her cousin's hand in hers, and making no farther attempt at conversation, for she saw that Lucy was quite exhausted. The sound of music came up from a lower room. A few notes at first faintly touched, but swelling at length into a volume of harmony. Then a voice, rich as a nightingale's, poured forth tide after tide of melody. Mabel sat breathless to the close.

"Who was that singing?" she then questioned, eagerly.

"Do you like the voice so much then?" asked Lucy.

"I never heard such a voice. Who was it?"

"Mrs. Eugene Vane," replied Lucy, coldly. "But look at the view from this window. Here is something that we shall agree about."

Mabel looked; but for a moment her eye failed to take in the scene.

"Mrs. Eugene Vane!" she thought. "Well, then, of course she is only 'Mrs. Vane' to me; but I know that I shall like her—how could I help it with such a voice as that?"

"What are you thinking about, Mabel, that you haven't a word to say, and such a landscape as that before you?"

"Oh, yes, oh, beautiful!" broke out Mabel, embarrassedly. "I see, it must be beautiful. That is the river, is it not? I had no idea it was so near. It is too dark to distinguish all the beauties, but to-morrow you shall point them out to me."

"Oh, Mabel. I forgot. Papa told me to take you down to get some dinner, as soon as you were ready. We dined an hour or more before you came."

Mabel, who was really faint from long fasting, did not object to the dinner, but she did decidedly to Lucy's accompanying her.

"I can find the way, or at least find a servant to show me the way," she said. "Let me wait upon myself; you know how weak you are."

"Oh, I am not so very weak. It is only

when these turns of palpitation take me. It is over now; and I shall go down with you."

She spoke so determinedly that Mabel said no more, but suffered her cousin to conduct her to the dining-room, where they found Mr. Vane waiting to take dinner with his niece.

During the meal, Mabel watched the opening doors, curious to see her cousin's wife, but she watched in vain, for not even when they adjourned to the library, where coffee was served, did she make her appearance. Presently, Eugene came in and welcomed her. A tall, well-proportioned, splendid looking fellow he was, and he seemed so heartily glad to see Mabel, that her heart at once warmed towards him. His manner to his sister was very affectionate—even caressing; but he was soon off again, and then Mr. Vane, who had been reading the evening paper, as he sipped his coffee, laid it aside, saying—

"Come girls, I must give you into each other's care, while I look over some letters. It does me good to see you together; but Mabel, you must be tired after your journey."

"Oh no, papa, she is not tired; we are going up stairs to have a long talk, are we not?"

"I put my interdict upon that. Mabel must go to bed early to-night; to-morrow you can talk," answered Mr. Vane, and kissing them both, he bade them good night.

"There is one comfort," said Lucy, as they went up to her room, "Eugene wont feel obliged to sit with me every night as he used to, when all the time he was wishing himself away, and looking at his watch every half a minute to see if the hour was not up."

"He seems very fond of you," answered Mabel.

"And so he is; but what a difference since his marriage! Though now that you have come, I shall not feel it so much."

They entered her chamber, and she closed the door as she spoke. Mabel, who knew not what to say, made no reply, and after they had resumed their seats by the window, Lucy continued—

"I hope that you wont like Eugene's wife; but everybody says that she is fascinating. How I hate that word! It always makes me think of a snake."

"Then you don't like her—what a pity! Isn't she kind to you?"

"Oh, well, after a fashion. When she first came here, she loaded me with favors—that is,

such trash as sugar plums, and bon bons; and even now, by fits and starts, she takes it into her head to be very devoted to me, for she knows that it would never do to neglect me entirely; but I see through her, and that provokes her. So she revenges herself by treating me like a baby. I do hope that you won't like her. If you do, I give you fair warning, she will make you her servant—she does every one who studies her caprices; and then, the first moment that you cross her—woe betide you! You are nothing to her, unless you minister to her pleasure. A more vain or selfish woman never lived; and as for a heart, I am sure she has a stone where her heart ought to be.”

“Why, Lucy! how you amaze me! I had heard that she was very fashionable, but I had no idea of such a woman. How came Eugene to fancy such a person?” and Mabel, despite a smothered yawn, looked the surprise that she felt.

“I don't know. Fascination, I suppose; but come, you must go to bed, for you do look tired out. I am preaching about selfishness, and yet selfish enough to keep you up.”

Mabel, finding herself at liberty to retire, bade her cousin “good night,” and went into her chamber. As she undressed herself, she thought over what Lucy had just been telling her, and drew a picture in her mind, of the selfish, artful woman, whom her cousin Eugene had chosen for a wife; and when at last, overcome by fatigue, she speedily sank into the land of dreams, even there, Mrs. Eugene Vane followed her, in hideously repeated forms, with ghastly faces. After twice awaking in fright, she arose, and went to the window. The moon had been up about an hour, and her silver beams flooded air, earth and sky with a serene glory. It was a view in another direction from the one which Lucy's window overlooked, and a less extended one. The boles of the tall trees threw their long shadows upon the velvet-like sward, and through the leaves the moonlight fell in a net-work of silver, shifting here and there, as the gentle breeze slowly swayed the branches. The air was laden with the perfume of flowers, which bloomed in profusion in borders and beds. Mabel, enchanted with the beauty of the night, lingered long at the window. It was not late, for the family were still up, and there floated to her sounds of conversation, low laughter, and of music from the rooms below. Even when she went back to her bed she could not sleep. The clock struck

twelve—one, even, before the house was hushed in repose. Then Mabel tired out, slept profoundly.

CHAPTER V.

Florence, fair “lifts up or casts down
The large blue eyes of the house of Neville;”
But Mabel's “eyes are frank and brown,
And the lashes droop on her cheek's soft level.”

It was late the following morning when Mabel awoke. The family had already breakfasted, and her Uncle Richard had driven into the city with his son, who was going to be absent a few days. Lucy was obliged to keep her bed, and Mabel went down alone to her late breakfast. As she passed down the staircase, she saw a lady cross the hall, whom she at once recognized as Mrs. Vane. She was tall, finely-proportioned, and carried herself like a queen. Her jet black hair contrasted with the pure white and red of her complexion, and as she glanced up, Mabel saw that her eyes were large, well-shaped, and intensely black.

“She is very handsome,” thought Mabel, “and very scornful. She might at least have stopped a moment to speak to me;” and her cheeks burned at the fancied rudeness. She was even on the point of returning to her chamber, but her natural independence, together with some sensations of hunger, prevailed, and she kept on her way.

The breakfast-room was almost deserted. The table had not yet been cleared, but no one was there excepting a young girl, so absorbed in the book that she was reading, that she did not even look up as Mabel entered and took her seat at the table. Mabel had leisure to observe her before her breakfast was brought in. She was sitting on a low stool, one hand supporting her head, the side-face turned towards Mabel; the other hand turned the pages, as she read rapidly. Mabel could not but smile as she noted her abstraction. At that moment she looked up, and their eyes met.

“Who in the world are you? Oh, I forgot—you are Mabel, are you not?”

The first interrogation had been so rude as to put Mabel to the blush, and she answered, with some dignity of manner—

“Yes, I am Mabel.”

The next words were more gracious.

“Pardon me; but I was so interested in my book that I was startled at first. I am in such a hurry to get through with this before Mr. Vane comes out from the city, for he told me not to read it.”

"Then I am sure you are doing very wrong to read it," answered Mabel, promptly.

"Oh, yes, I know that; but I always do what I am told not to; and this is the most delightful, interesting book that I ever got hold of. You must read it, too."

"Indeed, I shall not, if Uncle Richard says that I must not."

"Well, I am not going to pin my faith to 'Uncle Richard,' or any other man. I know what books suit me best. I had just as leave be drinking milk and water, as to wade through one that hadn't a spice of wickedness in it."

Mabel's eyelids opened wide at this unorthodox announcement.

"I declare! if you don't make me think of the picture of the wolf in little Red Riding-Hood! Don't look at me in that way, or I shall be sure that you are going to eat me up."

Mabel quietly turned her eyes away, and ate her breakfast instead. Meantime the young lady became absorbed in her book again, and Mabel could not help a furtive glance now and then in her direction, wondering what niece of "Uncle Richard's" she could be. There she was, reading a book which he had forbidden, and yet she did not look deceitful. Her abundant chestnut-brown hair was drawn back from her forehead, revealing the classical shape of her head, and lending the grace of simplicity to the perfection of her style. Her side-face, which was still turned towards Mabel, was faultlessly cut, and looked in the shadows which fell now and then upon her from the open window like a marble Daphne, with its drooping eyelids. Her dress, of some soft white material, helped the illusion. Mabel was perplexed in her endeavors to recall the color of her eyes. So much softer and more liquid than black, she thought, and yet so much darker than blue. At any rate, they were the most beautiful eyes that she had ever seen, and she wished the book in the bottom of the Red Sea, that she might get another sight of them. But her breakfast was finished, and the book was not, and reluctantly Mabel arose to leave the room.

"Mabel!"

Mabel turned.

"I was going to say—but perhaps I'd better not. Well, at any rate, I will say this much—if ever you get lonely, or tired, or bored—there, it would come out—if ever you do, I say, come to my room; I shall always be glad to see you."

"Thank you. Perhaps I shall want to come, even if I do not get tired; and then, whose room shall I ask for?—for you forget that I do not know your name."

"Don't know me? Of course not—how should you? I am Florence, child;" and she held out her hand, which Mabel took. "There, we are friends, are we not, despite my heresy?"

Mabel looked straight into those beautiful eyes, forgetting all about their color, and answered—"I think we shall be," her own eyes beaming with sincerity. She went up to Lucy's room with a bright smile upon her face.

"I thought that you never would come back," was Lucy's greeting. "I do hate to be alone. Isn't it a shame that this first day with you I should have to lie here in bed?"

"I am very sorry for your sake; but I can read to you, or do anything you like, answered Mabel, looking rather abstracted.

Lucy's quick eye noticed the change.

"Who did you see down stairs?" she said.

"I met Mrs. Eugene Vane when I went down to breakfast, but she did not take the least notice of me. I——"

"You don't say so," interrupted Lucy, her face lighting as she spoke. "Why, that isn't generally her way with strangers; she makes up to them as long as she can use them, and then, 'good-by.' Did you think her handsome?"

"Yes, very; but still, there was something about her face that I did not like—something that repelled."

"I am glad of that. Oh, I see you are like me—you can read people at a glance. I divine character intuitively, I believe. Did you see my cousin?"

"Yes, she was in the breakfast-room, and was so engrossed with her book that she did not exchange half a dozen sentences with me; but I liked her; she is very attractive."

"That's a wonder, too, for she has grown so cold and reserved—she wasn't always so; but she is not well, and she has come North to spend the summer with us. She does not look like an invalid, does she, with that bright color? She would stay with me from morning until night, only her doctor says that she must live in the open air—confinement would kill her. Hasn't she got beautiful eyes?"

"Do you know, Lucy although I looked her straight in the face, I don't know the color of her eyes. They are a very dark blue, are they not?"

"No, black as a coal—black as her hair is."

"But her hair isn't black—it is a dark chestnut-brown; I noticed the color of that particularly—it is so seldom that you see such hair."

"Mildred's hair brown?—why, it's as black as a raven!"

"No, not Mildred's; I didn't see her. It was your cousin Florence that I was talking about. I am sure that she has blue eyes, and I should think, black lashes. At any rate, they are the most wonderfully beautiful eyes that I ever saw."

"My cousin!" repeated Lucy. Then, with more vehemence, she added—"It is Eugene's wife that you are talking about, and you don't know any more about character than a child. Well, I expected that it would be so."

Mabel sat speechless, confused and amazed. How the opinions that she had received from Lucy concerning Eugene's wife conflicted with her own first impressions! Stupid as the mistake seemed to her, she was not sorry that she had made it, for at least with a less prejudiced mind, would she now be able to form her own opinions concerning Florence.

CHAPTER VI.

Bright, and fierce, and fickle is the South,
And dark, and true, and tender is the North.

TENNISON.

When Mr. Vane came in to dinner, great was Mabel's delight at hearing Florence say—

"Here is that forbidden book. I told you that I should read it, and I have. It is charming."

"She is not in the least deceitful," thought Mabel. "She is candor itself."

Mr. Vane looked rather serious as he took the book from her hand.

"I am sorry that you have read it—sorry to have any one of my children read any of the works of this author. But to change the subject, how have you passed the morning, Mabel?"

"Very pleasantly; reading to Lucy, and talking with her."

"You must not confine yourself to the house too closely. Florence, you must see to that; and, Mildred, you must show Mabel some of your favorite walks. But you two have not met before. This is my niece, Mabel Day—my cousin, Mildred Vane."

Mabel could scarcely repress a smile as the mistake of the morning passed through her mind.

"I shall be happy to have Miss Day's company when she feels inclined to walk," Miss Vane said, as she returned Mabel's acknowledgment of the introduction, but in so frigid a tone that Mabel felt sure she was telling a story.

"I expect a gentleman out to dine to-morrow, Florence—perhaps several."

"Oh dear!" groaned Florence, "I wish that gentlemen would stay away. They are such bores; especially when Eugene is not here to help entertain them. Who is he?"

"A friend of yours, Mildred, who comes out to speak at the political meeting to-morrow evening. You won't find him a bore, Florence; he is one of the most agreeable men that I ever met."

Mildred raised her eyebrows and looked curious.

"I can't endure agreeable men," persisted Florence. "If you would bring us an author, or an artist, or somebody who has done something—even a pirate—that would be delightful." But these dead, stupid men, who never by any chance do or say anything striking or original, and would think that a woman couldn't understand them if they did—I detest them! Mabel, do you like beaux?"

"Some I do, and some I do not; but I have never seen many."

"We must bring you out this winter. Don't look so frightened; if you don't like being out, you can go in again, you know. It would be such fun to chaperone any one as fresh as you are."

Miss Vane, who had borne Florence's trifling talk with her usual dignity, now said—

"What friend of mine can be coming out here to speak at a political meeting?"

Philip Grantley. You have not forgotten him, eh, Mildred?"

Her rising color, her excessive agitation, showed that she had not forgotten; but she recovered herself sufficiently to withdraw attention by saying—

"You will have your wish Florence, for he is an author."

"Grantley? Grantley? I didn't know there was such a man. What has he written? Anything worth reading?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Vane. "What was the title of that first romance of his, which occasioned so much speculation?"

"Ferndale," answered Mildred, in a low voice, looking steadfastly on her plate.

"Ferndale—was that the name of a place?" asked Florence; but, without waiting for an answer, continued, "I wish this was 'Ferndale.' 'Woodland' is so suggestive of burial-grounds—though, to be sure, that makes it all the more appropriate, for one might as well be buried alive as to live here, for all there is going on. I must get the book and read it before he comes. It would never do to have an author in the house and not to have read any of his writings. Wouldn't you like to read it, Mabel?"

"I have read it; but I didn't know who wrote it. It is a strange book. If his own life yielded him the material for it, I pity him."

Miss Vane darted a sharp, penetrating look at Mabel.

"Why should his own life have anything to do with it?" asked Florence. "I know that if I were an author I would get my materials from my imagination. I never could put two sentences together to save my life; but I do have such delightful reveries, in which I imagine all sorts of impossible things. Mabel, you ought to be an authoress—you look like one."

"Am I particularly untidy in my person?—that is the chief characteristic, I believe," replied Mabel.

"No; but you have such eyes—you look like a prophetess, or something of the sort. I am sure that you could write if you would try."

"My father says that it is a great misfortune for a woman to have a talent for writing," said Mabel.

"And so it is," said Miss Vane. "I have a perfect horror of a literary woman. I would as leave be thrown with a porcupine."

"You speak so feelingly, Mildred, I should imagine the quills of some of them must have wounded you. What little weakness of yours have they been merciless upon?"

"I take back all that I said," answered Miss Vane, with hauteur. "On the contrary, I believe it would be cause for rejoicing to come across even a blue stocking, so utterly tiresome is it to hear a perpetual storm of small talk."

"You can't expect anything but small talk from such a small specimen of a woman as I am," replied Florence, nothing abashed by the reproof. "When I get to be as tall and old as you are, you may look for something better," she continued, with a little malice, for Miss Vane was both sensitive and secretive on the subject of her age.

In all seriousness, Mabel took up the topic.

"I think it is a habit which women get into, from the very fact that gentlemen encourage small talk. As you said just now, they think all sensible subjects beyond our comprehension; while, I am sure, if they chanced upon a topic which I did not fully comprehend, I should only be too glad to have it explained to me."

"Still, small talk is very good in its way," said Mr. Vane. "It is like this Worcestershire sauce—spices heavier material, and renders it more palatable—have some, Mabel?"

"No, I thank you."

Florence, remembering the subject under discussion, abstained from asking the question suggested by Mr. Vane's remark and Mabel's reply; but Miss Vane, following the same train of thought, said—

"I hope that you never will acquire a relish for it, Miss Day."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Vane. "It gives zest to the plainest food, helps digestion, creates an appetite—in short——"

Florence laughed outright—

"Mildred was talking about 'small talk,' and you about Worcestershire sauce. I don't believe that we shall ever be able to convert Mabel to the use of either. Her tastes are much too simple and natural. But about this Mr. Grantley—can we go to the political meeting? I should like of all things to hear him speak."

"Yes, you can go if you choose; but it is scarcely the place for ladies. The accommodations for the audience are of the roughest kind—boards for seats, and straw to put your feet on. How will the little lady like that?"

"Oh, anything just for a change. I am bored to death with nothing to do; and this will give me something to think about for twenty-four hours at least. You'll go, Mabel, won't you? And you, Mildred?"

Mabel looked wistful, but demurred on account of Lucy.

"I will keep Lucy company if you wish to go," said Miss Vane. "I detest politics, and have no fancy for sitting bolt upright on a board to listen two mortal hours, more or less, to any ranting speech."

"You know Mr. Grantley?" Florence said, interrogatively.

"I used to know him," she answered coldly.

"What kind of a looking man is he? Anything peculiar or remarkable about him?"

"Yes."

"Oh, tell me. Describe him to me, wont you?" Florence looked eager and impatient; Mabel very little less so.

"He has a remarkably light complexion, and remarkably light eyes. That is all that there is remarkable about him," and she smiled sarcastically.

"Oh, forlorn! I don't care a straw to hear such a man speak. We wont stir a step to the political meeting, will we, Mabel?"

"Wait until we have heard him talk. I care a great deal more for what a man says than how he looks; don't you?"

"Yes, but such a man! Why he must be a regular Tittlebat Titmouse. His speech will be as wishy washy as his face I'll venture to predict. Milk and water; nothing more. I hope that he is not very polished with all this, for it would make him unendurable. Any redeeming roughness, Mildred?"

"He is faultless in his manners, faultless in his dress, faultless in his conversation—even in his laugh, which never rises high enough to have any soul in it. His cold, stone-colored eyes will anatomize you without seeming to, and if ever you lost your self-possession in your life, you will lose it again, if you attempt the agreeable with him."

"Positively I dread his coming into the house!" exclaimed Florence, as she relieved herself of a long-drawn breath. "But if he is so very faultless, how comes it, Mildred, that you don't like him better? I should think that he would suit you exactly."

"I thank you. I must be very artificial in my tastes," replied Miss Vane, a flush suffusing her face, and making her red cheeks still redder.

"I did not mean any offence—indeed I did not; only you know you are so particular, so——"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Vane, looking up from his dinner, which had been seemingly

engrossing his attention. "Yes, I should take it as a compliment, if I were a woman, to have Grantley supposed to suit me exactly. A trifle too fastidious he may be, perhaps, but a man of more perfect breeding I never met in my life. He is unsurpassed as a conversationist; and his voice—there lies the secret of his success as a public speaker. As for his skin, eyes, &c., I have certainly seen both darker and lighter."

"Oh," said Florence, "then there is something in him after all. Mildred, I said the other day that you were one-sided in your opinions."

"No two persons look out of the same pair of eyes," answered Miss Vane, stiffly. "I have known Mr. Grantley as well probably as cousin Richard—that is, have met him as often, no doubt. He is very plausible, but shallow—no depth, no consistency. He is only fit for society; and as much as he affects to despise it in his writings, it is his highest ambition to shine in it."

"Then why does he trouble himself with politics?" asked Mabel.

"Popularity," answered Miss Vane, curtly.

"But he has taken the unpopular side," replied Mabel.

"What do you know about politics?" broke in Florence. "I declare, I don't even know who the President of the United States is."

Miss Vane, without heeding the interruption, replied to Mabel—

"He sees farther than you do. He knows that the unpopular side must one day be the popular one."

"Not in my day or his," remarked Mr. Vane. "A man who takes up the cause which he has taken up must be in earnest—terribly in earnest. No, Mildred, you are at fault in your opinion of Grantley."

Miss Vane remained silent, and the subject was dropped.

(To be Continued.)

WOMEN'S NOBLEST RIGHTS.

The rights of women—what are they?
The right to labor and to pray,
The right to watch whilst others sleep,
The right o'er others' woes to weep,
The right to succor in reverse,
The right to bless whilst others curse,
The right to love whom others scorn,
The right to comfort all that mourn,

The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth,
The right to lead the soul to God
Along the path her Saviour trod—
The path of meekness and of love,
The path of faith that leads above.
Such, women's rights; and God will bless
And crown their champion with success.



"There!" she cried, "mount and fly for your life."—(See page 119.)

THE MAID OF MINNEHAHA.

BY EMSLEY ST. AUBYN.

"The most beautiful woman I ever beheld," said a friend of mine, "I first met amid the wilds of Minnesota, at the falls of 'Minnehaha,' as it has fancifully been termed. She was of French descent, and for a while, after going to this wild, beautiful country, as full of mystery to me as a lovely spirit."

"Mystery? As how?" I queried, interestedly.

"Why, in the strange manner in which she crossed my path, flashing like a meteor over my way, and always to avert danger. If you have patience, I will tell you the story."

"By all means; and not only have I patience, but am all impatient to hear it."

"Well," he began, "you are aware that, in company with my sister and brother-in-law, I went several years ago to Minnesota, where we bravely erected our cabin, and began our preparations for a residence amid the wild scenes over which the red man's foot yet wanders.

"My sister was a brave, cheerful-hearted little thing, and a more whole-souled, courageous man than George Leslie never drew the breath of life. We all knew the extent of the dangers by which we were surrounded, but

Katie devoutly folded her little hands and looked up to God for care and protection, while we trusted to His aid and our own strong arms, brave hearts, keen knives, and trusty rifles. The very thought of adventure amid these wild scenes set my reckless blood on fire, and I gloried in the prospect of a wild life, such as from my boyhood I had thought and dreamed of, as many dream of fame and fortune, and never rest till it is within their grasp.

"Some five or six months passed away, however, ere anything occurred to disturb the quiet and monotony of our lives. One bright, warm day, having concluded to take a holiday amongst us, we all set out, leaving a man and woman servant whom we had taken with us to keep house, in the intention of visiting the Falls. We had heard a great deal said about this Fall since going to Minnesota, and we were anxious ourselves to witness its beauty, and to judge if it really deserved the praises so warmly spoken in its favor.

"Our way lay some ten or fifteen miles across the country, the most of which stretched in a broad level plain before us in all the beauty of unbroken Nature. Here and there, it is true, a little cabin was planted, like a small coop in a desert, surrounded by little gardens and patches of corn. But then they were very few and far between.

"On arriving at our place of destination, we had landed below Fort Snelling, where George had at first determined to locate himself, but changing his mind a few days afterwards, we had proceeded in a north-westerly direction, hitting on a place about eighteen or nineteen miles from the Fort, where we pitched our tent. Consequently the country over which we were now passing was new to us. Katie expressed the most unbounded delight, urging her fiery-mettled steed to a brisk gallop over the green grass, and shouting gayly for us to follow, which we did at a little more moderate rate, for the day was growing excessively warm and oppressive.

"It is useless for me to describe the Falls. All who have seen the grand fall of the great father of waters—the mighty Mississippi—and who have read any of the many descriptions of this beautiful spot, are sufficiently acquainted with it to suffer me to pass on directly to the incidents which made that day memorable to me for the remainder of my life.

"Two or three hours had been spent in sauntering about, and, wearied out at last,

Katie sat down upon a rock near the margin of the stream, calling to George to come and look at some curious little shells and pebbles she had picked up on the bank; while I, still eager to explore the scene, continued my course through the rocks and a little clump of trees some distance up the river.

Here the hazel bushes were in dense groves, as throughout the whole part of the western and south-western countries, and promised a rich harvest. Here, also, were large quantities of various kinds of berries and flowers, which emitted a delicious perfume, charming the senses into forgetfulness of everything but the beauties around, stretching in royal splendor on all sides.

"I had seated myself upon a little knoll, looking afar off at the blue tip of a mountain in the distance, when a low chirrup like the note of a thrush attracted my attention, and I looked around to see where the little warbler was, when I met a pair of eyes that shot through my heart like a bolt of hot steel. Fact, I assure you. Never saw such eyes in my life. Large, black, and dancing, and changing into numberless expressions in the same moment. They fascinated me like a serpent's (though I heartily beg her pardon for the comparison), and were set in as fanciful a little head as ever was seen. I saw them beyond a cluster of wild flowers, at first dilated with fear and wonder, then softened to simple curiosity, and finally dancing in mischief, which last expression slowly assumed a more grave appearance, and I fancied settled to one of tenderness. I may have been deceived, but I do not think so.

"In about five minutes a slight, fairy-like form slowly emerged from its shelter and advanced a little way towards the spot where I sat. On a full view, I at once discovered her to belong to the Sioux nation, from the style of dress she wore, which was at once beautiful and picturesque. It was composed of a bright red and blue plaid skirt, confined at the waist by a handsomely embroidered girdle, with a green and scarlet scarf drawn Highland fashion over the shoulders and tied under the left arm. The arms were bare, rounded and tapering, and ornamented with numerous bracelets, composed of beads, stained quills, and scarlet berries. The feet—the tiniest, most beautiful little feet in the world—were encased in moccasins well worthy of their beautiful treasures, and the little hands were models of perfection.

The form, though small, was full, round, and most beautifully developed. But her face—oh, it would defy the power of the best artist to paint that face with its varying expressions! Dark, though with none of the swarthiness of her tribe, it presented only a rare type of rich beauty, like to that of a sunny Italian clime.

"The cheeks and lips wore a rich carnation hue—the delicate brows over those magnificent eyes highly arched—the forehead lofty and crowned with a glorious coronet of splendid jetty hair, inclined slightly to wave, and, what appeared singular to me then, knotted in a plain twist behind, and fastened with pins made of large thorns, or ornamented with beads and feathers.

"I arose and was advancing, I scarce knew why, to meet her, when she suddenly paused, laid her finger upon her lips, and stood in a listening attitude, then sprang forward with the swiftness of a deer, and catching me by the arms with both her hands, drew me to one side and thrust me behind a clump of bushes. When I turned my eyes back in the direction I had stood, I saw an arrow quivering in the body of a small tree, and again turning my head towards my fair preserver to ask an explanation, found that she had disappeared.

"More amazed than I can describe, I looked about me, but the knowledge of my life's having been attempted by an unseen foe, made me hastily abandon the search for the beautiful spirit that had flashed across my way, and turned my attention to the preservation of my scalp.

"This resolution was formed none too soon, and I had scarcely drawn my revolver from my belt, where I always carried it, when the huge form of an Indian emerged from a clump of hazels on one side, a little hidden by a sharp angle of a large stone that lay between us, and crept cautiously towards the spot where I had stood, peering about him in all directions, till coming closer towards me his eye suddenly met mine.

"Quick as lightning his drawn bow rose to his eye, and as quickly was my finger on the trigger of my revolver; but from neither weapon sped the deadly messenger, for there, midway between, stood that strange, beautiful being, with a hand raised towards each, and her eyes fixed upon those of her dusky companion, whose hand dropped instantly, and he stood mutely and humbly before her.

"What evil spirit has taken possession of

my brother?' now spoke the maiden for the first time. 'Surely he cannot so soon have forgotten the promise he made only a moon ago to shed no more white blood, and to seek to carry no more scalps to his lodge?'

"The reprovèd brave responded half apologetically, and with little of the assurance so much boasted of amongst his race.

"For the moment Omahah did forget it when a foe stood a fair and tempting target for his arrow, and there was no room for other thought than that an invader of his fair hunting-grounds stood before him, and his blood leaped hotly through his veins to send an arrow through his heart.'

"A brave and true warrior *never* forgets a promise,' again said the maiden deliberately. 'And if Omahah should ever again break his word, then Menemscah takes back her own and leaves him to his fate.'

"The Indian received this threat in silent humility, but a covert glance from beneath his brows warned me that the fires now lighted on the altar of his savage nature could not easily smoulder and die out. Without another word he turned and disappeared amid the rocks and bushes, and the maiden glided in another direction, and was lost to my sight before I could detain her.

"My wonder and curiosity were at the highest pitch. Whence came these strange beings, and why had that strange girl interfered twice so providentially to save my life?—and I considered the natural foe of her race. Besides, both had spoken in pure Spanish, a language I understood perfectly; and showing from both his manner and her words that she held a powerful influence over him, by which she moulded his actions to her will and wishes. The vision of glorious beauty had entranced me, and my heart bounded with eager impatience to behold her again—to hear her sweet voice, and learn from her own lips the secret which I felt existed from the moment that she had opened her lips.

"But vain wishes! She had vanished like a spirit, and though I spent half an hour running hither and thither in all directions, I could find no trace of either man or woman. The place looked as quiet and deserted as if no human foot had ever broken its solitude.

"How long I should have continued this search I have no idea, had not George and Katie come in search of me, and reminded me that it was time to return home.

"On a moment's thought I concluded not to tell them of this little adventure, but to set out at once, lest my sister should get a sight of one of the Indians and feel alarmed. Besides, I did not know how many more might be lurking in the vicinity, than those I had seen, and the maiden might not exert such influence over all as had saved my life, and danger might even then be lurking near my unconscious friends. So without demur I returned with them to where we had left our horses tied, and mounting them, started home.

"I am afraid we shall be very late getting home," remarked George, glancing at the sun. "We have staid rather longer than we should have done." However, we shall have a moon.

"And a warm supper ready when we do get home," added Katie, laughing.

"I guess she must be getting hungry," said George, good humoredly, turning to me, "or she would not have thought of that."

"Yes, I should," replied Kate positively. "I told Lennie when we started to be sure and have it nice—fresh butter, hot coffee and biscuit, and a nice fried chicken. I knew you and Charlie would need it badly enough after this day's journey."

"Ay, and yourself also. But I hope we shall be able to get home before it is very late; I guess the sun is three hours high yet, isn't it, Charlie?"

"About," I replied. "Perhaps not quite so high. Anyway, I suppose there is no reason for uneasiness."

"For uneasiness! why should there be? What is there to hurt us?" asked Katie, quickly. "What put that word on your tongue, Charlie?"

"Nothing particular that I am aware of; but we must not forget, you know sister, that we are in a strange land, and surrounded by dangers perhaps, unknown to us. This is not like the quiet, civilized scenes we have left behind us, but wild, and peopled with beasts, and men as savage as the beasts."

"True, but what use to conjure up needless fears? In all the time that we have been here we have seen and heard nothing to give us uneasiness. I for one, do not believe that we need to fear. It seems to me that we are just as safe as we ever were."

"Well, I hope we are, and may remain so," I assented, quietly, but my mind was not altogether as easy as hers, though I apprehended no danger at the time being; but the look the

savage had given me at parting, was anything but removed from memory, and I must confess that a fear of trouble loomed pretty darkly in the future.

"For some time we rode on silently. Each one seemed engaged in his own thoughts, and as mine were of a nature which I could not bring myself to reveal, I kept them to myself, leaving Katie and George to follow the bent of their own inclinations.

"After the lapse of perhaps half an hour, my sister looked up, and remarked—

"What a beautiful little cloud lying upon the edge of the horizon. It reminds one of a white swan floating upon the blue ocean."

"Yes," returned George, "but if I was a sailor and saw that cloud in reality on the ocean, no such pleasant comparisons as white swans would rise in my mind, but straightway I should begin to make ready for a white squall."

"In the space of about five minutes, the little white speck had risen till it was now three times as large as when we first saw it, and continued to spread rapidly, though still looking like a bank of snow on which the sun was shining with gorgeous splendor. A few moments more and its size had increased incredibly, and then we observed a mass of dull, leaden clouds following in its wake, and a strong wind blowing from a north-easterly direction drove them towards us with wonderful celerity.

"I am afraid we shall have a storm," now said George, anxiously. "We had better ride faster. There are yet several miles between us and home, and anyway it grows late."

"Oh, I wish we had not lingered so long at the Falls!" cried Kate. "But it seemed so beautiful that it was almost impossible to tear myself away. I am afraid now we'll get a good ducking for it."

"We spurred on as fast as possible, but the gathering clouds and darkness increased until it grew almost like night. In my whole life I never saw anything to equal that storm, before nor since. It rose so quickly, and spread with such solemn grandeur over the heavens. Now a long line of flame licked the verge of the horizon, gradually rising till the whole face of the sky seemed a gorgeous conflagration, for the lightning flashed like blazes amid the dark clouds till it resembled flames struggling amid smoke.

"Our speed was now very rapid, but as we

galloped over the plain, our horses became almost unmanageable from fright. The thunder rolled over us like the terrific blasts of artillery, frightening them so that they would turn in all directions, requiring all the strength we could command to keep them in the road. Soon large drops of rain began to patter round us, at first slowly, then faster and faster, till it came down in a perfect torrent, beating into our faces until it was impossible to make any progress whatever.

"The storm and darkness increased each moment, and in half an hour more, spent in trying to keep our horses' heads towards home, we were enveloped in complete darkness—the thunder still rolling at intervals, and the lightning flashing glaringly over us.

"With a great deal of difficulty George and I managed to get on each side of Kate, and grasping a bridle rein, succeeded in keeping her near us. She was silent, but the vivid flashes of light showed a face white as death, and rigid as a marble statue.

"Oh," exclaimed George, 'this is awful,' and glancing through the darkness and driving rain, I saw that the wind had taken his hat off, and his black hair was flying about his face heavily saturated with water, while with one hand he grasped the rein of his own, and the other, Kate's bridle, unable to push it back out of his eyes. At the same moment my restive steed wheeled as a clap of terrific thunder broke over our heads, and in spite of every effort to restrain him, dashed madly over the prairie. I heard Katie's cry of alarm, and George's shout to hold hard as I sped away, but as well might they have spoken to the wind, for with the speed of that boisterous element my horse darted over the level surface of the earth, on and on, till my weary arms could no longer hold the bridle, and letting the reins fall over the pommel of my saddle, I was glad to throw my arms about the fiery animal's neck to rest and support myself, suffering him to go whither he would, and resigning myself to my fate, be that what it might.

"On and still on we careered over the plain, for miles and miles, until the hours seemed like ages. It was so dark I could not see in what course we were tending, but after a while I could hear the roar and splash of waters, and knew that we must have come in a circuitous direction back to the river. Now I raised myself and drew in the reins, checking my tired steed with but little difficulty, and he paused

almost upon the very bank of the stream, trembling and panting with fatigue and the effect of his fright.

"I allowed him to rest a while, and then, as the lightning still flashed rapidly and vividly, I could discover an open way like a beaten path along the bank, and gently guiding my horse into it, we struck off in a slow canter, hoping that it would lead us to some kind of habitation, where we might pass the night secure from the driving storm.

"On one side of the way I now discovered there was a dense thicket of hazels, or what I supposed must be hazel bushes, trees and scrubby little timber on one side, while the river flowed noisily along on the other, allowing only a narrow space between. But as I advanced, the lightning still showed me the way at intervals so plainly, I thought it best to endeavor to keep the road, as it appeared a little ahead to wind up into the timber, as if it had been cut out intentionally for a road as an outlet to some farm.

"I had proceeded thus but a few yards, however, when a long, low muttering began to roll over the heavens at my right, rising and increasing till the earth fairly shook as with an earthquake. My horse stopped short and trembled like a leaf, until the thunderbolt finally broke in a deafening crash over my head, and a blinding flash accompanying it, rent a tree close beside me to atoms, scattering the fragments all around, and one limb actually brushing my shoulder, though without injuring me. I had no time, however, even to congratulate myself on my escape, for with a frightened snort my maddened steed bounded into the air and attempted to dart away; but in his spring he had brought himself so close to the edge of the water that the loose bank gave way, and in the next moment we were both floundering in the stream. Our struggles were now desperate. I was trying to extricate myself from the saddle, to which I had clung with instinctive tenacity in the fall, and my horse was trying to scramble up the bank, whose soft soil gave way each time his feet pressed it, until it seemed as if fate had conspired against us and we must perish. I was half smothered with water, from being submerged half a dozen times beneath the waves, the place being very deep where we had fallen; but at last having freed myself completely, I struck out to my right to keep clear of the struggling beast, from which I had already received several bruises.

"At last a vigorous effort, which I could distinguish by the scrambling and splashing, placed my steed again upon firm ground, but I was not so fortunate. Some heavy body drifted against me and bore me along ere I could recover myself, to where a strong current carried me rapidly out of the still, deep water into the body of the stream. Had I not been so weak and weary, I should doubtless have been able to recover myself with but little difficulty, but since morning I had not tasted food, and my long ride, together with my struggles when first precipitated into the water, had exhausted me. By the feeling of the object bearing me down, I soon found that it was a heavy log, doubtless the trunk of a tree which the wind had uprooted near the bank, or the lightning had hurled there, and which the now swollen stream bore away with ease and rapidity.

"By dint of much exertion, I managed to keep my head pretty well above water, and at last scrambled on to the log, where I olung with a grateful feeling of relief. The rain now poured steadily, and it was inky dark all around me. The lightning had ceased, and not a single streak of light or broak in the clouds broke the dense gloom that shut out all objects, as much as if the hand of death had sealed my vision. Thus I drifted on; heavy objects sometimes rolling up against me, and the roar and splash of the waves all around. Then the roar of the Falls became distinct; growing louder and louder each moment as I went dashing and whirling on, nearer and nearer to the foaming cataract. I now found that I must make an effort to reach the bank, or be lost entirely; but with that strong current to contend against, and the darkness which prevented my seeing in which direction to go, it would be a great risk. However, I resolved to make a venture, and springing from the log without time for second thought, I struck out boldly and more vigorously for having rested during my temporary ride on the floating timber.

"For about five minutes I struggled manfully, making but little headway, however. The waters were so swift I found it almost impossible to breast them, which I was forced to do nearly in a direct course up the stream, as they drifted me down so fast that it was vain to hope for a safe landing by striking straight across the current, which deprived me of the power to use my person, by its swiftness. My only hope lay in working myself up and gradually across, the accomplishment of which seemed doubtful,

however, as my strength seemed insufficient to hold out.

"Louder and louder came the roar of the Falls. I could feel that I was rapidly nearing them, and I now began to grow desperate. The nearer I approached to a terrible danger, the more dear life became. A mortal terror seized and nerved me with superhuman strength. Now I buffeted the waters like a giant with huge strokes, which sent me further and further in some direction, though I scarcely knew where. Anyway I was struggling against the current, and after a while, felt that it was not so strong, though I was fast becoming exhausted.

"Oh, what agony of mind I suffered in that hour; through all my life I have never before or since suffered as I did then, and to make matters worse, a horrible dread of cramp came over me. My stiffening limbs seemed fast verging to that state, and I began to despair, when happily through the roar and dash of the waves a loud strain broke upon my ear like the weird tones of an Æolian harp. For an instant I was paralyzed with astonishment, and as my eye involuntarily glanced upwards, I saw the full moon for a moment appear in a slight rift in the dense clouds above, and almost fancied the strain came from there. But one moment convinced me it was a human voice, full and strong, yet smothered by the roar of the waves till it sounded afar off. The rain had ceased. It even began to grow a little light, and the clouds appeared thin and broken which drifted over the moon. New life and hope were infused into my being, and with renewed effort I continued towards the bank from whence I knew that voice must proceed, though it seemed exceedingly strange for any human being in such a place, and on such a night as this, to be singing at that hour. An impulse seized me to shout for aid, which I acted on immediately, screaming at the top of my voice. Instantly the singing ceased, and I repeated the shout desperately; it was answered from the shore, and some one asked me where I was, and what I wanted.

"'Help,' I shouted back. 'Help, quickly; I am in the water, and am worn out.'

"'Courage,' returned the voice, which sounded now strangely sweet and familiar, and in a moment more I could fancy I heard the splash of oars or paddles in the water.

"'Which way,' again asked my unseen friend, and again I answered joyfully, though

now I could barely keep my head above the water. I could not have been far from the bank, for a moment more brought a little canoe close alongside, which I could faintly distinguish and grasp, but the frail bark tipped and I had nearly upset it. The moment that followed was one of peril to both myself and the occupant of the canoe, but commanding me to wait a moment, the figure of some one placed itself opposite me about the centre, and then ordered me to clamber in, which I did with great difficulty, and with a good deal of danger. But once in the little vessel, I sank prostrate upon the bottom, with a prayer of thanks for deliverance, while my unknown friend plied the paddles rapidly, and in a little while touched the bank. Springing out lightly and securing the vessel, and again returning to me, I felt myself partly raised, and heard again that sweet voice, asking me in French how I was, and if I was hurt.

"'Exhausted,' I returned, 'but uninjured I believe. To whom am I indebted for such unexpected and timely aid?'

"'A friend,' was the response. 'Come out here, and I will conduct you to a dry spot beneath some rocks a few steps' distance.'

"I suffered myself to be led up the bank and over a few paces of ground, until we turned a sharp angle of stony ground, and went beneath a cliff, where I beheld a little fire flickering, in a sort of enclosure built up of stones. My companion let go my hand, and going to it threw on a handful of dry twigs, whose bright blaze soon lighted up the spot, and discovered to my view the fair, delicate face and form of the beautiful Indian maiden whom I had seen at the Falls during the day.

"'Can it be!' I exclaimed, in amazement, 'that fate has a third time made you my saviour in moments of danger? Surely the hand of God is in all this,' and under the impulse of the moment, I seized both her small hands in my own, and dropping upon my knee before her, pressed warm, grateful kisses upon them.

"'The hand of God is in it, Monsieur,' she again replied in French. 'Believe me, but for Him I should not have been instrumental in saving it at all, and your life must have been lost. But how came you here to-night, and in such a plight?'

"I related briefly all that had occurred. During the recital we had both seated ourselves upon a stone near the fire, and as I went on

she dropped her head upon her hand, thoughtfully.

"'How strange,' she murmured, when I had finished. 'Do you know, Monsieur, that I *felt* I should soon see you again, and be instrumental in saving you—or at least be called upon to lend my aid in saving your life.'

"'Why, how is that?' I asked, more to draw her out than for any other motive.

"'I do not know. Something impressed me to remain in the neighborhood, and as I saw the storm approach, I sought shelter here, where I staid while it continued. Of course I could not sleep or rest while it lasted, but from where you sit, I watched the grand warring of the elements. I love to watch a storm. To me there is something more beautiful and sublime in it than fearful. After it ceased raining, I went out to see if there were any signs of clearing up, and while gazing round me, and listening to the roar of the Falls, began to sing. Why I did it I cannot tell you. It seems strange to me now, but my soul was full, and I longed to give vent in some way to the feelings surging in my breast. Perhaps it was a direct influence from the Creator of all, for the salvation of one of His creatures.'

"'I will accept that explanation, anyway,' I exclaimed, with a flash of enthusiasm, kindled to warmth by the beauty of the lovely being before me, and the events which would indeed lead one to believe that angel voice swelled by a divine influence, to aid me in a moment of despair by infusing the spirit of hope into my sinking frame.

"'Will you tell me,' I added, after a slight pause, 'how it is that you are so different from your race, and how you speak both the French and English languages so purely? I should not think that these wilds afforded many advantages of education.'

"'Nor do they; you are also mistaken in regard to my race. I am not an Indian, though my dress and color may proclaim me such, as well as the wild life I lead among them. I am of French and Italian descent. When quite an infant my parents emigrated to the New World, and in passing over a portion of this wild region, were captured and slain by the Indians. I was adopted and reared among them as one of their own, but that which you term education has been gained from a missionary, who sacrificed his life for the good of our tribe. He dwelt amongst us many years, but his health was very delicate, and exposure at

last killed him. The flowers of but one summer have bloomed over his grave.'

"She spoke with a touching sadness, and a large tear rolled down her dark cheek and glowed like a diamond upon one tiny hand.

"And may I presume to ask," I queried again, 'by what influence it is that you, to-day, saved my life from the warrior whose bow was raised to drive the arrow to my heart, when you interposed.'

"She shook her head.

"It is enough that you were saved—that you will always be safe from him.'

"I do not know," I returned, disappointed with her reply, for I was really very curious. 'From the parting glance he gave me, I think his regards are rather warmer than I care to excite, could I have my way. However, you know him best, and if you say that I am safe, I shall fear nothing.'

"Fear nothing," she repeated briefly. 'You are safe. Omaha cannot harm you.'

"I longed to question her concerning herself and him, but her manner repelled me. I was afraid to speak lest I should offend her, and I dreaded her anger more than I can express. I tried then to analyze the feeling and root out its cause by reasoning, but it was a vain task. It grew upon me as I sat and watched her, until I no longer wondered that the Indian bowed to her will without a word. To have saved my life, I myself could not have done otherwise.

"Through the remainder of the night she talked to me on indifferent subjects, but I learned no more of herself. She rigorously shunned all approach to the subject, and I was forced to content myself the best I could with what she chose to converse upon. She gave me something to eat from the little store she carried with her, after which she brought me some water from a little rill bubbling and splashing along towards the river; and then, as the darkness began to melt away, and the gray dawn streaked the eastern horizon, she pointed over the plain that lay beyond the timber and said sweetly—

"The morning sun will soon light the steps of my brother to his wigwam and the friends that anxiously wait his coming. Menemscah has done all she could, that he might return to the fair lady whom she yesterday saw at his side. Let him return and make the heart of his bride happy.'

"Her keen eyes were riveted to my face, and

a flush stained her cheek as she said this. I smiled and replied—

"Not my bride, but my sister, who may some day meet Menemscah and thank her for her kindness to an unworthy brother.'

"Her face broke into a radiant smile, and she extended her hand.

"Menemscah wants no thanks for having done a simple duty. She is glad that the Great Spirit put it in her heart to stay, and that she has been instrumental in saving him from a terrible death. My brother and his fair sister may return thanks to the Great Manitou, not to Menemscah.'

"She turned away abruptly as she concluded the last words, as if to put an end to all further parley, and again pointed over the plain.

"Let my brother hasten ere a foe lurks along his path, from which Menemscah may not save him again. Sometimes danger lurks unseen where we least expect it, and my brother has no arms.'

"I glanced down quickly to my belt where I usually carried my revolver, but to my unspeakable surprise found that it had disappeared. I suppose I must have lost it while in the water or during my ride, but why I had not missed it before is a mystery for which I will attempt no explanation.

"With a last lingering pressure of her little hand, I obeyed her commands, and hastened along the little wood-path she pointed out. Her last words rang in my ears with a thrill of strange sweetness—

"When my brother is in danger, Menemscah will always be there to aid him; and I pondered with eager joy over her words. I did not look upon them lightly as I should from another, but they fastened with strange truth upon me. I believe that if she had told me she possessed angelic power, and would drop from the clouds to hover and watch over me, I could have put implicit faith in her words, singular as it may seem, and for which I often laugh at myself now. But so it was, and so no longer a trace of fear lingered in my nature. I had no thought that I could be harmed under the charm of her influence.

"Filled with such thoughts, I passed along by a circuitous route through the strip of timber skirting the river bank, going, perhaps, a mile along the course of the stream, and gradually advancing towards the prairie. Just before I came to the open space, however, which lay in a long, broad extent, stretching away for miles

on all sides before me, I was startled by a sudden step behind me, and turned just in time to see a stout Indian with his arm uplifted over my head. Something glanced in the air; I felt a heavy blow, and sank to the earth. Then all was blank.

"How long I remained thus, I cannot say, but when I woke to consciousness it was with a strange feeling of feverishness and lassitude, and everything seemed strange about me. At first I was unable even to lift my hand, but in a few moments this languor passed away, and, though weak, I could move and rise with but little difficulty. Then I observed that the rude walls of a curiously constructed building surrounded me, and another glance showed me a dusky form seated at the entrance, while another paced silently to and fro before it. Instantly the truth flashed upon me. I was a prisoner amongst the Indians, and my limbs were securely bound with strong thongs, while sentinels paced and sat round me to prevent my escape. Outside I could hear the chatter of many voices in a strange tongue, and distinguish forms passing to and fro through the cracks in the walls, and the feelings that then arose were far from being pleasant. Where was now my mysterious and generous deliverer, that I was thus left in the hands of my foes, perhaps to await a cruel and lingering death? Her last words were to assure me of her aid in moments of danger, and I fully believed that she meant to watch over me.

"Then came another thought. Some ill, sickness or death perhaps, had befallen her, and I must endure the trials of my fate alone, without a hope of rescue. The thousand hopes and fears that rose and fell in my breast, were like a fiery furnace to torture me as I lay helpless, almost crazed with hunger and parched with fever, while those two fiendish beings, in human form, sat gloating over me in grim silence, or walked about eyeing me from beneath their brows with a keen though seemingly indifferent glance.

"In the course of a few hours a stir arose, and yells of excitement rose upon all sides. I had no means of ascertaining the cause of this *furor*, but I was not suffered to remain long in mere conjecture. Three or four stout, brawny fellows, hideously painted, and with faces full of anticipation of malignant pleasure, entered the lodge where I lay confined, and, cutting the thongs which bound my feet, drew me roughly to an erect position, and without waiting for

me to regain a free use of my cramped limbs, dragged me into the open air.

"There a scene which I shall never forget met my view, and sent thrills of horror through my frame. Groups of dusky forms were dispersed throughout an open space of ground about a hundred and fifty yards in circumference, some dancing and shouting with every demonstration of fiendish pleasure, while some more grave and staid from age sat in a circle, from which they arose on seeing me, and mingled in the dusky throng. Near the centre of the space before mentioned a huge stake was driven into the ground, around which three or four of the savages were piling dry brush plentifully. You may perhaps imagine how I felt at this moment, with the certain knowledge that those preparations were for my torture, but I cannot describe them to you. I grew faint, and glanced around me despairingly in a vain search for some expression of human feeling, but none were there but demons in human form, from whom I could expect no pity.

"A yelling mass of men, women, and children, swarming from all sides, now closed round me, pinching, buffeting, and spitting upon me, thrusting their fiendish faces close to mine with demoniac yells, and pushing me about until my limbs were bruised and bleeding.

"Almost before I could realize my dreadful and unexpected doom, I found myself bound to the stake, from which there was not the slightest chance of escape. Despair seized me—paralyzed every faculty, until I could not even pray. The many events which had followed in such fearful and rapid succession, transferring me from a pleasant and peaceful home to my present horrible situation, were almost incredible, and wholly stunning in their effects. In one brief moment a thousand torturing thoughts flashed through my mind. My poor sister and my brother! If they had escaped, what must be their agony at my uncertain fate, and how would they ever learn my doom? I thought of everything. The events and friends of years passed through my mind in a wild, chaotic tide, but I was powerless to move or speak. Even could I have done so, what would it have availed me? I could only submit passively to my dreadful fate.

"A huge savage approached the pile which they had heaped high around me with a flaming brand, stooped and applied it, and then a wreath of smoke and a small spiral flame began to creep up the heap. With one deep, heart-

felt breath of prayer for mercy, I closed my eyes; but at the same instant that clear, sweet voice, which had rung like a song of mercy over the waters, broke clear and high above the shouts of the savages, and I started up to behold the fairy-like form of the maiden before me, her long hair streaming now loosely about her shoulders, and her beautiful face rigid and stern, while the great eyes seemed to smoulder with passion.

"Back!" she commanded, in a voice that rang again through the forest. "Let one of you dare to interrupt me, and the thunders of the Great Manitou shall send you to the dark hunting-grounds!"

"With a long pole she thrust away the brands that were now beginning to blaze fiercely, and the next moment a glittering knife severed the cords which bound me, and I stood at her side, clear of the flaming pile which lighted up the now darkened scene with a lurid glow.

"Quick!" she exclaimed, "follow me to the wood, while they are under the influence of my threat; a few moments and it may be too late, and their thirst for blood conquer their superstitious fear. Come!" and like a shadow she darted away, I following as closely as my stiffened limbs would permit, till we had gained the deep shadows of the wood, where I found a horse tied up and waiting.

"There!" she cried, again throwing me the halter, "mount and fly for your life! You have not one moment to lose. Hear those cries of rage and disappointment! And hear! they come! Oh, for the love of God, hasten, or it will be too late!"

"Obedient to her agonized entreaty, I pressed her hand one instant to my lips with a fervent 'God bless you!' and vaulted to the animal's back.

"Keep due east—and away!" again cried the fair girl, and the next moment the swift-footed steed was bearing me away with the speed of light.

"A few moments brought me out of the wood to an open prairie, over which I dashed with untiring speed for about three miles, but then, finding that the Indians had not attempted pursuit, I drew in my reins and suffered the horse to proceed more leisurely.

"The evening star, which shone brightly in the blue firmament, enabled me to follow the maiden's injunction, and before dawn, to my inexpressible joy, I came to familiar scenes,

and at sunrise dismounted at my own door. The scene that followed was beyond description. Katie lung round my neck, pressed kiss after kiss upon my face, and sobbed for joy; while George, none the less moved, encircled me with his arms, and laughed and wept at the same time.

"Mutual explanations followed. After my disappearance during the storm, finding it impossible to follow, and hoping that I would soon return, George had turned his whole attention to Katie, and, after the lapse of perhaps an hour, came to a little cabin, where they remained till the storm ceased. They then proceeded home, where they had hoped to find me, but on learning from the terrified domestics that I had not returned, passed the remainder of the night in an agony of apprehension.

"The following day he set out in search of me, and continued it the day after, but finding no trace of me whatever, had returned the night before my arrival, in the intention of again starting out, in company with several others, on the following day, and following up the trail of the Indians, who had been lurking about the neighborhood for several days, as he had learned, and into whose hands he said he had every reason to fear that I had fallen. I then related all through which I had passed, and my wonderful escape from a horrible fate, at the very moment when death stared me in the face; and then we all knelt down together and offered up our thanks to the Ruler of destiny for my safe and timely deliverance.

"Two or three months now passed after these events without anything more to disturb us, and we again began to feel secure, when one night a light tap came upon our door, and, on opening it, to our inexpressible joy and astonishment the beautiful maiden, whom I had since my first meeting styled the 'Maid of Minnehaha,' glided into the room.

"I came to warn you of approaching danger," she said, without pausing for question or comment. "A large body of Indians, over whom I no longer have any control, design marching upon the settlers, and all that is left for me to do is to warn them of their danger. I learned this by mere accident, and have lost no time in communicating the fact. You have yet time to remove to the Fort if you use dispatch."

"And when will they reach here?" asked my sister, pale and anxious.

"I cannot tell precisely. Soon. You have no time to lose."

"How came you to find out the intention?" I asked eagerly.

"By accident, as I told you," she responded briefly. "Hasten and pack up what you want to carry with you. There is plenty of time for explanations when you are all safe."

"Then you will go with us?" I asked, joyfully. "You intend accompanying us?"

"No," she smiled, "but I will follow. The red man has no longer a use for me," she added, sadly, "and I shall henceforth dwell amongst those of my own race."

"But why will you not now go with us?" asked George, whose interest in the girl was very strong. "You may fall into danger."

"No fear of that. They will not harm me, if I cannot prevent their harming others, and my work is not yet done. When I have warned all, you shall see me amongst you again. Farewell."

"We tried vainly to detain her, and with the swiftness of a fawn she glided again from the cabin and bounded away. Knowing the uselessness of further parley, we hastily began preparations for repairing to Fort Snelling, and bringing out the horses to the light wagon, were soon rolling over the prairie, arriving at the Fort in due time and without any accident."

"It was late the following morning, however, ere I discovered the fair girl for whom I had all night suffered the greatest tortures of anxiety. On perceiving me, she left the group where she had been standing, and advancing with a smile extended her hand, which I clasped in an ecstasy of joyous feeling and pressed to my lips."

"Thank God that you are here and safe!" I ejaculated, fervently.

"I hope you apprehended no danger to me," she replied, the warm blood mounting to her cheeks under my gaze.

"How could I help it? It is always natural to apprehend danger to those we love when they are out of our sight," I added, in a lower tone.

"Her dark eyes flashed upon me one moment with a quick, searching glance; but without seeming to heed my words, she asked quickly—

"Where is your sister?"

"Yonder, with her husband. Come and see her," I replied, leading her to where they stood. Katie folded her in her arms, and George pressed her hands so warmly that the

beautiful creature hung her head, unable to bear this acknowledgment of her many services with self-possession, and, seeing her embarrassment, I hastened to change the subject, and turn their warm thanks and comments from herself to a different channel.

"During the day a party of soldiers were sent out on a scouting expedition, but no signs were discovered of a threatened attack, and many expressed their dissatisfaction openly at what they believed a false alarm, but still no one ventured from the Fort, and the day passed in anxious suspense."

"In its course the maiden explained to us what I had so longed to know concerning herself, and her strange power over the Indians."

"The day previous to our visit to the Falls, a small party of savages had come to the neighborhood for some purpose of which she was ignorant, but fearing some evil designs, she had insisted on accompanying them, and they had not dared to resist, through a superstitious fear of her power. This power consisted in very strong and wonderful psychological developments, and under its influence she had, through the advice of the missionary, and by several tests upon the tribe, succeeded in establishing an influence which could bend them to her will, under the belief that her power came directly from the Great Spirit, and that she could destroy them with a word. It was by this that she had gained the promise of the Indian who attempted my life to shed no more blood, and forced him to depart so humbly on the day of our visit. But after we had gone, the Indians succeeded in escaping from her, and the gathering storm prevented her search. Their attack upon myself, however, proved that they had not gone far; and while two of them placed me upon a horse, and bore me away to their camp some distance from the spot, the others lingered in the neighborhood to detain her until I should have been made a victim to their vengeance. On missing the others, however, the young girl at once guessed what had occurred, a suspicion which was confirmed by their efforts to keep her in the neighborhood; and once satisfied, she managed by threats and a great show of anger to get away, and proceed to the camp, where you have already seen how timely was her arrival."

"A few moments showed her the true state of affairs, and a bold resolve crossed her mind. She had seen an Indian as she entered the camp fasten his horse to the tree, where she

resolved to conduct me, and with what success I have before explained.

"This bold feat both exasperated and yet made them fear her the more. In her presence they dared to do nothing evil, but away from her their savage propensities assumed redoubled sway, and finding that she could not prevent the commission of crime by remaining with them, as they made all their movements in secret, she resolved, on learning their intention, to leave the tribe and remain with the whites, whom she hastened to warn of the threatened danger.

"The attack was not made, however. Why, I cannot say, unless it was that on missing Menemscah they feared her power, thinking that some spirit had warned her of their design,

and, on carrying it out, she would bring down the vengeance of the Great Manitou upon them.

"In the course of a week we returned to our homes to find them unmolested. After this we were several times annoyed by roving bands, but as the country settled more thickly, the Indians abandoned it, and we were left in peace."

"And the maiden?" I queried, "what became of her?"

"Why, I married her, of course; and now you have the secret of where and how I met my beautiful wife, of whom you have heard so much, and whom I brought to this city a few days ago. Come home with me, and I will present you to her, my boy!"

THE SNOW-FLAKE'S STORY.

BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

O, beautiful snow-flake, fold thy wings,

And tell me what thou hast seen

Of the hidden realms and mysterious things

Where thy fairy feet have been!

"Long, long ago I had my birth

On a mountain, hoar and high—

With a burst of mirth I sprung from the earth

To the light of a summer sky.

"With my merry mates I danced along

To the bright vales far away;

We were young and strong, and sung a sweet song

To the gentle flowers of May.

"Away in the golden noontide beam,

Through the shadows weird and wild,

And the starlight's gleam, I danced with the stream,

Like a happy-hearted child.

"I little recked of sun or storm,

Till the south wind came one day,

And changed my form, with his breath so warm,

To a mist, and bore me away.

"I was not alone, and our blue simars,

Up-trailing from vales and rills,

Were woven with bars of the midnight stars,

In a crown for the ancient hills.

"I was changed again by mystic art,

As the nightly hours rolled on,

And waked with a start, in a rose's heart,

When the stars went out at dawn.

"Brighter and fairer the young rose grew,

And I loved her, that sweet hour,

With a love as true as a drop of dew

E'er gave to a peerless flower.

"But the sunlight came from the morning skies

To our bower of love and bliss—

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Bedazzled my eyes with its wondrous guise,

And bore me away with a kiss.

"Away, away, over hill and plain,

Where the skylark never sings,

But I came again in the summer rain,

That painted the rainbow's wings.

"From my airy height I chanced to light

In a torrent wild and free,

And I slept that night, by the soft moonlight,

In the arms of the mighty sea.

"I heard the voice of the angry waves,

As the storm-king thundered by,

And I saw the graves, in the hidden caves,

Where the lost and lovely lie.

"I dreamed of the bright things far away,

And sighed for my love in vain,

Till I strove with the spray, one wintry day,

And changed to a mist again.

"But, alas! the earth was bleak and cold,

The winds went wailing by,

And the clouds were rolled, in many a fold,

Along the dreary sky.

"O where is my beautiful love?" I sighed,

'I have sought her to and fro;'

Then a voice replied, 'Thy blossom-bride

Died a thousand years ago!'

"And where is the gentle stream that sprung

From the hoary mountain's brow—

Where I danced and sung, when I was young,

O where is my old home now?

"Alas! for me no friends remain,

No home, no love below,

I wept in vain, in my bitter pain,

And changed to a flake of snow."

THE SORROWS OF ESTELLE LA MAYE.

An Incident of Travel in France.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The other day I walked with Madame de M—— to the village of Puit-aux-Bois, celebrated as a favorite place of pilgrimage, both on account of its possessing a sacred well and a shrine dedicated to the Virgin, held in high repute by the sailors of two seaport towns lying about ten miles distant from Puit, up and down the coast.

The sun being hot, the dusky green leafiness of distant avenues, seen across the yellow dried-up corn-fields, attracted our footsteps. These were in the gardens of the château of Monsieur de Bonnéval, and thither we hastened.

A shady road passed in front of it, and standing upon a slope, was the château, with its gray walls and moss-covered slate roofs. Formerly it had been a place of historic importance, but the greater portion of the edifice, which had been the abode of the Maréchal de Bonnéval, of the time of Francis the First, was dismantled, and the massive walls of the outer court formed pleasant terraces, rising above a modern flower-garden, which filled the ancient moat on three sides of the château. On the fourth, which faced the road, lay the extensive farm-building and one of the remaining round towers, belonging to the earliest portion of the château, with its peaked slate roof and its bright quaintly-shaped casements, looking forth from ivy-covered walls, extended into the farm-yard, and appeared as if inhabited by the bailiff or steward. A large white cat with a bushy tail lay sleeping in the sunshine upon a bench, amongst milk-pans reared up to air, near to an open door; and rooks hovered, cawing in the sunny autumn sky, on their way home to the elm-trees behind the château gardens. A glimpse of a portion of an old flower-garden was caught through a clipped archway; it was a square, stately series of parterres, with a sundial and statues, and orange-trees arranged in long, formal lines.

Whilst observing these features of the old place, a dusty, one-horse *calèche* came jolting along the road, and seated within it were a handsome young man and woman, somewhat loudly laughing and talking with each other.

To our surprise, as they drove into the courtyard of the château, some children started up from behind the roadside hedge and flung a shower of stones at the back of the *calèche*, crying out, "*Allez-vous-en, Monsieur et Madame Bourreaux, receive your recompense!*" The whip appeared vigorously gesticulating beyond the wheel from the mouth of the *calèche*, but the urchins were already far away over the stubble-field.

"Depend upon it," said we to each other, there is some curious history connected with these people."

"We will ask about them from Colette, the Curé's housekeeper," observed Madame de M——, "she knows all the affairs of the village. Let us now turn our steps towards Monsieur le Curé's. Every village contains within it heroes and heroines of many strange histories," pursued my friend, "and whatever story Colette may have to relate concerning this young couple we have seen, it will probably not be more strange than an early passage in Monsieur le Curé's life. About forty years ago, near St. Elai, a little village some five miles from this place, in a woody hollow, there lived a poor farmer with a wife and only child, a boy of five years old. In the early spring, when the violets were out, this child, René, and some of his little village companions, strolled into a wood to gather flowers. They remained hunting about for violets till late in the afternoon, and the sun was already setting, when René left his companions in the village and ran along the lane to the dingle, his hands full of violets for his mother, of whom he was very fond. It was dusk in the dingle, and in the house quite dark. To the child's surprise, no candle-light or ruddy fire welcomed him. All was mournfully silent about the place. The hill only echoed back his moaning tone as he cried aloud for his mother.

"Early the next morning, when two Dominican Brothers passed through the dingle on some charitable mission, the open door of the house, drops of blood about the path, and the stiff, lifeless body of a shepherd's dog upon the

threshold attracted their attention. They stepped over the lifeless dog, and, entering the house, a more horrible spectacle met their view. Across the kitchen hearth lay stretched the lifeless forms of the farmer and his wife, and close to his mother's side the little boy, who had wept himself to sleep, his faded flowers stained crimson by his side. The good brothers carefully lifted up the sleeping child, and one of them carried him to the monastery, whilst the other gave alarm in the village. Strange to relate, no traces of the murderers could be found. The only circumstance which ever drew suspicion in any direction being that a farmer, bearing a respectable character in the neighborhood, was observed shortly after the tragical occurrence to be suffering from a severe wound in the throat, apparently caused by the bite of a dog, and from which he never thoroughly recovered, dying within a year, from, as it was supposed, the effects of the bite. No one dared act upon mere suspicion, this man being of a ferocious nature, well to do in the world, and the father-in-law of the confidential steward of the De Bonneévals.

"Little René spent his early years in the monastery. The tragic incident of his childhood was indelibly stamped upon his mind, and gave a melancholy coloring to his opening life. A fear of the world, a deep sense of the cruelty and wickedness of man, and an unspeakable love and awful reverence of the Virgin, whom the monks taught him to regard as his mother, grew up with the child. Love of nature and of books took the place of ordinary domestic affection. Timid, gentle, devoutly religious, conscientious, and even austere in the discharge of all his duties towards God and man, he vowed himself to the priesthood. He neither comprehended nor desired to comprehend the ties of human life; he yearned alone to serve the Invisible One by every thought and deed, and to live rather in the inner than the outer life, striving to fulfil his duty to his neighbor, not so much because he was his brother as because his neighbor was a child of the Infinite One, and the protected of the Virgin Mother. Thus little René in course of years became the Curé of Puit-aux-Bois, and his sway over the minds of the peasants is remarkable."

The concluding words of my friend's narrative had brought us within a few yards of the good Curé's garden. Beneath a rustic porch, overhung with the crimson, scarlet, and golden

festoons of a Virginian creeper, stood good old cheerful Colette, who gladly welcomed us. Her face ruddy, like a handsome apple, beamed with pleasure. Across her shoulders she wore, neatly pinned, a crimson and yellow handkerchief, which bore a great resemblance in color to the leaves above her head.

"You are heartily welcome!" she exclaimed, "though unfortunately he whom you come to see is not within. He is gone to see *Monsieur L'Evêque* about some troublesome business, and will not be back to-night. Nor is it the first time he has had to make this long journey about the same business. But do come in! you are most heartily welcome, though it is not worth your while to do so now he is from home. Still, ladies, there is the garden, and there are the birds. Walk up, ladies, to *Monsieur le Curé's* bower, and I will bring you some refreshment."

And away hastened Colette, leaving us to admire the small one-storied house with its drooping thatch, which formed around the cottage, by means of rustic pillars, a little veranda. From the eaves of this veranda hung baskets made of bark and fir-cones, containing many choice flowers.

The garden surrounded the cottage, and here in the front was a little grassplot, beside which stood old Colette's abode, a one-storied erection, consisting of two small rooms. It was built like the Curé's cottage, of gray stone, and covered with ivy. Between it and the Curé's house rose a wonderful edifice of wire-work, the princely dwelling of golden pheasants and various other gayly-plumed foreign birds. A colonnade ran in front of the aviary, from which were suspended the cages of various canaries. As we proceeded along a path into the portion of garden lying at the back of the cottage, we were encountered by an enormous and drowsy-looking tortoise. A perfect little garden of Eden lay behind the cottage, sloping towards the west, and one dazzling mass of autumn flowers. The little domain was bounded by tall, clipped hedges of yew and box, forming various alcoves and little verdant chapels, surmounted by many a spire and cross and heart. Here and there also was a niche cut in the green wall, containing the white figure of some favorite saint; whilst below, in a quaintly and symbolically shaped bed, often forming the monogram of the saint, bloomed the flowers dedicated or appropriate to the sacred personage whose effigy graced the green niche above.

In the centre of the garden, standing upon a pedestal, covered with clematis and jessamine, rose a large white statue of the Virgin, stretching forth her arms in an attitude of benediction.

We took our seats in the centre alcove, and gazed with admiration upon the lovely garden before us. Colette soon appeared, laden with a goodly tray of grapes, delicate biscuits, cream tartlets, and fragrant coffee, which was served to us in old-fashioned white and red china cups, without handles.

Having placed the tray upon the rustic table, she waited, standing with her hands folded, to see us commence; but my friend and I insisted upon the good woman sitting down in the alcove with us, even if she would not be prevailed upon to partake of the dainty fare which she had so hospitably provided for us. She listened with evident delight to our encomiums on the beauty and surpassing neatness of the poetical garden.

"And do you really then, ladies," she exclaimed, beaming with pleasure, "admire these flowers, and these grassplots, and these clipped hedges, and these chapels and crosses? They have worn out, these clipped walls, many a pair of shears, I can tell you, though they have not yet worn out my old brown arms. There's not a weed that's sprung up for these years in this garden that's not had to thank me for pulling it up. I'm up by times, you may be sure; five o'clock does not strike before my shears or sickle may not be heard. Did you really think that *Monsieur le Curé*, bless him! worked in the garden? Why, he's hardly time even to enjoy it, hard as he has to work for the good of people's souls and bodies, good man. It's night generally, before he can find time to enjoy his birds and his flowers a bit. Now he won't be back this evening. Ah! it's a bad, black business he's gone upon. Maybe, ladies, even you have heard of it, for it has made many lips to talk and many eyes to shed tears about here, I can tell you. Poor Estelle! she and I were at school together. It was always the ill luck that came to her, and the good luck that came to me. It seems somehow as though it would be so to the end. It's not seen fit to reward us in this world according to our merit, as *Monsieur le Curé* truly says. Those who love most suffer most, sure enough. Ah me! it's a bad business!" And even old Colette's bright countenance became overcast with a cloud.

"Who, then, is poor Estelle?" we asked.

"Ah, ladies, if you don't know Estelle you don't know her history. She carries a heavy heart about with her. Estelle guards the Holy Well, and has the keys of the church. Many years she has lived in the cottage attached to the Well, and seems almost as much to belong to it as the oak growing above it. She was left a widow when her two daughters were children. Her husband worked upon Monsieur De Bonneval's estate from a boy, and was killed by the horses of Madame Charles's carriage the day she returned, running away and knocking him down as he attempted to stop them. Ah! Madame Charles (that's Monsieur's Protestant daughter-in-law—an English woman, by the way. I hope no offence, ladies!) never brought any good to Estelle. She is a widow, is Madame, and after her husband's death the family came to reside here again occasionally, having been absent for years. One would naturally have thought that Madame Charles, being a widow left with two little sons, as Estelle was a widow left with two little daughters, would have felt some sympathy with her, especially as Estelle's misfortune was occasioned by Madame's return. But not the slightest did Madame or Monsieur De Bonneval appear to trouble themselves, beyond giving a trifle towards funeral expenses. Some three or four years later, when Henriette, Estelle's eldest girl, was eleven or twelve years old, the family were again at the château, and Madame Charles, walking in the avenue of limes with little Monsieur Léon one afternoon, saw Henriette at play with some of her companions. Madame, struck I suppose with the child's good looks, for she was as handsome and tall a girl of her years as you could well see anywhere, called her to her and began talking with her. Amongst other things, Madame asked her whether she would like to go to England with her, and Henriette, who was always ready with a bold answer, said that she was just going to ask Madame to take her with her. Madame laughed, and replied that she was glad of that, because she would certainly take her back with her. I remember the day well enough, for it was just before the Fête Dieu, and I had gone up to Estelle's cottage to mend the altar-lace. Henriette came rushing in past her little sister Blanche, who was sitting on the door steps mending some of the easiest holes, and exclaimed—

"Mother, I am going to England with the great lady at the château."

"Down dropped our needles in our astonishment, and we were no little incredulous of the truth of her story, whilst she quickly poured forth an account of her adventures. Madame and little Monsieur had taken her to the château, into the very drawing-rooms, into Monsieur Léon and Monsieur Hyppolite's school-room and play-room. She had seen such beautiful tables, and sofas, and looking-glasses—had heard Madame sing to the great piano which stands in the middle of the big drawing-room, and to hear her was better than being in a church—had seen old Monsieur de Bonneéval, who had called her a pretty girl, and said he was glad she was going to England—had seen Madame's jewels in her dressing-room, Madame's maid had shown her them—had drunk a glass of wine and eaten some grapes in the steward's wife's room, and had had a game of play with Jacques, the steward's son, in the farm-yard, who told her she must be sure and go over to England and get very rich, as all the people did there, and then when she came back if she had plenty of money he would marry her. And she danced about the cottage floor, and said that she would never eat another dry crust of bread, nor wear an old frock again, but be a lady, and wait upon Madame, and see all the countries in the world.

"Poor Estelle sat and gazed at the child in horror, thinking she must be gone out of her mind, so strangely excited did she seem, and so improbable to her appeared the whole story. Little Blanche cried and begged her sister to stay, saying if she only would not go away she would willingly give her all her holy pictures and everything she had, except the little silver crucifix which dear Monsieur le Curé had given her. Henriette's excitement not subsiding, spite of all her protestations to the contrary, we were forced to lock her up in the children's little bed-room.

"Estelle was greatly distressed, and in vain I tried to console her by saying that it must be all a mistake, for Madame Charles certainly never would take upon herself the charge of so wilful and unmanageable a girl as Henriette; besides that every one well knew the gentle folks at the château never troubled themselves about any of the villagers, but that if the worst arrived, Monsieur le Curé would know all about it, and set things right and make all easy. But still sighed Estelle again and again—

"They will take her, I know, and make her a protestant like Madame Charles!"

"Within a couple of hours in walked Monsieur Castie, the steward.

"I am come from Monsieur De Bonneéval, Madame La Maye," he said, "to inform you that, as you have frequently been heard to express a claim upon him in consideration of your husband having met with his fatal accident in connection with Madame, his daughter-in-law, he and Madame are willing now to regard your widowed position, and will undertake the charge of your eldest child, whom Madame will take into her service—on condition, however, that henceforth no more of your complaints are heard by Monsieur. You must be good enough to communicate your determination on the subject to me forthwith."

"You may imagine that Estelle's consternation and distress of mind were great. She besought for time to reflect upon this sudden proposal, and requested permission to delay her decision until she had been able to obtain the advice of Monsieur le Curé.

"But, oh, ladies! had you seen that big, stern man as he sat in Estelle's arm-chair, with his gun as usual in his hand—for some way, Monsieur Castie was never seen without his gun—and heard the unrelenting tones of his voice, and seen his frown, you would not soon have forgotten him.

"Well, well, Madame La Maye might of course please herself," he said, "that was her affair; but where Monsieur De Bonneéval's will was law, he himself should suppose it best not to offend him, for his views might easily alter regarding all things in the village, regarding the Holy Well and its keeper, even regarding Monsieur le Curé; who could tell?"

"Poor, foolish women as we were, these threats determined us; for it was better to suffer ourselves than in any way to bring trouble upon our good Curé; and thus Monsieur Castie left Estelle's cottage with her reluctant consent given for Henriette's entrance into Madame Charles's service.

"Within a week little Henriette, dressed in new clothes, had been seen to depart, seated upon the back seat of Monsieur De Bonneéval's travelling-carriage, driving northward, and quite indifferent to the tears of her mother, the sobs of little Blanche, and the regrets of Monsieur le Curé.

"She was a bad-principled child from the beginning, and had it not been for the forgiving and affectionate nature of Estelle and Blanche, they must have been glad to have

been rid of her. The best in the house she would always have, and it was suspected in the village that she had carried off with her Estelle's beautiful red silk shawl, which she prized so greatly, because it had been brought from the East Indies in his first voyage by that good lad Luc Venelle; and also Monsieur le Curé's gift to Blanche, her favorite little silver crucifix. That these treasures had not been given to Henriette, I have my own private reasons for knowing.

"For five or six years little was heard of Henriette, as during that time the De Bonneévals were in England and Italy. It was known, however, in the village, that Henriette was become Madame's maid, and was in high favor with her mistress; but not a present did she ever send over to her mother and sister. In the meantime Blanche grew up into the loveliest girl of the neighborhood. Far and wide she was known and beloved for her gentle ways, and kind thoughts and deeds. She was a beautiful needle-woman, too. Every bit of linen that Monsieur le Curé now has was made and marked by Blanche. You can see how beautifully she marked," observed Colette, with a sigh, as she lifted up the corner of the fine napkin upon the coffee-tray, and showed us the Curé's initials beautifully embroidered.

"She was never idle, and all that passed through her fingers was done with the greatest care. She might have made her fortune at Paris by her needle, but nothing at that time would induce her to leave her mother and the Holy Well. She had various offers of marriage, but she shook her head and gave the same answer for a long time, that she could not leave her mother or the Holy Well. The most devoted of all her lovers was her old village playmate, Luc Venelle, the sailor. He had always been like a son to Estelle, and it was easy to see that Estelle's wishes went with his. A braver, handsomer lad than poor Luc, you could not well meet. I can fancy I see him now, with his clear, bright, gray eyes, bronzed cheeks, curly brown hair, and little gold rings in his ears. To Luc she would not give the same answers as she had done to her other admirers, because had she married him she could still have remained at the Holy Well and with her mother whilst he was at sea. For my part, it always seems to me that this was the peaceful path offered to her by Heaven, which being rejected brought her into the power of Satan. However that may be, Luc did not some way

seem to hit her fancy, and she spoke some hasty words to him one night, poor lad, which made him start off suddenly again to sea without a leave-taking of any one, and that was the last time he was seen in our village. Whether he is alive or dead, it's not for any of us to say, but there are those who believe that he lies at the bottom of the ocean.

"He had a great regard for our good Curé, and never returned from a voyage without bringing with him some rare or curious bird, as a present to Monsieur, whose love of birds he so well knew. Those birds in the garden, ladies, were brought by poor Luc.

"He had suffered from a mysterious illness, which came upon him during a voyage to China, and had returned home to use the holy waters of the Well—some believed also to make his love known to Blanche. The holy water had worked its cure upon him in a manner truly miraculous, but he was still weak, when Blanche's cruel words drove him, as I have said, suddenly away without a word said to any one.

"That was a bad turning point in poor Blanche's life—perhaps she secretly regretted her hasty words and rejection of Luc Venelle, and sought to drown her dissatisfaction with herself in the excitement of another love history, for soon it was known in the village that Blanche regarded the attention of Jacques Castie, the steward's dashing son, with friendly eyes. A more opposite nature to her own than Jacques' could not be imagined. Maybe this very difference had its attraction for her.

"The housekeeper at the château frequently required Blanche's services, and she would cross the corn-fields with her little work-bag early in the morning and not return till night. Often Jacques was seen returning with her, carrying her little bag, and soon this bag was exchanged for a small leathern work-box, well stored with cottons and working implements. The old steward, it was said, looked upon his son's attentions to this poor girl with no favorable eyes, and Estelle was strongly opposed to the connection. With prayers and tears she besought Blanche to give him no longer any encouragement, both on account of the threats which the old steward had violently uttered against both herself and Blanche, if they favored his son's suit, and on account, no less, of the very indifferent character which he bore in the neighborhood. Monsieur le Curé also spoke earnestly with Blanche upon the subject, but

with as little result. Monsieur was sadly grieved about the affair, for Blanche had always been an especial favorite with him, and he lost no opportunity of seeking to withdraw her feet from the net which Satan had spread for her.

"It was a melancholy time at the cottage of the Holy Well; for this mother and daughter, until lately so entirely united, were now divided by the most opposite desires. Occasionally violent altercations took place between them, in which Luc's name was often brought forth as a bitter reproach to Blanche. Fits of weeping and days of silence and outward coldness would follow, terminated by temporary reconciliation. For their old mutual affection was strong within them, but again and again the bitterness of feeling would return and separate them.

"Blanche no longer worked at the château, neither did Jacques openly visit her; but village tongues spoke of stolen interviews between the lovers in the corn-fields in the early morning and late in the evening. Blanche was restless and fitful, and spoke often of setting off to Paris, to live there by her needle. Her nature appeared singularly changed, and even her countenance had contracted an expression which reminded one of her sister Henriette. Such had been the state of affairs during the summer and early autumn, when the sudden death of the steward removed the great obstacle to Jacques's marriage, and brought about fresh events.

"Monsieur Castie having been for so many years the confidential steward of Monsieur De Bonneéval, his death was the means of renewing the intercourse of the De Bonneévals with their estate. Monsieur, now aged, leaves the management of his affairs to Madame Charles, and a letter from her informed Jacques that he was empowered by her to enter upon the office of his late father, and also that the château must be prepared for the reception of the family in the course of a few weeks. The letter was worded in very gracious terms, and it was already evident that Jacques inherited the favor of the De Bonneéval family. And in one way, this was only just, since it is well known in the village that except for the exertions of Jacques's late father, Monsieur De Bonneéval would not now be in possession of his estate.

"It was during the first revolution that the father of the present old Monsieur De Bonneéval and his wife and child fled to England, accompanied by their trustworthy steward, Etienne Castie, and it was in England that the present

Monsieur De Bonneéval and Jacques Castie the elder, just deceased, were brought up together in poverty, nor was it until after the fall of the emperor that there appeared the smallest chance of the recovery of the ancestral estates; neither in all probability would this good fortune have happened to the De Bonneéval family at all, except for the cleverness of the then young Jacques Castie, who, having five times the wit of his master, it is said travelled to Paris, personating the descendant of Maréchal De Bonneéval at court and elsewhere, and returned to his master, having satisfactorily transacted the important business. From this time of course the curious union existing between the De Bonneéval and Castie families may be said to date.

"It must be about a twelvemonth ago that this letter from Madame Charles was received by Jacques, and he at once assumed his new dignity. Much wonder was expressed in the village whether, being now his own master, and in possession of the steward's comfortable apartments at the château, Jacques would openly come forward and claim the hand of poor Blanche. Greatly as Monsieur le Curé had disapproved of much of Jacques Castie's previous conduct, now when he perceived that the young man was regular in his attendance at mass with Estelle and her daughter, and when he was informed by him that he looked forward to the celebration of their marriage when the family should arrive at the château, Monsieur felt inclined to regard the affair somewhat more hopefully, and gave much excellent advice to the young couple, such as only he could give. Still, I remember more than once his remarking to me that some way, after all, he was not quite easy in his mind about this connection; there was something too about Blanche which troubled and disappointed him; she scarcely seemed to him the pure and guileless creature of old, and her reluctance to receive admonition and advice pained him no little. As for me, I must confess I was inclined to think Monsieur, usually so fond of charity, rather suspicious in this instance, for to all appearances nothing could be more satisfactory than the state of affairs.

"It did not seem as though Jacques could sufficiently show his admiration of Blanche, or do enough for her or for any one. People said he was certainly going to turn over a new leaf with his marriage, and how fine it was of him, marrying a poor, portionless girl, when he

might have looked ever so high. All the village spoke about the wedding, and the bridegroom elect declared that his bride should be the handsomest dressed bride that had ever knelt before Monsieur le Curé, and that he should consider it no trouble at all to fetch the dress himself from Paris. But of course the ceremony could not take place until the family arrived, for they would give handsome presents, besides which Blanche was particularly desirous that her sister Henriette, whom she had not seen for so many years, should be her bridesmaid.

"As for Blanche, she was once more bright and blithe as a bird, and Estelle was fully won over to her view of the affair by this time, for Jacques since his father's decease had laid himself out to please Estelle, and when he chooses, no grand Parisian gentleman can have finer ways with him than Monsieur Jacques. Almost every day now, Blanche went over to the château, either accompanied by Estelle, or alone; for, besides much that had to be rearranged in the steward's apartments before her marriage, there were new curtains and muslin blinds required in the château, for the making of which Blanche's clever needle was in constant requisition. It was apparently a happy time for every one, and the sweet, clear voice of Blanche was heard warbling through the grand rooms of the château day after day.

"The wedding was fixed to take place on New Year's Day. Towards the end of the last week in November, the family arrived at the château, and it was announced that upon the first of December, Monsieur Léon's birthday, a dance would be given to the servants and villagers. Blanche and Estelle were of course amongst the foremost guests, and Blanche especially anticipated the ball, and the day preceding it, for she was invited to the château by the housekeeper, to aid in preparations for the evening's gayety.

"Upon this day Blanche hoped to become reunited with her long-parted sister. It is true that Henriette had made her appearance at her mother's the day following the one of the De Bonneval's arrival; but her visit was only for a few moments, and she had left behind her an astonishment rather than a yearning of affection in the simple hearts of her relatives. Had they not traced the well-known features of her face, they should have supposed her some elegant lady, visiting at the *château*.

"Poor Blanche, instead of a day of rejoicing,

experienced from beginning to end a day of mortification. Henriette, by an indescribable power, had usurped her position in the eyes of all at the *château*, beginning with Jacques himself. She was so clever in suggestion, *so au-fait* in all things, so lively and full of repartee, that all flew about at her bidding as though she had been a queen. Jacques was never from her side. Their ideas, their tastes, their experiences, their natures, in short, appeared to be the same, to flow into each other, and yet to set off each other. Blanche felt herself neglected, despised, humbled in her own estimation and before others—she could not look at her sister or Jacques without the most bitter envy and jealousy rising within her. At the ball things even were worse; true it is that Jacques danced the first dance with her; but he was only able to speak of Henriette, and was soon again by her side. He was like an infatuated being; it was as though Henriette had cast a magic spell of the strongest witchcraft over him, and had blinded him to all sense of honor or old affection. All present observed these painful things, and Estelle and Blanche left long before the festivities were over—left, however unfortunately, not before they had overheard a remark made by Madame Charles to one of the guests—a regret 'that the handsome young steward was not betrothed to her equally handsome maid, who was evidently the one intended by nature for him, and that if she were asked, she would much rather give her consent in that direction than in the other.'

"Why need I linger longer over this miserable history. Alas! ladies, the most distressing trial had begun for Blanche. The wedding was delayed from time to time by Jacques, whose visits to Blanche's home gradually ceased entirely, although he and Henriette were seen constantly together.

"Poor Blanche, broken hearted, drooped and pined, until her mother in despair went with her trouble to the good Curé. Indignant at the heartless desertion of Jacques, he declared that he should never rest until he saw them united. He scarcely paused, night or day, in his endeavors to accomplish this end—now by writing letters to Madame De Bonneval, who declined doing anything in the matter—now by interviews with Jacques, and at length obtained from him a sullen consent. The time for the ceremony was fixed to be after early mass one Sunday in February. A more

mournful morning, wild, wet and gusty, can scarcely be imagined. The church was crowded with the villagers. The De Bonneévals and Henriette had left the neighborhood the day before.

"Blanche, white and trembling, her eyelids swollen with weeping, was kept by Jacques till the last moment waiting at the altar, a most painful object of general observation. Jacques appeared dark and sullen, as though an inward storm were brooding. He exclaimed, in a loud and vehement voice, as soon as the ceremony was over, and whilst standing before the altar, in the presence of every one—

"Now may Heaven take my wife, for I shall not!" and then with loud steps strode out of the church.

"Blanche, Estelle, Monsieur le Curé and all present remained confounded, as though struck by a thunderbolt.

"Blanche, followed by a crowd of indignant and sympathetic villagers, returned with her mother home, and never again crossed the threshold of the little cottage. Pale, dejected and drooping, she was like one who has received her death-blow. Her sorrow, her meekness and her sufferings will never be forgotten by those who then saw her. They have endeared her to many hearts—if possible, even more than did her loveliness of mind and person in her happier days. She never lifted her head into the sunshine again; her heart was

crushed. That cruel wrong was indeed her death-blow. When the flowers of May were blooming, she was borne to the little churchyard, and laid beneath its cool green sod. Poor Estelle! It will be well for her when she too finds rest in the grave.

"Henriette appeared again at the château within a few weeks after her sister's death. She said that she was sent thither by Madame to take charge of the apartments of the family, the housekeeper being infirm. She and Jacques Castie appeared openly together, were evidently on the most intimate terms, and spoke of their approaching marriage. By a bold and undaunted air they sought to show their contempt of public opinion. The sole individual whose expression of detestation has ever been known to make Jacques visibly flinch, is a well-known character here, the rich miser-beggar. Whenever he encounters Castie, he utters the most fearful malediction against him and Henriette, and was once seen to fling after him his gift of a Napoleon, accompanied with the most horrible imprecations, although in general the old beggar is ready to receive the merest trifle."

And this terminated the good Colette's relation of this village tragedy, some of the principal actors in which it had been our lot to encounter during our stroll through little Puit-aux-Bois.

EUTHANASIA.

BY ANNIE F. KENT.

The wild excitement near and far,
The northward-rolling flood of war,
Sets every tuneful string ajar.

Sick with a doom I may not stay,
I push the blood-red tide away,
And sit me down to think and pray.

And what the Gentle Teacher saith
Of life's immortal entrance—Death,
Steals in to cool my fevered breath.

I think of one—of two—of three,
Whose eyes have looked their last on me—
Joint heirs of immortality,—

Who, lingering still amid earth's bowers,
And clasping still her fading flowers,
Seem hardly of this world of ours.

Gentle and sweet, and rich in love,
About our weary paths they move,
Angelic as the hosts above.

I see one, fading day by day,
Her maiden beauties stored away
In promise of a fuller day;

And he about whose earnest eyes
The still increasing pallor lies,
Clear-veined as evening's mellow skies.

And such is Death! God grant to me
A passage to Eternity,
As calm and sweet as this must be.

A long-drawn moisture of the eyes,
A quiet severing of the ties
Withholding us from *Paradise*.

"HOW THEY DO IT."

EMBODYING A PLEA FOR WIDOWERS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Continued from page 70.

PART II.

HOW SHE DID IT.

"Where are you going, my daughter?" inquired Mrs. Mercer, one afternoon a week or so after the birth-day gathering, as Clara entered the apartment, bonneted and cloaked for a promenade.

"I promised to take the children to see the Panorama to-day, mother."

"What children?" asked the mother.

Clara looked surprised.

"Freddy and Susie, of course! Whom else did you think that I meant?"

"I was afraid that your engagement was with them," pursued Mrs. Mercer, with a troubled air.

"Afraid!" echoed the daughter, doubtful whether she had heard aright. "What possible objection can you have to such babies as they are?"

"None to them, certainly! That would be simply absurd. Nor do I affect to question the purity of the motives which actuate you in paying so much attention to poor Anna's orphans; but it is my duty to inform you that the malicious world is already busy with this choice morsel of gossip."

"And what can the world say?" Clara fired up instantly, as a war-horse pricks up his ears at the sound of trumpet. Her disdain of scandal was honest and active. "Nothing worse than that I remember my friends and cherish whatever was dear to them, whatever recalls them most pleasantly and forcibly to my mind, while the fashion of the world is to forget friends and sorrow together—that I prefer the innocent prattle of simple-hearted babes to such intolerable and slanderous gossip as is popular among grown-up people! What do I care for the world's opinion?"

"No woman can safely set it at defiance," rejoined Mrs. Mercer, in nowise disturbed by this outburst. She was used to her daughter's impetuosity. "I own it has caused me some disagreeable sensations to learn that the current report is, that you are making interest with the children for the father's sake."

"The mother, you mean!" corrected Clara.

"I mean just what I say," replied the mother, smiling in spite of herself. "You are a queer compound of wisdom and simplicity, shrewdness and *naïveté*, my dear. I know that your unconsciousness in this case is unaffected, but few besides myself would credit its sincerity. Has it never occurred to you that Mr. Waitley is now a widower, and that widowers are, as a class, notorious for their haste in contracting second marriages?"

Clara's breath came with a gasp of genuine amazement; her face flamed up hotly, then paled.

"You will believe me, mother," she said, after a moment, in an agitated voice, "when I solemnly declare that, until this instant, the thought that Mr. Waitley was, legally or morally, free to marry again if he chose, never entered my brain! I have regarded him all the while as Anna's husband, and he knows it! Those are cruel tongues—unfeeling as unfair—that dare to couple his name with that of any other woman. If there was ever a sincere mourner in this deceitful world, that one is Edgar Waitley! His very soul was bound up in his wife, and he will never cease to lament her!"

Mrs. Mercer smiled rather mysteriously—it could hardly have been in mere amusement—at Clara's warmth.

"That may be so, my love. He was certainly deeply attached to her, and she deserved all the devotion he gave her. For both their sakes, no less than for the children's good, I would not have you discontinue your intercourse with the family. Only, I cannot think it advisable for you to appear continually in public as the guardian of Freddy and Susie. It provokes unkind remarks. But have them here whenever you like, and show them all the favor that is in your heart."

The effect of this warning upon a majority of women would have been to produce a coldness and reserve of behaviour towards the man whose name was thus publicly linked with theirs—a frigid coyness that would have ter-

minated the embryo courtship then and there. Clara was made of very different stuff. The more she pondered upon what she had heard, the warmer waxed her wrath against the author of the gossip, and the more fixed was her resolution not to suffer it to affect her demeanor to Mr. Waitley, or lessen her regard for the children. He and they were no more to blame for this idle, mischievous babbling of the world than was she, and they should not pay the penalty which the mischief-makers would be delighted to impose. Matters had come to a pretty pass if she, Clara Mercer, were to be scared from the path of duty and the exercise of simple humanity by the cackling of a flock of geese!

The next day was New Year's Eve, and much of it was spent in getting ready several tasteful presents for her little *protégés*. The most elaborate of these was a small cradle, its furniture and occupant, designed as the crowning glory of Susie's baby-house. Each of the appurtenances was perfect of its kind, and all was the work of Clara's deft fingers. There were embroidered blankets, hem-stitched sheets, quilted coverlet, and ruffled pillow-cases, and amongst these dainty fixtures was destined to repose a wax doll, more than a foot in length, with real flaxen ringlets and movable eyes. Clara was putting the finishing touches to the toilette of this infant phenomenon that evening, seated alone in the family parlor, humming a gay tune to herself, and, without knowing that she did so, gently rocking the cradle with her foot, when the door unclosed to admit Mr. Waitley. With a half laugh, combining apology for her occupation and pleasure at seeing him, she arose to receive her visitor. She felt a little foolish embarrassment, which she explained to herself by reflecting upon the ridiculous figure she imagined that she had presented at his entrance, and the heightened color and trifling flutter of manner incident upon this added a charm to the pretty tableau.

For the first time, Mr. Waitley's eyes kindled at sight of her with something strongly akin to a lover's animation; his long depressed and quiet heart glowed with a sentiment of admiration and interest that was very implatonic in its character. There were live coals left yet under the thick white ashes of desolation. Their revivification was by no means an unpleasant sensation either, and the hand-pressure, cordial and prolonged, which their friendly relations warranted him in giving to the object of

his regard, was an intimation, but a very tame one, of what was passing within. Verily, Mr. Edgar Waitley had made wonderful progress in the study, of which the initial lesson had been learned but eight days before! The second love of gentlemen in his circumstances arises, usually, like the fabled Phoenix, full fledged from the midst of the cindery ruin marking the funeral pyre of former hopes and affections. It is a law of nature. Let scoffers be silent, and candid lookers-on do reverence to the beautiful and eternal rule of reconstruction!

The widower sat down beside Clara on the sofa with a graceful assurance of his welcome, and an intention of making himself quite at home—which a bachelor-novice in a like position would have pawned his soul to acquire—made a comment upon the weather, inquired after the health and whereabouts of the rest of the family, then stooped to lift the cradle to his knee, complimented it and the contents, and thanked her warmly when he heard for whom it was intended.

He was a handsome man, and this evening Clara could not help observing that his attire was unexceptionable. In this respect he had not been very fastidious during his temporary retirement from society. Doubtless the feathers of the newest Phoenix were always glossy to the last degree of sleekness. Yes! he was looking uncommonly well, and he presently made her forget his personal advantages in the more lively enjoyment of his conversation. He was undeniably the best talker, if not the most profound thinker, in the whole circle of her acquaintances. It was very delightful to have such a friend—one with whom she could lay aside ceremony and formal reserves—one so congenial in all respects to herself. She chatted away merrily therefore, plying her needle swiftly while she talked, never suspecting that he silently admired her finely-moulded hands meanwhile, occasionally appealing to him playfully for advice concerning the dolly's finery; revealing, in her freedom from constraint and unfeigned enjoyment of his company, the best and loveliest phase of her character. Having scouted utterly and with contempt the idea of Mr. Waitley's playing the suitor to her, or to any one else, it was easy to treat him cordially, to entertain him with a pleasure she had no object in attempting to conceal. If she liked him, there was no conceivable reason why she should not let him know it. A single man would not have attained to this footing in her

regard, or been received with like familiarity at less cost than a close siege of at least twelve months' duration. The celerity and ease with which most widowers gain such vantage ground is oftenest referable to their practice of this sort of ungenerous surprise—tactics that remind one unpleasantly of a wolf in sheep's clothing. True, all is fair in war, but first let war be openly declared.

Mr. Waitley felt that for some time smooth seas and favoring winds were likely to be his, but he was not disposed to reef sail on that account. Holding up to the future the lamp of experience, he arrived at the sage conviction that many, if not most of the ordinary preliminaries of courtship were useless and tedious; therefore it was the part of a wise man, who knew the brevity of life and the value of a wife, to abridge these prefatory measures, so far as was practicable.

They fell into more serious and confidential talk at length. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mercer were away from home, and their tête-à-tête was not liable to present interruption. Their conversation wandered into the Past—reviewing much that was pleasant—more that was sad. Without the remotest design of making capital of a sorrow so sacred, Mr. Waitley spoke more fully than he had ever done before of the horror of loneliness that had oppressed him during the dark months closing the year now so nearly gone.

"It is not the anguish of bereavement alone that has bowed the spirit," he said, "painful to me as was the tearing away of the ties uniting me to her who had grown to be a part of my very life. Had that suffering—present and intense—been all that Providence ordained me to endure in this separation, my manliness would have braced itself to support the stroke. But every instinct of my nature recoils from the drear and barren monotony of the prospect stretched out before me—the solitary, purposeless journey of life. It is as if our Eden were in an instant, by one breath of the Destroyer, changed into a horrible Sahara. Then there is laid upon me the necessity of bearing all this *alone!* That one word epitomizes the saddest features of this great trial. To live—to labor—to suffer—*alone!*"

His deep voice, mellowed by feeling, trembled here into silence as expressive. A tear escaped Clara's eyelids, and fell among dolly's cork-screw curls.

"Forgive me for casting the gloom of my

darkened lot over the brightness of yours!" resumed Mr. Waitley. "It is not often that I allude to my inner life. I have learned how few, even of those who profess friendship for us, can listen with tolerable patience to the recital of our individual woes. I feel that, sure of your indulgence, I have been guilty of selfishness—inexcusable selfishness—but to no one else have I gone for compassion, even when the aching and longing for comforting words and kindly looks were at their height. Do not despise me that in your presence I have been tempted to unbosom my grief!"

"Despise you! Surely we understand one another too well for you to cherish such an apprehension for a second! I honor you the more for every word you have spoken. If I cannot enter into the secret depths of your affliction, I yet know enough to be assured that it calls for superhuman strength to enable one to bear it and live. If I could only comfort you!"

Her fine eyes, glistening with tears, were upturned to his. She looked dangerously beautiful just then, and her emotion was a flattering tribute to his pathetic eloquence. It would not have been a cross to him, if duty or gallantry had required him, to dry the pearly dew with his kisses; but a realization of their real position with regard to each other withheld him from volunteering to perform the office. He contented himself instead with taking her hand, and, regardless of the fact that dolly's toilette was at a stand-still while he held it, retained it in his as he continued his address.

"You *do* comfort me! From no other source has there flowed into my soul such balm as I have derived from your society, your delicate offices of kindness, your wealth of womanly sympathy! You have been a minister of mercy to me and to my motherless babes. You have taught me the value of pure and disinterested friendship; for every generous act of yours I have acknowledged as a tribute to her who has gone. I am a proud man—yet, strange to say, the weight of my obligation to you does not oppress me. On the contrary, the recollection of it gives me strength and a sweet sense of peace and joy. You are my better angel, Clara! Who knows but you may have a mission to accomplish in teaching me what is my true place and work in the world which one calamity has shrouded in darkness?"

There! that was certainly quite enough for

a beginning! And, sensible of this, he relinquished the hand with a final squeeze—gentle, yet fervent—and was not displeased at perceiving its tremulous efforts to proceed with the unfinished work.

After an interval of silence, spent by him in furtive watch of the flushed countenance that now bent low over her task, Mr. Waitley again addressed his fair hostess. His mood this evening was sentimental and oratorical.

"May I ask you to accept this as a feeble testimonial of my grateful recognition of the good you have done to me and mine?"—a slight pause—"likewise, as a souvenir of her whom we both loved so well?"

It was a beautifully tinted photograph of a miniature painting she remembered perfectly—portraits of Anna and her two children. It had been Mrs. Waitley's last birthday present to her husband. Clara had accompanied the trio to the artist's at the first sitting, and been present at several others. Her taste it was that had arranged the group—Susie in her mother's lap, and the boy at her right leaning against her shoulder. This was a fair copy of a pretty scene, and the likenesses were all good. Whence, then, the strange pang that transfixed her heart for one instant as Anna's lovely face, beaming with her own rarely beautiful expression, looked up into her friend's eyes? Did her conscience accuse her of treachery to her dead companion as his wife? or had the germ of a new sentiment been implanted within the last hour—a feeling more jealous than friendship—which, when it should have arrived at its full growth, would scarcely brook the memory of a former love, dust and ashes though she might now be?

Clara put the pain from her impatiently—would not inquire into its origin, nor of what danger it warned her. The present moment was very sweet; she had tasted few sweeter in the whole course of her life; for, as we have said before, there were not many who gave her her meed of loving appreciation. She was not vain or exacting, but she had a deep, craving heart, and what she felt to be justice to herself was as dear to her as to most other women.

"You were very good—most thoughtful to bring this to me," she uttered, still studying the picture, whose every line she already knew so well. It was not easy at that moment to look him in the face.

"I would not have given it to another living being," he said, emphatically. "It was painted

expressly for yourself. I felt that you had the best right to it—next to myself."

She asked no explanation of this sentence, and none was offered.

It was time to go. Mr. Waitley had said something that was pretty and sounded heart-felt about her entrance upon the New Year so near at hand, and Clara must respond in like manner.

"May yours be happy—far happier than this one has proved!"

There was a moment's silence, during which she did not dare to glance at his countenance. Had she done so, she might have been surprised, as he was himself, if the truth be told; she would certainly have been re-assured by the apparent ease with which he conquered the rising softness—the sadness that overtook him at this reference to his "irreparable" loss.

"Thank you!" His voice was full of thought and feeling, yet not sad. He moved a step nearer to her and spoke in a lower tone. "It is for you to say how much or how little sunlight will fall upon my pathway."

There would have been no possibility of misunderstanding this had he stopped here, but he was too wary to frighten the game away while the chances of eventually securing it were still uncertain. Ere Clara's heart had given more than one startled leap, he went on—

"I have had a delightful evening here. It has been a weary while since I could say with truth that anything gave me delight; but our chat has seemed to me like a return of former pleasures. Will you think me very bold if I solicit permission to come again when I find my own fireside insupportably dreary?—when the clouds gather very closely about me?"

Clara made an effort to appear natural and friendly. It did require an effort, as she discovered, but she resolutely repelled the temptation to yield to ridiculous shyness.

"Certainly not! You have been for years a welcome visitor to our home. I see no reason why your coming should be less acceptable now."

"Such frankness and cordial hospitality are worthy of yourself. But, while my visits will be to me like green spots and wells of water in the desert of my every-day life, I will deny myself these blessings if my appearance here will annoy or displease you in the least. It would be a sorry return for your goodness were I to become a source of disquiet where I would, if possible, confer happiness. Yet I can im-

agine circumstances that would bring about this unfortunate state of affairs."

Bewildered, excited, but not disagreeably affected by the whirl of unaccustomed emotions, Clara repeated in unconscious earnestness—

"You have always been welcome. You are still. I can assure you that your coming will never be displeasing to any of us."

She raised her eyes in saying this just in time to see the smile that flashed from his eye to cheek and lip at receipt of this permission—met a gaze—intent, respectful, eagerly inquiring—was it also loving?

Edgar Waitley walked home lightly, swinging his cane and thinking over such happy thoughts, wrapped in prospective reverie so cheering, that he astonished, quite shocked himself by humming a few bars of "Love's Young Dream"—a discovery he did not make until the sight of his own house and the dark windows, where the light never used to be extinguished until his return, let him be out never so late, reminded him of her who had, from that now forsaken chamber, passed through the grim, mysterious gate dividing her life from his, now and forever.

Was he then "forgetting" her? Was there sorrowful prescience in the dying eyes whose depth of wistful meaning came back to him so often? Had the thought that this separation was for all time grown more endurable of late? Was he reconciled to the thought of leading and enjoying a life in which even the memory of her was to have no place? Did the birth and growth of this new affection, which had shot forth such vigorous roots and branches in an incredibly short time—which bade fair speedily to arrive at the fruition of a happy and successful love—did this presuppose infidelity to the departed one?

"Absurd!" He shook off the icy hand that had seemed to clutch his heart, wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and strode on more vigorously than before. "I have succumbed to the influence of morbid fancies until I have grown weakly nervous. In that blessed home"—he looked up at the calm stars—"where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, the thought of what is transpiring in this sin-stained world—this sorrowful, imperfect life—can cause *her* no pain. To believe otherwise were to have faith in a vulgar, impious prejudice. Her happiness is safe! Even were she cognizant of my actions, her first wish would

be for my contentment and comfort. It was her chief care while here."

He unlocked the front door, sighing, more from habit than sadness. To do so had become a mechanical tribute to the worth of his lost wife. The hall was cold and silent as the grave. He glanced into the parlors in passing. They were likewise dark and chill. In the library the gas was turned down to a point of quivering flame, which an unlucky touch of his benumbed fingers reduced to total darkness. The fire in the grate was black and dead. In groping about for the matches, which were not in their proper place, he bruised his shins against a chair, and, stumbling forward, saved himself from falling by catching at and upsetting a table. As it went down, he felt the spatter of some liquid upon his hands, which, after he succeeded in striking a light, proved to be ink. Books, paper, and carpet, had received their share of the same stream, flowing from an overturned standish. Ashes bestrewed the fender and rug; there was not heat enough in the whole chimney to warm his hands.

"A pretty home for a man to find on a freezing night like this! This house is in perishing need of a mistress!" he growled, with a kind of savage satisfaction at this additional excuse for altering his condition—these irrefragable proofs that any change must better it. "And a mistress it shall have before I am six months—yes! before I am four months' older!" was his concluding vow, as he went shiveringly up to his room. "This sort of existence is slow suicide—nothing less!"

Meanwhile, Clara had put aside the doll's cradle, and, sinking into a low chair before the fire, leaned her cheek upon her hand, and seemed to explore the glowing caverns of burning anthracite with all her might. It was futile to pretend to disguise the fact so palpably set before her—Mr. Waitley was her lover!—almost a declared suitor, and one who would not submit to needless delays. She must forthwith habituate herself to this novel and unexpected state of things, or prepare to resign him as a friend—perhaps as an acquaintance. It was difficult to make up her mind to adopt the latter alternative. She had known him so long and intimately; esteemed him so thoroughly; admired him unfeignedly. He deserved to be made happy; yet he had suffered intensely. A lonely stricken man, he came to her for solace; implored her to save him from the abyss of hopeless melancholy; declared that she, and

she only, had the power to chase away the brooding, pestilential fogs that were making an unwholesome waste of his best feelings and powers, and bring back the sunshine. Hers was a missionary spirit; was not here a noble field for its exercise? And then there were the children; could she give them up to an indifferent, probably an unkind stepmother? She had come to love them very dearly, and they to depend upon her for sympathy and instruction. She had found this very pleasant, for she was not superior to the natural yearning of the woman's heart for a home of her own; for the sweet, holy loves of husband and children. Coarse-minded men may sneer at, and "strong-minded females" trample upon, this instinct, but it is a seed of God's own planting, and it is indestructible until all else good has perished in the sterile, Heaven-forsaken soil.

If she who hesitates is lost, then was Clara Mercer very near the verge of the precipice when she closed her eyes in slumber that night. She was a girl of true and conscientious piety, and her last coherent thought was a prayer for the Divine guidance and blessing in and upon her decision of this important question—her first waking reflection in the bright morning of the New Year—"I enter to-day upon a new and untried life. This year will bring to me strange and great responsibilities. My Father! if henceforth there is to be committed to my keeping the happiness of others, make Thou me worthy of the trust!"

It was inevitable that from musings such as these, from this spirit of self-dedication to the promotion of others' good, there should be infused into her daily life a softer, sweeter lustre, touching every feature with beauty, enduing every action with a charm hitherto unperceived by those who knew and loved her best. It was impossible that he, whose chief study was now herself, should not be the first to see and understand this; it argued no undue vanity in him that he drew from it a blessed augury for his hopes and desires.

His calls were now made after a style that ill-natured lookers-on denominated "fast and furious;" his gifts—bouquets, music, books, etc.—were graciously accepted, and when he was ready to make a bolder move, he considered calmly and soberly that he had warrant for the step.

One evening—the 15th of January—he drove up, in his handsome new sleigh, to Mr. Mercer's door, and invited Clara to ride with him.

Mrs. Mercer followed her daughter from the parlor when she went to equip herself for the excursion.

"My dear, I do not pretend to control your movements—still less direct your affections—but you are aware, I suppose, that in accepting Mr. Waitley's attentions you are tacitly encouraging whatever suit he may design to offer you?"

She paused, but there was no reply. Clara was seemingly engrossed in the business of lacing her fur overshoes.

Mrs. Mercer went a little further.

"You must bear in mind that you are leaving open but one path which you can pursue with honor to yourself and justice to him."

Clara lifted herself smilingly.

"And have you any objection to my taking that one, mother? If so, now is the time to state it."

"None," replied the parent, taken aback by this direct manner of treating so delicate a subject. "That is to say, none except that which I should have expected you to be foremost in mentioning. To speak more plainly, Mr. Waitley is a gentleman of high character, pleasing address, and ample means; one in whose principles we have all confidence; a friend whom we have loved and valued for years. If he were a bachelor, we could desire for you no more happy lot than a life with him. As it is, I wish that he had not been so precipitate; that he had suffered a longer time to elapse before seeking a second wife. It will create a great deal of talk."

"I do not see why it should. He has a right to manage his own affairs as he sees fit. He best knows his own needs."

"True, my love; but you may recollect that you used yourself to be very severe in your animadversions upon similar conduct in others."

"Was I? Then I acted very foolishly; meddled with what did not concern me, mother, and I am ashamed of it. As to the matter before us, and the world's objections to it, Mr. Waitley and I must get over censure and criticism as we best can—must meet and brave it, if need be. Perhaps after all you are wasting your solicitude, and I my courage. Your premises may be erroneous."

In her heart she had no faith in this pendent clause. She had expected as surely the declaration to which she listened that moonlight night as if she had reposed implicit confidence

in her mother's prophecies. Waitley pleaded his cause well.

"Clara! my home is desolate—my heart an empty nest, from which all pleasant and dear loves have flown, and the snows of winter have fallen heavily into it. Will you be the light and comfort of that home? Will you bring to that heart the warmth and bloom and brightness of a second spring? My children are growing up neglected, uncultivated—*motherless*! Will you be their salvation?"

Clara was a tolerable student of human nature, yet it did not occur to her that this moving address was artfully contrived to appeal to her compassion, a plea in the name of humanity, rather than the outpouring of a manly devotion, imploring reciprocation as the dearest good earth had in its gift. It is to be presumed that her obtuseness on this head is largely shared by others of her sex, if we are to judge from the tenderness of pity and the eagerness to console manifested by most women who are thus approached by widowers. The sad and seeking brotherhood invariably consider this lugubrious strain the most effective they can employ.

"Your happiness and the well-being of your children are very dear in my sight," commenced Clara, frankly, yet tremblingly. "But, even could I divest myself of the conviction of my incompetency—"

He could not allow her to hesitate one moment on that score—he interrupted her to remark. He would be guarantee for her eminent fitness for the station he entreated her to accept.

"You are scarcely an impartial judge," replied Clara, half laughing. "But suppose we waive this point, I nevertheless hardly dare entertain your proposition at present. Would it not be expedient for us to postpone its consideration for a time?"

"Why?"

He was determined that she should be definite. His accent betrayed no suspicion of the real character of her reason for the suggested delay. Remembering her favorite adage, that the straight course was always the safest, she summoned courage to say—

"Your bereavement is of such recent date—" there, bravery evaporated in an inarticulate murmur.

He kindly came to her relief.

"Is it, then, your opinion that love in the human heart requires a certain specified and unvarying number of months for legitimate

growth and ripening? Especially in a case like the present, where two have known one another intimately for years; studied each the other's disposition, habits, and tastes in the most favorable circumstances that could be afforded for such investigation; found so much that mutually attracted and interested them in one another—is a formal and strict attention to prescribed times and seasons binding upon them? If so, by what code is this imposed? I find no doubt in my heart. I know and feel that I have chosen wisely and well in all respects. If you require more time and opportunity for maturing an opinion as to my merits, far be it from me to refuse you all, or anything that you ask! Is this your argument for delay?"

It was a cunning snare, and Clara walked right into it—planted her cautious feet directly upon the limed twig.

"Indeed I had no such meaning!" she responded, in imprudent haste. "What I would have said was this—are you prepared to encounter the thousand-and-one ill-natured comments upon your conduct that will be rife when it is known to a certainty that—that——"

Another break-down!

"That I have dared to take into my hands the management of my personal affairs?" Waitley coolly supplied an ending for the incomplete sentence. "Surely, Clara, you and I are too well acquainted with the proper value of the world's verdict to give it an uneasy thought, much less to let the fear of it cause us to swerve a hair's breadth from what we conceive to be the course of right—the road that leads to happiness! I do not affect ignorance of the popularly-received notions with regard to the measure which I am now contemplating; but I calmly assume my right to the possession of the best and truest knowledge of my heart-needs and the means of satisfying them."

"Just what I said to mother!" thought Clara. She said aloud, "That seems reasonable, certainly—only, fault-finders are seldom reasonable."

"Their cavils are entitled to the less respect on that account. I have no fear of them. Their loudest outcry will be my want of respect for the dead."

Clara started at the composure with which he brought out this, to her, most painful topic.

"And that will be the accusation which will wound most deeply," she replied.

"Not at all! I point proudly to my Past,

and defy the most censorious to find one flaw in my treatment of the wife whom I have lost. To her, I was faithful in thought, word and deed, unto death! There is no law, human or divine, that forbids me to supply her place in my heart and home, whenever, and by whomsoever I choose. I have no patience with this empty, senseless babble about a 'decorous show of respect for the departed.' It is arbitrary, preposterous, irrational, to say to all men who have been thus left lonely,—men of different temperaments and outer circumstances—'Thus long shall you wear the badge of mourning; thus long walk the earth solitary, homeless, comfortless; since Heaven has smitten you to the ground, we—the wise lawgivers of society—Mrs. Grundies all—decree that you shall lie there, biting the dust in agony, refusing to be comforted, until we grant you leave to arise! Eighteen or twelve months hence, you may do that, with perfect propriety, which it would be revolting to our delicate sensibilities for you to mention now!'

"No—dearest Clara! his is the nobler nature that spurns such mawkish and puerile conventionalisms; that arises purified and stronger, from the trial that was designed to cleanse and elevate, and takes his place again in the ranks of the world's workers; thinking it neither sinful nor inexpedient to accept such new duties, responsibilities and joys as the hand of Mercy shall bestow, as the voice of Duty shall enjoin upon him!"

He considered that he had argued with such exceeding pertinence and force, that he was almost disposed to be vexed that she still hung back. Convinced, she owned herself to be, yet she remained irresolute. By the white moonbeams, he could discern her features upturned to the glittering heavens,—thoughtful, perplexed—more than perplexed—anxious. By and by, he coaxed her to confide the trouble to him.

"It is weak and foolish, I know, and it may be wrong to brood over the thought as I do," she said, in a timid undertone, "but the question arises pertinaciously in my mind—what would Anna have said, had she foreseen all this?"

She feared lest she had shocked or displeased him, but he met the question promptly—confidently.

"She loved us both. Could your appeal be made to her, she would reply that her constant desire was, and ever would be, for our highest happiness. If we find this in one another, we,

in one sense, accept it as a gift from her hands. So far from this action of mine signifying disrespect to her memory, I pay her the greatest compliment in my power to offer. She made my home so lovely, that I find it intolerable without the reign of influences akin to those she exerted. In teaching true delight to be found in a union of hands, hearts and souls, she unfitted me utterly for a return to a single state. Progress, and not retrogression, is the law of the enlightened heart, as well as the cultivated intellect."

With this choice bit of metaphysical cant, he stayed the discussion for some moments. They rode on silently over the sparkling snow-crust, the same that spread untrodden and level above Anna's burial-mound; the fast beatings of their hearts keeping time to the tintinnabulations of the sleigh-bells. Below the cold, white garment of the earth was quiet, darkness, insensibility; above—life, labor, love!

"Clara!" A hand sought hers in firm, close clasp. "Shall we not let the dead Past bury its dead?"

After all—was there not a touch of bitter and truthful sarcasm in Myra Jewett's story of the elderly gentleman's wondering defence of his hasty marriage; to wit, that the dear deceased "could not be any deader."

They were married in May—quietly and without any ill-judged parade of festivity, yet the obstinate, "irrational" world, refusing to be converted from the error of its ways of thinking, by the unanswerable arguments cited above, wagged its hundred tongues vociferously and venomously over the "indecent haste," and "outrageous levity of conduct," and "total want of feeling" displayed by the happy pair; clamor, that made itself heard in the sacred recesses of the Paradise regained, where Mr. Waitley was forgetting former grief in present bliss.

"How can people say such cruel things!" complained Clara to Myra Jewett, one day, during the first quarter of the honeymoon. "You may not have heard that I went with Edgar, last week, to see the monument he has just had erected over poor Anna's grave. It was a melancholy visit to us both, and we never imagined that any one could be so unfeeling, so hard-hearted and unjust, as to ridicule our errand thither. Yet—would you believe it? several persons have made themselves very merry over it, and others pretend to discover great indelicacy in his conduct, and gross hypocrisy in mine!"

Myra endeavored vainly to look serious.

"Excuse me, Clara, but disinterested spectators will view everything pertaining to a second marriage in an uncharitable light. It is not until the case is brought home to one, that he or she can understand aright how these affairs are managed."

Myra was assuredly learning discretion. This was further evidenced by her reticence with regard to another trifling circumstance, that tried painfully the feelings and temper of the bride. On the wedding-day, there had arrived among Clara's bridal gifts, an anonymous package, which being opened by herself, was found to contain a tiny box. Inside of this, was a slip of paper, bearing these significant words—

"Why beholdest thou the mote which is in thy brother's eye, when, behold! a beam is in thine own eye?"

Edgar said truly to the discomfited recipient of this nauseous pill of truth, that the squib was beneath her notice, but it was not soon forgotten by either of them. Only Myra guessed the author of the unfair attack, and she kept her own counsel. She had chanced on a former occasion, to see a note written by Mrs. Conrad Elliott, the lady whose marriage with a widower had elicited Clara's spirited sentence of condemnation, as recorded in the earlier portion of this history. This text was in the same hand, despite a poor effort at disguise,

and Myra rightly interpreted it as a saucy and unkind fling at one whose fault was the very common failing of both man and womankind—the non-agreement of theory and practice.

Before Susie's new year's present was, by dint of unlucky and accidental falls, injudicious ablutions, and well-meant, but ruinous warmings before grates and above the kitchen-range—gathered to the vast, multitudinous generations that had previously lived through the ephemeral existence appointed to dolls, there was a new claimant for general favor in the household; what its wide-eyed sister called "a real live baby," in contradistinction to her bloodless and inanimate nurslings; a pink, plump, piping bantling, to whom the parents, consistently carrying out their design of rendering respect to the departed mistress of the home, and associating her, in the eyes of the world and their children, with the living wife and mother—gave the name of "Anna Clara."

"For you know," said Freddy, confidentially to Myra, "this isn't our *very own* mamma. Papa gave us this one because the other one died; and I guess if cousin Clara, mamma I mean, were to die, he wouldn't be very long in finding another. He's a jolly smart fellow—papa is!"

Which observation, the amused Myra considered as a tolerably fair setting forth of the parental doctrine—"Progress, and not retrogression, is the law of hearts!"

LET ME DREAM OF MY HOME.

BY LULU.

Let me dream of my home, for my happiest hours
Were those which I spent 'mid its breezes and
flowers;

Where beauteous morning so proudly unrolled
Her magnificent mantle of crimson and gold;
Where the clear summer sky was so pure and serene,
And the moon gazed around with the pride of a
queen;

Where the dear little stars wrapped in loving de-
light,
Sunk in fondness to sleep on the bosom of night;
Where reside the dear loved ones, oh! why did I
roam,

Let me dream of my home—let me dream of my
home.

Let me dream of my home, for I long to be there,
Where the bright forms of angels are kneeling in
prayer;

Where sorrow is banished from heart and from
eye,
Where the flowers of friendship ne'er wither and
die;

Where the rich rose of feeling will never decay,
And the bright star of happiness ne'er fade away;
Where my heavenly Father (long shunned and re-
viled,)

Stands waiting in mercy to welcome His child;
Where we all hope to go, never longing to roam,
Let me dream of my home—let me dream of my
home.

THE SECRET ROOM.

BY ARTHUR HAMPTON.

It was midsummer—hot, arid midsummer. Our regiment was stationed at the town of N—. I had grown intensely weary of the idle, inactive life we were leading. The days had become almost insufferably long and dreary; a feeling of ennui and restlessness took possession of me, and I sighed for green meadows, shady lanes, and the cool murmur of rivulets. Leave of absence was easily obtained; but, where should I go?

I more forcibly realized than ever before my isolated life. I was *alone* in the world. No kindred to extend to me the kindly hand of greeting—no home to which my steps might turn. I had formed but few friendships among my companions, for I had but little in common with their levity and gayety.

It was at this time that I opportunely received a letter from an old friend of my father's, residing in the wild and romantic district of West Carbury, in the southern part of Ireland. He wrote, begging me to pay him a visit, saying that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to welcome the son of his highly esteemed friend to his heart and home.

I confess to the weakness of a slight moisture in my eyes upon the perusal of this affectionate epistle. Those who are surrounded by myriads of tried and true friends may smile at this unmanly manifestation; but others in similar circumstances will understand the tide of feeling that rushed to my heart, warming it to the world and my fellow-men.

My preparations were soon completed, and with a buoyancy of spirit, to which I had long been a stranger, I started on my journey. When I reached my destination, I could scarce identify myself with the gloomy, morbid being of a short time back.

As the carriage rolled slowly up the avenue, I had ample opportunity of taking a survey of the premises.

Glenrue was a large rambling mansion, seemingly many centuries old. The right wing only was inhabited, the left being much decayed and covered with the green, clinging ivy. The lawn was closely shaven and adorned with shrubbery.

Mr. Glenn stood in the open doorway, and in

a few moments I was folded in his fatherly embrace.

"God bless you, my boy!" he said, in a tone full of emotion, "you are heartily welcome, and we will do everything in our power to contribute to your pleasure during your stay. I will show you to your room, Harold," he continued, "and leave you to make preparations for dinner. We dine precisely at three, being too unfashionable for your late English diners."

Alas! if he had foreseen the sorrow and misery that my coming brought, would not his blessing have been turned into a curse, and he sooner seen me fall dead at his feet than to have crossed his threshold? But I am anticipating. My room was cool and commodious, and afforded a fine view of the distant mountains, clearly defined against the deep blue sky. I was not at all addicted to a long and elaborate toilette, and had completed my preparations when Mr. Glenn made his appearance and led the way to the dining-hall.

"My daughters, Harold! I hope you will become good friends," was the rather uncereemonious introduction as we entered, and we were soon seated at the hospitable board, all restraint being effectually banished by Mr. Glenn's frank manner and ready conversation.

Edith Glenn, the elder of the two sisters, would have been generally termed a beautiful woman. She wore a regal look with her high white brow, raven hair, and dark, flashing eyes, but there was an expression lingering around the chiselled lips that marred their beauty.

But Maud! how can I describe *her*? She was different from any woman that I had ever met with. A soft charm, a nameless, undefinable something pervaded her every word and action that was irresistibly attractive. The heavy masses of golden hair, twined around the small, shapely head, seemed almost too heavy for the slight, drooping figure; and the eyes, half hid by their snowy lids and long lashes, reminded me of purple violets.

When we repaired to the drawing-room, Maud seated herself on a low cushion and bent over her embroidery. Edith, taking her stand

at the open window, beckoned me to her side with a bright smile.

"What do you think of our scenery, Mr. Ashley? Are not some portions of it grandly sublime?"

"I can readily share your admiration, Miss Glenn, for I have rarely, if ever, seen it equalled," I replied.

"You may wonder at our selecting such a secluded situation, Harold; we have resided here only the last few years. I have proved by experience that the truest happiness is to be found in retirement."

Mr. Glenn's countenance wore a troubled look, and he sighed heavily as he spoke.

"You have quite a rambling building," I remarked. "Have you every explored the unused left wing? Is there not some weird tale attached?"

"I believe there are some reports in regard to it," answered Mr. Glenn, "but I considered them of no importance, and had never sufficient curiosity to penetrate its gloomy recesses."

Conversing upon varied topics, my first evening at Glenrue passed swiftly and pleasantly away. Each coming day was replete with pleasure. We walked, rode, and sailed, and Maud would charm away the evenings by warbling sweet songs, while her white fingers swept the chords of her harp.

I loved Maud Glenn. That my love was returned, I did not doubt. I read it in the drooping of the violet eyes, the varying color of the soft cheek, and the trembling of the little white hand when it chanced to meet my own.

One evening, as we stood together in the recess of one of the large windows, with the moonlight falling upon Maud's golden hair and flooding the room with its pale light, I told her of my love.

She was far too frank and true-hearted for coquetry. She simply laid her hand in mine. I needed no other answer. For a long time we stood there, talking of the future—*our future*—when suddenly a shadow fell across the moonlight upon the floor. I glanced around and caught a glimpse of Edith gliding from the room. Her face was deadly pale, and her eyes had a strange, wild glitter. I endeavored to reason myself into the belief that it was the effect of my imagination, and in my new-found happiness the remembrance soon faded from my mind. But when it was *too late* the circumstance returned with startling distinctness.

Oh! the gloriously happy days that followed! How bright a dream to have so terrible an awakening! But why should I dwell upon this blissful period; it but renders the gloom of the present deeper by contrast.

The fatal day was fast approaching which was to wreck my happiness forever.

Mr. Glenn was a great sportsman, and one fine morning as we lingered over the breakfast table he remarked—

"A glorious day for a hunt, Harold. It would be a good idea to take out our guns and dogs, and devote the whole day to the sport."

I yielded a ready assent, and we were soon equipped and off. We met with excellent success, and returned to Glenrue late that night, after the household had retired, feeling quite fatigued with our long tramp.

Early the next morning I hurried to the drawing-room, expecting to find Maud prepared for our accustomed before breakfast ramble. But the room was empty, and I impatiently seated myself in our favorite recess, thinking each moment to see the flutter of her white dress in the doorway, and hear her sweet tones of welcome. Still she lingered; and leaning my head upon my hands, I fell into a pleasant reverie.

"Awaiting Maud?"

The words were lightly and mockingly spoken. I started up. Edith stood before me, a wild light in her eyes and a bitter smile curling her lip.

"Listen," she continued, "now that my ends are accomplished and my revenge complete, I have a revelation to make."

Her words and looks were totally incomprehensible, and I was about to speak, but she silenced me with a gesture.

"Hear me through," she said, "and witness my triumph. From the first moment that we met I loved you with a love that Maud's cold, gentle nature could never fathom. You would have learned to love me in return, but *she* stepped between us, and I hated her for it. While my heart was torn with conflicting emotions, you two were happy; but my time had yet to come. My hate grew deeper day by day, and I felt sooner than she should possess your love I would make any sacrifice. No one ever dreamed, nor did I reveal, that *I* had explored the unused left wing and made the discovery of a *secret room*. It was a wonderful piece of mechanism. By touching a small spring a door

would fly back from the seemingly unbroken surface of wall, revealing a room of small dimensions. It was perfectly *air-tight*, with solid double walls, through which no shriek or groan could penetrate. With the door closed upon a human being, life would become extinct within fifteen hours. Doubtless it had had its scores of victims. My plans were all formed, and yesterday an opportunity was presented to carry them into effect. I tempted Maud to this secret room, and while she was wonderingly surveying it, with her back turned to me, I stole away and touched the spring; the door flew back in its place, and I left her alone to darkness and death. All that night in imagination I heard her shrieks and moans and calls for help. Beheld her beating her hands against the wall endeavoring to discover the spring, and pictured her despair at finding her attempts all in vain. But there was no pity in my heart, for had she not robbed me of happiness?"

I stood before her as she spoke like some statue, each terrible word falling upon my heart like lead, but without a realizing sense.

"Do you not comprehend? Perhaps it seems incredible. Then come and see."

Like one in a hideous dream, I followed her almost mechanically as she led the way to the left wing. The key was applied to the rusty lock, the door swung back with a grating sound, and we entered.

Onward we went up the creaking stairs and through the long corridors. At length she paused, and touching an almost concealed spring in the wall, a door flew back.

Extended upon the bare floor, with her long golden hair falling around her like a shroud, lay Maud, *my Maud*, cold and dead. To spring to her side and lift the drooping head to my bosom was the work of a moment. I could not believe that life was really extinct. I essayed to lift the slight form to bear it to the fresh air, but all things swam before my sight, and I found oblivion from my wretchedness in insensibility.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying in bed in my own room, and the family physician of Glenrue bending over me.

"I am glad to find you better, Mr. Ashley," he said, cheeringly. "I hope you will soon entirely recover."

The whole of the terrible past rushed upon my mind with lightning-like rapidity.

"Have I been sick long?" I asked.

"Several weeks," was the reply.

"Doctor," I said, "anything is preferable to this torturing suspense. What of Maud?"

His tones were full of deep sadness as he replied—

"We can but bow submissively to the Divine will, Mr. Ashley, knowing 'He doeth all things well.'"

I had intuitively felt that all hope was over, but the shock of having my worst fears confirmed was a bitter one.

"And Mr. Glenn and—" My lips could not frame Edith's name, and the words died away.

"Mr. Glenn is also dead. Edith is hopelessly insane and confined in the asylum."

"Insane?" I shudderingly ejaculated.

"I suppose you are not acquainted with Mr. Glenn's early history, for he rarely spoke of it. When young he was a great traveller, and while sojourning in Italy wedded an Italian lady, very beautiful, but of a fiery, passionate nature. She died insane, leaving one little girl. Mr. Glenn returned to England, and after the expiration of a few years again married. His second wife was frail and delicate, and in a short time he was again a widower with two motherless daughters. Almost broken-hearted and weary of the world, he came to Glenrue, hoping to find in solitude some balm for his wounded spirit.

"He has long feared the development of this terrible malady in his eldest daughter, but little imagined that it would be attended by such a result. Upon the day of that sad occurrence, Mr. Glenn was startled by a loud and piercing shriek. The door of the left wing was found open, and, guided by a second shriek, he hurried to whence he thought the sound proceeded. In that fatal room you were discovered, lying insensible by Maud's lifeless body, with Edith bending over you. From her ravings it was comprehended that in a fit of insanity she had immured her sister within a living tomb, and when *all was over* acquainted you with the awful fact. Mr. Glenn never recovered from the shock. *Her name was the last upon his lips.*"

As he concluded, I averted my head and endeavored to shut out light, sound, and even *thought*.

My constitution was strong and vigorous, and I recovered rapidly. In a few weeks I turned my back upon the scene of this terrible tragedy, and left Glenrue forever.

AUTUMN.

BY PHILA H. CASE.

I remember how sadly the withered leaves
Came sweeping down with the chilling rain,
How the wind was binding them up in sheaves
And drifting them over the window-pane,
How the leaden gray that draped the sky
Swept down like the folds of a sable pall
O'er the cold, still form of the dead, and the sigh
That was clodding my heart was more dreary
than all.

I had sat there, dreamily, hour by hour;
I had read it carefully, line by line,
'Till each word with a mocking, bitter power
Was burning deep in this heart of mine.
I turned it over and read it again,
It could not be that it came from *him*,
For never, while reading a word from his pen,
Had mine eyes with such unshed tears been dim.

His letters were all as warm and sweet
As the glowing light on an Indian bay,
Or the hour when the dew-bathed twilight meets
With a silver-sandaled summer day;

They were caskets all studded with precious gems,
Rare gems of the deepest, holiest love,
That I fancied was pure as the diadems
That are worn by the white-robed throng above.

And here are a thousand snowflakes cold,
Scattered all over the paper white,
That have drifted up in my eager hold
Like a mountain of ice in a winter night.
Ah, no; but the old familiar hand
Is clear and plain as the light of day;
Oh! who would have dreamed from the rosy land
Of love he had wandered so soon away!

So I took it, with all my girlish dreams,
And folded them up and laid them away,
For I've found that nothing is what it seems,
And that life is only an Autumn day.
But there's a sweet Land where no brown leaves,
dead
With the wind and rain, come sweeping down,
Where waiteth for me, when life hath fled,
A glittering robe and a starry crown.

WE TWO.

BY E. B. S.

We two wandered hand in hand
Where the red June roses grew,
Roses brimmed with pearls of dew;
Then earth's sweetest joy we knew
In that vanished fairy land.

When the golden sun was low,
Wrapped in childhood's happy dreams
Wandered we by rippling streams,
Where the lily purely gleams
White in the sunset glow.

When the spring-tide warm and fair
Came upon the dreaming earth,
When the tender flowers had birth,
Making up for winter's dearth
Of earth's treasures bright and rare,

We together searched the wood
For those beds of vermeil bloom
That lit up the emerald gloom,
For the pearl-white buds that room
Found where silver birches stood.

OUR LOVE.

BY J. A. DORGAN.

Do I remember? Oh, can I forget,
Dearest, the hour in which our love began!
How thrilled our souls, as if our feet were set
On dizzy peaks, from which our eyes o'er-ran
Broad regions, in that hour in which we met,
Ordained our own for blessing or for ban!

Then had we parted, and to meet no more
Gone forth, how dark, oh love, and desolate
Had been our fate!

(142)

How dreary it had been to watch and wait,
And watch and wait forevermore in vain,
Like shipwrecked men that on some barren cape
Of some forbidden shore
Crowd eagerly, and gaze athwart the main
With bloodshot eyes, and curse with blackening
lips
The stately ships
That slowly in the distance gather shape,
And slowly in the distance fade again!

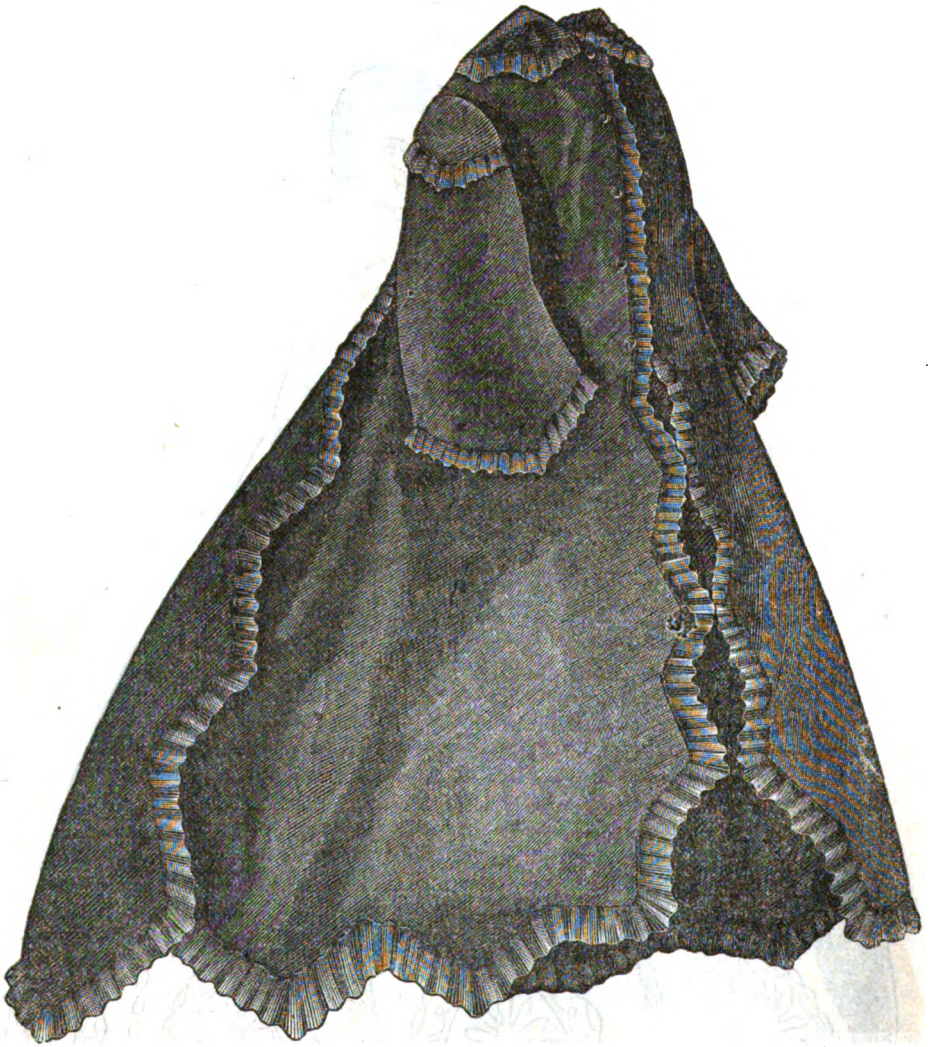
NOVELTIES FOR FEBRUARY.

No. 1.



Gored and braided dress; the front breadth formed by dividing a length of the material to be cut straight, all the others gored, and into two parts, cutting it in a slanting direction. (143)

No. 2.

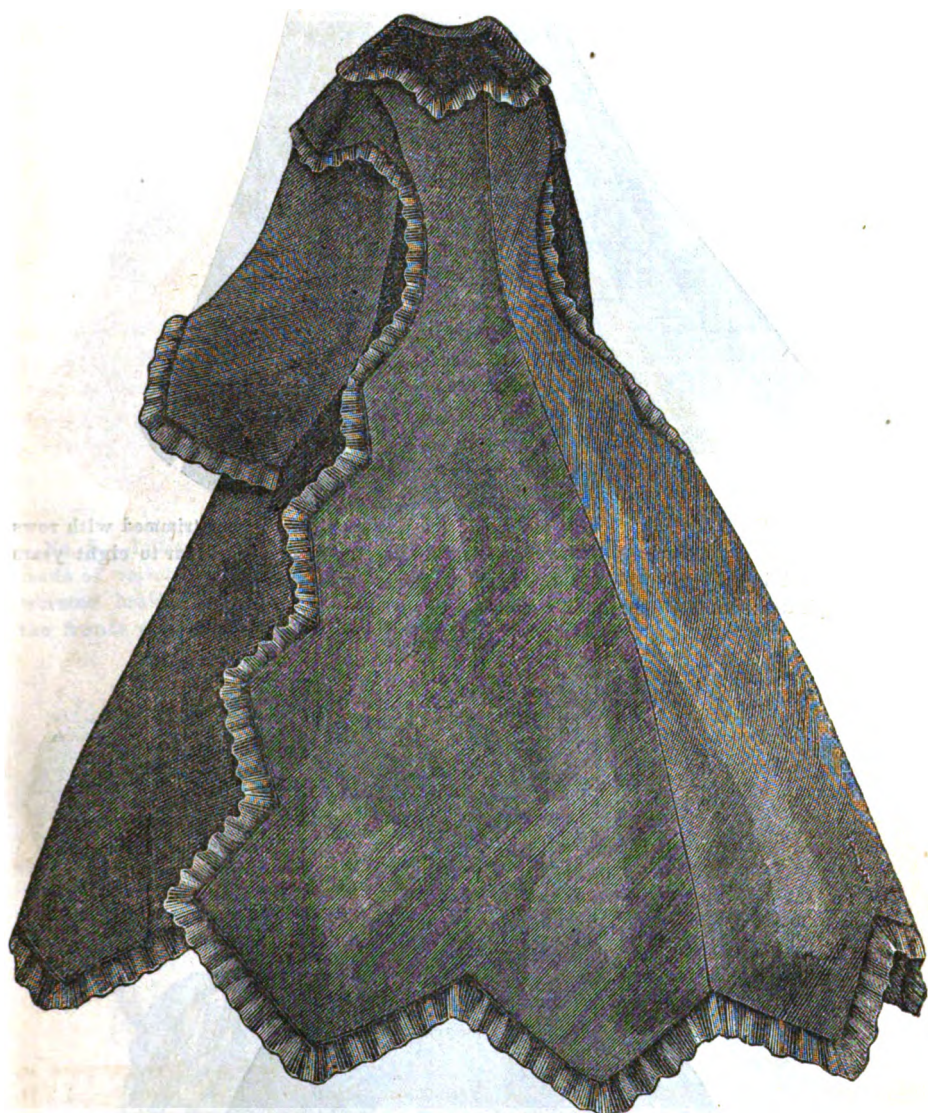


The Empress Mantle.—(Front view.)

No. 2.—The Empress Mantle. This really elegant garment may be composed of velvet, cloth, or silk rep. It is trimmed down all the seams with a quilling of ribbon, and is scalloped down the side seams and round the bottom, and a handsome gimp ornament or a braiding design

is arranged in each scallop. The garment is rather long, and falls slightly in to the figure. If made in cloth, the trimming should consist of cloth pinked at the edges. $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of velvet, 80 inches wide, will cut this mantle.

No. 2.



The Empress Mantle.—(Back view.)

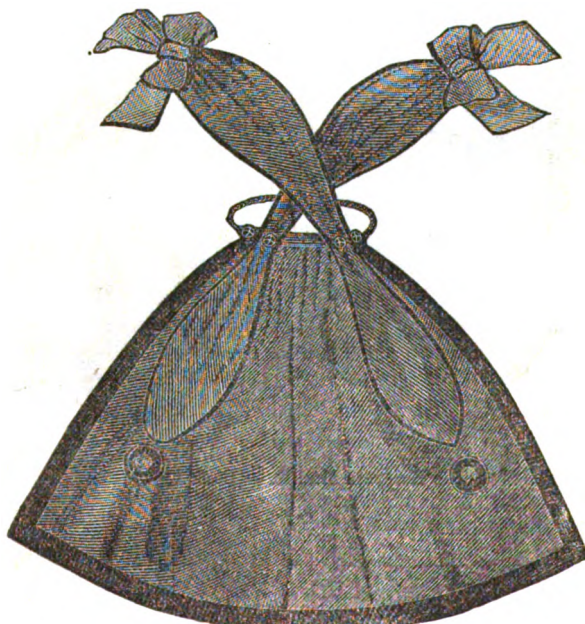
No. 3.



No. 3.—Little Girl's Paletôt. This mantle is in black ribbed cloth, trimmed with rows of narrow worsted braid and quilled silk. The garment is pleated back and front into a neck-

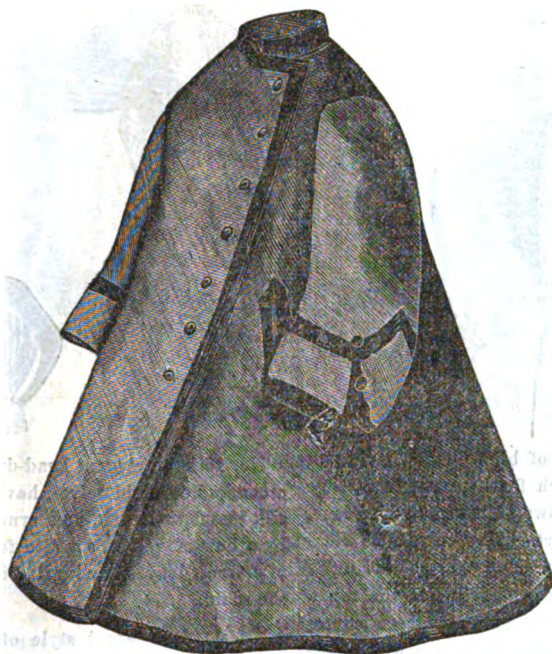
piece, the neck-piece being trimmed with rows of braid. Little girls from four to eight years of age may wear this paletôt.

No. 4.



No. 4.—Little Girl's Apron.

No. 5.



No. 5.—Little Boy's Paletôt.—Our model is made of velvet cloth, bound with a very wide worsted braid. It fastens at the side, because the fronts cross over one another, and seven

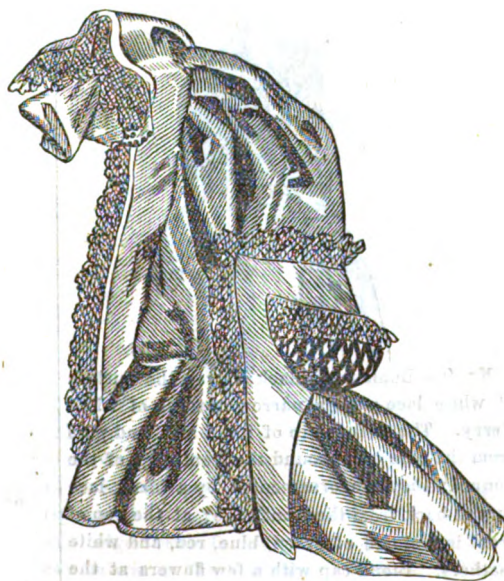
large buttons are placed down the front. Three buttons to correspond also ornament the cuff of the sleeve. $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of velvet cloth will be necessary to make this garment.

No. 6.



No. 6.—Evening head-dress, of violet velvet, blonde, flowers, and bird.

No. 7.



No. 7.—Skating-hood of black satin, lined with corn-colored silk, and trimmed with black lace.

No. 8.



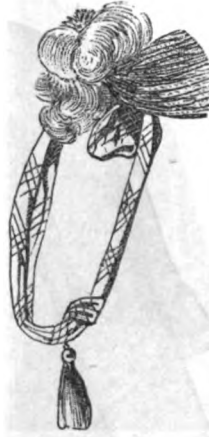
No. 8 is a bonnet of blue Terry, having at the top a white ostrich feather: the front edge is trimmed by two rows of narrow white lace, a little distance apart. The curtain is composed of a broad white lace, with a heading of blue Terry. Blond cap, having at the top a large white rose with some narrow green leaves, falling over the top of which is a white lace which comes from the edge of bonnet.

No. 9.



No. 9.—Bonnet of black velvet, the curtain of white lace with a narrow heading of white Terry. The strings are of plaid silk, and pass from the ears quite round the front edge of the bonnet; they are ornamented by a black lace turned back from the front edge; at the top of front is a plume of green, blue, red, and white feathers. Blond cap with a few flowers at the top, which have a deep black lace falling over them from the edge of the bonnet.

No. 10.



No. 11.



No. 10 is an elegant head-dress, composed of a *bandeau* of plaid velvet, having at the back a silk tassel to match, and ornamented in front by a bow of velvet, a white feather, and a tuft of narrow leaves, variegated in color to match the plaid.

No. 11 is a novel style of hat, or *chapeau ecossais*, of black velvet, having in the front a plume of pheasant's feathers, fastened by a *nœud* of black velvet and a silver rose and tassel.

No. 12.



No. 12.—Head-dress of black velvet, with crown of feathers and tassels of gold.

No. 13.



No. 13 is an evening head-dress, composed of roses, rosebuds, green leaves, and small black flowers, and having at the back a large bow with long-shaped ends; this bow and ends are of white lace, partly covered by black spotted net edged with black lace.

No. 14 and 15.



No. 14 is a *chemisette*, the collar of muslin edged with insertion and narrow white lace. Narrow tie of blue ribbon.

No. 15.—Sleeve of white muslin, trimmed with insertion and lace to match No. 14.

No. 16.



No. 16.—Dress bonnet of white Terry; the front edge is trimmed by a *bandeau* of white tulle, crossed at intervals by strips of white Terry; at the top is a large white feather with fullings of white lace, and the curtain, which is of white Terry, is trimmed with white lace. Broad white strings, and tulle cap having at the top a group of pink flowers and green leaves.

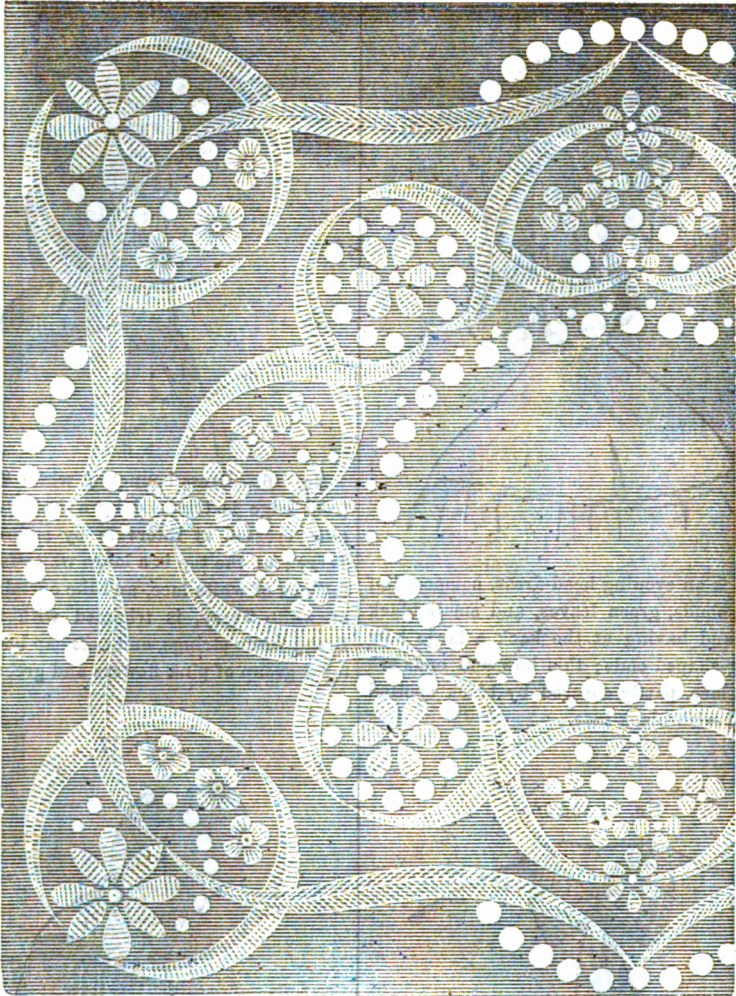
No. 17.



No. 17 is a dress bonnet, the front formed of fullings of white silk: the loose crown is of plaid velvet, edged with a *bandeau* of the same: at the top of front is a plume of narrow feathers, tipped with scarlet. The curtain is of white silk, edged with fullings of the same. Blond cap having at top a group of red, blue, white, and green flowers, to match the colors of the plaid.

WORK-TABLE.

No. 1.

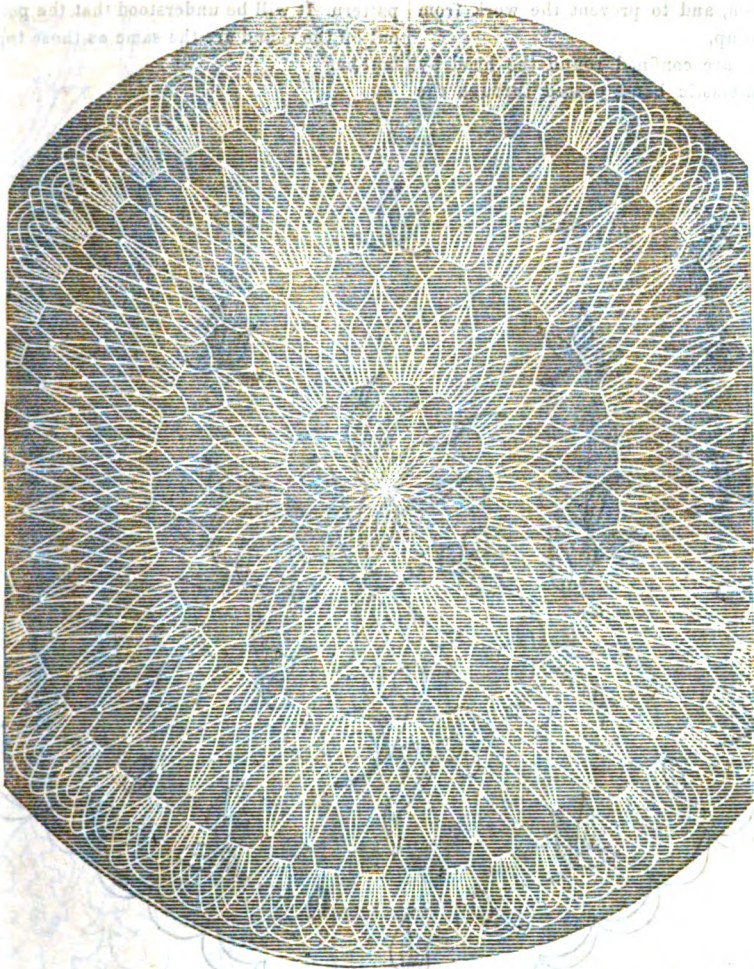


No. 1.—Pincushion in White Lace and Pink Satin. This sort of pincushion is very tasteful, and is made without any great expenditure of time. Net is, in fact, much more suitable than muslin for this purpose, since its texture does not show the perforations of the pins, and it is not injured by them.

It also displays the colored satin lining to greater advantage. The outline of the design given in our illustration is to be traced in flourishing cotton, the interior parts being filled up with No. 30 Perfectionné Cotton. In tracing this outline, some little care is required to keep the corners clear, and the curves graceful; and in filling up, the darning must be regular, as on its accuracy the beauty of the work principally depends. If this darning is

closer and thicker in one place than another, the defect will be very apparent when the lace cover is stitched over the colored satin lining. The making up, the color of the lining, and the kind of trimming, is in some degree a matter of choice. Although we have mentioned pink, there are other colors that look extremely well, especially French blue and cerise. Round the border, where the cushion joins, a quilling of satin ribbon of the same color as the lining may be carried, or, if preferred, a fall of lace, but in either case there should be a bow at each corner. Brussels net is the most suitable for this kind of work, and it should be of a good quality. One half the pincushion is given in our pattern, which will be easily understood by our fair readers.

No. 2.



No. 2.—HAIR NET.—The Hair Net is a very pretty article of dress, and useful also where the hair is redundant, though the fashion lately has gone rather in favor of curls. It is one of those classical fashions revived with advantage in the present day, when the stiff modes are entirely out of favor. The materials are as simple as possible, being nothing more than of good netting silk. Brown is the prettiest color for general wear; but if a more dressy style be desired, the color should be selected to suit the costume with which it is to be worn.

To commence—Cast on twenty-seven loops on a small piece of its own silk, using a mesh half an inch wide; close it by netting two rounds with a mesh a quarter of an inch wide; then net a row with the wide mesh; then still with the wide mesh net round, taking two loops

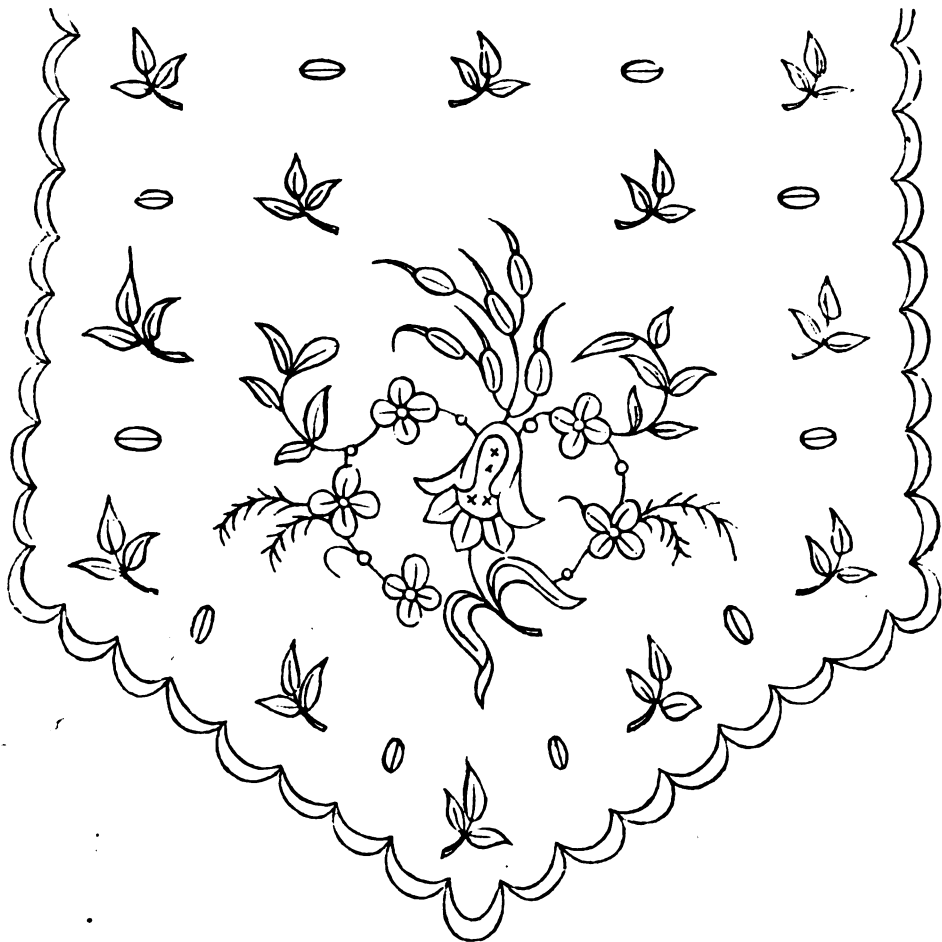
in one, reducing the number to fourteen. Although you have begun with twenty-seven loops, you will have made another loop by passing the silk to the fresh row, which brings the number even. Then net four loops on one all round, using the wide mesh. Resume with the small mesh, and net two rows; then repeat the three rows with the wide mesh exactly the same as already described, then net two more rows with the small mesh; then the same three rows on the large mesh; which brings the work to the border pattern. After this, a small purse-mesh is to be taken, and one row netted plain round. Another, missing one loop between; and then a third, netting the point loop only. This forms the edge of the pointed border. These last three rows require a little attention, as it is necessary to leave be-

tween each point some little length of silk, both to divide them, and to prevent the work from being drawn up.

These nets are confined round the head by means of an elastic band, passed through the

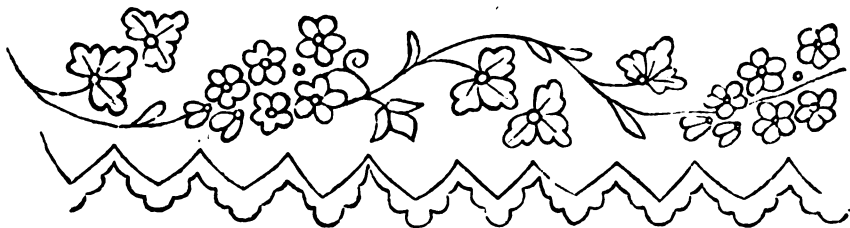
row of loops immediately above the border pattern. It will be understood that the portions cut off the round are the same as those top and bottom.

No. 3.



No. 3.—Design for neck-tie, worked on thin muslin.

No. 4.

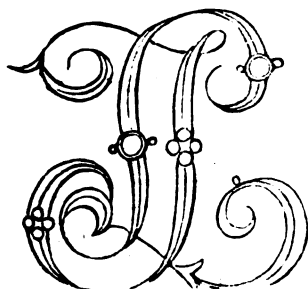


No. 4.—Edging.

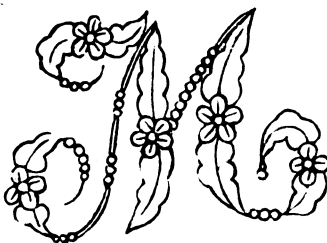


"Lucie."—Name in satin stitch.

Initials for marking.



"J. L."—Interlaced initials.



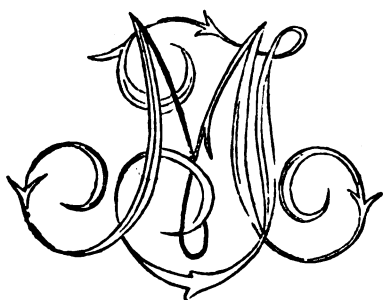
"M."—Ornamental letter for marking.



"M. C."—Ornamental initials.



"C. H."—Interlaced initials.

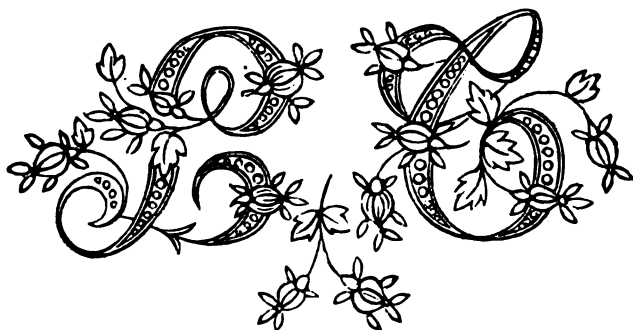


"M. J."—Interlaced initials.



"F. L."—Interlaced initials.

No. 5.



No. 5.—“L. C.” Initials in satin stitch.

No. 6.



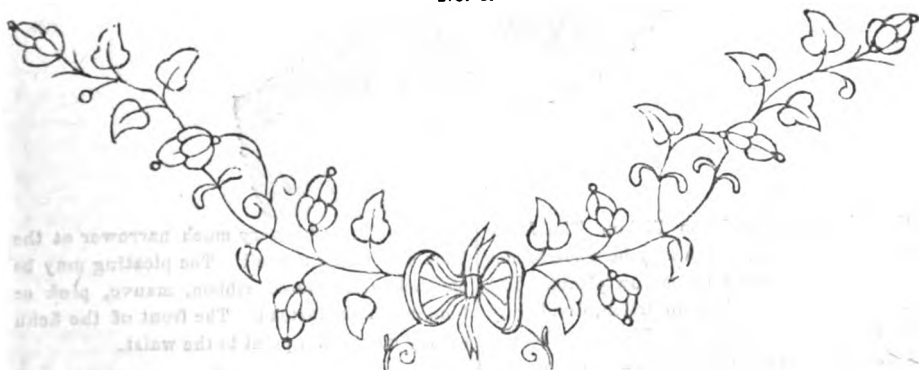
No. 6.—Handkerchief Corner.

No. 7.



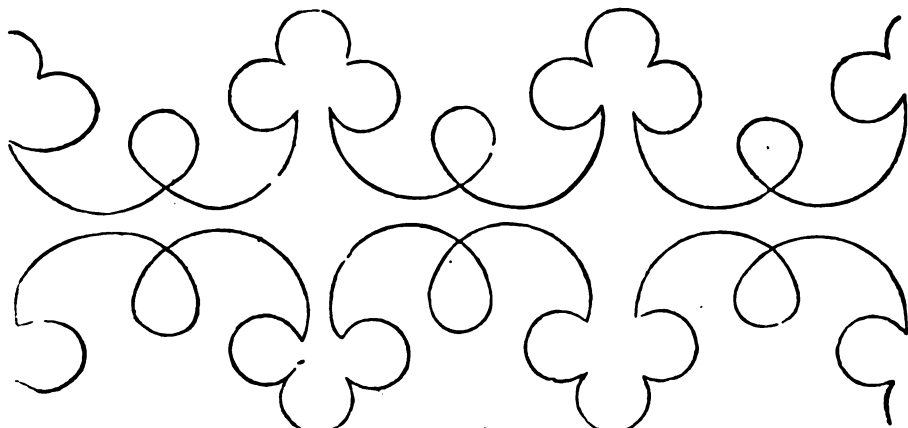
No. 7.—Edge of skirt for Infant's Frock.

No. 8.



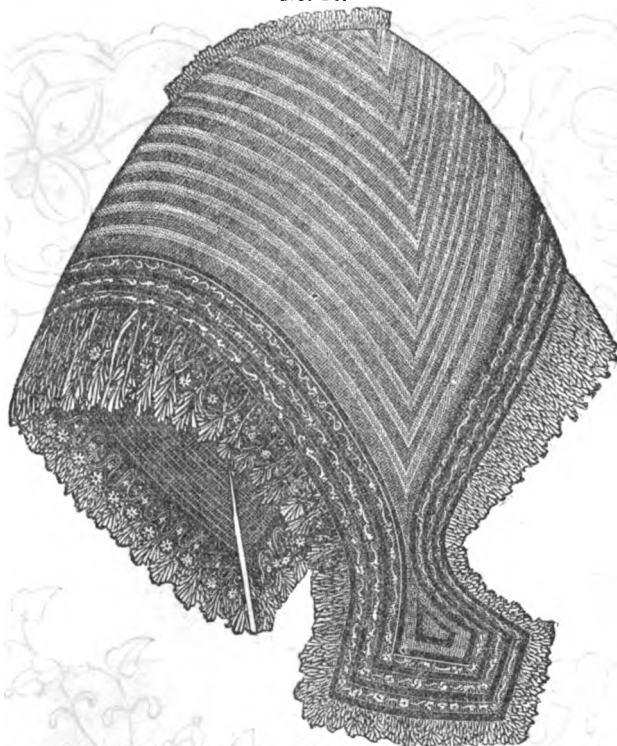
No. 8.—Corner for a Handkerchief.

No. 9.



No. 9.—Braiding for Infant's Robe.

No. 10.



No. 10.—The Postillion Fichu. The foundation of this fichu, which may be made of net or muslin, is arranged in narrow pleats. The trimming consists of lace insertion, divided by rows of black ribbon velvet. The lace which is put round the edge of the fichu is about two

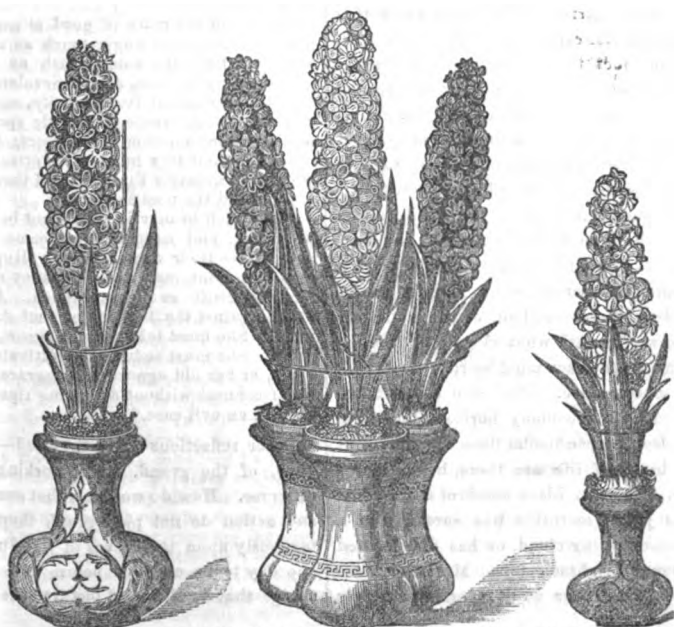
inches wide, and is very much narrower at the back and round the tail. The pleating may be omitted, and colored ribbon, mauve, pink or blue, sewn on instead. The front of the fichu merely comes in a point to the waist.



No. 11.—Design for Handkerchief, with Interlaced Initials



HANGING BASKET WITH BULBS.



TRIPLE GLASS FOR THREE HYACINTH ROOTS.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE TELL-TALE PHOTOGRAPH.

A portrait gallery in the olden time, the condensation of the art of centuries, the proud heritage of a noble family, was highly valued, but how we look down upon it now! The picture then was second hand; dimmed and marred by its transmission through the erring conception and imperfect execution of men; now we have it direct from the source of truth, drawn by the spirit-fingers of light, working in harmony with the perfect laws that govern the universe. This painter does not flatter; sometimes he pleases, sometimes he startles and affrights—either way there is no appeal, no resource but to *be as you would wish to appear*.

What lessons do they not read us, the infinitely varied faces of a gallery of photographs! We were about to say that the young and untried were the most pleasing; the possibilities of good illumine every lineament, while the latent germs of evil are just discernible, and the nameless splendor of youth itself charms us. But on second thought we give the palm of beauty to those noble faces that are written over with the struggles and victories of a lifetime: or better, the saintly faces, in which the full glory of the conqueror overshines and obliterates all traces of the strife through which it was won. These are rare.

Here is a type of radiant girlhood. Will that blossom of a day fall blighted and barren, or will it ripen into rich, sweet fruit? We only know that temptations no mortal can escape are lying in wait, and the inward foes that stand ready to second their attacks are peeping even now from eye and lip. That mouth would delight us with the perfect curve of beauty but that ill-humor covertly gives the corners a twist, or despondency is lurking there, or it misses the full round of sweetness by as much as the heart is cold or the spirit selfish. Irrresolution perhaps spoils the contour of the chin, or the nose lacks the delicate chiselling of purity. Whatever stands between the spirit and its Source impairs the clear, direct out-look of the soul from the eyes. So we see with what clogs and through what impediments the race must be run.

Here is a matron face. The once fair, smooth brow is seamed with the many horizontal lines of care, the few deep perpendicular lines of pain. The scars of the battle of life are there, honorable or dishonorable. The tiny black speck of evil that in girlhood was just discernible has spread into a baleful, poison-dropping cloud, or has disappeared before the sun of righteousness. Most faces are painfully unquiet with the daily recurring struggle

of light and darkness. A few beam with assured peace.

Men more frequently grow handsome with age than women. There is the fact. How shall we account for it? For some reason it seems that feminine foibles are more disfiguring than masculine faults. It proves that our quiet, sheltered life is no protection from the subtlest enemies of the soul—may, on the contrary, be a traitorous co-worker with them. If so, we have still the encouraging reflection that hard-won victories are the most precious and momentous. We can recall a few shining lights of womanhood whose beauty in old age is full as noble as the grandest manly beauty, and more saintly. A recipe for its attainment occurs in the most popular and widely known, perhaps, of all Longfellow's poems—

"Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

One of our most sparkling writers thus combats the idea that women necessarily lose their beauty as they grow older.

"It is absurd to suppose that God has made women so that their glory passes away in half a dozen years. It is absurd to suppose that thought, and feeling, and passion, and purpose, all holy instincts and impulses, can chisel away on a woman's face for thirty, forty, fifty years, and leave that face at the end worse than they found it. They found it a negative—more skin and bone, blood, and muscle, and fat. They can but leave their mark upon it, and the mark of good is good. Pity does not have the same finger-touch as revenge. Love does not hold the same brush as hatred. Sympathy, and gratitude, and benevolence, have a different sign-manual from cruelty, and carelessness, and deceit. All these busy little sprites draw their fine lines, lay on their fine colors; the face lights up under their tiny hands; the prisoned soul shines clearer and clearer through, and there is the consecration and the poet's dream.

"But such beauty is made, not born. Care, and weariness, and despondency, come of themselves, and groove their own furrows. Hope, and intelligence, and interest, and buoyancy must be wooed for their gentle and genial touch. A woman must battle against the tendencies that drag her downward. She must take pains to grow, or she will not grow. She must sedulously cultivate her mind and heart, or her old age will be ungraceful; and if she lose freshness without acquiring ripeness, she is indeed in an evil case."

Other reflections are suggested—glimpses, perhaps, of the grand, silent-working laws of the universe. How do we know that our every thought and action do not photograph themselves instantaneously upon the leaves of the Judgment Book, one day to be unrolled before us? Fancy all the things that ever we did pictured there, through all

the years, all the days, all the hours of time, until death calls us, and of God's most precious gift not one moment more is ours; what sort of pictures will they be? Remember they are for the eyes of redeemed men and angels; the great Judge himself will scan them. How should we dare transgress if we realized our transgression painted out in its true colors now, by the sun that shines on us to-day, and if not speedily washed out by pardoning mercy, kept—however wholly forgotten by us, kept for that Day when all hidden things shall be revealed? Think of the dread swiftness and certainty of this nimble painter light, and if some unguarded moment leave a blotch behind, hasten to erase it, not like the fool, wait until the solemn light of another day shine down upon unrepented sin, and deepen ineffaceably the lines of evil.

BASKET FOR BULBS, AND HYACINTH GLASSES.

The Hanging Baskets, of late so deservedly popular, are always graceful, but, as our illustration shows, they have a peculiarly rich effect when filled with bulbs. The brilliant colors of this class of plants, harmoniously grouped, have thus the advantage of a position from which they strike the eye with their full splendor. They should all have a growth similar in time; those we use are the narcissus, crocus, snowdrop, tulip, and scilla.

There are four ways of cultivating hyacinths indoors—namely, by placing them in moss, in water, in sand, or in earth; of these we always find sand the best, and most certain to produce pretty and equally flowering groups. In filling the bowl or dish (we use common clay dishes, like wide, shallow flowerpots, suiting the size to the dimensions of any ornamental object we desire to place our group in when ready for the drawing-room) with sand, take care to raise it a little in the centre, placing there a bulb of the double polyanthus narcissus, then group round it three or five hyacinths of different colors, fill up the spaces between with Duc Van Thal tulips, then fill the vacant portion with crocus, snowdrop, and scilla, pushing each bulb firmly into the sand, which must, as soon as filled, be carefully damped; one way to effect this thoroughly and without danger in displacing the bulbs is by immersing it in a pail of water for a few minutes. Having thus planted your bulbs, you must be careful to keep the sand quite damp, and when the bloom begins to show, water with tepid water; what is called bottom heat by gardeners materially assists the bulb in throwing up a fine spike of bloom, and where there is a conservatory you can easily manage this by placing the vase, when the flowers are budding, upon the stones above the hot pipes, using due regard not to suffer a sudden check in temperature when they are removed to the drawing-room. In writing of the grouping of bulbs, we should observe that the beauty of each group may be greatly enhanced by the way in which the different sorts of colors are massed, bearing always in mind that the higher flowers, such as the narcissus and hyacinth, must stand in the centre. Those who prefer growing hyacinths singly and in water ought to mention this fact when purchasing, as some sorts are more suitable for this style of cultivation. Fill your glass with rain water,

not spring or hard water, and place the bulb so that the base will just touch the surface; keep it in a cool, dry, and dark place until the roots are about a third down the glass, then take the glass out, put into the water a small bit of charcoal as a purifier, and do not change the water unless it becomes offensive, in which case, while changing, be careful not to disturb the roots. Opaque glasses are the best, as they do not betray the state of the water, and also on account of the way in which the roots shrink from the light.

Vases, glasses, and dishes of every shape and quality can be procured at hardware shops, and, where money is no object, of course every degree of taste or whim can here be gratified; but where the contrary is the case, there are many methods and contrivances by which the extra expense may be avoided. Our plan, as we said before, is to use red clay dishes of the same material as common flowerpots; these are about four and a-half or five inches in depth, and eight or nine across, that size exactly corresponding with an old family punch-bowl, into whose capacious bosom we transfer dish after dish, as the blooms succeed each other, filling up all the corners, and covering the earth with green moss. From this it will be gathered that many apparently only ornamental articles of furniture may be made useful.

One of the prettiest devices for growing crocus, snowdrop, and scilla groups in a conservatory, is a wire basket well filled and packed with moss, in which the bulbs are imbedded, great care being necessary to keep up an equal and continual moisture.

Wire basket-shaped tables form a very graceful ornament when filled with a group of bulbs bedded in with moss; and if you have a conservatory, and can introduce a root of the tropæolum, twining the tendrils round the basket-work or pedestal of the table, nothing can possibly be more lovely. Common ferns form a pretty addition to a group of bulbs.

In writing the above we have confined ourselves entirely to such bulbs as are within reach of any pocket, and, saving in the case of the last-mentioned creeper, capable of being brought to perfection in the smallest cottage or town house. We will now add the names and method of cultivation of one or two sorts requiring a larger space—either a conservatory or a garden.

The most chaste and popular are lilies; of these there are divers sorts. The Japan are very handsome and not difficult of growth, and, when treated as the hyacinth, in sand, will bloom freely. The bella donna is a lovely white lily, with a blush of a peculiar sunset purple upon its petals, and ought to be planted early in October, either in sand, moss, or water.

The amaryllis has a large bell-shaped flower, somewhat like a lily, and of every color, some being striped crimson. They require a rich loam in pots, and are best when started in a cucumber-frame, where, until really growing, they require no water. By a little management they can be brought in with a succession of gay flowers all the winter.

INFANCY AND NURSERY MANAGEMENT.

We give place to a rather long but most excellent article under this head, upon the special subject of food. It is of the last importance how a child is nourished, yet the very parents who admit this will thoughtlessly neglect details. Depend upon it if the babies are properly attended to, they will not die in

such appalling numbers. They were not ushered into the world through the gate of birth, only to be thrust back untimely to Him that sent them through the gate of death—pain first, last and always. Life is a good gift. When parents learn to cherish its small beginnings, with the small cares that are absolutely necessary, they will not so often lose their darlings. A tithe of the trouble that when it is too late they would gladly give, bestowed in time, will save them.

FOOD FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

Between the first and final stage of infancy the jaws of an infant present the appearance of a marked and characteristic stage. The toothless gums are in the interval furnished with a complete set of temporary teeth. And as the structure of teeth is an invariable indication of the description of food that is adapted to a creature's wants, it is evident that, according to the order in which they appear, the nature of food should be changed. Milk and liquid food, that was best adapted to the toothless and first stage of dentition, must now be replaced by vegetable and animal nourishment. At two years of age not only is the jaw furnished with teeth that have the power of cutting, but also with molars or "grinders," that serve the purpose of mastication, which preparatory process is necessary to the due performance of digestion in the stomach.

Now, although the first or temporary set resembles the second or permanent set, it must be borne in mind that the teeth of the former are neither so numerous nor so strong in their structure as those which succeed them, and are designed to last the lifetime of the individual. This is a consideration of the highest importance, and should ever be present to the mind of the parent, both in administering and in preparing the food of an infant. But it is no reason, because the constitution of a child requires animal and vegetable nourishment, that such food should be given in the same manner as that which is served to adults. Nevertheless, this error is constantly committed, and children are either crammed or voluntarily swallow lumps of meat and vegetable that it is an utter impossibility for the stomach to digest. It does not enter into the minds of many to think that the first and most important process of digestion is in the mouth. Neither will they listen if told that, during mastication, the saliva mixing with the food, changes its nature, converts starch into sugar, and thereby renders substances that would be otherwise indigestible, highly digestible and nutritious. Arguments of the kind are either met by apathetic indifference, frank avowal of preferring "happy ignorance," or an apologetic inquiry of "how can women be expected to understand such things?" They urge that their parents did not trouble their heads about such matters, and cite the proof of their own existence to show that it is not necessary. What need is there, they ask, to do differently from one's parents? By these and similar wrong-headed notions ignorance is perpetuated; and this happy-go-lucky style of reasoning it is which thwarts all attempts to better the condition of fretful, suffering children, and confirms the crying shame that English mothers consign one-half their infant population to an untimely grave.

But without troubling ourselves with the objections of the perversely ignorant, let me impress upon mothers the exceeding great necessity that exists for them to teach their children to masticate their food. It is of no use providing generous fare, and seeing that it is cleanly and properly cooked,

if the child is allowed to swallow it whole, or stuff his mouth to suffocation. I shall have occasion to describe the manner in which the first solid food of an infant should be prepared; but, in the meanwhile, I wish to insist that every description of food should be thoroughly masticated. This is the more necessary, as the general practice of nurses is to render mastication, and consequently insalivation, impossible. Taking a child upon her knee, with his face turned away from her, the nurse shovels the food into his mouth faster than he can swallow it.

A happy instinct teaches a little child, whilst partaking of his meals, to chatter and play with any object that may be within his reach. Although not in strict accordance with good manners, this is a salutary habit. Grown-up people do much the same thing between the courses of a long dinner, or in assisting one another at a family table. But the nurse insists on the whole of a child's attention being fixed upon his dinner. He is not allowed to look to the right or to the left. Even his polite attempts to feed her from his hand are repulsed. There is the dinner; there is his plate, and Master Baby is recalled to the business of taking spoonful after spoonful, without a moment for breathing-time. How different from the manner in which the nurse likes to chat and laugh over her own dinner! How short is the time allowed the infant for food, his tender organism being considered, compared with the nurse's own requirements! Why does it not agree with her to take her dinner alone in the nursery, and why does it not agree with her master to dine in solitary state in the dining-room? Because food that is hastily swallowed escapes the first process of digestion in the mouth, and conversation and cheerfulness promote a good digestion. I have no hesitation in saying that more than one-half the nourishment of a meal is lost to a little child from the inconsiderate haste with which it is given. And, moreover, many a little child shakes his head, and refuses more food, from the sheer desire to change his restrained position on the nurse's knee, or on a high-chair, and to "get down" or run about. Another attempt that a child invariably makes when the first keenness of his appetite is satisfied, is to take the spoon and feed himself. This, of course, is against all good nursery rules and regulations. He would spoil his clothes and make himself in a mess. The spoon is petulantly taken away. The child, heart-broken with baffled ambition, refuses to eat any more, and the dinner is sent away. It would be wiser to put on the child a large bib or pinafore, and let him try to feed himself. If he can manage to collect his food by his own efforts as fast as the want of his appetite dictates, the meal will be all the more digestible; if not, he will speedily give up the attempt, and, satisfied with his own failure, he will not oppose the nurse completing her task. It need not be feared that these and similar indulgences will establish habits of unseemliness in the child. As he advances in growth, and acquires increased power of observation, his manners will improve by force of good example. In the meanwhile, whenever there is a decided advantage to health to be gained by deviation from senseless observances, let the child have the benefit of the enjoyment of his natural instincts.

In order to render the process of mastication possible, the food must be prepared in such a manner as to render it capable of being divided by the infant's teeth. This is rarely done where the preparation of a nursery dinner is a second consideration to that of adults. For instance, we will suppose that a slice from a leg of mutton has been ordered for a little child; under certain circum-

stances nothing can be better. But if that small portion of meat is cut out of a joint in the dining-room, floated in gravy from the dish which has been made from the dripping-pan, and is then carried uncovered into the nursery, it reaches the child half cold, greasy, and unwholesome. The only plan of serving a little dinner of the kind is for the parent to order the joint to be sent to table on a *dry and hot* dish, the usual gravy for the family consumption being served separate in a *sauce-tureen*. When baby's slice is cut it should not be minced into little pieces, but finely grated and crushed with the edge of the knife until it is nearly a pulp. It should then be put into a hot teacup, and covered with the gravy that has run from the joint, together with a little salt, and as much finely-grated bread-crumbs or vegetable as may be considered necessary. The *oup* containing this little meal should be covered with a saucer, and stood in a basin about a third full of boiling water, and in this manner conveyed to the nursery. If it be desirable for the infant to be fed at the same table as his mamma, the same care in carving the joint should be observed, and she should see that his dinner is served on a hot-water plate. In the absence of the latter a very good substitute may be made by filling a soup-plate half-full of boiling water, and standing an ordinary dinner-plate over it. This simple contrivance is an easily-obtained luxury for adults and invalids as well as babies.

Whenever it is intended that a little child shall dine off a joint, the above directions should be followed; all the remaining pure gravy should be set aside in a wineglass for his use. A thick covering of fat will settle on the top, and keep the gravy good for two or three days if required, and from its being in a wineglass it will be easy to see when any sediment settles at the bottom. This description of *gravy* is invaluable, and should form the staple of the commencement of meat dinners. Added to crumb of bread that has been scalded and drained from the water, it forms an excellent dinner, for it is seldom that solid meat is required two days following. Again, a small quantity of finely-grated cold meat, to which this *gravy* is added when hot, forms a very good and palatable meal when plain cold mutton would be rejected. In fact, a baby should have an undisputed right to all the *gravy* that flows from the joint, whilst that which is made from the trimmings and dripping-pan is welcome to be enjoyed by the elder branches of the family. Another very digestible little dinner is to chop very fine some lean cold meat, fowl or fish, to which should be added twice the quantity of bread-crumbs, and sufficient clear stock to moisten it; then with the yolk of a new-laid egg, mix all together. Put the mixture into a small white enamelled saucepan, and stir it over a clear fire till the egg just begins to set, then serve it hot in a teacup. This quantity will make sufficient dinners for two days. The second day the remainder should be warmed by placing the teacup containing it into a saucepan of boiling water, and letting it stand by the fire till warmed through. Some little children tire of the same flavor day after day, and are highly gratified by the taste of a little seasoning. A little home-made catsup or the least scrape of spice will be sufficient.

Salted meats and hashes are quite unfit for infants' food, as are also pork, veal, chops and steaks. More injury is done by giving mutton chops to young children than those who recommend them are aware of. There is not one private cook in a hundred that can cook a chop fit for an adult to eat; how, then, can they be fit for infants' food? The only plan by which a chop can be rendered digestible is to have it delicately stewed the day previous with vegetables, and for the lean part only

to be eaten the next day, the *gravy* being thickened with rice or any other farinaceous article, seasoned with peppercorns and salt. It is then a very different thing to the dried-up, singed, or half-raw bits of meat that is cut into dice, and swallowed whole by a tender infant.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Do you know how to make the best of winter? Don't shut yourself up in heated rooms and crouch over the register until you shrink like a very coward from the cold. Now is the time to breathe in health and strength. Do not let the bracing winter winds blow in vain for you. They are full charged with the oxygen that purifies your blood and sends it in a quickened current through all your frame; brain and heart and hand alike feel the grateful stimulus.

It is not the young who need urging. Winter sports for girls are more and more popular every season. When health prefers its claim in the name of beauty, the plea is irresistible. The belle of the ball-room, with her feverish flush and languid glance, gives place to the belle of the skating-pond, the rich blood mantling in her cheek and her eye sparkling with a joyous light, which, compared with its semblance in crowded rooms, is as the gleam of gold to the glitter of tinsel. "Give me the girl who will melt ice ten yards round her!" is a Swedish saying—a saying that could originate only among a northern people, accustomed to meeting and over-matching the scintillant splendors of frost with the fires of human life, radiating warmth of heart and soul.

That women cannot hope to be thus favorably developed without meeting the winter cold bravely, has been fully admitted and effectually impressed upon the public mind, and the danger now seems to be that they will skate and coast with as much unreason as they once shrunk from both. Over-work of any kind is injurious; and if your household duties must be hurriedly dispatched to make time for skating, the chance is that the additional exercise will harm instead of helping you. For days when you cannot see the way to go out with ease and comfort, either on account of bad weather or pressing in-door engagements, we have a suggestion. You may still give your lungs the benefit of this vitalizing air by standing at your open chamber window (in the upper stories you have purer air than on the ground), and breathing in through the mouth deep draughts, as much as your lungs will contain, keeping your chest meanwhile in the best receptive position, and then slowly exhaling from the nostrils. Repeat this as often as you find it pleasant, accompanied with as many calisthenic motions as you have energy for. It will give you a good part of the invigoration of out-door sports, without wet feet, over exertion, or any other exposure. Of course it is not equal to a skating party; the social exhilaration of itself is incalculably beneficial; but if you cannot get all, it is sensible to take a part.

THE PRESENT FASHION.

We have seen various suggestions lately for altering the dress of women, the most plausible of which is the substitution of the Oriental costume. We are inclined to think, however, that, on any other ground than utility, the change that curtails our robes may prove a disappointment. A plain-spoken lady of our acquaintance, one of the progressive class too, upon trial of Bloomers, declared that nothing could be more uncomfortable and awkward than to sit down on a chair, "before folk," with skirts reaching only to the knee.

The following remarks have reason in them :—

Despite all that is said against it, there is a great propriety in the present style of dress. Neither crabbied age nor glowing youth looks absurd in it, if it is not more grossly exaggerated than ninety-nine out of every hundred would exaggerate it. Nature's dress may be loveliness in poetry, but a long full skirt flowing freely over a well-shaped crinoline, is a far more pleasing sight in real life.

Little women owe a deep debt of gratitude to a fashion which renders them more imposing. Gray-headed masculine reader, recall, if you please, a vision of the idol of your youth—of the being who made life bright to you, say forty years ago. Recall it!

That hallowed form is ne'er forgot

Which first love traced;

Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot

On memory's waste.

It does all that, doubtless; but recall it, and place it by your daughter of to-day.

Ah! the hallowed form is not so adorable now love's young dream is over. It wears its waist too immediately beneath its arms, and its drapery is of the pillow-slip order, scant and sparse, lacking all grace and flow. The defiling mud of the street cannot mar the purity of that garment, the hem of which is at least four inches from the ground. But you regard your daughter's train with mild eyes after gazing at the insignificant little robe the hallowed form wore. You cease to grieve at that young lady's extravagance in the matter of the length and breadth of her skirts, when you mark how materially they add to her stature. Apparently she is *mignonne*. The "hallowed form" appears under-sized, and you call her so, and never think of applying to her the caressing pretty epithet which I bestowed upon your daughter.

Women are exquisitely sensitive, and they take a joy in many things that obtuser man can never be brought to understand. I will mention a few of these bits of bliss which we extract from little things, simply to show how manifold are the reasons that we should stand to our guns, and wear our dresses as we like, and do.

For instance, only a woman knows what it is to experience a soft feeling of satisfaction in the sound of a dress that rustles like the autumn leaves that "through the forest paths come drifting." The dress must not creak or crackle, it must just *rattle* like falling leaves as it passes over the floor behind you. It is as seductively soothing this sound as is the purr of a pussy-cat, or the hum of a tea-kettle.

Then again, at what perfect ease it puts a woman to have an immense amount of drapery about her that she can arrange and re-arrange, and take up and adjust, and let fall, and still be always sure that it will not look meagre. There can be no appearance of primness and undue precision with

such a costume. There is a greater breadth of tone about the bearing of a being whose garments are on an extensive sweeping scale, than about one whose robe hangs with rigidity. The clothes we wear influence us greatly, especially if we are impressionable and imaginative.

Now the state of mind and manner which the dress of the day tends to produce is far from bad, though some say it might be better. It indicates, and is productive of, a love of splendor, a large-mindedness of view, and a love of the beautiful.

Having admitted that the train is beautiful, we feel bound to add that few things are more unsightly than the abuse of it—costly garments sweeping the dust and mud of the street. But this is a matter to be decided by individual good sense. A lady, that is, a woman who does common things in the best manner, will hardly put her dress to such mean uses.

New Publications.

Poems. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A volume of true poetry! What a joy it is to welcome it, those know best whose life among books is felt at times as an oppression and a weariness; at times when the ordinary sort come flowing in with the multiplicity and alikeness of desert sands. But here, oh sweet surprise! is a new poet—a high, starry life, shining in upon heart and mind with quickening power. We were slow to believe it. Opening at "Requiescat in Pace," "it reads like Mrs. Browning," was the mental comment, feeling that great praise. "Supper at the Mill," a picture of homeliest simplicity, but the fresh breath of rural life takes us, and we can no more help reading to the end than we can turn from the wild bird's song till its last melodious note dies away. "Tenny's could not do it better," so we went on comparing with the best and the sweetest. "Brothers and a Sermon;" with this we lost all thought of secondary singers in the glad recognition that here was a poet in her own right, or rather by right divine holding the freedom of the primal sources of inspiration. When was ever the sense of quiet better expressed?

"For sheep-bells chiming from a wold,
Or bleat of lamb within its fold,
Or cooing of love-legends old
To dove-wives make not quiet less;
Ecstatic chirp of winged thing,
Or bubbling of the water spring.
Are sounds that more than silence bring
Itself and its delightfulness."

How gracefully in "The Letter L." is an old, old story told! and how deep the peace it leaves in the heart—the peace of that better life where the good is sure of its triumph. We find more pleasure than we can put into words in the song of "My Sonnet's Faire Wife Elizabeth," and in "Persephone." The book is

Rich "with all thoughts that poets fling upon
The strand of life, as driftweed after storms."

This is sweetly sung. Lowell in his youth said something like it.

"What wonder man should fail to stay
A nursling wafted from above,
The growth celestial come astray,
That tender growth whose name is Love.

"It is as if high winds in heaven
Had shaken the celestial trees,
And to this earth below had given
Some feathered seeds from one of these.

"O perfect love that dureth long!
Dear growth, that shaded by the palms,
And breathed on by the angel's song,
Blossoms on in heaven secure from harms!

"How great the task to guard thee here,
Where wind is rough and frost is keen,
And all the ground with doubt and fear
Is checkered, birth and death between!

"Space is against thee—it can part;
Time is against thee—it can chill;
Words—they but render half the heart;
Deeds—they are poor to our rich will."

Lexana; or The Doctrine of Education. Translated from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, Author of "Titan," &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This book has thoroughly pleased us, much to our surprise. We expected to find in "Jean Paul der Einzige" a tropical luxuriance of good and beautiful things, but looked also to find them, in an intellectual sense,

"Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

The common sense of his theories, the practical character of his advice, its applicability to the infinitely varied emergencies occurring every day to parents and educators, struck us with delight and wonder. We will indulge in one quotation about punishing children:—

"If you necessitate them to sacrifice and pawn their irrecoverable May-time, in order that they may thoroughly enjoy its inmost kernel in some subsequent tempestuous period of life, do you advise them anything different from what the Indian does, who buries his gold in order to enjoy it in the next world, after he himself is buried?"

Excursions. By Henry D. Thoreau, Author of "Walden," and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A book that refreshes you by contact with a strong individuality—a worshipper of primitive nature. "In wildness is the preservation of the world," he says. "Every tree sends its fibres forth in search of the wild. The cities import it at any price. Men plough and sail for it. From the forest and the wilderness come the tonics and barks which brace mankind."

What Emerson says in his biographical sketch, introducing Thoreau to the reader, reminds us of a naturalist friend of ours. "It was a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him. He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely

by paths of his own. He knew every track in the snow or on the ground, and what creature had taken this path before him. * * * On the day I speak of, he looked for the *Menyanthes*, detected it across the wide pool, and, on examination of the flowrets, decided that it had been in flower five days. He drew out of his breast pocket his diary, and read the names of all the plants that should bloom on this day, whereof he kept account as a banker when his notes fall due. The *Cypripedium* not due till to-morrow. * * * His intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler the apologist, that 'either he had told the bees things, or the bees had told him.' Snakes coiled round his leg; the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters."

The fine steel engraving in front looks like a true portrait of such a man.

Flower Fruit and Thorn Pieces; or, the Married Life, Death, and Wedding of the Advocate of the Poor, Firman Stanislaus Siebenkäs. By Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated from the German by Edward Henry Noel. With a memoir of the author by Thomas Carlyle. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have only looked into these volumes sufficiently to note, on page after page, the sparkle of rare and choice thoughts with which we would gladly enrich ourselves. The portrait in front is that of a most benign and genial man, with a grand head and deep inspired eyes. In Carlyle he has the most appreciative of biographers.

Little Anna. A Story for Pleasant Little Children. By A. Stein. Translated from the German. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Delightfully child-like, and lighted up with attractive wood cuts. Sure to please the little ones.

Soundings from the Atlantic. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The admirers of Holmes, who have been in the habit of turning to his article first as the liveliest page of the *Atlantic Monthly*, will be pleased to see all that scattered wit and wisdom collected into one rich volume for leisurely enjoyment.

In War Time, and other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier.

The dedication to this volume expresses beautifully the feeling of this war time—

"The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth; but, meanwhile, pain
Is bitter and tears are salt;—

"Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott." The line may not be musical, but we like it; the earnestness and rugged strength of Luther's Hymn seem indivisible from the rugged German words; and the

key note to the poem that follows, one of the finest that Whittier's pen has given us. Some of the "Mountain Pictures" are wonderfully distinct, to eye and ear. What we like best in the volume is "Andrew Rykman's Prayer"—

"When I love Thee more than fear Thee,
And Thy blessed Christ seems near me."

These lines remind us of a passage in "Towler," published in a former collection—

"What hell may be I know not; this I know—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord;
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps His Divinity. So, where I go,
He goes; and better fire-walled hell with Him,
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

We have thanked the poet for that word. Could there be a more triumphant trampling under foot of death and hell? Not that the sentiment is new. It chimes with glorious words that have been sounding in human hearts these eighteen hundred years. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Not new—yet it comes newly to each awakened soul that, through the dim unknown and past its phantoms of fear reaches longing arms to the sure refuge beyond. Thanks for every living utterance of a truth to which our whole being thrills—touching the electric chord that links us to the Father's heart!

Meditations on Life and its Religious Duties. Translated from the German by Frederica Rowan. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

An earnest and fervent piety animates these meditations; they are made effective by the clear perception of every-day wants, and the penetrative sweetness of spirit without which the teacher of religious truth seems to talk in an alien tongue.

Tales of a Wayside Inn. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We find more to like in this volume than in any preceding one of Longfellow's, which is saying no little. What a lovely picture would this make, in "The Falcon of Ser Federigo"—

"A lovely child
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide and wild,
Coming undaunted up the garden walk,
And looking not at him, but at the hawk."

Where is the designer who will do it justice?

The "Saga of King Olaf" is specially pleasant reading—

"A song divine
With a sword in every line."

"Einar Tamberskelver" is in the measure and

has the witching ring of a poem of Schiller's, we used to like right well in student days long past—"Ritter Toggenburg." Here is the best verse—

"Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string,
Answered, "That was Norway breaking
From thy hand, O king!"

"The Birds of Killingworth" is charming. The very breath of spring, rippling with song, blows through our hearts as we read. The same thrilling sense of spring is in "A Day of Sunshine." The volume closes with a deep-drawn sigh, "Something Left Undone," and "Weariness;" but it is a poet's sigh, its sweetness the music of eternity, its sadness only the wail of time.

NEW MUSIC.

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Miscellaneous Receipts.

CLEAR GRAVY SOUP.—Cut some onions in slices, and fry them in a pan, in butter, until they are a light brown; put them into an earthen vessel or stewpan. Wash an ox-cheek very well, and let it be in water an hour; then take it out and put it in the pan with the onions, some celery, turnips, and carrots, and some herbs tied up in muslin; fill the pan with water, and let the contents stew gently for several hours, never removing the cover, but to skim often and well, as on this depends the clearness of the soup; then strain through a soup-sieve. A good pea-soup can be made of the bones and meat afterwards, with the addition of a hock of ham, or scraps of dry ham or ham bones. Three pounds of lean beef, cut in slices, will do instead of the ox-cheek.

A SUPERIOR CURRY.—Half roast a nice plump chicken, baste it well with good butter, and fry two large onions a light brown color in the dripping, then cut the chicken in pieces, and put them into a stewpan with the fried onions and one clove of garlic, two dessert-spoonfuls of curry powder, one ounce of butter, four or five blanched almonds well bruised in a mortar, and water enough to cover the whole. Let it simmer till the pieces are quite tender, and serve up with a squeeze of lemon and salt to taste.

VICTORIA PUDDING.—Six ounces of fresh butter worked up to a cream, four ounces of loaf-sugar mixed in with the butter, four yolks of eggs beaten, six ounces bread crumbs, two rinds of lemon grated. Line the dish with a light crust, and a layer of jam or marmalade; then pour in the mixture and bake in a very slow oven for half an hour. Froth the whites of the eggs with a little loaf-sugar and place them over the pudding, and put in the oven just before serving.

PRINCE OF WALES PUDDING.—Chop four ounces of apple, the same quantity of bread crumbs, suet, and currants, well washed and picked; two ounces of candied lemon, orange and citron, chopped fine; five ounces pounded loaf-sugar, half nutmeg grated. Mix all together with four eggs. Butter well and flour a tin, put in the mixture, and place a buttered paper on the top, and a cloth over the paper. If you steam it the paper is sufficient. It will take two hours boiling. When you dish it, stick out blanched almonds on it, and serve with wine sauce.

APPLE JELLY.—One pound moist sugar, one pound apples, one lemon—the juice of the lemon to be used and the rind added—cut very fine. Boil the whole till it becomes a perfect jelly. Let it stand in a mould till quite firm and cold. Turn out, and stick it with almonds; set custard round. If for dessert, use a small mould, plain.

"PLUM MUSS."—Under this euphonious title the London Grocer describes a new article of merchandise. It says:—

"Plum muss or *lekwar* consists simply of pure native plums boiled into a mass, no ingredient whatever being added to it; the plums being so sweet in themselves, they require no sugar. In Hungary it is used in both cottage and mansion, and is a common article of sale in every provision shop. The poor eat it with their bread, and all classes use it for the several purposes in which our more expensive preserves are found useful. It is of a more solid nature than our manufactured jams, but if found too firm for cooking purposes, it may be thinned with a little lukewarm water as it is required for use, without losing flavor. We are assured that it will keep good for two or three years if carefully stored; it might therefore form an important and economical article of export to

our colonies, and for ships' stores it would no doubt prove invaluable. It possesses, as the reader may judge, a very pleasant flavor, is undoubtedly very wholesome, and, in the event of its being properly introduced by a good house, must become a very favorite article with housekeepers. It is certainly a novelty, and as it can be obtained in the mass at a very moderate rate indeed, it might be retailed at a price to suit the million."

We copy this for the benefit of our friends in Minnesota. That beautiful and fertile State abounds in wild plums, that might be thus preserved for winter stores, or for friends in the army. A plentiful mingling of such articles with the monotonous army fare would save many a poor soldier from typhus.

GINGERBREAD.—One pound flour, half pound butter, mixed in half pound brown sugar and as much treacle (not melted) as will roll it into a paste, add ginger to taste; pour it thin upon tins, and bake in a quick oven.

A RAGOUT OF CHICKEN.—Cut the fowl or chicken in pieces, and cook it till it is gilded, not browned; take it out of the stew-pan, and make a brown sauce by the addition of as much flour as may be necessary for the size of the dish. Having done this put the pieces back in the stew-pan, adding some small pieces of raw bacon, mild and only half fat, some eschalots chopped fine, salt, a good quantity of good pepper, a small bunch composed of parsley, thyme, and a few bay leaves. Let it simmer over a slow fire, and be well covered that there be no escape for half an hour, then, according to the size of the dish, add mushrooms and small delicate onions. When all is cooked arrange it in a dish and decorate according to taste, so that it looks well with chopped gherkins and mixed vegetables, as peas, haricots, chopped dwarf kidney beans, pieces of radish, carrot, gooseberries, etc., and send up hot.

BLACKBERRY FLUMMERY.—Stew blackberries, moderately sweetened with sugar or molasses, until soft; mix a thickening of flour and water and stir into the berries. Continue stirring while it boils, until the whole becomes incorporated into a mass just sufficiently thick to pour into moulds; when cold turn out for dessert—to be eaten with milk or cream.

This is an excellent supper for children when blackberries are in season, and almost equally good in winter, if you have been provident enough to store away plenty of jam, or dried berries.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Scarcely half pound of pounded sugar to a large cocconut grated, put into a preserving pan till the sugar melts. Form into cakes, put on white paper. They should be well baked in a very cool oven, and when cooked ought to be pure white.

WASHING FLUID.—The following is a good and economical washing fluid:—Dissolve one pound of soda in one quart of hot water, and add to it four quarts of lime-water; when this settles pour off the clear. Next dissolve three ounces of borax in one quart of boiling water, and add to it the five quarts of clear water. When cold dissolve in it two or three ounces of pulverized carbonate ammonia. Put it in bottles, and keep it tightly corked. Use half a pint, or less, to about five gallons of water; put it, with some soap, into the tub of clothes the night before washing-day, or a short time before boiling the clothes. Many who are in the habit of using washing fluids do not appear to be aware of their nature and specific objects. They are intended to provide a slight excess of alkali to combine with the grease and dirt on the clothes. They should be sparingly used at best, and wholly discarded in washing laces and fine linens. Good soap-suds of sufficient strength make the best washing fluid for fine white textile fabrics. The chloride of soda makes an excellent fluid for whitening linen that has become yellow in color, and as a washing fluid inferior to none. The use of strong caustic alkalies imparts a yellowish tinge to fine linens and tends to injure them, and therefore should be used (if at all) with much caution.

TO CLEAN BLACK VEILS.—Pass them through a warm liquor of bullock's gall and water; rinse in cold water; then take a small piece of glue, pour boiling water on it, and pass the veil through it; clap it, and frame to dry. Instead of framing, it may be fastened with drawing-pins closely fixed upon a very clean paste or drawing-board.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Chalk (in fine powder) one part, pumice one part, common soda two parts; mix together. Wash the spots with this powder mixed with a little water, then clean the whole of the stone, and wash off with soap and water.

TO PRESERVE BUTTER.—The cause of the tainting of fresh butter depends upon the presence of a small quantity of curd and water. To render butter capable of being kept for any length of time in a fresh condition, that is, as a pure salad oil, all that is necessary is to boil it in a pan till the water is removed, which is marked by the cessation of violent ebullition. By allowing the liquid oil to stand for a little, the curd subsides, and the oil may then be poured off, or it may be strained through calico or muslin into a bottle, and corked up. When it is to be used, it may be gently heated and poured out of the bottle, or cut out by means of a knife or cheese-gouge. This is the usual method of preserving butter in India (ghee), and also on the Continent; and it is rather remarkable that it is not in general use in this country. Bottled butter will thus keep for any length of time, and

is the best form of this substance to use for sauces.

OATMEAL PASTE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Take fresh lard, four ounces; honey, six ounces; oatmeal, six or eight ounces; three yolks of eggs, gum arabic in powder, one ounce. Mix the honey and the gum first, then the eggs; next the lard, gradually incorporating it in small portions; finally, add the oatmeal, to make the whole into a paste. This, as we know from long experience, is equal if not superior, to the famous Amandine. The original recipe is improved by using half oat and half Indian meal, as Indian is good for whitening the hands. Like the Amandine, it forms with water a creamy lotion, which is not washed off but wiped with a towel.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*; the first skirt is of pink silk, and has at the bottom two narrow plaited flounces. The second skirt, of white *tulle*, is composed of five rows of large *bouillons*, and has at the bottom a deep white lace, falling partly over the top flounce: down each side of the dress are ten bouquets of roses, placed in pairs at the bottom of each *bouillon*. The body is of pink silk, of the *suissesse* form, and is worn over a *chemisette* of white muslin; the top edge of body is trimmed with a narrow white lace, and at the point is a large rose with a few leaves. The sleeves are of pink silk edged with white lace, above which is a fulling of *tulle*, and a quilling of pink silk, forming a sort of *epaulette*.

FIG. 2.—Dress of sage green silk, the skirt having at the bottom a row of hollow plaits; above this are eight rows of narrow black velvet, a very little distance apart, and crossed at intervals by strips of velvet a little wider, which have at the bottom floating ends coming between each plait. *Casaque* of black velvet, fitting quite close to the body, and having the skirt rather long. The fronts open *en demi-cœur*, and have a collar turned back; the skirt is quite plain without trimming, but the body and sleeves are ornamented by a narrow *guipure* lace or *passementerie*. Alexandra hat of black velvet, having in the front a plume of red, and a large white ostrich feather.

FIG. 3.—Dress of white *tulle*, trimmed with puffs. Opera cloak of silk, white and corn color, trimmed with a heavy chenille fringe with balls to match, and cord to fasten. Head-dress of cherry velvet with black and white feathers.

FIG. 4.—Dress of *mauve* taffeta, trimmed with four *volants* of *tulle* with a narrow edging of blond.

The sleeves are very small; the points of the corsage long and slender. Head-dress, a tuft of small flowers.

FIG. 5.—*Sortié du bal* or opera cloak of scarlet velvet or cashmere, the edges all trimmed with swansdown.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Merinos this winter are mostly self-colored in all shades of gray and light brown, or else in very bright and pure violet or blue; for children, crimson or scarlet. If the dress is of a self-colored woollen material, cross-bands of plaid velvet or poplin are arranged on it to relieve its uniformity; the petticoat has also cross-bands upon it. But should the dress be of silk it is unornamented, and then the petticoat is composed of plaid poplin, or of a bright colored cachemire. With a black silk dress, a white cachemire petticoat, ornamented with either a purple or grosseille stripe, produces a very good effect.

Plaids of all descriptions, and for all purposes, continue to be extremely popular; plaid satin dresses, self-colored silks with plaid satin stripes upon them, plaid poplins and plaid merinos, are much worn, blue and green still remaining the favorite mixture.

Self-colored silks are very popular, and justly so, for they possess the charm of simplicity, which no design, however tasteful, ever attains to. But these are found to be extravagant wear—a change, a novelty, is wanted, so brocaded silks and embroidered moires are to be their successors. These are exquisite; they are not likely to become common, as they are rather costly, the embroidery being worked partially by hand. For example—a mauve moire with a tiny arabesque design dotted over it is embroidered in white silk. The design is raised from the surface, consequently produces a very rich effect, and is newer than the figured moires which have been in vogue for the last two years. As this material is rich in itself, it will require but little ornamentation.

Embroidery is slowly coming into favor, and will ere long supersede the braiding which has had so long and popular a reign; black velvet trimmings, embroidered with white silk, are very effective for afternoon wear. This style is sometimes imitated with white silk Russian braid, which is sewn upon black velvet to form lovers' knots and ties of all descriptions.

In the make of dresses there is nothing novel; trains, gored skirts, broad sashes tied at the back, jackets and waistcoats, continue to be in vogue. There are two distinct patterns, namely, the postillion bodice with a basque, the jacket being rounded off in front, in imitation of the costume from which it derives its name; and the Oriental jacket, the back of which is plain, and cut straight at the waist, the front being similar to that of the postillion jacket. The waistcoat should be of a contrasting color from

the jacket; it is ordinarily made of either cashmere or velvet.

In self-colored taffetas, the green, blue, mauve, and cuir are the most popular shades; and for trimming them, plush, chenille, and gimp are all equally popular.

Plain silk dresses are made with the *senorita* vest trimmed with gimp or chenille; and jackets of black velvet embroidered with jet beads, and trimmed with rich gimp mixed with the same. These jackets are extremely elegant, and can be worn with any colored skirt.

As all dresses will be worn with train-skirts, for out-door wear, they will be looped up this winter over colored petticoats, and quite as much attention and taste will be expended upon the latter as upon the former garments. In Paris the striped petticoats with plaid borders are the most popular at the present time; these have all a narrow plaiting around the edge of the most prominent color in the plaid; this plaiting can be purchased ready made in all colors, and as it is arranged by machinery it is much more regular than that plaited up by hand. With colored petticoats colored stockings to correspond are indispensable. Gimp and chenille are the two fashionable trimmings at present; the latter is now not only made as fringe, but many flat trimmings in all widths are produced in it. Gimp is now manufactured in the most tasteful and elaborate designs: in pyramidal forms to be placed at the bottom of each breadth of the skirt, in epaulettes for the tops of sleeves, in postillion basques for the backs of bodices, and in ornaments for the lower part of the sleeves. These gimps are very suitable for moire antique, which has always been found a difficult material to trim tastefully. What with braid, gimp, chenille, plush, plaids of all descriptions, and in all materials, button-trimmings, and feather-trimmings, there is no lack of ornamentation for dresses; the only difficulty which arises is how to make a selection among so many good things.

The newest linen collars and cuffs, for morning wear, are now all trimmed round the edge with either narrow Valenciennes or guipure; these edgings are only slightly full on. The sailor-shaped collars and the deep-pointed cuffs still continue to be the popular forms.

Sleeves are decidedly to be very narrow this winter, just large enough to pass the hand through at the wrist, and trimmed round the bottom and up the seam. They are sometimes a little open at the bottom; in that case, for morning dresses, they are cut square and slit open a little way inside the arm. For more elegant toilets they are a little wider, rounded at the bottom, opened as far as the elbow, outside the arm, and richly trimmed. A lacing in braid or velvet, or puffings, are often used as ornaments.

Bonnets are lower in front this winter. Black velvet will be a very favorite material; it is convenient for the purpose, as it admits of every variety of ornamentation being used upon it. Velvet flowers are much patronized, the larger specimens, such as arums, cacti, tulips, and magnolias, have a very handsome effect upon both bonnets and head-dresses, but they are more suitable for married ladies than for young single ones. Many of the new artificial flowers have dewdrops depending from them—not the modest dewdrops of yore, but large crystal raindrops (some white, others colored); each blade of delicate grass is now tipped with these monster drops.

Young ladies are now wearing light plush bonnets, the sole ornament being a flat velvet bow, or a velvet agrafe fastening a single flower. The Pompadour style proves always very becoming to youthful faces. Thus a sky-blue velvet bonnet, with a moss rose placed in a shell of white blond, or a white plush bonnet trimmed with a torsade of sky-blue velvet and pompon roses, would be very suitable to faces which had not seen more than eighteen or twenty summers.

A mixture of colors is again becoming fashionable. Pearl gray and *cuir* are used indifferently with pink, cerise, blue, and green, but this is rather conspicuous.

The latest novelties, in the matter of bonnets, are those with the fronts trimmed with a narrow band of fur; when this is done, flowers are not used in the cap, narrow ribbon velvet is formed into a diadem instead; occasionally terry velvet is employed in this manner.

For children, very pretty round hats are made in black velvet, bound with a strip of plaid velvet cut the cross way; in front a tuft of three feathers, one green, one blue, and one black. Also black and gray felt hats, with one large black curled feather placed in the crown, and a small tuft of red feathers in front. The crown of these hats is high; the brim is either straight and narrow, or a little wider, and turned up on one side.

The dresses of little girls are made much after the fashion of their mammas'. A frock for a little girl six years old was in fawn-colored merino; the skirt was trimmed with a bright plaid plush border, which came up as far as the waist on each of the two widths at the side. The body, which was low and cut square, was trimmed round with a narrower band of plush, and two strips of the same came up the front of the bodice in the shape of braces. This frock was worn with a white nainsook chemisette and sleeves. The same arrangement can be made for a plaid frock in black velvet; a circular cape or *paletôt* of the same material, and with trimming to match, completes the dress.

Another frock for a little girl was in Mexican blue poplin; a plain skirt and a jacket body, trimmed with blue chenille fringe. A circular cape

edged round with the same was worn with it, and a blue velvet round hat, turned up and lined with white silk, and with a white curled feather on one side of the crown.

Frocks and capes for young children are still arranged for braiding, no other ornament having been found as yet so suitable for the purpose; the novelty of these trimmings consists in that, instead of the braiding being sewn on plain, it is fastened by cross-stitches in silk of a contrasting color; chenille is sometimes used instead of braid, and sewn on in the same manner.

The pretty chemisettes in muslin and nainsook, trimmed with lace and embroidery, have introduced quite a novelty in the *lingerie* department. Plain linen is no longer thought a fit accompaniment to silk and poplin dresses; it is mixed with lace and guipure, and undergoes all sorts of embellishments.

Head-dresses for evening wear will be more than usually brilliant this season, as velvet and plush flowers will be used. The foliage and grasses that surround them are natural—preserved and dried in such a way that the color is retained. The fine delicate brown grasses are charming both for head-dresses and bonnets.

For quiet evening wear, the bright-colored velvet bands, with a bow in the centre of the forehead, are much worn; they are made with elastic at the back, so that they can be arranged upon the head, in the place desired, without difficulty; small gilt flagged butterflies, or dragonflies, are sometimes placed upon one loop of the velvet bow—but these additions are, of course, for more dressy occasions.

There is a change in the arrangement of fur upon the mantles this season. It is now placed in short, narrow bands, which frequently resemble *rouleaux*, and this allows of much more fur being used upon the mantle than when broad bands were fashionable. The fur is placed so as to form epaulettes on the shoulders; and the bands which trim the bottoms of the sleeves are carried up outside as far as the elbow; sometimes the fur describes also a *berthé* upon the shoulders. Fur pelerines are greatly in vogue; these are pointed in front and at the back, where they descend almost to the waist.

The opera cloaks follow the actual fashions, and plaid trimmings are worn upon them; in white satin, with bands of plaid velvet and plaid chenille cord and tassels, the effect is very good. The form of opera cloaks is short; some are cut as a Spanish mantle, and worn with one end thrown across the shoulder. Red is a favorite color, and these are ornamented with black lace, generally the Monard lace which is durable and inexpensive; this lace is not fully round the edge, but is placed upon the cloak, and headed with either a flat plait of chenille or a row of fine gimp. Very young ladies wear either white plush or white cashmere cloaks, and these are untrimmed.



1785. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.



CHATTANOOGA GRAND MARCH.

Composed by

E. MACK.

Furnished for the LADY'S FRIEND, by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut St., Phila.

Marziale.

PIANO. *ff*

Sua.....

Ped. * *Ped.* *

dolce.

p

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1863, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

The musical score for 'The Song of the Lark' is presented in two systems. The first system consists of a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The second system also consists of a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *Ped.* (pedal), and a final asterisk (*) indicating the end of the piece.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Musical score for "The Swan" from "The Nutcracker" by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major, and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody includes a trill and a grace note. The bass line includes a trill and a grace note. The score is marked with "Ped." and an asterisk.

Fine.

The musical score for the 'Fine.' section consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a whole note chord (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), followed by a double bar line. The melody then continues with a dotted quarter note (B-flat), an eighth note (A-flat), and a quarter note (G-flat), which is part of a triplet of eighth notes (F-flat, E-flat, D-flat). This is followed by a quarter note (C-flat), an eighth note (B-flat), and a quarter note (A-flat), which is part of a triplet of eighth notes (G-flat, F-flat, E-flat). The melody concludes with a dotted quarter note (D-flat) and an eighth note (C-flat). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats. It begins with a whole note chord (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), followed by a double bar line. The accompaniment then continues with a dotted quarter note (B-flat), an eighth note (A-flat), and a quarter note (G-flat), which is part of a triplet of eighth notes (F-flat, E-flat, D-flat). This is followed by a quarter note (C-flat), an eighth note (B-flat), and a quarter note (A-flat), which is part of a triplet of eighth notes (G-flat, F-flat, E-flat). The accompaniment concludes with a dotted quarter note (D-flat) and an eighth note (C-flat).





THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Vol. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1864.

[No. 3.]

LOSS AND GAIN.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

She came at last, and sat down by my side—this girl, whose name was that homely, old-fashioned one that always has a sweet spiciness in our memories and associations, worn first by one whose truth, and tenderness, and devotion, bear their eternal witness for her amid all tongues and peoples—a name, too, with a good, strong, old-fashioned savor about it, redolent of wide old country firesides and fresh clover blossoms, and golden apples and new-mown hay, and all the strong, hearty fragrance, inside and out, of some ample old farm-house—she came at last, and sat down by my side—this girl, whose name was *Ruth*.

I had been waiting for her some time, knowing well enough that on its slow path of successive struggles, and doubts, and natural shrinkings, would come up the great secret of Ruth Brener's soul, that one jewel which concentrated all the wealth of her life. But I would not, by a look or gesture, invite her confidence. It would be all the fuller and riper when it came to me out of her own choice and will.

So I waited—sitting still before the grate, with its heap of anthracite all blossomed out into a bed of living fire—and answered questions, and asked them, of my uncle's family, and laughed at jests that I was unable to perpetrate, for I was in an indolent, receptive mood that evening, body and mind, having come, by steamboat and railroad, over two hundred miles since sunrise.

Ruth Brener and I were own cousins, although my life had ripened half a dozen years more than hers, and our homes were three hundred miles apart. Mine was in the country, among the mountains and lakes, where the sunshine poured a perpetual joy, and the winds played on all the chords of the year. Ruth's was in a

large metropolis, although she was with us a part of every year. She was the youngest of her three sisters, all of whom were married—pretty, stylish, agreeable women.

Ruth was christened for her grandmother. She had a fine, delicate, high-souled nature—gentle, steadfast, womanly. I loved her with a love that went beyond the height of most sisters for each other. She was one of those fresh, healthful natures, that prosperity and indulgence do not spoil, and she had had plenty of both.

If I attempt to describe Ruth Brener, I am confident that I shall not succeed in giving you any vivid idea of the charm of her face and manner. People were very apt to speak of her as “a pretty little creature,” which is one of those complimentary generalities that may have very little meaning in them after all. I think it did, however, in this particular case. That young, fresh, sweet, earnest face, with its deep blue eyes, that held some hidden thought beyond all their brightness; the red lips, that could spring out of their smiles into a fine scorn, or settle into a tremulous gravity; the pretty head, with its soft, abundant brown hair; the small, restless, but always graceful figure; and the laugh, that came like a live joy right out of her heart—all these things made Ruth Brener praised and loved, more or less, by those who knew her. For something better, I loved her. Something that lay beyond all these attractive externals, and of which they were only the faint sign and token.

“Miriam, cousin Miriam,” she said softly, drawing her chair closer to mine, “I have something to tell you.”

The words almost slipped and fell in her voice—a blush blazed up to her hair. I knew

what it cost her to articulate that sentence. I would help her now—the fruit would fall with a very gentle shaking of the branches. I bent down and looked in her eyes.

"You need not say it, Ruth, if it is hard. I know it all."

Her eyes flashed up to me—a glance of mingled doubt and amazement—but my smile confirmed my words. She hid whatever else her face said at that moment on my shoulder.

"Who told you?"

The words were close in my ear, and yet they sounded faint, as though they came from a distance.

"You forget that cousin Edward (her brother) made me a two days' visit last week. Oh! Ruth, did you think I cared so little for you as not to question gravely and minutely after his first intimation?"

She lifted her head now, and slipped her hand into mine, with a little caress, which was a more fitting answer than any words she could find.

"And were you glad for me, Miriam?" she asked, timidly.

"My deepest self was glad for what is for your best good, my darling."

I do not think that her dead mother could have answered her more solemnly or sincerely than I did at that moment. The tears came into her eyes. I believe they answered some in mine.

The rest of the little family company had settled themselves to a game of dominos. They had a kind of intuition that Ruth and I would have our little talk by ourselves. I would not cast any of the shadow that was in my own thoughts over this great confessional hour of Ruth's heart. So, although there was small cheer in mine, I put it in both face and voice, as I asked—

"And you are happy, Ruth?"

Her whole face brimmed over with its smile as she answered me—

"Oh, yes—happier than I ever was in my life before."

"That is saying a great deal in your case, Ruth."

A little gravity softened the brightness.

"I know it, Miriam. God has always been good to me."

We were silent for a moment. I was thinking of some of those hard, fierce, cruel facts, which so many a childhood has to solve step by step, day by day; facts of poverty, wrong, loss,

repression. With a strong effort I put back all these spectres now, and my next question went far away from that.

"What is his name, Ruth?"

"Why, don't you know that?"—the blue eyes in a quick amaze.

"No; I would not permit Edward to tell me. I told him that I must have it first from your lips."

She was pleased, touched I saw; her hand went up in a little fluttering kind of caress to my cheek.

"That was just like you, Miriam; and just like nobody else that I know in the world."

"But that isn't answering my question."

"Well, this is, then—his name is Willard Barton!"

Her lips articulated these last syllables, just as they never had done any other, with a little touch of pride, and tenderness, and reverence, as though the name represented what was of chiefest consequence to her in the world. It seemed to my alert sense that a little fine caress threaded through it.

"How do you like it?"

"It sounds very pretty; but after all, names, like faces, must take the characters of their owners, and become either pleasant or otherwise to us from that fact."

"I know, Miriam; but this name must be especially pleasant to you."

"And—and you love him very much, Ruth. Your heart is satisfied."

Her face was tremulous all over, but her eyes were radiant as they flashed up an answer that her lips consummated in a whisper a moment after—

"I love him with my whole heart, Miriam?"

"And you believe he is worthy of all this?"

"Oh, Miriam, it is I who am unworthy. The only wonder is that one in mind, and heart, and experience so greatly my superior should have chosen me for his —, for all I am to be to him."

"It is the old story, little Ruth," I said. "Most of us have this worship element in us. I hope your 'idol' will not be 'clay.' But you must not expect I shall look at him out of your eyes—altogether."

"No; I expect you will see and judge with your own."

And then there was a pause in the game of dominos, and our talk took a wider range.

I have related so much of it, thinking you might get nearer to my cousin Ruth Brener in this manner than by anything I could tell you of her.

You see how absolute was her confidence in the nobleness and worth of the man whose promised wife she was, and her love was after the manner of women like herself. She had known him for somewhat more than a year. He was more than six her senior, the son of an old business acquaintance of her father's, and the latter was a shipping merchant. The young man was a graduate of Harvard, and had gained an honorable and remunerative position in some insurance company. So he was possessed of all those external advantages of family and position which are apt to have weight with one's parents and friends.

I saw Ruth's family was gratified with her engagement. For my own part I loved her too well, and knew her too thoroughly, to make up my mind hastily. In *her* case there would be no neutral ground—marriage must be either a long misery, or a fulfilment and completeness of her life—so I waited.

Not long: the evening following my arrival brought with it Willard Barton. That I scanned him closely—that I tried with what knowledge and intuition I possessed to penetrate to the real essence of this man's nature, you will have no doubt. And I must tell the truth, from the first I did not like him. I honestly tried, I sincerely desired to—seriously expostulated with myself because something in me did not approve him. I said to myself that I was whimsical, exacting, over fastidious—that people of better sense and sounder judgment than I would be sure to be pleased with this man.

Was he not intelligent, courteous, fine-looking, socially attractive, as few men are?—all these; and what more could I expect in a few minutes' interview? Still, there the stubborn fact was, and would remain. I could not put it down nor get around it; my confidence, my sympathies withheld themselves from this man. He did not exactly repel me, but I had a vague intuition that, get down to the marrow of this man's moral nature, and there would be something weak, or wrong, or wanting.

Not that I expected impossibilities—I had grown beyond my old romantic fancies and ideals—but so much I did crave for the husband of Ruth Brener that he should be strong, steadfast, loyal to the right through all scorn, peril, shame.

And it seemed to me that Willard Barton was not of the stuff of which heroes, or the best, truest men are ever made. It seemed to me that he could never rise to any great altitudes of being or doing; that a great purpose would never take full possession of and absorb himself; that beneath all his pleasant, graceful, attractive conversation, there was a vein of cynicism, a certain coarseness and selfishness, which circumstances might sooner or later develop and deepen. Yet he was just the sort of man to please the fancy and win the heart of a girl like Ruth Brener. Yet I wondered—all the time chiding myself for it—whether there were not heights in her of resolve, enthusiasm, self-abnegation, to which he could never reach, perhaps hardly comprehend.

"Well, Miriam, how *do* you like him?" asked Ruth, when we were alone at last, as I stood before the grate of blossoming coals. Her face was alive with happiness and her tones full of a confident pleasure, as though I could have but one opinion on this subject.

"What shall I say?—I think him very fine-looking, agreeable, intelligent," carefully picking my way through my adjectives, so that my conscience should not protest against any of them.

Her own joy and confidence so brimmed over and supplied what was lacking in mine, that she did not perceive that my praise was limited to adjuncts and externals.

"And you can understand how I came to—to love him?"

The last words were hardly louder than a sigh, and she pressed closer to my side, so I should not lose them.

"I can understand, Ruth."

But my words did not have the sense she suspected. Was it wrong to deceive her by so much as this? How could I chill and grieve her with the vague doubt and fear that was in my own heart.

My subsequent interviews with Willard Barton did not materially alter my first impressions of him, but I tried to take my disappointment philosophically at least.

"Of course one's friends," I reasoned with myself, "never marry as one expects. Things are so dreadfully snarled up in this world—in matrimony as well as everything else! If Ruth is satisfied and loves the man, I ought to be content; and if she thinks him the best and noblest of men, and if her tenderness idealizes and invests him with all grand and sublime

attributes, and sets him on heights to which he will never attain, why that's only the old story. The purest and noblest women have always been doing this thing, and if Ruth's eyes are never opened, perhaps it will make small difference after all."

So I reasoned and hoped for the best; and before my visit was half completed, it was suddenly and peremptorily cut short by tidings from home.

A year passed away, and then Ruth came to me. I knew beforehand what brought her for change and stillness in midwinter to the old New Hampshire town, covered up in linens of snow.

The engagement betwixt her and Willard Barton existed no longer. There is no need that I should go into details. Sufficient is it that the wrong and weakness I had *felt* in him had, under great temptation, suddenly manifested itself. He had been false to Ruth in spirit and word. A woman—attractive, artful, skilled in flirtations—had ensnared his fancies at last. He had been enamored, infatuated; had virtually denied his engagement; in short, had acted a part both dishonorable and cowardly.

At last the truth came to Ruth. I think she might have won her lover back, but she was not the woman to do this. Her faith once shaken, it could never be restored. She told him this—the sweet girlish face fixed in a dead certainty of resolve, took a final leave of him, and—came to me.

How greedily I searched her face to see whether the hurt was for life. It was not just Ruth's old face. The fiery trial had given it some new element of strength, womanliness. I read in it what the suffering had been, but I saw she would come out of it a braver, truer, better woman for the future.

"It hasn't crushed her, I see that, and thank God," I said aloud to myself, standing by the parlor window, and looking out on the landscape—one great shining blank of snow.

An arm stole fondly about my neck. Ruth had entered softly and heard my words.

"No, Miriam," she said; and for the first time since her arrival the subject was unsealed betwixt us; "it hasn't crushed me, as you say. It seemed as though it must for a little while, for the hurt was deep; and you know steadfastness is one of my few virtues. But I shall outgrow all the pain, and be better for it after

awhile. My horizon has greatly widened of late, and I see now what my life would have been without this change and loss. I needed it, Miriam. I had lain quite too long in the lap of indulgence and prosperity, and sometimes we can only know ourselves by being brought face to face with a great anguish."

"My darling," I said, softly.

"Don't pity me," with a slight deprecatory pantomime, which showed the pain was not all gone yet. "I am brave, Miriam; I shall be strong. All I want is to get quite out of myself—to be absorbed in some great work or purpose. I have that last; and I have come up here to gain strength and rest, and be ready in the spring."

"What do you mean, Ruth?" staring at her in blank amazement.

"I am not going to be idle any longer," she said, meeting my gaze steadfastly. "When brother Joe returns to Washington next spring, I am going with him. There is work for me at the hospitals."

"Ruth," I cried, "you are wild to think of this—you who have been so daintily and tenderly reared that you can never stand it. The sights and sounds will kill you. Besides, you are too young. They will never take you for a hospital nurse."

"But I can wait on those who are, and do a thousand useful things. I *must* be of some service in the world. My country needs for the sacrifice her women as well as her men. I will not hold back my mite of work and strength."

Her face rose into inspiration as she said this; the purpose had taken hold of her very soul. I could not shake it. She had come up to this height of sacrifice out of the fair golden levels and pleasant paths of her life, as many a woman has; so I only said, with a new tenderness and reverence in my heart and voice—

"May God bless your work, Ruth, wherever it lies."

He has done it, in the battle-fields, in the hospitals, wherever the sick or the dying have needed her. There for the last six months has Ruth Brenner been found doing whatsoever work lay before her, and coming out, as so many women have, from sorrow and loss into a new life, harder and sterner, and yet better, nobler, happier than the old.



THE FALSE ARREST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

It was a wild, blustering night in the month of March. The equinoctial storm had been steadily culminating for the past three days, and now having reached its height was treating the country town of Shipley to an old-fashioned nor'-easter, which, in old-fashioned parlance, was enough to blow the horns off the cows. Signs creaked harshly as they swang to and fro, and street-lamps blinked tipsily; while the rain and sleet fell in torrents, and the wind rattled at the shutters of Dr. Morgan's little study, as if it had been a hunted creature try-

ing to get in out of the storm and darkness. A pleasant spot it was, that study of the young physician of Shipley, and inviting enough to tempt any one in. Book-cases of oak lined the walls, well stocked with volumes in modern and antique bindings; oak and blue were the prevailing tints in carpet, curtains, and furniture, and the red glow of the grate was a home-like thing on such a raw night. Even the skeleton in the chimney-corner seemed to stretch out its bony fingers to the genial heat as if it enjoyed it, and grinned rather facetiously than other-

wise under the shadow of the hat which the doctor had hung upon its skull when he came in from his afternoon patients.

At the study-table in the centre of the room, Dr. Morgan himself was seated in his leather elbow chair, with a confused litter of papers, bills, receipts, filed and unfiled, scattered before him. It was just the night for a man to say to himself, while the rain and sleet dripped from the eaves and dashed against the frosty window-pane, "Now I will have a good look into my affairs and see how I stand;" just the night, while the storm howled out of doors, and he settled himself in dressing-gown and slippers, with the cheery fire crackling and blazing at his back, to haul out musty ledgers and well-thumbed bills and enjoy himself arithmetically. And but for one fact an observer might have supposed Dr. Morgan to be enjoying himself after this fashion to the very top of his bent. Stooping over the open pages of an account-book, with one hand supporting his head and the forefinger of the other slowly following up a formidable array of figures—the light of the reading-lamp was full upon his face. A fine, manly face, with bold features, hair and side whiskers of chestnut-brown, and a healthy color in cheek and lips: an intellectual face with high, well-developed forehead and dark eyes (a trifle dreamy), it wore just then a most anxious and perplexed expression. That was the rub. There was evidently no enjoyment in the matter. Lost to the consciousness of the bleak night without, lost to the realization of the home-comforts within, the doctor was foundering in a slough of figures, and working through it all doggedly, as most men work through a disagreeable duty.

He was a slow calculator, but a sure one. The dark eyes were visionary enough, but the firm mouth was practical. Once more the industrious forefinger travelled up the column, once more down; once more up, once more down—and then, with a heavy sigh and a depressing shake of the head, the young physician pushed away the litter of books and papers, and began to think. He was somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, and of a tall, athletic build, but the position into which he had fallen just then with the bowed head and the despondent stoop in his broad shoulders, made him look much older and almost infirm. With his elbows propped on the table, and his face hidden in his hands, he did not see the little figure which stole in on tip-toe from the

next room, and stood a moment regarding him, her arms drooping in front of her, and her small fingers tightly interlaced.

A tiny brunette in a dark, flowing merino, with ruffles of lace about her throat and wrists, she was so perfect in her small proportions, so slender and so lissom, and so thoroughly lady-like from the very turn of her graceful head to the arch of her delicate foot, that it was a pleasure to look at her. It was the doctor's little wife; and as she stepped noiselessly from the shadows into the lamp-light, the tears were shining on her cheeks, and her dark, misty eyes rested tenderly on the bowed figure at the table.

"O Philip!" was all she said, dropping her hand lightly on his shoulder; but the reproach was implied by the tone as plainly as if she had said: "You are grieving alone, and our griefs should be mutual."

He was not at all startled. His thoughts had been mainly about her, and, coming out of them, it was most natural to find her beside him with her soft hand on his shoulder. He looked up with a smile into her sweet, wifely face, so pure in its girlish oval, with the glossy hair drawn back and braided about her head like a coronet of jet; but when he saw the wet cheeks and glistening eyes, his lips trembled. He pushed back his chair and stood up, and passing his arm about her (fragile little thing that she was, and he so strong), drew her to a low lounge in front of the grate. This was generally his merriest hour, his hour of relaxation after the fatigues of the day; but he was quiet and grave enough now. She nestled close to him, her clear hazel eyes reading his face. His depression was so uncalled for (as far as she knew), that she was at a loss to account for it. But he would not face her. After that first look he averted his eyes resolutely, and bending them on the fire watched the glowing embers. In the warm silence they could hear the wild moaning of the March wind and the dashing of the rain as the storm raged up and down the deserted street.

"Agnes," said the young doctor at last, gently stroking her hair, "I wish you had never married me."

His tone was so low and sad, so full of genuine self-reproach, that she looked at him with pain and fright—much as she might have looked if he had stabbed her suddenly.

"Do you regret it?" she whispered with dry lips.

"For your sake, darling—yes, and for little Lottie's sake. I find out too late that I have done a very selfish thing. Dear as you are to me, dearer than anything in the wide world, and pleasant as it is to see you moving like a sunbeam through this old house, I should never have tied you down to share the hardships and the struggles of a country doctor's life. It was very, very selfish of me."

Her rosy lips were parted to speak, but he checked her.

"Listen a little longer, Agnes. In your Aunt Netterby's home you were surrounded with every luxury that wealth could buy. The pet of your aunt, of your cousin Claude, of every domestic about the place, not a cloud had darkened your life till you met me. How different it is now! It maddens me when I think of it. Struggle—struggle—struggle from morning to night, and from night to morning—pinching and saving to keep the wolf from the door. Heaven knows, Agnes," cried Dr. Morgan, catching his wife's hand impetuously, "Heaven knows I did not mean it to be so. Heaven knows that the poor medical student, strong in his love and in his wish to lift you by his own honest exertions to the position from which he had taken you, had built up a most glorious future for his little wife! Alas! my darling, that it should turn out but a castle in the air! Alas! that the rosy clouds should be slowly melting away, and the gray twilight of poverty settling down upon us!" And covering his face with his hands, the young doctor sighed once more, "I wish you had never married me."

Mrs. Morgan's brow had cleared while he talked, and a tenderness, earnest and helpful, deepened in her eyes; now she drew away his hands, laughing cheerfully, her cheeks dimpling like a child's.

"And is *that* all?" she cried, joyously; "really and truly, is that all that is troubling you? Fie, Philip, I thought you knew me better. Am I not happier—is not every woman happier exerting her natural powers and being what God intended her to be, a genuine help-mate to her husband, than if she were wasting her life in expensive fooleries, or sitting in elegant idleness like a wax-doll under a glass case?"

Her husband smiled; but she went on, looking coaxingly into his face—

"Does not the wise man say: 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox

and hatred therewith?' Of course he does; but you have been delving into those tiresome bills and accounts until you have got the blues, and now you think it a duty to talk mysteriously and frighten me. I assure you, you *did* frighten me at first—I thought it was something worse;" and she laughed again.

The young doctor smiled, this time a little sadly, as he asked—"What can be worse than poverty, dear?"

"Death," she answered promptly, "and separation. Ah! it makes me shudder to think of *that*. Together we can face anything; alone—" she bowed her face upon his shoulder with a gesture half childish, half womanly, and left the sentence unfinished.

"I don't know about that, Agnes," said her husband, musingly. "I scarcely agree with you. It is a fearful thing to be poor; but alone, I think I could face it and fight it bravely; ay, and conquer it too. It is the thought of you and little Lottie that unmans me. Listen to that storm out-doors; hear how the wind shrieks and the sleet rattles against the window, and think what it would be to wander the streets homeless and hungry and ragged on a night like this."

He shivered, and looked around him wildly as if to escape the vivid picture his excited fancy had conjured up. Mrs. Morgan was accustomed to these moods. The doctor's mother was a German lady, inclined to transcendentalism; and all that was visionary and fitful in his nature was inherited. Fortunately for him, his little wife was eminently practical. Her gentle hand was on his arm.

"You are growing morbid, Philip; you are losing your courage before the evil has touched you. Matters cannot be as bad as you imagine. And even if it comes to the worst, what matter? If we cannot get a living in Shipley, we can go elsewhere. The wide world is before us, and while we have health, strength, and clean consciences, please God, we'll weather the storm, no matter how fierce it blows."

She turned her face to the half-open door and raised her voice—"Come here, Lottie, and show papa what it is to have a merry face and a light heart."

A patter of feet, a happy, childish treble, and a little girl burst into the room in her night-dress, laughing joyously over her escape from the servant. She was about three years old, a fair, blue-eyed creature, with long flaxen curls falling in tangled masses over her white slip.

Her skin had the delicate tints of the apple-blossom, and her small face was exquisitely moulded from brow to chin; but as she leaned between her father and mother, with her laughing eyes sparkling in the fire-light, she was as unlike them both in feature and expression as a child well could be.

Dr. Morgan noticed it; not for the first time however. Smoothing back the golden floss of hair from her temples, he stooped to kiss her, saying, as he often did—"How much the child is like your cousin Claude, Agnes."

His wife had drawn her work-table to the lounge while he spoke, and was sorting some silks contentedly.

"That is *your* fancy, dear. Now I think she resembles Aunt Netterby; the Netterbys are all blondes save me—my Indian skin came from the other side of the house. Lottie, Lottie, you mustn't tangle mamma's silks; that's naughty—run to papa and give him a kiss, pet. There, Philip, isn't that mouth like Aunt Katharine's?"

"You forget that I never saw Aunt Netterby," returned the young doctor, laughing, as he lifted Lottie on his knee.

"True enough; and yet how strange that you should not—stranger still that Aunt Katharine should have so bitterly opposed a man whom she had never met. Ah! Philip," and the little wife looked at him tenderly, "if she had once met you all her opposition would have vanished. I have reproached myself time and again since our marriage that I did not bring you together *volens volens*, and coax her into an acquaintance. She is bitter and sharp with her tongue, but her heart is a generous one in the main. Claude often told me I was too weak for my own good."

"Claude told you a great many wise things, I dare say. What an exquisite face he had! By Jove! it was a perfect picture; so fair, so regular, with that pensive, Raphaelesque expression—it was too delicately beautiful for a man; but I shall not be sorry if Lottie resembles him. I have often wondered, Aggie," said Dr. Morgan, watching his wife with a mischievous smile, "that something warmer than mere cousinly affection did not spring up between you and Claude, in your quiet life at Netterby. It would have been the most natural thing in the world."

Mrs. Morgan had dropped one of her ivory reels, and stooping for it deepened the color in her cheeks. She threw back her pretty head, laughing heartily—

"What nonsense you talk, Philip; Claude is a dear, gentle, girlish fellow—fond enough of me, I dare say, in a cousinly fashion; but I have always regarded him not so much as a brother as—as—" and she hesitated, laughing again, "as—a *sister*. You can't imagine how ridiculously it strikes me—the thought of Claude playing Romeo to my Juliet. Ah! no, Dr. Philip, the love of your little wife is like the aloe—it has only blossomed once.

The young doctor laughed with her, twining Lottie's fair curls about his finger. "Now I am going to be very curious," he said, playfully, "so prepare for a cross-questioning."

She held up her graceful hands in affected horror. "*Mea culpa! mea maxima culpa!* There is positively a legal cast in your eye—I feel like a criminal in the dock."

"Imprimis, then, fair criminal, what mysterious parcel was that which Martha was carrying to the post office this morning? Ah! you start—gentlemen of the jury, be pleased to notice that the culprit starts. Furthermore, be pleased to notice that the superscription of said parcel was 'Claude Netterby, Esq.,' and the handwriting that of a little relative of mine (by marriage) not a hundred miles off. Eh?" And he peered into her face expecting some merry admission in her usual candid way.

But, to his surprise, a painful flush dyed her dark cheek, and with half-averted face she bent over her work, answering constrainedly—"Don't ask me about it now, Philip; I'll tell you some other time."

Nine husbands out of ten would have been vexed at this evasive answer; but Dr. Morgan was not naturally a jealous man, and before he could make up his mind whether he had a right to be vexed in this case or not, a violent pull at the door-bell diverted his thoughts. Lottie ran dancing to the window to peep through the wet glass into the inclement night.

"The child should have a shawl about her, Agnes," said the doctor, "it is very damp to-night."

"Come from the window, Lottie, and stay by the warm fire," coaxed the young mother: "mamma's darling will catch the croup, and papa will have to give her some more of the nasty medicine."

But mamma's darling proving refractory, and nowise inclined to be driven from her post of observation by such subtle strategy, Mrs. Morgan was finally obliged to catch her up, rebellious to the last, and carry her off bodily

to her little crib. When she returned to the study her husband was standing at the fire in his great-coat and muffler, smiling to himself as he drew on his gloves.

"I've turned the right card this time, dear," was his first greeting; "some one is sick at the hotel, and one of the servants is waiting for me in the passage."

Shipley, it may be well to state, had an abundance of country inns—good, substantial, homely inns, where farmers and drovers "put up" on their way to the large cities—but it had but *one* hotel. A large, handsome building on the main street, facing the meeting-house, and conducted by an enterprising Yankee; this was, *par excellence*, the hotel of the town; and travelers who made it their stopping-place being generally well-to-do folks, several degrees removed above the vulgar crowd, it is no wonder that the young doctor felt both pleased and proud at a sick-call from such unexceptionable quarters.

"It is a wild night to venture out, Philip," said Mrs. Morgan, a little anxiously. "Hark how it storms—such a cold, drenching rain, and the wind in your face all the way. I do wish you could stop at home," and the little wife rose on tip-toe to draw the comforter closer about his throat.

The German element had altogether subsided in the doctor by this time; he was cheery now, and inclined to see sunshine in dark places.

"Tut, tut, my dear, 'tis but a step," he cried gayly; "I am neither sugar nor salt, that a sprinkle of rain should melt me; and a walk before retiring, instead of toasting my feet by the grate, will do me good. Besides, would you believe it, Agnes, I have a presentiment that this is the turning point in our destiny? Who knows what a handsome fortune I may walk into by this night's work?"

"Who knows what a handsome fortune I may walk into by this night's work?"

Was there an echo in the room that the words should be repeated in such a distinct whisper? They both turned about, startled, bewildered, half doubting whether they had heard it or imagined it. Martha, their one domestic, had opened the door while they talked, and crossed the threshold as noiseless as a shadow. A pale, peck-marked girl, with an expression both quiet and attentive, she stood in the doorway stooping a little, and with her eyes bent upon the floor. This latter position was so habitual with her that, although she had lived with the

Morgans during their three years' stay in Shipley, it would have puzzled both husband and wife to define the color of her eyes. Mrs. Morgan called it modesty, and spoke highly of the girl; but the doctor was incredulous, as most open, honest, look-you-straight-in-the-face men are prone to be under the circumstances, and the downcast looks of their "help" irritated him more than he cared to acknowledge. Now, too, it vexed him that she should have been the unbidden witness of his boyish exuberance of spirits.

"What do you want?" he asked, with some sharpness.

She begged pardon for intruding, she said in her cold, quiet voice; she had rapped twice, but they had not heard her; and the man from the hotel, she was sorry to say, had lost patience and gone away.

The doctor waited to hear no more. Snatching his hat from the skeleton, in the space of a minute he was clear of the house, and darting up the stormy street just in time to overtake the waiter, who was turning the corner, sulky enough at the delay. Conversation, under the circumstances, was not likely to be of a lively nature; but the young physician was affable, and as they pushed on together through the driving rain he gathered from his dogged companion that his patient (in perspective) was a strange lady, who had sprained or broken her ankle in stepping from the stage to the sleety pavement half an hour before. Shipley was a good remove from the line of railroad travel; and the floating population was almost altogether dependent upon the old-fashioned stages which lumbered in and out, breaking the monotony of the quiet town a few times in the day. The arrival or departure of the rumbling vehicle was generally the signal for a comfortable stir among the gossips about the hotel and inns; but the porch was deserted that stormy night when Dr. Morgan and his companion reached it; all stragglers and loungers were warming themselves inside the bar, whose windows of ground glass shone out rosily upon the bleak darkness. The waiter led the way into the well-lighted entrance and up the staircase to the second floor. There were rows of doors lining the long passage on either side, and stopping in front of one near the upper end, the man knocked smartly.

"The gentleman told me to show you in here first," he grumbled.

"What gentleman?" began Dr. Morgan: but

the door was opened suddenly and a head protruded. Golden-haired, blue-eyed, with a pensive, Raphaellesque expression, and blonde beard, soft and wavy as floss silk—the young doctor stared at it as if it had been the head of Medusa.

"Claude Netterby! by all that's wonderful! What wind has blown you to Shipley? When did you arrive? Why didn't you come to us at once? Where's your Aunt Katharine?"

The young man (a slender aristocratic-looking fellow, he was,) drew his interrogator laughingly into the room and closed the door upon the waiter. It was one of the private parlors of the hotel, unexceptionable in mirrors and mahogany. A small table was in front of the fire with a cigar-stand upon it, some glasses and a decanter of sherry: and the arm chairs each side of it were comfortably suggestive of a *little à l'été*.

Mr. Claude Netterby shook his visitor heartily by both hands, laughing and crying out,

"How are you? and how are you again?—and again? and how's Agnes? and the baby? and—and—'May I' like old Pumblechook," and he shook hands once more. "Can't tell you how delighted I am to gaze upon your colossal proportions. Regular family man—eh? Come, sit thee down, Philip, the Fair, and

'We'll tak' a cup of kindness now
For Auld Lang Syne.'

Humming the words with careless ease, he dropped into a chair and began to fill a couple of glasses.

The doctor remained standing: "I beg to be excused just now, Claude. That stupid waiter has made some mistake. Of course I am not sorry, since he has afforded me this pleasure by his blunder—delightful surprise—irresistible attractions—(don't bow, *mon brave*, I refer to the sherry;) but a sick lady in one of these rooms sent for me to-night: and after I have attended to her, I shall be most happy—"

Claude Netterby's hand, strong as steel for all it looked so white and soft, was upon his arm, arresting his passage to the door. The blue eyes met his with a pleasant pertingcity: the white teeth glimmered through the blonde moustache.

"Obstinate fellow! what a domestic autocrat my little cousin must find you! Oh, Hymen! I picture her pale and worn to a shadow; she, that was erst as plump as a partridge. Still restive, I see. Have you any idea, Phil, who sent for you to-night? No? Then sit thee down, cou-

sin Morgan, take a sip of wine, and let me enlighten thee."

"I am completely at sea," said Dr. Morgan in bewilderment, and suffering himself to be thrust into a chair.

"*Voilà!* I bring you safely to port—or rather, to—sherry. Good pun, very."

"Only surpassed by the wine. But drive on, unhappy punster; my curiosity is whetted. Who sent for me?"

Mr. Claude Netterby bowed gracefully, with his hand upon his heart: "Yours most humbly."

"You? Why I thought it was a lady who needed me."

"Refreshing young Galen! did I say it wasn't? If you jump at conclusions so desperately you will certainly fall and hurt yourself. A friendly warning in passing, cousin Morgan. And now, concentrate the forces of your mighty intellect upon three delicate points. First point—" checking it off with his finger, "it is I who have called in your valuable services; second point, it is a lady who needs them in the matter of a sprained ankle; and third and last point, said lady is no less a personage than—than—guess whom?"

"Oh! bother on your riddles—who is it?"

"No less a personage than our mutually esteemed relative, Miss Katharine Netterby," and the fair-haired Claude lay back in his chair, his brows arched, his head on one side, his white hands going softly one over the other.

"Aunt Katharine, Claude?—Aunt Katharine call me in? Surely you must be jesting."

"Never was more sober in my life."

"Prodigious!" murmured the doctor, like Dominie Sampson; and stared musingly at the decanter.

"Has your aunt a fever?" he asked the next moment.

"None that I am aware of."

"Any way delirious? Little hot-headed—inclined to wander, eh?"

"No; why do you ask?" was the reply.

"Because, in her sound mind, (knowing her peculiar antipathies, I think she would risk her health any time sooner than call me in to attend her. Ah, Claude, you are mistaken; she must have a fever."

The blonde moustache was agitated by a pleasant, girlish laugh. Slender Claude had quitted his chair to come round the table and lay his hand on Morgan's shoulder.

"Listen to me," he said softly: "it is you

who are mistaken. Aunt Katharine is much changed; her feelings towards you and Agnes have undergone a complete revolution of late. I do not say," and he looked down with the color rising modestly in his fair cheek, "I do not say how much this may be owing to the influence of *one*, who had both your interests so truly, so deeply at heart; it is enough to know that she not only forgives the marriage of my cousin, bitterly as she opposed it, but will be willing in time to renew the old intimacy. Nay more, her lawyer has been down to Netterby, and quitted it last week with directions for a fresh will. My four-years' labor," said the blue-eyed Claude, folding his arms and facing his companion with a triumphant smile, "draws to a close. *Entre nous*, that will, in the event of Aunt Katharine's death, leave Mrs. Philip Morgan sole heiress of her princely fortune."

"Dear, generous Claude!" cried the young doctor, shaking his hand with honest warmth; "this has been at the expense of your own interests. How much we owe you. Heaven bless you! Agnes must thank you, my little Lottie must thank you, as mother and child only can, for this new proof of your self-sacrificing friendship."

Claude was modest; Claude would not stay to listen to all the hot, incoherent words of praise his companion was stammering out; but walked to the table and took a cigar, and then stood a moment or so lighting it with his back to Morgan. That tiny flame blazing up so close to his lips showed an odd change in his face. He was as white as death, and his blue eyes had a green light in them; and he had to wet his dry lips several times with his tongue before he could even say to the friend behind him, "Will you have a cigar?"

He didn't care if he did—happy doctor, sitting in the shadow full of his own joyful thoughts, why shouldn't he enjoy the soothing weed, and dream out his fireside dream of a tiny brunette and a flaxen-headed baby?"

"You are such an odd, candid, honest, obstinate dog, Phil," said the sweet-voiced Claude, his persuasive hand again upon his companion's shoulder: "that I scarcely know how to reconcile you to the little subterfuge, the little—little—what shall I call it?—fraud, cheat, strata-gem, I am about to practice on Aunt Katharine to-night."

"Irresistible beauty! you should have been a woman. Speak out, my dear fellow," cried

the doctor, laughing: "I am quite a child in your hands, I assure you."

"I had a motive," pursued the young man, after a meditative puff, "in persuading Aunt Katharine into this visit to Shipley. I have long nursed the hope of a family reconciliation, a renewal of the happy old days at Netterby: and the end was nearer its accomplishment here than elsewhere. Understand me, cousin Morgan, when I tell you that my aunt is changed, that her heart is softened and her feelings kinder towards you, I do not say that *all* the old bitterness is entirely gone. That would be unnatural, next to impossible. With a great deal of genuine nobility of heart, my aunt is the victim of a diseased liver. She has a bad, bitter, unhappy temper, and requires, if I may use the expression, very careful management."

He paused to knock the ashes from his cigar, and take a deliberate sip from his half-empty glass.

"On principle," he said, turning to his companion, "I am opposed to all sorts of deception. A lie is a lie, whether spoken or acted; and lies are ugly things upon one's conscience. This, however, in my opinion, is one of the very few cases in which the end justifies the means. Now then," and he set down his glass to catch his friend by the hand, quite flushed, and speaking rapidly: "listen to my plan. I introduce you to-night to Aunt Katharine's sick room as Dr. Smith, Jones, Jenkins, anything but Morgan. She has never met you; that fine, handsome face of yours will be entirely strange to her, and I will take every care that the kind gossips of Shipley do not enlighten her on the subject. You attend her—cure her—win her affections—finally disclose yourself, and bring Agnes to see her. Grand *denouement*, like the close of a five-act play—cruel aunt in tears of tender reconciliation, loving niece and nephew on their knees, sniffing and begging forgiveness—'Bless you, my children,'—allegro music in the orchestra, &c., &c., &c." and Claude, waving his cigar in the air, threw back his head and laughed so shrilly and so long that the doctor's ears ached with the sound.

"Come," said he, when he had his laugh out: "Act I. Scene I.—come to her room."

"Beg pardon, Netterby," said the young physician, hesitating, "I don't take kindly to the rôle. I'm but an indifferent actor, and if you've no objections I'd rather—"

Claude's white teeth gleamed again through the yellow moustache:—

"Hang fire, eh? You would not irritate her unnecessarily?" he asked with singular softness; "you would not injure Agnes's prospects for a petty scruple?"

His quiet blue eye had an odd power in it. Dr. Morgan's objections melted away in the light of it, like wax in the fire.

"Well, well; as you please," he returned rather unwillingly, and followed his companion out.

It was only a dislocated ankle, to be sure; but when one has put one's ankle out of joint on a wretched, rainy night, at the door of a strange hotel, in a strange, wet, sloppy, slushy country town; when one is carried helplessly into a strange chamber, which smells strongly of varnish and a freshly-made fire, there to lie, fretted with the stupidity of the deaf chambermaid, fretted with the pain of a swollen ankle, and fretted more than all the rest because the doctor, who ought to be there on the spot to set it, does not see fit to arrive until the last atom of patience is exhausted. A dislocated ankle, altogether, under such circumstances, is not conducive to sweetness of temper or kindly views of mankind in general. Miss Katharine Netterby, a sharp-faced, faded blonde, of an uncertain age, lay upon the lounge where they had deposited her, with her lips set grimly, and her brow in ugly wrinkles with the pain. The pillow was doubled under her head in a hard lump, and her travelling shawl was thrown over her feet; but even the weight of the soft folds caused her extreme torture. Claude might have introduced the Tycoon of Japan and his entire suite at that moment; and, naturally curious as she was, (and what woman is not?) she would not have given the imposing cortege a second glance. Not a word did she say when the young doctor bowed, and threw his hat and gloves on the table; not a groan did she give when he went to work, with professional sangfroid, and dexterously jerked the recreant bone into its place. The ankle was so swollen, the operation could not but be a painful one; but was she not Agnes' aunt?—and to give him due credit, he performed it as gently, and with as little unnecessary pain as possible. When he had got through with it all, however, ordered an anodyne, and stood up drawing on his gloves, she looked at him for the first time from head to foot with her grim, blue eyes, said "You are a brute!" with fierce distinctness, and turned her face to the wall.

He had been admiring inwardly her Spartan

stoicism, and thinking her an enigma worth studying; and now her abrupt words startled him so much that he stood confounded, until Claude put his hat into his hand and hurried him out. Down stairs he looked at his companion with such a rueful face, and said so solemnly—

"Dear me! what a Tartar!"—that Claude fairly shouted with laughter.

"Such an outrageous Tartar!" said the doctor, musingly. "She must have all the bad blood of the Netherbys concentrated in her individual veins. My Agnes is a lamb in nature as well as in name; and as for you, Claude, why I consider you one of the sweetest-tempered, one of the most amiable fellows in the world."

Claude laughed again, more heartily than before; and after despatching a waiter for the medicine, and leaving orders for the deaf chambermaid to remain in his aunt's room till he returned, he passed his arm through his companion's, and walked home with him through the rain.

Mrs. Morgan was still up, beguiling the time with some dainty needlework, and singing so merrily as she sewed, that she did not hear the turning of the deadlatch-key or their entering footsteps. Lottie's last act of rebellion, before closing her baby eyes in sleep, had been to draw the comb out of her mother's glossy hair; and as it was so late, and the doctor would be in presently, and it wasn't really worth the trouble of putting up, it now shaded her bright cheek and swept to her waist, like the black veil of a Spanish maid.

"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,

How dark those hidden eyes must be!"—

quoted Claude with serio-comic pensiveness, standing upon the threshold.

Mrs. Morgan's song was out short. Mrs. Morgan's work slid to her feet, and she sprang up, joyously recognizing the voice and its owner. Then it was—"O, cousin Claude! how glad I am!" and "Dear cousin Agnes! how glad I am!" And "dear cousin Agnes" had to gather up her long hair in her hands, blushing and laughing, and searching for her comb in her work-basket, and then was forced—a picture of pretty perplexity—to drop it all in a shower—blushing and laughing still more because that mischievous Lottie had hidden the comb, and it wasn't to be found anywhere. And then cousin Claude kissed cousin Agnes on both cheeks, and quoted Norah Creina, and advised her to eschew

combs and hair-pins for the future, as the Godiva style was vastly becoming; and laughing happily, they all gathered about the fire. Then the doctor threw on fresh coal, and brought out some old Port, and his little wife had a hundred questions to ask about Netterby and Aunt Katharine; and they all talked at once, (as folks are apt to do when they have not met for years,) and enjoyed each other's jokes whether they were good or bad, and were as genial altogether as friendship and a bright fire could well make them.

Cousin Claude was so witty, and so good-tempered, and so kind-hearted, telling Mrs. Morgan again about the will and Aunt Katharine's altered frame of mind, and coaxing her so pleasantly out of her expressed intention of calling on the invalid the very next day, that, although the pale-faced Martha was in the room at the time, clearing away the glasses, the little wife could not forbear thanking Claude enthusiastically, and congratulating Philip with a kiss on the spot. If the downcast eyes of the quiet servant were raised for once, and resting upon the face of the visitor, it was small wonder; for Mr. Claude Netterby was a picture to look at just then—beautiful as an angel, with his blue eyes sparkling, and his fair face flushed with generous emotions.

What a pity it is, that even in handling the brightest, sweetest roses, one will sometimes stick one's fingers with the thorns! Bright and sweet as were the rosy hours of that happy evening, a thorn pierced Dr. Morgan, so sharp, so jagged, that he felt the pain to his heart's core. It was when he stood with his back to his companions, stirring the fire, and Claude diving playfully into the depths of Mrs. Morgan's work-basket, said lightly—"I got your parcel, Aggie dear, and was delighted to—"

A glance quick as lightning, a mute gesture of the finger upon the lip, of which the young doctor caught the reflection in the mirror opposite, and Claude, without completing the sentence, glided gracefully into a discussion about Shetland shawls and ivory needles. Dr. Morgan's heart thumped against his side till he felt sick. Turning about, he met Claude's eye. It only rested upon him a moment, and then roved back to the gay trifles of embroidery and knitting in the wicker-basket on his knee; but in that moment the anxious husband had read in the blue eye of their visitor a singular expression of pity which puzzled—nay more, irritated him. There was a mystery between

Claude and Agnes. His candid, innocent little wife had stooped to secrecy, and Claude was her confidant. What did it mean? It was the first stone cast into the lake of their married life; and now it was ruffling the clear, smooth surface, and making the limpid waters muddy.

When Claude was gone, however, genial and silver-voiced to the last, and Agnes came dancing up to her liege lord, to look him in the face with her dark, innocent eyes, and smile archly at him with her rosy, innocent mouth, all his doubts died away, and he was too much ashamed of his miserable suspicions to broach even a single question about the mysterious parcel.

What a talk they had of it, to be sure, sitting over the fire into the "wee sma' hours" of that night! What a different aspect their life had put on since Aunt Katharine had relented, and what a happy, happy future was opening before them! Everything was *couleur de rose*; and when they kneeled down at last, as they always did, to say their night-prayers together, out of what full, grateful hearts did they thank God for the blessings of the day, for His unspeakable mercies in their regard.

Miss Netterby's ankle turned out a painful, tedious case. A whole week, two whole weeks, dragged by, and she still lay in the strange room in the hotel, chained to her lounge like a log; the injured foot propped on pillows, too tender as yet to be put to the ground without a scream. Agnes Morgan's kind little heart ached for her lonely, suffering aunt, and she longed to go to her, and sit with her, and nurse her, as in the old days at Netterby; but Claude would not hear of it; she would spoil all, he said; a rash step might nip Miss Netterby's kindly feelings in the bud, and there would be an end of reconciliation; whereas, with a little patience, time and the doctor's visits would bring it all straight. So she waited.

Dr. Morgan's fifth visit to Miss Katharine Netterby was in the beginning of the third week. As John Jarndyce used to say, the wind was in the east, and his patient was as sour and sharp as a compound of vinegar and cayenne pepper. The slowness of her convalescence made her fretful, and fretfulness made her feverish, and she lay on her lounge, (having refused from the first to go to bed) with burning skin, parched lips, and a tendency to be incoherent even in her abuse of *materia medica*. This change disconcerted the young physician. He felt her pulse with a very sober

face, wondering where Claude could be. It was the first time, during his five visits, that he had missed his fair, girlish face at his aunt's side. Dr. Morgan looked at his watch; it was eight o'clock, and he had had no supper yet. He had been visiting some fever patients in the outskirts of the town, and had concluded to take the hotel on his way home, and let the visit to Miss Netterby close his list for the day. How provoking that he should find her so much worse; how provoking, too, that Claude should be out just when he wanted to see him. The young doctor was physically exhausted just then; he had been sitting in close, disorderly rooms, inhaling the pestilential breath of the sick, and had walked enough since dinner to tire any ordinary pair of limbs; but something more than mere physical exhaustion was weighing down his heart as he looked at his watch, and making the German element of his visionary mother stir so strongly within him. Miss Netterby's peevish mutterings had been growing fainter and fainter, till, dying away altogether in a drowsy murmur, her quick breathing told that she slept. And the doctor waited for Claude. Some curious influence was swaying him almost against his will. If he waited till midnight, he could not quit that house till he had seen Claude Netterby. Why didn't he come? Dr. Morgan walked to the window and looked out, singularly excited. It was a beautiful night—moonlit, and with an abundance of stars. Was Claude walking the streets and enjoying it? Or was he in-doors, at somebody's fireside, talking sentiment with his sweet, silvery voice, or looking sentiment out of his beautiful azure eyes? And then some imp of the perverse held up a mirror before Agnes' husband, and again he seemed to see two heads bending over a wicker-basket together, the black hair mingling with the golden; again he seemed to catch the reflection of meaning glances, and the mute gesture of the finger on the lip; and with a sick heart he turned from the window. Claude was looking in at the open door, and beckoning him out, his white hand quite ghostlike in the shadows. Pale and sad, with the same pitying look in his blue eyes which had irritated and perplexed the doctor once before, the fair-haired Claude led the way through the deserted passages, to his private parlor; and murmuring something about an interview on important matters, shut himself in with his wondering companion.

Dr. Philip Morgan entered that room a fine,

robust young man, his broad shoulders thrown back, and a healthy color in his cheek; he came out of it an hour afterwards stricken and stooping, his face haggard and his eyes wild. Claude was not with him; he was alone; and as he rushed along the passage and down the stairs, almost knocking over a couple of chambermaids gossiping at the foot, his face was the face of a madman, and the women shuffled out of his way in consternation. He had reached the hall, but a sudden giddiness had seized him, and he could go no further. As he leaned against the wall, weak and trembling, the light of the hall lamp full upon his face, some men came out of the bar-room, and, in passing, looked curiously at him. Ashen pale, the veins in his temples swollen like whip-cords, and one clenched hand pressed to his brow, the young physician of Shipley stood there, indeed, so unlike his usual manly, happy self, that one of the men turned back to ask, "Are you ill, doctor?" with genuine commiseration.

Dr. Morgan stared wildly at him, gave a half-suppressed groan, and dashed out into the night; and the group of wondering men standing on the hotel steps watched him until he disappeared, his hat slouched over his eyes, flying down the moonlit street like a hunted creature.

Home—home—home—with his brain in a whirl, and the blood seething in his veins! Home? The young doctor's lip curled bitterly at the muttered word, and was bitten the next moment until the blood came. The lamps were lit in the pleasant little parlor, the piano was going, and Mrs. Morgan was doing the honors to some of the Shipley upper-tendom. There was quite a group of ladies and gentlemen gathered about the centre-table, laughing and chatting, and looking over the engravings; and Dr. Philip Morgan, fearfully pale and agitated, stalked in among them all without a moment's warning, creating about as much consternation as the Marble Guest created in the supper-room of Don Giovanni. With a faint scream, Mrs. Morgan dropped the book of engravings she held, and ran at once to meet her husband. Her sweet face was as pale as his own; but when she raised it to him with an anxious question trembling on her lips, his mouth worked like one in a spasm, and he pushed her from him. She turned her large eyes wonderingly upon him—so fearless in their innocence, so pleading, so agonized, like a wounded deer's; the look pierced him with a sudden remorse,

and he threw his arm about her, groaning—"O, Agnes! I am a wretched man! a wretched, heart-broken man! I shall never know peace again after the horrors of this night!"

Then lifting his head, and seeming to notice for the first time the visitors who were watching the singular scene, and supposing in their own minds, most charitably, that Dr. Morgan was either drunk or crazy, he tossed the damp hair from his throbbing temples, and made some confused apology, pleaded illness, and quitted the room without a second glance towards the spot where his wife stood.

Poor Agnes Morgan! What an effort it was to control herself—to put a decent face on matters for the rest of the evening, when her husband's agitated appearance and broken words kept recurring again and again to her distracted mind. How hard it was to smile, and talk naturally to her guests, while they chatted away with noisy gayety, wrapping themselves in their shawls, and tying on their *nubias* in front of her bed-room mirror! How long it was before the last foot was cased in its rubber overshoe, the last overcoat buttoned up, and the last kiss pressed upon her pale cheek by the gossips of Shipley, who went away finally, commiserating "poor Mrs. Morgan" among themselves, and discussing the doctor in the broadest terms.

When they were all gone at last, and the young wife went back alone to extinguish the parlor lamps, she could not forbear sinking down upon a chair in the dark, and giving way, woman-like, for a moment, to a burst of tears. The tension had been so long and sharp, that the reaction carried all before it. But it was only for a moment. She was a brave little woman in the main, and she would go to Philip at once. What *could* be the matter with him? And she dried her tears, wondering.

As she came out of the parlor, she thought she saw Martha gliding quickly and noiselessly back to the kitchen; but she was too full of her own surmises and anxieties to give the girl a thought. Philip was not in his chamber; he must have gone to his study. To the study, therefore, the little wife followed him. She turned the handle of the door—it was locked. She rapped lightly; no answer. She rapped again, a little heavier, though her hand shook. "I am here, Philip."

No answer still. She was pale as a sheet by this time, and trembling from head to foot.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear husband, what

is the matter? Will you not let me in?—your own little Agnes—your true loving wife?"

A deep groan was the only response; but after a little interval, which seemed an age to the listening wife, Dr. Morgan said hoarsely—"Go away, and do not disturb me again. I cannot sleep to-night. I have a difficult case to study out."

Her heart died within her; but if there was to be no sleep for him that night, there would be none for her. He could not deceive her. Something awful had happened; and if he would not suffer her to keep this vigil by his side, she would keep it patiently outside his door.

Wrapped in her shawl, her large eyes tearless, and her pretty face wan and rigid, she sat down on the study steps, and leaning her aching head upon her hand, prepared to watch, like a true wife, through the long, cold hours of the dark night.

She could see the little strip of light under his door, and the little ray of half-intercepted light which flowed from the key-hole; but there was no sound from the beloved inmate for the first two or three hours. It was long past midnight when she heard him push back his chair and begin to pace the floor, to and fro, to and fro, like a heavy pendulum, till her brain ached with the monotony of the step.

"O, Philip, let me in!" she pleaded again, keeping closer to the door; and this time he seemed to relent, for the heavy foot came to the door, and the key half turned in the lock; but the next moment it turned back again, and the foot strode away, and, almost heart-broken, the little creature returned wearily to her old position. It was a long, long night, but the day dawned at last.—Agnes saw the light go out under the door, and the east began to redden with the rising sun. Martha would be down presently; she could hear her stirring overhead as it was, and, for her husband's sake, the girl must not find her there. Lottie was sleeping sweetly in her little crib; and stiff and cold and pale with her weary vigil, Mrs. Morgan stepped into her chamber, where the white, unruffled bed mocked her, smoothed her hair into some sort of order, bathed her tear-stained face, and descended to the breakfast parlor. It was a very pretty room: light and cheerful, with some fine pictures on the wall. Martha had already laid the cloth for breakfast. The snowy linen swept the floor, and the sunshine was dancing over the handsome breakfast ser-

vice (the gift of cousin Claude in the early days of her marriage), over the sideboard with its fluted curtains of crimson silk, and the morning paper drying on a chair-back in front of the fire. Everything was full of the sunny influences of the morning save the heart of the poor little mistress.

"Shall I ring the breakfast-bell, ma'am?" said Martha, who had been watching her for a full second unobserved.

"Yes, Martha;" and Mrs. Morgan sighed heavily, thinking it more than probable that her husband would not come down when it was rung. And *she* could not go to him! That was harder to bear than all the rest; and she was looking into the fire with the big tears welling up into her eyes when she heard his foot on the stairs. All its usual elasticity was gone. He generally bounded down three at a time, tossed up Lottie, kissed her, and made such a cheery hubbub all round that it was a pleasure to hear him.

He came into the breakfast-room now with a slow, heavy step. He wore his dressing-gown and slippers; and the gay-flowered cashmere, with its crimson facings, only made the dead white of his face more apparent. He scarcely raised his heavy eyes as he threw himself, without the commonest morning greeting, into his usual seat. Mrs. Morgan sat down with trembling lips, and something rising in her throat which almost choked her, and began to pour out the coffee. It was a perfect mockery—this solemn, miserable breakfast; this shallow attempt of each to deceive the other into the belief that something was really being eaten.

Lottie was not there, as usual, to break the silence with her lively prattle. The child had overslept herself, and Mrs. Morgan did not quite regret it. She *must* speak to her husband alone; she could not bear it another hour; no, not another minute. Martha was waiting on table, but a loud ring at the bell gave the young wife an excuse to send her away. She was gone—and, pale and trembling, Mrs. Morgan stole a glance at her husband. How wretched he looked! He had pushed back his plate, the contents of it untouched, and was staring vacantly at the cloth. A sunbeam from the window opposite was on his face; the compressed lips, the ashen cheek, the dark shadows about his eyes, independent of the disordered hair, the rumpled collar and the loosely-knotted necktie, told of a night of misery.

"Philip! Philip! what ails you?" she said

passionately, when the sound of heavy feet in the passage outside attracted her attention; the next moment the door opened, and two roughly-dressed men appeared upon the threshold. One, a short, jolly-looking, red-faced man, with his pantaloons stuffed into his boots; the other tall enough to look over his companion's head, with an angular face, mean and sneaking in its expression—she recognized both, on the instant, as the two constables of Shipley. Dr. Morgan had risen to his feet, his fingers clenching the arm of his chair, his dark, visionary eyes glaring wildly at the paper which fluttered in the short constable's hand.

"For Heaven's sake, Philip!" cried the young wife, her heart throbbing with alarm, "what does it all mean? What do these men want here?" and she clung to his side, her small arms embracing him, her agonized face turned fixedly upon the intruders.

"Dr. Morgan," said the red-faced man, with real sympathy and regret shining out of his dull animal eyes; "Dr. Morgan, you had better send your good lady into the next room, as the business we have with you this morning is rather of a—of a—painful—" he hesitated, "nature."

The young physician's gaze went from the rough visage of the constable to the sweet face, pressed like a broken lily against his side; and a singular tenderness softened the stern agony of his mouth.

"Agnes, my darling (if I call you *that* for the last time), you hear what this man says—you had better leave us for awhile."

"No—no!" she shrieked, clinging closer to him, with the great tears plashing over her cheeks unheeded, "never while I have life and strength—I will never leave you! O, Philip, do not send me away!"

Dr. Morgan looked mutely at the constables; his eyes said, "You see she will not go," but his lips said nothing.

"There's no help for it, then," said the stout man, regretfully; "the law must have its way, and the lady can't say we didn't warn her. Dr. Philip Morgan, we arrest you for the murder of Miss Katharine Netterby."

Murder? Aunt Katharine murdered—and Philip Morgan the murderer? No wonder the room swam round like a top; no wonder the sunshine was blotted out so suddenly, and darkness settled like a cold shroud upon poor little Agnes Morgan's heart.

And circumstantial evidence was strong

against the young physician. The testimony of the men who had seen him that night standing, pale and agitated, under the hall lamp at the hotel; the testimony of his own domestic who had admitted him, pale and agitated, on his return; and that of the visitors who had been the witnesses of his singular conduct, and the auditors of his still more singular words to his frightened wife, would alone have been sufficient to convict him of the murder in open court. But above all this, the most ominous reports were afloat through the excited town of Shipley. No one could tell who started them; but there had not been a murder in that quiet country place for at least fifty years, and, figuratively speaking, the gossips fattened upon the corpse of Miss Katharine Netterby as if they had been a flock of vultures.

What a frightful thing it was to be sure! Dr. Morgan's wife was Miss Netterby's niece; nay, more, she was Miss Netterby's heiress. Miss Netterby was rich, and the Morgans poor. What more natural thing than that the young doctor, tired of the hardships and struggles of his present life, and knowing of the will in his wife's favor, should be tempted to give poor Miss Netterby a potion which would stop the pulse of that unfortunate lady forever, and leave himself and family sole possessors of a handsome fortune. Ugh! the cold-blooded, calculating villain! and the gossips shuddered. And poor Mr. Claude Netterby—gentle, fair-haired Mr. Claude Netterby—they were really afraid the shocking affair would be the death of him in the end. Was there ever a more devoted nephew? He was actually as white as a ghost, and trembling like a leaf, the dear, beautiful young man, when he ran down to the bar of the hotel, shrieking out: "My aunt is murdered!—some one has murdered my aunt!" And then the landlord gave in his deep-voiced testimony of Mr. Claude's affectionate grief for his aunt. How Mr. Claude had handed his sick relative the draught of medicine just ordered by Dr. Morgan, who, by the way, had quitted Miss Netterby that evening a perfect tempest of passion; how the sick lady, after drinking it down, turned ghostly pale, and throwing up both hands, with the words, "Claude Netterby! I'm poisoned!" had sunk upon her pillow, as the landlord phrased it, as dead as a door-nail. And Mr. Claude was inconsolable. There was disinterested affection, if there ever was, said the gossips. The young man was grieving for her as if he had

been her heir; and her loss wasn't certainly his gain, for the will was in Mrs. Philip Morgan's favor, and Claude Netterby was as good as a beggar.

So with gossiping and conjecture the day waned slowly into night, and extra lights were lit, and the landlord was reaping a golden harvest from the unabated crowd which gathered about the bar-room fire talking over the event of the day, chilling the blood in each others' veins with tales of murder and mystery, and then warming it up again, to the landlord's great satisfaction, with steaming glasses of hot stuff.

Meanwhile, up in Miss Katharine Netterby's still chamber, where the clock ticked audibly, and the chairs were ranged stiffly about the wall, Miss Katharine Netterby's white, pulseless figure lay stretched upon a snowy bed. Little did the busy surmises of the gossips trouble that quiet head; little did the noisy discussions of the bar-room tongues affect that dull ear. Miss Katharine Netterby lay beyond it all, her thin hands crossed peacefully on her breast, and some of the long-lost beauty of her blonde girlhood softening her marble face. She lay just as she had died; for the undertaker of Shipley had been called away the day before to conduct a country funeral ten miles off, and would not be back till daybreak, so the remains of Miss Katharine Netterby, so far, had been undisturbed.

Agnes Morgan sat in a corner of the room watching the dead, alone. Little Lottie, worn out with fretting for papa, was now sleeping sweetly on the lounge in cousin Claude's parlor; and cousin Claude himself had been with Agnes all the afternoon sitting by the window, his face bowed in his handkerchief, his whole bearing showing how deeply, how terribly, the awful affair had shaken him. He had quitted the room just now, however, and she was alone.

The chamber was well lighted. A candelabrum, with four wax candles, burned upon the table near the bed, the flickering radiance mocking the stillness of the face over which it danced. That face was scarcely paler, scarcely more statue-like, than the white face of the watcher sitting in her distant corner. The sharpness of the first agony had subsided into a dull, tearless stupor. All powers of resistance were dead within her; she could not ask a question as to how it all came about; the events of the day seemed like something she had read or dreamed about ages before, and she

could only sit there holding her temples with both hands, trying to ease with pressure the aching pulse which beat in them like a leaden hammer.

Philip was arrested for the murder of that pale woman; Philip was in prison, and had refused, sternly refused, to have her follow him to his lonely cell. She read over for the fiftieth time the slip of paper she held clenched so tightly in her small hand: "With present doubts upon my mind, Agnes, it would be agony for me to see you. *Don't come near me.* I am dangerous just now, and might do you harm. That you should have failed me—that you should have proved untrue—O Heaven! it is a hard struggle to keep from hating you as much as I have loved you!"

That was all; only a slip of paper blotted and crumpled and without a signature—but what with the horrible mystery of it, what with the shadowy, wretched things it hinted at—every character on it was like the eye of a serpent chaining the young wife's eyes in a vacant stare, and chilling the very blood in her veins. She hid her face in her hands, forgetting the dead aunt, and longing, oh! so passionately longing, for the living husband.

"He is crazed with trouble, my poor, dear Philip," she argued in her deep heart; "this arrest has unsettled his mind, and his little wife is not there to soothe him into reason. O Philip! Philip! how could they say it? My noble husband a—murderer! He who was so tender-hearted he would not harm a fly—he a murderer! Never—never—and yet last night—so wild, so strange, so full of visionary horrors. O Heaven! what does it all mean?" and she dropped her clasped hands into her lap and looked up distractedly.

What did she see to bring her to her feet with such a ringing shriek? What vision was that before her in the well-lighted chamber to blanch her cheek and make her dark eyes almost start from their sockets? There—there—the still sheets were ruffled and thrown back, and cold, pulseless, rigid Death had given place to warm, breathing, animated Life. Miss Katharine Netterby sat up in her bed with the pallor of the grave still upon her blonde face, but with her blue eyes wide open, and her white lips whispering: "Agnes, my child, come here and kiss me!"

Love for her niece Agnes had been the one ruling passion of Katharine Netterby's life; and no one but herself knew how her lonely

heart had thirsted for her pet during the four long years since she quitted Netterby to become Philip Morgan's bride. Now the long-sated fountain welled up within her, almost suffocating her, as she stretched out her arms yearningly to the sweet young face, all her characteristic sternness melted and gone, all the tenderness that was in her shining out of her faded blue eyes.

"Agnes, my darling, come to me, come!" And, every doubt dissipated, Agnes flew to her embrace and wept upon her bosom like a perfect child.

No ghost could have clasped her in such a substantial pair of arms; no ghost could have hugged her to such a warm, loving breast, or poured out such a shower of affectionate epithets, as Miss Katharine then and there bestowed upon her niece; but between the hysterical sobs of the latter and the low, caressing words of the former, the sound of a footstep was heard coming lightly up the staircase and advancing along the passage to the door of the room. Miss Netterby lifted her head in the air like a deer scenting the coming hound.

"Silence—not a word," she whispered, and Claude Netterby entered—entered with a slow step, his head bowed down, his cambric handkerchief to his eyes, the very personification of graceful mourning.

"The undertaker has arrived, cousin Agnes," he said, in a muffled voice, never once lifting his face and pausing at the foot of the bed; "shall I bring him up?"

Clear and sharp as the click of a pistol came his answer from the bed. "I shall not require his services; and no thanks to you, nephew Claude."

It went through him like an electric current, that voice from the risen corpse. For the first time in his life Mr. Claude Netterby let slip his mask. The hand with the handkerchief in it dropped away from his visage and fell like a dead weight at his side; and face to face, eye to eye, Miss Katharine Netterby and her nephew Claude stared at each other steadily, searchingly, grimly, like two marble statues on a family tomb. Never from that hour to the day of her death did the expression of her cousin Claude's face quit Agnes Morgan's memory. His fair skin had turned to an ugly livid, his eyes glared with a greenish light like a tiger's, and the corners of his pale lips twitched convulsively.

"Seize him!" shouted Miss Katharine, so fiercely that every slipshod chambermaid and lounging waiter in the passage caught the sound, and ran gaping to look in at the open door.

"Seize him!" she shrieked, her shrill voice rising to such a pitch that it penetrated to the bar-room below, and every habitué of the place, every jolly soul of them, from the landlord down to the bootblack, gentle and simple, well-dressed and ragged, ran stumbling up the stairs with horrible surmises that Mr. Claude Netterby had gone mad with grief, and made way with himself in cold blood in the landlord's private parlor. In ten minutes' time the half of Shipley was crowded into the passage outside Miss Netterby's door, jostling, elbowing, peeping over each other's heads, and climbing over each other's shoulders, all to behold the unheard-of phenomenon of a dead woman sitting up in her bed and badgering her dutiful nephew in the most remarkable terms.

"Seize him!" she shouted for the third time, "secure him! tie him! don't let him escape! The man who attempted my life—who drugged my medicine—who would have killed me outright if he could, that he might inherit my money! Mark him where he stands—" and she pointed her long forefinger at the wretched Claude, who glared wildly about him, his white hands striving nervously to loosen the neck-tie about his girlish throat. "Look well at the handsome hypocrite, at the beautiful, graceful assassin, who poisoned my heart for four long years against my darling here," (Agnes' head was pressed more warmly to her heaving chest;) "who not a month ago cajoled me by his honey-eyed flattery, (old fool that I was to listen to it,) into making a new will in his favor—leaving him, *him*, hark you, my sole heir, and cutting off my darling with a beggarly annuity. Do you understand his plot, good people? Ah, Claude Netterby, the old aunt was feverish and light-headed enough at the time, but she saw you, for all that, creeping into her room, like the serpent that you were, and doling the draught out drop by drop, drop by drop, which was to be death to her and fortune to you."

The indignant Shipleyites could stop to listen to no more. In a body they poured into the room—in a body they rushed upon the miserable Claude; and it required the utmost efforts of a few of the more humane to keep the crowd, in their sense of outraged justice, from tearing

the wretched culprit literally limb from limb. Carried from lip to lip, banded from tongue to tongue, the news spread like wild-fire through the town. A few words dropped by the white-faced Claude, struggling and desperate in his keepers' hands, sent the crowd yelling and shouting to Dr. Morgan's house. But they were too late. The bird had flown. Martha, the spy; Martha, the pale, quiet tool; Martha, the unsuspected informer, had made good her escape, carrying with her all the silver plate and valuables of the Morgan household. But it mattered little now.

Before half an hour had elapsed, Dr. Philip Morgan was liberated from confinement, and Claude Netterby occupying his vacant cell. Borne upon the shoulders of the crowd, with shouts of triumph through the streets of Shipley, the young doctor was carried proudly to the hotel door, and in ten minutes more was sitting in Miss Netterby's room, with Lottie on his knee, Agnes hanging sobbing about his neck, and Aunt Katharine's hand warmly clasped in both his own.

"Tell me, Agnes," said the young physician, holding his wife's pretty face between his hands, and looking long and earnestly in her dark tearful eyes: "tell me, did you ever love your cousin Claude?"

"As a brother, yes—as anything more—never."

"He told me you loved him passionately—that you had always loved him, and had only married me because you had quarreled with him, and wanted to spite him. He pitied me, he said, and had a regard for my honor; and then he showed me letters in your own handwriting—"

"They were base forgeries!" interrupted Agnes, with flashing eyes.

"He assured me you corresponded with him regularly, and he said—Oh, heaven! I cannot tell you all the fearful things he said that awful night—which fired my brain, and almost drove me mad."

Agnes started from her husband's shoulder, with a new, bright intelligence breaking out of her clear eyes.

"I understand it now!" she cried: "listen, Philip, and I will explain it all. Since we have been so pinched of late, have had to struggle so much more than at first, I have been trying in my own poor way to lift the burden a little from your dear shoulders. Don't look angry if I tell you. I could do so *very* little; but I worked at nights, between times, when you were away

from home. I have sewed, knit and made little fancy articles for private sale."

"Oh, Agnes!" murmured her husband, reproachfully; but she went on, quite trembling in her eagerness to free herself:

"I was at a loss at first how to dispose of them. If I tried it here in Shipley, there were so many tongues, and they would be sure to talk; that be as secret as I might, I knew it would leak out in the end. Could I not find a better sale elsewhere? Then I thought of Claude. He had always been kind and affectionate, and I trusted him like a brother. So I used to send my articles regularly to cousin Claude, and he took care of the sales, and sent me the profits. Forgive me, dearest, for the deception," and she stole her arm about her husband's neck: "it was the first, and it shall be the last; but I knew you were so foolishly

fond and proud, and I was so anxious to help you. Ah! that unhappy Claude: how basely he perverted my unsuspecting confidence!"

Dr. Morgan's arms were about his true little wife, and Aunt Katharine's bony hand rested lovingly upon her glossy head.

"Miserable old miser that I have been, God help me!" cried Miss Netterby, the unwonted tears streaming from her eyes and down her faded cheeks, "hoarding my wealth and living in luxury, while this precious lamb was starving and fretting her young life away in labor. Philip, Agnes, forgive me. Come back to old Netterby, and be the sunshine of my frosty life. In weal or woe, in sickness or health, our lots are henceforth cast together, and heaven is my witness that while Katharine Netterby has a dollar to call her own, the children of Agnes Morgan shall never want."

TO EDDY—IN ABSENCE.

BY E. R. MARTIN.

The glorious autumn's past, and wood and meadow

Which but a month ago were bright with bloom,
Have left the sunlight and crept into shadow—

November shrouds them for the winter's tomb;
Thus hath my light departed, darling child!

No more thy prattle falls upon my ear;
There is to me no sunshine like thy smile,
'Tis autumn, sweet one, when thou art not near.

My darling, all the days seem sad and dreary,
Not like those pleasant happy times of old,
And I my daily lot tread slow and weary—

I miss thy star-like eyes, and hair of gold.

Thy life is tender yet—an opening morn,

The bright prelude of a glorious day—

The blushing bud by rose-tree's branches borne

In the soft breezes of the sunny May.

Thy soul is free from sin, thy heart from care,

As thou begin'st to tread the steeps of life;

But thorns will mingle with the roses there,

And all the road must be with dangers rife.

There's pain and sorrow, there is grief and woe,

And storm and tempest sweeping o'er the plain,

Tears must be shed as down the vale we go,

And trials met ere we the prize can gain.

Sweet child, I'd gladly shield thee from them all—

From every human ill—had I the power,

Thy latest day no anguish should recall,

No gloomy moment, no unhappy hour!

But not for me, oh, heart idolatrous!

Would'st thou to mortal brow such glory give,

When Jesus bowed his head in meek distress,

And wore the crown of thorns that we might live?

Forgive me, Saviour, but be Thou his friend,

His guide, his comforter in all alarms,

While wandering life's maze, and at its end

Take this dear lamb to rest within thine arms.

HOPE IN GOD.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

To-morrow and to-morrow, child, hope on;

And still to-morrow hope and evermore;

And when the dawn's first struggling rays have
shone,

Kneel down with hope undying to adore.

'Tis from our faults our keenest anguish springs,

And if for God our contrite bosoms yearn,

When he has torn from countless hearts the
stings,

His mercy will for us poor sinners burn.

MY SUITORS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I have two suitors for my kindly grace;
The one a farmer's boy, with hard, brown hands;
The other is a high-born English Earl,
With regal castles on his wide-spread lands.
The Lord Eugene has a fair, classic face,
And pearls and gold lace all his robes bestrew—
While Charlie has an honest sunburnt cheek,
And wears a private's uniform of blue.
I do not think I ought to care for both,—
Do you?

Both say they love me, in a tender way;
Eugene will fold me up from care and strife;
Charlie will give me all his warm, true heart,
And I shall be a Union soldier's wife.
Eugene will never leave me—so he says;
But soon to Charlie I must breathe adieu.
I think of him upon the dangerous field,
And lie awake, to pray, the long night through;
He may come back no more! I'll not be cold—
Would you?

I saw Eugene in furious anger once;
Beating his horse, 'till every quivering limb
Of the proud beast hardened to sinewy steel,
And the deep eyes flashed lightning upon him!
Charlie's white mare knows not the coward whip;
He feeds her with red clover, wet with dew.
I smooth her mane, like flossy Persian silk,
And loving her, think of her master too.
I could not trust the man who beats his horse—
Could you?

Welcome, soft summer night!—ablaze with stars!
Flushed rosy red with the gold smile of day!
Welcome, warm breezes, that have swept through groves
Of orange trees, around some southern bay.
Anchored, my heart's at rest—a calm supreme
Fills me with silent peace—so strangely new,
I almost fear to grasp and make it mine,
Lest it should vanish like the morning dew.
I do not think I shall regret the Earl—
Do you?

MABEL'S MISSION.

Continued from page 109.

CHAPTER VII.

"No man differs so much from another, as the same man from himself at a former period of his life."—OLD PROVERB.

The next morning Lucy was able to come down stairs. She assisted Mabel in the arrangement of the flowers, which they gathered in the grounds, and which were blossoming in such profusion, that none were missed. One vase Mabel arranged and re-arranged, but still it did not suit her.

"What an age you are over that little affair—give it to me," said Florence.

Reluctantly, Mabel suffered her to take it. It contained the choicest and most odorous flowers; and as Florence's fingers touched them, as it were, they fell into exquisite arrangement. Over the edge of the vase, contrasting with the white Parian, drooped scarlet fuchsias and tendrils of green, while a wealth of heliotrope, tea roses, sweet-scented verbena, moss rosebuds, and mignonette, "bourgeoned into bloom" above.

"There—is that to 'your pleacement,' as Biddy says?" asked Florence.

"It is just what I wanted. If I only could have fixed it myself; but it is a gift, this art of arranging flowers, and I wasn't born with it."

The vases were scattered through the rooms in appropriate places, the clippings cleared away, and leaving Lucy to rest on a lounge in the darkened library, Florence and Mabel went up to prepare for dinner.

"Oh! is *this* what you were taking such pains with that vase for?" called out Florence, from the chamber appropriated to their guest. "Look here, Mildred; see these lovely flowers that Mabel has put in Mr. Grantley's room!"

Miss Vane stood in the doorway, and glanced into the darkened chamber. It was a simply furnished apartment, but the matted floor, the snowy drapery of the bed, the sheer muslin curtains of the windows, gave it a cool, inviting aspect. The flowers, and a few choice

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engravings, still farther adorned and beautified it.

"See—isn't this a pretty idea of Mabel's? Everybody loves flowers, you know; and there is nothing half so beautiful on earth, or in Heaven either, I believe.

Florence thought that a half-smothered sigh escaped Miss Vane as she replied:

"The idea is pretty enough; but it is a waste of sentiment as far as Mr. Grantley is concerned."

A touch of bitterness in her tone made Florence turn upon her with the question—

"What makes you so very severe upon him, Mildred?"

"I have reason to be," she answered, entering the chamber and closing the door after her.

"We were friends once, but we are not now. I tell you this much, to explain my absence from the dinner table. I shall ask cousin Richard not to inquire for me, you understand."

"Y-e-s," answered Florencé, looking as curious as Eve. "I understand all that you wish me to; but I should like to understand more."

Miss Vane's face expressed "You never will," but she said nothing. Stooping over the flowers, to inhale their fragrance, a tear fell on them; then, as if in scorn of herself, with an imperious air she turned away from them, and left the room.

Florence looked after her, the saucy light of her eyes dying away in a glance of pity, as she said to herself, "Poor thing! and she so proud! She likes him better than she would have me think."

Before the arrival of the expected guests, Florence and Mabel joined Lucy in the library. It was nearly half-past four by the timepiece on the mantel, and the train in which they were to arrive was due at four; so all were on the look-out. Florence, who had been fluttering around like a bird upon the wing, finally settled down in the softest of easy chairs, while her little feet beat an impatient tattoo upon the matting. Lucy, who was near a window which commanded a view of the carriage-drive, kept watch faithfully; while Mabel, the only one who tried to occupy herself, might as well have laid aside her book, for it was upside down.

"I shan't open my lips to say a word to that Mr. Grantley, for fear he will put me in his next book. Pont! is that you? Come here, you rascal!"—and Florence turned her head

towards the side door, which stood open, revealing a vine-covered veranda beyond.

No, it was not Pont, for the tread of feet on the gravel was followed by a sound of voices, and Mr. Vane entered, accompanied only by Mr. Grantley.

After the introduction, a servant was summoned to show Mr. Grantley to his chamber, who was not only covered with dust, but heated from the walk over the grounds which Mr. Vane had taken him, to show him some stock which he had just imported. After receiving a reproof, administered jointly by Florence and Lucy, for bringing Mr. Grantley upon them so unceremoniously, Mr. Vane also went to his chamber to prepare for dinner; and then Lucy burst out with—

"Well, what do you think of him?"

"Think of him! why, I haven't had a chance to think of him," answered Florence. "In the same breath that his name was on my lips, I was introduced to him. I declare, I was never so embarrassed in my life! I am sure he heard what I said, for he was close by the door; and he looked so excessively dignified when he spoke to me."

"But he is not so bad looking after all—is he? I expected to see him all of a color, like Dr. Peirce; but his hair is not so very light. I don't think he is ugly."

"Who said he was ugly?"

"Why, Mabel told me what Mildred said, you know; and I thought of course he must be ugly."

"Well, she said one true thing at any rate; for he *has* got stone-colored eyes—that just expresses it;—stony eyes, I should have said. I'll wager a guinea that he has been spoiled, and expects every woman he meets is going to fall down and worship him. I declare, Mabel, you provoke me. There you sit, looking as cool as a lump of ice, this hot day, and here my face is all flushed, and I am working myself into a bad humor. What did you think of him?"

"He looked just as I expected the author of 'Ferndale' would look. He has the saddest face I ever saw."

"Well, you *are* romantic! I suppose that you will begin by pitying him, and end by loving him. I give him over to you to entertain; for I have taken a mortal dislike at the start, and I never could say ten words to any one that I did not fancy. It gives me a bad name, I know; but it is a matter of indifference to me

what people think of me, so they don't bore me. I wish Mildred was coming down to take some of the responsibility of entertaining him, knowing him as she does—by the way, girls, you are not to say anything about her; she doesn't want him to know that she is here."

This last was said *sotto voce*, for Mr. Grantley's steps were heard coming down the stairs.

He joined them, looking cool and refreshed; and entering into conversation, so great was the charm of his manner, so exquisitely modulated the tones of his voice, that Florence became oblivious of her hastily formed prejudice; and when dinner was announced, was as agreeable and as much at home with him as if she had known him all her life.

As they were seated around the table, Mildred's place remained vacant. Mr. Vane was just on the point of betraying her, but suddenly remembering his instructions, made a furious charge at his soup, and burnt his mouth in his haste to do something.

"I wish that Dr. Peirce had got over in time to dine with us, but these medical men never have an hour that they can call their own. Our new pastor, Mr. Forsythe, wants to meet you too. I invited him, but he had an engagement. There is a little feeling in the church about his persisting in bringing politics into the pulpit. I don't approve of it myself, but he is evidently so sincere in his convictions of duty, that I cannot bring myself to oppose him."

"I have heard of Forsythe. I should like to meet him," rejoined Mr. Grantley. "You say a little feeling; I should imagine there was considerable, from all I hear. It seems that his orthodoxy is called in question—a more serious matter than meddling with politics, as that case of Mark Watson's shows. One would scarcely suppose that there could be such bigotry in these times."

"Bigotry! I tell you there is as much of it now as in the days when they burned at the stake, and tortured in the Inquisition. If men had the power, their intolerance would lead them to the same lengths of bodily torture which those times witnessed. It requires as much bravery to face public opinion as to face martyrdom."

"Well, more even, when you come to weigh the two; one decrees a few hours of suffering at the utmost—and then an entire release. The other—harassing days and sleepless nights; an indefinite period of mental torture, pro-

longed, in all probability, to the limit of one's life; and then, instead of leaving behind you the glory of a martyr's name, mean motives are attributed to your noblest efforts, by opponents who, bedaubed with mire, seek to draw your memory down into the dirt with themselves. Still, there is another side to this. Those who have a great moral truth or righteous cause at heart, rise, in a measure, beyond the reach of the vexations and annoyances which beset their paths; but it takes time—it takes time for that. A man cannot see a friend, who has been to him more than a brother, pass him by as a stranger, without feeling a pang at his heart."

"Ah! is that the mental torture that you alluded to?" asked Florence. "I was thinking that if braving public opinion caused it, one must have a stronger regard for that same public than for the cause they espoused."

"Not necessarily, even admitting your supposition to be correct," answered Mr. Grantley, smiling back into the piquant face raised to his. "Where 'approbativeness' is large, it is not without a struggle that one turns his back upon that powerful organization, the public, even when the truth for which they do battle has become as dear to them as their own life. Mr. Watson, of whom I was speaking, is a case in point. He told me that he struggled for years with his convictions of duty, before he could bring himself to brave the coldness and displeasure of friends, and the animosity of the disciples of popular theology."

"I do not agree with Mr. Watson in his religious views," remarked Mr. Vane; "but I respect him for his sincerity. In the same way with Mr. Forsythe, in regard to politics; while I think it a mistake that he should consider it his duty to bring such topics into the pulpit, I esteem him all the more for his resolute carrying out of his convictions of duty."

The sun had set, and the shades of evening were gathering around the little party in the dining-room. Through the open windows came the cool south wind, heavy with the perfume of the night-blooming jessamine, and awakening in Grantley memories not akin to the scene around him. His face resumed its grave expression, his eyes their deep, sad light, and leaning back in his chair, he gave himself up to his usual twilight reverie, while the others talked on. Mr. Vane, noticing his absent look, said at length:

"Grantley, if you would like to look over your notes, you had better go into the library

and do so. It will soon be time for us to start."

"I never speak from notes, but I will take the time to collect my thoughts," he answered. "I never felt less like speaking than I do to-night; it is generally a pleasure to me, but to-night it is a dread."

At this moment Solon put his head in, to announce that the carriages were ready.

The gentlemen all arose, and proceeded to the piazza, which ran around three sides of the house, and in front of which stood Dr. Gerald's light wagon, with seats for three beside the driver; behind this was Mr. Vane's barouche, while in the rear Tom Ashley stood, holding a saddle-horse.

"Girls, are you ready?" called out Mr. Vane from the foot of the staircase.

"We are waiting for you," answered Florence, appearing in the doorway of the drawing-room with her bonnet on; "and Mr. Forsythe has been waiting too."

Mabel and Mr. Forsythe followed, and Mr. Vane, after expressing his regrets to Mr. Forsythe that his arrival had not been announced, introduced him to Mr. Grantley.

The two clasped hands in a fervent pressure, the magnetism of which was felt by both.

"Don't let me detain you," said Mr. Forsythe; "I only came to bid you God speed in the cause of humanity which you have espoused. It is a rare thing to see a young man put on the harness which you have donned. I know how it galls, but wear it to the end—wear it to the end, my brother;" and Mr. Forsythe laid his broad palm upon Philip Grantley's shoulder.

"I will, so help me God," he responded reverently, feeling the touch as a benediction.

"We can take one of the ladies with us," said Dr. Gerald, who, with Judge Klamp, were already seated in the wagon.

"Thank you; we have plenty of room in the barouche," answered Mr. Vane.

"Where is Miss Mildred? Is she—"

"Drive on!" called out Mr. Vane, with much more peremptoriness than the occasion seemed to require.

After Florence and Mabel were seated in the barouche, Mr. Vane turned to Mr. Forsythe and said—

"Let me take your saddle-horse, and you and Grantley go with the ladies."

"I have no objections," answered Mr. Forsythe.

Mr. Grantley looked wistfully at the saddle-

horse, and Mr. Forsythe, interpreting the look, said—

"Wont you try my saddle-horse. A gallop over the road puts life into one, especially when the energies have been taxed, as yours have been, no doubt, by my friend Vane's dinner."

"It is the very thing I was wishing for," answered Mr. Grantley, accepting the offer by vaulting into the saddle. "I feel the need of exercise, or something to arouse me. Don't expect much from me to-night in the way of a speech, for I feel as though every particle of vitality had gone out of me, and I were nothing but a clod of earth."

"I know what that state is," replied Mr. Forsythe; "it is to the mind as sleep to the body, and the first moment that it is necessary, you will become aroused, and thoughts pour in upon you as if by inspiration. Mark my words, you are going to speak well to-night, and without effort."

Dr. Peirce now drove past in his buggy with Mr. Stanton, having had to go to the stable to expedite matters; the barouche followed, and "Cosmos," Mr. Forsythe's spirited steed, who had been exercising his hoofs alternately in pawing the gravel, now arched his beautiful neck, and obeying every motion of his rider, set off in a canter, leaving the barouche in the distance.

Once Mr. Grantley reined in his horse and waited for them to come up, to inquire the road; said a few words to Mr. Forsythe in praise of Cosmos, and then was off again, the dust from his horse's hoofs curling like smoke along the road.

"He is a bear!" said Florence, in an undertone, to Mabel, who only opened wide her soft, brown eyes, and looked reprovingly.

"I tell you he is," she added, under cover of some continuous remarks which Mr. Forsythe was making. "To prefer riding by himself, instead of coming with us; and then, when he did stop, never addressing a word to us."

The shades of twilight were fast deepening into night when they reached the rough wooden building thrown together for these meetings, and which was already crowded to excess. Mr. Grantley, who had alighted and disposed of his horse, now came forward in time to help Mabel out, whose hand he drew within his arm, following Mr. Forsythe, who led the way with Florence.

As they approached an entrance by the side of the platform, it being impossible to obtain

ingress by the main entrance, Dr. Gerald met them.

"I have succeeded in getting a few good seats for you to the left of the platform. Come this way, and I will seat you. Here, Mr. Grantley, you ascend the stage by this door; I will take charge of this young lady."

A glare of light, a buzz of voices, a stifling atmosphere, and an undeniably hard seat, was all that Mabel was conscious of for the next few moments. Then she glanced at Florence, whose face she would scarcely have recognized, so changed was it. For the first time Mabel realized that she *might be* the Mrs. Vane of whom she had heard. Her features, in perfect repose, were haughty in their expression; those beautiful eyes, heretofore liquid with light, and changeful as the heavens, now looked cold and hard, "casting off the glances that were thrown upon her," as steel would cast off arrows."

But now, the buzz deepened, and soon swelled into shouts of applause, as Mr. Grantley appeared upon the stage. He stood for a moment, looking calmly over the heads of the multitude, as if his gaze were riveted upon some object in the distance, entirely unmindful of the redoubled shouts which greeted him; and then, as the enthusiastic sounds died away into silence, his voice rose low and clear, now swelling into tones, as grand as the diapason of the "ever-sounding sea," then with weird power, he so modulated them, that they fell in a melody as irresistible as "the lull of falling water in a marble fountain." For more than an hour did he sway the multitude before him, pausing only when the applause was too deafening to permit him to be heard, with the same steadfast look in the distance, seemingly unconscious of the shouts and cheers. All this time, Florence and Mabel had been as it were under a spell of enchantment, never taking their eyes from the speaker; but now, he commenced giving in detail, some statistics, which were not so interesting; and Florence's eyes wandered over the upturned faces of the audience. A form in the distance, especially attracted her gaze—a lady standing, with her face closely veiled. She turned to draw Mabel's attention, but when she looked again, the lady was not in sight, and her conjectures were soon forgotten, in listening to the poetic and eloquent appeal with which Mr. Grantley closed.

"You are too moderate," said Mr. Forsythe to Mr. Grantley, as he joined him, after Mr. Grantley had escaped from the crowd who

pressed around him—"too moderate in your views. It will never do to keep on the ground which you have taken to-night. Why, you are retrograding."

"I am growing more moderate every day of my life, Mr. Forsythe. I am done with extremes. Spasmodic violence is one thing—strength of conviction another—in politics as well as in religion."

"I am sorry to hear you say this; I am disappointed," said Mr. Forsythe, coldly. "Your enemies will say that you had not courage to stand by an unpopular cause."

He answered with dignity, and not without a certain sadness of tone, "Mr. Forsythe, it matters very little to me what my enemies think; but it is a source of regret and of pain to me, to have my friends misjudge my motives. One takes me by the hand and says, 'Come up here,' another takes me by the hand, and says, 'Come down here,' and because I maintain my place between the two, I lose the love and confidence of both; but I have long since ceased, even to desire, to conform my actions—much less my principles, to the wishes of my friends—that would be a thankless task indeed: but you, as a minister of God know, that if I remain true to the duty which is made clear to me, I shall 'know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.'"

They had reached the carriage, where Mr. Vane had already seated Florence and Mabel, and Mr. Forsythe bidding them good night, left them.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Why expect
Wisdom with love in all? Each has his gift—
Our souls are organ-pipes of divine stops
And various pitch; each with its proper notes
Thrilling beneath the self-same breath of God."'
KINGSLEY.

"Oh, Lucy, if I were only a man, and such a man as Mr. Grantley!" exclaimed Mabel, going into Lucy's room, as soon as she could reach it, after getting out of the carriage. "Oh, I never heard such eloquence! I never knew before what eloquence was! If you only could have heard him!" Her face was flushed with excitement, and her eyes burning bright.

"I am glad that you have enjoyed the evening so much," answered Lucy, in the most aggrieved tone, and with the most woe-begone face imaginable.

In a moment Mabel saw that something was wrong.

"What is the matter? are you not well?"

"Yes, as well as I ever am," she replied, with the same injured air.

"You haven't been alone all this time, I hope. Where is your cousin?"

"Yes, I have been, *all alone*. Mildred had such a dreadful headache, she couldn't stay with me half an hour even. I didn't think when you came, that I should ever get lonely, but it seems I am to be so always."

All Mabel's ardor died out of her face, and she stood a moment scarce knowing what to say; then dropping down on one knee, before the couch where Lucy was reclining, she took her hand, saying,

"Indeed, Lucy, if I had had the least idea of your being left alone, much as I wanted to hear Mr. Grantley, I would not have gone one step. Now, forgive me, and I will promise never to go anywhere again, that you cannot go with me. I came here to keep you company, and you never shall be lonely if I can help it."

Lucy's face relaxed into a half smile.

"Well, go on now, and tell me about Mr. Grantley," she said.

But Mabel, dampened in her ardor, checked in her first outburst, was not able to give a very brilliant synopsis. Besides, her thoughts wandered. She could hear the hum of voices from the rooms below, and she was wondering how Mr. Grantley was feeling, now that the excitement was over; whether the reaction showed itself in his face, what he was saying; and Lucy, who was beginning to yawn, finally said,

"Oh, you are half asleep; you might as well go to bed, and it is time I was there too."

Mabel was not reluctant, and she went to her own apartment, closing the door between. She sat down by the window, watching first, the lights streaming out from the drawing-room windows on to the lawn; then the fantastic shadows which the shrubbery cast; until at length, her eyes wandered to the distant road, over which she had passed a short time since, her first and her last drive probably, with Mr. Grantley. If George Canning could have studied law, as he was so anxious to do—if he could have gone to college even, he would have made just such another man, Mabel thought. And Ralph—her brother—who could tell what his future would be? How her heart glowed as she thought of the dear ones at home. To be of use to them was her greatest longing: but she never could be. A man could make himself great and glorious—bring honor and independence to his family; but what could a woman do?

In the solemn silence of that star-lit night, a voice came floating down to her from distant ages, "There is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory."

She looked up to the heavens, as she repeated the words; and as her mind responded under their sublime influence, she for the first time, felt the sinfulness of the wish which she had so often uttered. Life dawned upon her with a new meaning. Insignificant as she was, the Father who had created her, had a work for her to do. She would live content to be what He had made her.

Her eyes again fell on the distant road, where now could be seen a solitary moving figure. Mabel watched it, scarce knowing why, but as it approached, she could dimly discern that it was a woman's form. What could she be doing on that lonely road at this hour of the night? Was it some poor, friendless outcast? Oh, what a sad lot for a woman to be friendless, and homeless; yet, there were plenty such. What a pleasant home she had, though she had wearied of it sometimes: and how opportunely her Uncle Richard's invitation had come, just as she was beginning to feel that she could not any longer be a burden to her father.

Her dreams were pleasant that night, and her sleep refreshing. She was up with the sun, to write her first letter home; and the pages were well filled and sealed, before Lucy was out of bed. When they went down to the library, they found Mr. Grantley the sole occupant. He was turning the pages of "*Aurora Leigh*," reading a passage here and there: and naturally the conversation turned upon Mrs. Browning and her works. Mabel was at home on this subject, and she did not hesitate to express her opinions.

Mr. Grantley at first smiled at Mabel's enthusiasm; but at one or two bold criticisms which she made upon *Aurora Leigh*, and which coincided with his own opinions, he took some pains to draw her out on other subjects; and finding with what modesty and good sense she expressed herself, how fresh and piquant were her views of life, he was not long in making up his mind that he had come across that rare thing in these days, a novice in society.

"If you think so highly of a woman, Mabel, I am surprised that you should ever wish yourself a man," said Lucy, who was beginning to feel that she was not sufficiently noticed.

Mabel felt the blood crimsoning her very

brows, and it did not help the matter that Mr. Grantley should say,

"I am sure that Miss Day never gave utterance to so unfeminine a wish; or if she did, that she was not in earnest."

"Indeed I have wished it a great many times, and in real earnest," answered Mabel, frankly; "but I think it was wrong, and I am sure I shall never wish it again—that is, if I can help it."

"What could have induced such a wish in one so young as you are, and whose surroundings in life have been so pleasant as yours must have been?" he asked, regarding her curiously.

The blush which had mantled her face had died away, leaving only a vivid spot upon either cheek, and raising her clear eyes to his, she answered fearlessly,

"The desire to be of use to my father, who has a large family of daughters to support, and but one son, whom he wishes to educate for his own profession, the law: but I am sure that it is wrong to wish myself anything other than I am," she added, dropping her eye-lids under Mr. Grantley's steady gaze, "God would not have sent me into the world, if he had not had something for me to do."

"No, that he would not, child; and whatever your work proves to be, you will do it faithfully, I am sure. We all learn sooner or later that life is no play-ground."

Again that mysterious expression of sadness came into his face: he looked as if in a dream; or rather, as one who is living over in memory some solemn, painful experience of the past. Presently he aroused himself, and added,

"I will send you a book which I have been reading lately, and will mark some passages for your especial observation."

Florence's entrance gave another turn to the conversation. Mr. Grantley laid down "*Aurora Leigh*," and taking up a scrap of paper wrote a few words with his penoel upon it.

After breakfast, he gave this little folded slip of paper into Mabel's hands, saying in a hurried manner, "I have a favor to ask of you; Miss Mildred Vane is in the house—will you take her this, and bring me an answer?"

Mabel was so taken by surprise, that she knew not what to say; but she went straight to Miss Vane's door with it and knocked. There was no sound, and she knocked again. This time a bolt was shot back, the door opened scarce the width of her hand, and Miss Vane said, "I do not wish to see you—I do not wish to see any one this morning." But Mabel put the

paper in, saying, "I was sent with this, and told to wait for an answer." It was taken from her hand, but for an instant she saw no one; then Miss Vane stepped forward, gave her a searching look, and seizing her by the waist, pulled her within the room.

"Have you read this?—have you seen one word that was on this paper?" she asked, her black eyes looking Mabel through and through.

"Miss Vane! how dare you think so meanly of me? I have not seen a syllable." Her truthful face was enough, and Miss Vane was satisfied.

"Sit down: I will not keep you long," she said, and Mabel took a seat near the door, while Mildred crossed the room to her writing-desk, and bending over it, her face was but partially visible; but oh, how changed! There was not a particle of color in it, and her heavy black hair in contrast, made her look white as death. Even at that distance, Mabel noted the silver threads which ran through it, and which heretofore had been so carefully concealed, that she had never suspected their existence.

As Mabel's eyes glanced around the room, she saw that the bed had not been occupied. A black shawl, a bonnet and veil, lay thrown upon it; and at the side, where a chair had been drawn up, an indentation was plainly visible, as if Mildred's head had been resting there, instead of on her pillow. What could it mean? She glanced back at Mildred again, and for the first time, saw that she wore a dress, draggled and soiled, as if by dew and dust. The solitary female figure of the night before, rose in her memory. Could it be possible? Where could she have been? What mystery was here? Such thoughts darted rapidly through her mind, and when Mildred handed her the sealed note, she took it to Mr. Grantley, with so serious a face—with eyes so full of a vague apprehension, that he could not but smile at her.

"Thank you, Mignon," he said, "you have done me a service, and I shall not forget it. Besides, we share a secret together, do we not? So you cannot forget me; you will sometimes think of me; is it not so, my little friend?"

"I shall, very often," she answered, her plain face growing radiant as she spoke.

She went up to her chamber, with a heart full of a strange joy, which she had never felt before. It was so pleasant to think that Mr. Grantley had called her his friend, and that she had been able to be of the slightest service to him. He loved that proud, scornful Miss Vane;

and she hated him in return—it was plain to see that. How could she hate him? . . . What did he call her “Mignon” for?—and child? She was not so very young—twenty-one—that was a woman’s age, and not a child’s. True, he was a great deal older; and oh, how far, how far above her! She thought of Lintram and the Knight of Montfauçon—and wondered if she should ever grow as worthy of Mr. Grantley’s friendship, as Lintram became of the confidence of his worshipped Knight. Perhaps she should never see him again—perhaps he would even forget to send her the book which he had promised her. He must have a great deal upon his mind. George Canning had forgotten to send her “*I Promeni Sposi*” as he had promised; she must not expect that Mr. Grantley, whom she had known so short a time, should remem-

ber what so old a friend had forgotten. Then she wondered what kind of a book he had meant—a poem or a novel?—it might be one of his own, and on the blank leaf, he might write her name, and “from the author,” as she had so often seen on books sent to Mrs. Reed, who had once written a book—a great thing in Mabel’s estimation. And so she mused and dreamed, until Lucy called her to go on with the reading, which had been interrupted for a day. Then, she was made aware that Mr. Grantley had gone—gone without even bidding her good-bye! He had already forgotten her—his words meant nothing. What a silly dreamer she had been. She was glad that no one knew her thoughts, for already she blushed to recall them. Ah, Mabel! one need not blush for hero-worship!

(*To be Continued.*)

FALLEN.

BY MISS A. L. MUZZEY.

Gracie, my household angel,
Come and sit by my side;
I have lost friends and favor,
Fortune is at ebb-tide.
I am all rough and stormy,
You are all sweet and calm,
Comfort me, comfort me, dear one,
Love me just as I am!

Gracie, this is the hero
You dreamed of in maiden life;
This is the brave knight-errant
Who won you for his wife.
Child, do you love your fetters?
Is it sweet to be bound,
Now that the God you worshipped,
Sits at your side disrowned?

Gracie must view my failings,
Tenderly as she can,
I am no son of heaven,—
Only a mortal man,
Dowered with human passions,
Dammèd with fierce desires,
Thirsting with mad ambitions,
Burning with Hatred’s fires.

Oh, my sweet Roman vestal,
What does your pure heart ken
Of the dark power of evil
Stirring the souls of men?
What of this world’s temptations,
Luring us on to sin?
Heaven be praised, my darling,
You have no part therein!

When I go forth in the morning,
My good angel stays with you, sweet,
And I run the way of destruction,
With swift and hurrying feet.
When I come home in the evening,
And meet your welcoming eyes,
I feel like fallen Lucifer
Entering Paradise.

Ever and ever resolving,
What does my purpose win?
The whiter getteth my conscience,
The blacker groweth my sin!
Is my brain turned with madness?
Or am I drunken with wine?
Neither. The worst have moments
Of penitence. I have mine.

Dear, how you shrink and shiver,
And your face is ashen white.
(What would she think if I told her
What I have done to-night?)
Ah, you pure lamb o’ God, better,
Better ere you had wed,
You had been softly lying
Under the church-sward dead!

Pure one, go to your slumbers,
The innocent are blest;
The guilty know no quiet,
The wicked have no rest.
Let my name in your prayers
Fly in a heavenly path,
Say, “Oh, God be merciful,
And judge him not in wrath!”

AT LAST.

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

Tingalingaling. The waiter hurried to the door.

"Is your master at home, Sam?"

"No, sah. Marser an' mistis an' Missy Dane have all gone to a concert. Bress de Lor'! is it you, Marser Cunnel, come home again?" exclaimed the darkey in delighted surprise, as he caught a fairer view of the stranger's face under the trim military cap.

"It is certainly I," smiled the gentleman, as he divested himself of his heavy overcoat.

Sam quickly ushered him into the parlor, where a bright fire was blazing.

"Shall I tell cook to 'pare you some supper, sah?"

"No, thank you, I have had supper. Where is my little boy, Sam?"

"Little Marser George is in de nursery. Shall I bring him down here, sah?" asked Sam, anxious to serve.

"No. I'll go up myself presently. I know the way."

While Sam disappeared into the lower regions to announce the good news that "Cunnel Lowrie had got back from de wars," the young father went softly up to the nursery. The door stood open a little way, and he looked in.

In the middle of the room was a low bed, and beside it sat a woman clad in mourning garments. A young woman, but not pretty. She was too pale and worn-looking for that. He saw her bend over the child, who threw his arms lovingly about her neck.

"Please, Miss Hale, to raise my head a little higher. It aches so."

The woman lifted the bright head with its wealth of curls tenderly to her bosom. "Does that feel better?"

"Oh! yes. How good you are."

There was silence for a minute, then, "I was bad again to-day, Miss Hale."

"How was that?" asked the lady, gravely.

"Why, cousin Tommy threw my pretty red book into the mud and spoiled it, and I was so mad that I forgot what you told me, and struck him *hard*. Aunt Leina saw me do it, and when I came in she shook me and called me a naughty, wicked boy. And I was. I am so sorry; but that wont help it any, will it?"

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"Perhaps it will help you to *think* next time. I am sorry that your pretty red book is spoiled, but my little boy must try very hard to control his temper. I want him to be a noble man when he grows up." The little head nestled closer, and the small arms went again around her neck.

"Did you know my papa, Miss Hale?"

"No, my dear, I never saw him."

"Nor mamma either?"

"No. She died before I came to this city."

"I wish papa was here. He is good, like you."

"Did you pray for him to-night?"

"I forgot," said the child, penitently. "I will do it now." He slid down to the carpet at her feet, and the lady's voice joined with that of the child in the petition: "God bless papa. Keep him safe and well, and bring him home at last. God bless and keep all the soldiers, for Christ's sake. Amen."

The soldier out in the hall bowed his head reverently as he listened. Perhaps he thought of a time when he had repeated "Our Father" at his mother's knee. When the short prayer was ended he knocked. "Come in." The lady looked up as he entered and saw, not a servant, but a fine-looking man in uniform.

"Papa! papa!" cried little George, and sprang into the arms outstretched to receive him. The father turned courteously to Miss Hale.

"Pardon me for intruding; I have been away a long time, and was so anxious to see my boy. You know, perhaps, who I am—Philip Lowrie."

She bowed gravely, and he went on in a lower tone—"I heard you praying for the soldiers. I thank you from my heart."

"You are a soldier," she said, softly, "a colonel," with a glance at his shoulder-straps.

"Yes, madam."

"Of what regiment?"

"The Twentieth."

She looked at him with lips apart, an eager, wistful light in her dark gray eyes. "Perhaps you have friends in that regiment," he said.

"No—yes. Can you tell me—did you know Captain Fleury?"

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"Yes, Miss Hale, I am well acquainted with him. He came home with me."

The look that flashed into her pale face made it positively handsome. "He is in the city now?" she asked.

"I believe that he is."

"Thank you for telling me," she said gratefully, and glided out with a hurried "good-night." The glow had not faded from her cheeks when she reached her own room, and for more than an hour she walked up and down, too happy to sleep. "Not dead—not dead. He knows where mamma lives, and I shall see him in a day or two at farthest."

Meanwhile, Colonel Lowrie sat before the fire with his child in his arms and thought of her. On the table were her work-basket and the book she had been reading—a volume of Whittier's Poems, with her name written in a bold, dashing hand on the flyleaf, "Mary L. Hale, from her friend, Howard Fleury, 1861."

Colonel Lowrie had a suspicion that Howard Fleury was much more than a friend to this girl. "I wonder if she knows that he is going to be married in a week to Nettie Steele, the banker's daughter."

A question or two put carelessly the next morning, elicited from his brother's wife the information that Miss Hale was a dressmaker, whom Mrs. Lowrie kept in the house "because it was such a trouble to go to a shop whenever one wanted anything done."

"Her mother lives in a little town out on the railroad, seven or eight miles from here," said the lady. "I saw her once—a refined, gentle woman, but wretchedly poor. They have been in better circumstances, I think. At any rate, Miss Hale has faultless taste in dress, and is well worth the four dollars a week that I pay her."

Colonel Lowrie's lip took a scornful curve. "Four dollars a week! Women are generous to each other, surely!"

Miss Dane, a lovely blonde, good-natured and frivolous, watched him furtively across the breakfast-table as she slowly sipped her coffee. Truth to tell, she stood a little in awe of this cool, resolute man, with his bronzed face and fearless blue eyes; and with the awe was mingled a genuine, womanly admiration for his acknowledged bravery.

Mrs. Charles Lowrie, at the head of the table, wondered whether a match might not be brought about between this young sister of hers and her widower brother-in-law. He was a gentleman by birth and breeding, wealthy, and not

too old for her. Eighteen and thirty would do very well together. And in the midst of these speculations the morning meal came to a close.

Later in the day came four cards of invitation to a wedding reception.

"Who do you think is going to be married?" asked Miss Dane, as she danced into the room where Mary Hale sat singing at her work. She did not sing often, but to-day her heart was so light that she could almost fly.

"I don't know, I am sure. Colonel Lowrie, perhaps."

"No, it isn't he," with a little blush; "it is Nettie Steele. Her soldier came back last night."

"Who is he?"

"Captain Fleury, of the Twentieth."

The white face, bent low over the machine, was turned away so that Miss Agatha could not see it. Her perceptions were not very acute, and she suspected nothing—rattled on about the approaching festivity, the people who would be invited, and who was to be her especial cavalier on the occasion; coming back at last to the all-important question, "What shall I wear?"

"I want to look particularly well. Can't you get up something entirely new for me, Miss Hale? Something that no one else will think of wearing."

"I will try," said the even voice. "But you must give me till to-morrow to study on it."

"So long? I'm in a fever of impatience," said the beauty.

"I am sorry, but I cannot possibly attend to it sooner. I am going out home as soon as this skirt is finished."

"I suppose I must try to wait contentedly, then;" and the young lady took herself and her flounces down to the parlor. Miss Hale worked steadily on till the last one of those interminable tucks was completed. Then she went slowly up to her room, donned bonnet and wrappings, and descended to the street. Once out of the house, the very spirit of unrest seemed to possess her. The intense cold was unfelt, the hurrying crowds unheeded, as she walked swiftly to the station, one thought clear in her half bewildered brain—a mad desire to get away from the city that contained him, Howard Fleury—a wild longing to be at home where no eye save her mother's would be upon her.

If Mrs. Hale surmised the cause of her daughter's ill-concealed distress, she wisely kept the matter to herself and asked no troublesome questions. This was a sorrow that admitted

of no sympathy—a grief that must be borne alone.

In the tiny bedroom which they occupied together when Mary was at home, stood a large travelling-trunk. The girl lifted the lid and took out a rosewood box, satin-lined and quaintly carved, inlaid with pearl and silver—one of the few mementos which she still retained of former luxury. It had been a birthday gift from her father when she was a little girl, and had always been regarded as one of her most valued possessions. It was full now of treasures—trifles in themselves, but inestimably precious to her—a miniature portrait, painted on ivory, of her dead father; another, exactly similar, of her mother; a velvet miniature case with golden clasps, a packet of letters tied together with blue ribbon.

She took up the velvet case first, and looked long at the picture within. It was that of a handsome man in the garb of a federal officer. The smooth forehead and clear cut features were unchanged; the mouth and eyes smiled at her as the original had done a thousand times. She remembered how he had kissed her when he went away, calling her his own dear, promised wife, and placed a ring on her finger—the pledge of their betrothal. It was there now. She slipped the tiny circlet from her finger and dropped it, with a shivering sob, beside the picture. "I was an heiress then. Now that I am poor and friendless he does not care for me."

There were his letters. She untied the packet and looked them over, one by one. The envelopes bore many postmarks. That one on top—the one she had last received from him—was dated more than six months before. "While I mourned him as dead he was paying court to Nettie Steele. In a week he will be a married man, and my love a sin. It must be conquered. I can never degrade myself so far as to love another woman's husband."

She gathered them up, things that had been very dear to her, as evidences of a love that was hers no longer, and laid them on the grate—where the fire was hottest. The flames leaped up fiercely. She covered her face with her hands. When she again looked up, nothing remained but a little heap of white ashes and two or three bits of gold which the fire, unable to consume, had only blackened and distorted. She closed the box—it was almost empty now—and put it away. She went and stood by the window. The trees were bare and leafless; the

sky gray, with that peculiar aspect which betokens a snow-storm. It was coming already, the first few, scattering flakes of early winter. She thought it was a fit type of the life stretching out before her; bare and desolate. Gone the bright spring-time of her childhood, the summer of her love, even the late, bright autumn of hope that had surrounded her only last night. Nothing now to look forward to, but the winter of despair, whose icy breath was already upon her.

It was a dreary prospect and she so young—only twenty. Ah! well, it could not be helped. Her duty was there, plain before her; she must take up the burden of her life and bear it as best she might. Other women had done the same—were doing it now. Was she better than they?

Going back early in the morning to her work, she met Colonel Lowrie and little George. The gentleman lifted his hat, the child put out his hands. Miss Hale took them in hers, with a kind "Good morning, my dear." George's papa saw that a change had come over her since they had met, two nights before. Her eyes were no longer soft, but hard and defiant, looking straight forward. Her very voice sounded different.

"She is fighting a battle," he thought; "God help her to gain the victory."

In due time Miss Dane's dress was finished, and pronounced "perfect" by that young lady, who did indeed look fair as a vision, as she stood before the pier-glass trying it on. The material, a delicate shade of blue silk, harmonized well with her golden hair and transparent complexion; rounded arms gleamed white through wide sleeves of lace which were caught up to the shoulders by rubies, and rubies glowed amid folds of misty lace on her bosom. Rubies for a blonde? Yes, for Miss Agatha had a fancy for wearing the national colors, "in compliment," as she said, "to the bridegroom, who was a soldier," but really in compliment to Colonel Lowrie, who was to be her attendant on the eventful night.

"Two days yet before the wedding," she said, carefully bestowing the precious robes in a closet. "I must hurry and dress, for half-a-dozen people are to dine with us to-day."

Passing along the hall an hour later, Miss Hale heard the merry voices of guests in the parlor. Distinctly, through the hum of conversation, snatches of music, and ripples of light laughter, one voice came to her ear. Hearing

it, a cold chill went over her. There was a mist before her eyes, a sound as of rushing waters in her ears, and she was forced to lean heavily against the wall for support. Some one came out, passed her. For her life she could not have moved. It was Colonel Lowrie. He looked back, and seeing how pale she was, came to her.

"You are ill, Miss Hale?"

"Not much. Only—"

He did not wait for her to conclude the sentence, but took her up, lightly as if she had been a child, and carried her to the nursery, which chanced at that moment to be vacant. Placing her gently in an arm-chair, he poured out a glass of water and put it to her lips. He did not speak or offer to call any one; stood silently beside her till she was better. She felt that he knew, that he understood the cause of this sudden faintness, and in her heart she blessed him for the consideration that had saved her the mortification of a scene.

"I think I can walk now." She got up unsteadily. "I am very grateful for your kindness, Colonel Lowrie."

"On the contrary it is I who owe you a debt of gratitude for your kindness to my boy. Allow me," drawing her hand within his arm, for he saw that she was still too weak to stand. He went with her to the door of her room. As he held her hand an instant before turning away, she looked up at him timidly, almost imploringly.

"You will not let any one know of my illness to-day?"

"Certainly not. And if I can ever help you, will you let me know? Can you trust me so far?"

"Yes."

They separated; he to rejoin the gay party below, she to gain an hour of rest before beginning anew the struggle with her fate.

The important day came and went, and the "happy pair" started on the inevitable bridal-tour, which in this was to be very brief, as Captain Fleury's furlough gave him but thirty days of liberty, and almost half of that time was already gone.

The following Saturday afternoon, as Miss Hale started home to spend the Sabbath, as usual, with her mother, Colonel Lowrie joined her.

"May I walk a little way with you, Miss Hale? There is something on my mind that I would like to talk with you about."

She assented; and they walked on together.

"I am going back to the army in a few days," he said, after a pause. "I may not return for a long time, possibly never, and I am much concerned about my boy. My brother and his wife have children of their own, and very naturally look upon George as a sort of intruder among them. Besides, the influences there are not such as I wish to have about him. Now, Miss Hale, can you tell me what to do?"

"I am hardly competent to advise. But surely among your many friends some one might be found whom you could trust fully—some one who would love the child, and treat him as you could wish."

"I know but one person whom I could so trust," he said gravely, "and that one is yourself."

"Me?"

"Yes, Miss Hale, you. Will you take him? It is asking a great deal from you, I know; but he is dearer to me than anything in the world, save one. He is motherless now, and if I fall will be fatherless. Will you take care of him till I come back, or if I never come back, act as his guardian?"

"That is a serious question, Colonel Lowrie. Am I steady and reliable enough to take so responsible a charge?"

"I have no doubts on that subject."

"Then, if mamma does not object, I will comply with your request."

"Thank you for that. May I come out to-morrow, and speak to her about it?"

"If you wish."

Mamma did not object. She felt that taking care of little George Lowrie would be much better for Mary than going out to sew, and Colonel Lowrie removed a serious difficulty at the outset.

"My own home," said he, "is in Cleveland. I have a residence there—the house where George was born. It is in a pleasant part of the city, and is furnished completely, just as I left it eight months ago. You can all reside there if you like. Miss Hale will draw on my banker there for what money may be needed, and I will have a paper drawn up, making her George's legal guardian in the event of my death."

So it was all settled, and the next week saw the mother and daughter established once more in a pleasant home. Mrs. Hale looked round with almost childish delight on the grand piano, the library, the pictures, and costly furniture; articles of luxury to which she had all her life

been accustomed, till the sad reverse which a few months before had swept away everything, and left her a widow.

Colonel Lowrie kissed his child, shook hands with Mary and her mother, and went back to his regiment. Months passed and amid new scenes and occupations, Mary Hale almost ceased to think of her former lover. In natures like hers, when honor and respect are gone, love quickly follows; and once gone no power on earth can bring it back. Colonel Lowrie wrote frequently as was natural, and through the medium of these frank, friendly letters, he and Miss Hale came to know each other well. Mary learned to watch for them and to take more interest in the writer than she had once thought possible.

At length there came a time when they ceased to arrive. Weeks came and went, bringing no news of the absent, and when the suspense had become almost unbearable, it was relieved by a dainty, perfumed missive from Mrs. Charles Lowrie, stating that her husband had gone to bring his brother, who had been severely wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. The Colonel foolishly insisted on going directly to his own house, instead of coming to stay with them, and would probably be at home by the time her letter arrived. This precious epistle ended by saying that Mrs. Lowrie and Miss Dane were coming immediately to Cleveland.

Sure enough, the next train brought Mr. Lowrie and his brother, the latter so wan and wasted, that Mrs. Hale scarcely recognized him. He put out his hand with a feeble smile; the other hand, the left, was gone. Mary turned white, and gave a little gasping cry when she saw that. But he said, so brave and cheerful, "I am thankful it was not my right."

His words hurt her. They sounded cruel, even though he spoke them of himself, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

His face flushed. "Crying for me, my child? You will make a coward of me."

At midnight Mrs. Lowrie and Miss Dane arrived. Both ladies were very respectful to Mrs. Hale, very friendly to Mary; but a close observer might have guessed that Mrs. Lowrie would have been glad to see the Hales embark for China or the Feejee Islands, or any other remote locality.

The olden quiet was quite broken up; friends came by scores to see the wounded hero, who was not yet able to sit up, and received them lying on a sofa in the back parlor. Miss Dane fluttered about him like a lovely humming-

bird; and when no strangers were present, played incessantly on the piano "to amuse him." It wearied him excessively at times, but she did not see it. Mary Hale wondered how she could be so unobservant, but Agatha was so affectionate that one could hardly be displeased with her. There seemed, too, to be a very good understanding between her and the invalid, and Mrs. Lowrie smiled in such a confident way when they were together, and left them alone so often, that Mary came to the conclusion that they were engaged. If there was any pain in this thought, she smothered it resolutely. "He knows," she said bitterly to herself, "what a fool I once was. I cannot expect that he would ever think of me save as a governess for his child."

Matters had progressed after this fashion about a week, when all the family, Mrs. Hale, Miss Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Lowrie, and Miss Dane, were invited to a dinner party at Judge Clark's. Mrs. Hale was too unwell to go, and Mary determined to remain with her. Miss Dane hesitated, with a sly glance at Philip Lowrie, but he insisted so strongly that no one should deprive themselves of this pleasure on his account, that she decided to go—fluttered into the parlor for a moment, on her way to the carriage, that Colonel Lowrie might see how well she looked in her new dinner dress. Col. Lowrie did see, and rewarded her by some pretty compliment, which had the effect of bringing a most becoming blush to the cheeks of Miss Vanity.

When they were gone, Philip betook himself to a book and silence; grew tired of both presently, and wished for Miss Hale. As if in answer to his thought, she passed the door. He called to her—"Would she be kind enough to give him a few minutes of her time? He had something important to say to her."

She assented pleasantly; sat down a little way from him—not with Agatha Dane's quick, restless movements, but quietly as Mary Hale did everything; leaned her head back against the crimson lining of the chair, waiting for him to speak. She had improved very much in his absence; her eyes were deep and soft, as they had been on that night when he first saw her; her face had gained roundness and delicate bloom, and her mouth its olden sweetness and content.

This was not a new discovery to Philip Lowrie. He had watched her times without number, when she had thought him absorbed in

Miss Dane's society; but he was not thinking of that now; he had a task before him—one that he dreaded.

"Ever since I came home, Miss Hale, I have wanted an opportunity to speak to you alone. I have a message for you—from a dying man." He did not look at her, went on slowly, as if the subject were a very painful one. I was close beside Captain Fleury when he fell, and he begged me, if I came out of the fight alive, to tell you that he had repented, and ask you to forgive him for the sake of some old, happy day, when you loved each other. He told me to give you this, and say that it had lain next his heart all the weary months that you two had walked apart, and bade me say for him, what he could not say for himself—"Good bye!"

Hot tears were trickling fast through her fingers now. She did not see how Philip Lowrie's breast heaved, how his hand trembled as he handed her a locket with a velvet ribbon attached. "He wronged his young wife more than me. May God forgive him as freely as I do," she said. That was all. No words of intense grief—she felt none; only a tender, womanly pity for the man who had bartered honor and happiness for gold and a high alliance.

This man, who had laid down his life at Gettysburg, had been more to her than other men. He had stood in a relation to her which no other had ever occupied. But when, by his own act, he made her love a sin, she conquered it entirely—how entirely Philip Lowrie did not know—would never know, perhaps.

The next day Mrs. Lowrie sought a private interview with Miss Hale, and intimated, in as delicate a manner as possible, that it would not be necessary for her and her mother to remain there longer than their own convenience might demand, as she and Miss Dane would take charge of the house till a certain auspicious event should take place. Colonel Lowrie would have informed her himself of his intended marriage, but, being a gentleman, he felt a natural reluctance to telling her that her services were no longer needed. He was highly gratified by the manner in which Miss Hale had discharged her duties, and would cheerfully place at her own and her mother's disposal such a sum of money as they might feel themselves entitled to, in consideration of their kind care of little George." Mrs. Lowrie finished this communication by an assurance of her own warm, personal regard, and an offer to procure Miss Hale an excellent situation immediately, if she

desired it, as head saleswoman in Madame Durand's extensive millinery establishment.

This offer was declined somewhat haughtily, and Mary went straight to array herself in walking attire, preparatory to a diligent search for something to do. While she was tying her bonnet, little George came in and put up his mouth, as usual, for a kiss.

"Are you going out, Miss Hale?"

"Yes, dear," replied Mary, with a little choking in her throat. "Mamma and I are going away."

"To stay?" queried the child.

"Yes, to stay."

"What for, Miss Hale? Oh! don't go, please"

She disengaged the little clinging arms from her neck, and said gravely—"I *must* go, my child. I cannot tell you why just now, but your papa will tell you one of these days, perhaps."

George went down crying, to learn from his father the why and wherefore of Miss Hale's departure. On the stairs Mary met Agatha Dane, smiling and radiant. For one moment she almost hated the girl's bright beauty; the next, quite despised herself for such petty meanness.

She had barely reached the street door when George came running after her with a message from his father. "Would Miss Hale please to come back a moment? He wished to see her before she went out."

She obeyed reluctantly, feeling that she was hardly in a mood to talk calmly with *him* on any subject. George, having always been taught that he must not listen when people were talking earnestly together, went out, closing the door behind him, and the two were left alone.

"Will you sit down here beside me a moment, Miss Hale?" She took the low ottoman he indicated, but drew it farther away.

"Are you tired of your charge, that you are going away on such short notice?"

"No, sir; but I have been expecting something of this kind, and am quite ready to resign my charge into Miss Dane's fair hands."

"I don't quite understand you," he said with a puzzled look.

"It seems to me that my meaning, and words too, are clear enough. Mrs. Lowrie has informed me that you are shortly to be married, and I am ready, as I said before, to go."

"You think, then, that I am going to marry Miss Dane?"

"Certainly."

"Do you consider me a truthful man, Miss Hale?"

"I do."

"You will believe me, then, when I tell you that I am not engaged to Agatha Dane. I never asked her to be my wife—I could not, for I love another woman. Are you convinced now?"

"Yes; but that does not alter the fact that I must go. Now that you are at home yourself, you do not need me; and I can readily find employment, I think."

"Mary, I need you more than ever before. Can you be content to stay—as my wife? I have but one hand now; I am of very little account in the world, I know; but I love you very dearly—have loved you ever since that night when I first saw you."

"You cared for me then?—when you knew—"

"Yes, my child; I could not help it. I should have spoken then, but it would have seemed like mocking your sorrow."

"Now I may speak freely," she said, moving a little nearer to him. "Misfortune had made me gloomy and morbid. I loved Howard Fleury—once—and grieved for him at first, but not—not as I—as I should have grieved if you were really to marry Miss Dane."

He drew her face down to his, and kissed her passionately. "Bless you, my darling! Do you really love me a little, then?"

"A little! Oh! Philip!" The tone was more eloquent than any words could have been; and as Philip Lowrie held her close to his heart, his promised wife, he felt that life had no dearer joy in store for him than the bliss of that one moment!

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

BY U. D. THOMAS.

We enter the way at Time's morning gate,
Treading on meads of roseate beauty;
While smiling cherubs about us wait—
Theirs the sweet, the rapturous duty
To bind with garlands the brows of Fate.

Awhile through those beautiful vales we rove
Where joyously come and go the hours—
Where birds are singing, in every grove,
Choral strains to the blushing flowers,
And hearts are dreaming bright dreams of love.

Thoughts that are glorious, radiant, rare,
Visit us there from climes Elysian,
And many a magical palace in air,
Rises on our enchanted vision—
Many a mirage surpassingly fair.

But the halcyon valleys we soon pass by—
Cares, ill-omened, are round us trooping—
Wearied with striving to reach the sky,

Our souls are sadly their pinions drooping—
The bleak Sierras of Life are nigh.

There lone and gloomy the path appears—
There one by one are our idols broken;
We wander through desolate wastes for years,
Longing for words that are still unspoken—
Watering our steps with unheeded tears.

Approaching nearer the closing tomb—
Care-worn pilgrims, o'erladen with sorrow—
We yet look eagerly through the gloom,
Hoping that happiness, on the morrow,
May brighten our way with her seraph plume.

At length, at the shadowy gate we stand—
There Hope has folded her wings away—
Oh, then, may Faith, with outstretched hand,
Over the pathway dark and dreary,
Lead us soon home to our Father Land.

THE ROBIN'S PHILOSOPHY.

The little robin sings at dawn,
And sings at evening dim;
The earliest and the latest hours
He gladdens with his hymn.

But when the stir of life begins,
The little robin rests,
Or pours a rare and random trill
High on the elm-tree crosts.

The more the rain is falling fast
The louder is his note,
And to the fiercest, coldest storm
He pipes with swelling throat.

Oh! robin bold, thou art a sage—
May I be wise like thee,
And meet the raging storms of life
With dauntless heart of gloe.



THE NEW MINISTER'S INTRODUCTION TO HIS FLOCK.

THE TRANSFORMED VILLAGE;

OR, WHAT MAY BE EFFECTED BY PERSEVERANCE AND PRAYER.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE village of which we are about to write, Westhamlet, was situated in one of the most favored spots of England. It chiefly lay in a dell: on its left were green pastures, stretching out into the open country, and on its right ascended a winding hill, along which stood some white villas, inhabited by gentlemen's families. The scenery around, as seen from the higher ground, was beautiful, consisting as it did of hill and dale, woods and gleaming streams, corn fields telling of plenty, and luxuriant pasture lands; while snug farm-houses and fine mansions peeped out here

and there. A fair picture indeed—very, very fair.

So thought the Reverend William Mayne, as, on a lovely day in early spring, while the present century was yet young, he drove down the hill towards the parsonage. He was the new rector of Westhamlet, and now saw the place for the first time. Waiting for him at the rectory, was the clergyman who had taken the temporary duty since the death of the previous incumbent.

"I shall be truly glad to give up possession to you, and return to my own sphere of duty," Mr. Williams remarked, after some general

conversation had passed: "I can do nothing with the people here; they are a reckless set; there is no good in any of them."

"So I have been informed," replied Mr. Mayne. "But if the human heart be found irreclaimable in one or two stray individuals, it cannot be so with a whole community."

"I have found it so with the community of Westhamlet. Some are so totally depraved that they seem past hope. As for the rich people, up on the hill, they live lives of ease and pleasure; they are respectable, and all that, in their social qualities; but for the vital spring of divine life, they seem not to possess it."

Unhappily, the account given by Mr. Williams, of the parish of Westhamlet, was a true one. The late minister had been a non-resident in the place, and that may have partially conduced to its lamentable condition of spiritual destitution. It did not, however, concern Mr. Mayne to inquire into past causes so much as to devise means to remedy this appalling state of things. He accompanied Mr. Williams out to look at the village, and Mr. Mayne did not like what he saw. The dwellings were mostly very poor; indeed, some of them did not deserve the name of dwellings. They were places where people ate, and slept, and that was the best that could be said. Dilapidated fences, dilapidated roofs, walls, doors, and windows, and still more dilapidated men and women, met the eye of the new rector. The public-houses—bad symptom!—alone looked flourishing; they were clean and fresh without, and busy and bustling within.

"More money is spent here in drink than in anything else," observed Mr. Williams, as they were passing one of the beer houses, its sign a flaming animal, painted in all the colors of the rainbow. "Stand aside; this one is going to empty itself."

It was striking one o'clock, and the men pouring out of the "Striped Tiger" were going back to their various occupations. Twelve o'clock was the village dinner-hour, and the moment the meal was snatched, all flocked to the ale-house, there to drink and smoke till one; and when the day's work was over, to it they flocked again, where they sat drinking away their wages. Their homes, as an inevitable consequence, were wretched to the last degree, their wives scolds, and their children trampled on. And that was how their lives were being spent, without comfort, en-

lightenment, or hope; they were living as though this world was to last forever. The men, now turning out of the "Striped Tiger," bore their signs about them—all such persons must—in their loose attire, their slouching gait, and their debased look. The man who reeled out last appeared to have taken more than the rest; yet he was a young man, tall, powerful, and good looking, but his face was drawn and thin, and his clothes were ragged.

"It is Jem Cooke," observed Mr. Williams; "he is one of the worst characters we have, whilst he might be one of the most intelligent and respectable. He is a painter and glazier, but has lost all regular work, and does odd jobs of any sort. So, Cooke," he exclaimed, addressing the man, "you have been transgressing again?"

"What's a poor wretch to do that's out of employment?" rejoined Cooke, in as steady a voice as he could command. Two days, and I've not had a stroke of work. I can't sit idle and count my fingers."

"Better count your fingers than be in mischief. You have been increasing your score at the public-house, and the first money you earn must go towards paying it off, while your wife and children are starving. I am ashamed of you, Cooke."

"You be welcome, sir."

The tone was civil, but perfectly reckless; and before Mr. Williams could speak again, a man, whose fustian clothes were soiled with clay, ran up to them, calling out to Cooke:—

"Now, if you wasn't, as you often be, incapable, I could get you a day or two's work in the quarry. One of us has slipped and hurt hisself, and you might have come on in his place, and earned a few shillings for your children."

"I'll earn 'em," was the reply of Cooke. He beckoned to the new-comer, staggered to the pump, which stood near the inn-door, took off his torn jacket, and laid his head in the trough, under the spout. The man followed, and setting to work at the handle, pumped on Cooke with all his might.

"Pump well, Brown," cried Mr. Williams to the man; "it will do him more good than what he has taken inside."

Presently Cooke rose, shook the water from his hair and face, gave his neck a rub with his jacket, then put it on, and walked away with Brown, considerably sobered. Mr. Mayne had watched the scene with astonishment.

"He often enjoys this sort of shower-bath," said Mr. Williams. "Last week I saw him take one to steady himself sufficiently to play at skittles."

The gentlemen continued their walk, until they approached a row of cottages. "I am going in here," said Mr. Williams, entering the gate of one.

On the loose earth before the door—for every vestige of path and garden was gone—mixed up with stones, broken crockery, cabbage-stalks, potato-peelings, and refuse of all kinds, sat four children—dirty, uncombed, half-naked children. "What are you doing?" asked Mr. Williams.

They knew him for their minister, but did not rise up: they were thoroughly ill-mannered, the result of neglect and example. "Playing," responded the eldest. "Father's a-swearin' at mother, and mother's a-screechin' at him, and they turned us out here."

Mr. Williams tapped at the door, and entered. On a bed underneath the window lay a rough-looking man, his light hair standing out round his head, as if he were wild. He had broken his leg, and had lain where he now was since the accident. His wife, a sad slattern, was washing, and drying the clothes before the fire, so that the kitchen could not be seen across for steam.

"How are you, Berry?" inquired Mr. Williams.

"How can I be, with this horrid wet fog around me, a-setting me on to cough and a-shaking my leg?" growled Berry, restraining his worst language.

"Could you not do that in the shed at the back?" demanded Mr. Williams of the wife.

"No, I couldn't," she replied, in a defying tone. "The doctor comes here a-worrying, and a-saying he must be kept clean; and how is things to be kept clean without washing of 'em? He shouldn't have got quarrelling, and then he wouldn't have got knocked down, and his leg broke for him."

"At least you might hang the wet clothes outside; they would dry in the sun. Stretch a cord from the gate to the door, or put them across the palings."

Mrs. Berry made no reply, save by hanging more clothes on the line before the fire, to create additional steam, and Mr. Williams turned to her husband: "I am going away to-day, Berry. I should like to have read to you first."

"Oh, I don't want no reading," hastily interposed Berry, with a repelling motion. "You have come and read to me afore, but I didn't find as it made my leg better, nor me neither. I'd rather you didn't come at all, sir, if it's the same to you, for it only bothers us."

"And this is how I have been mostly received by the poor," said Mr. Williams to his brother clergyman, as they went out. "You see what you will have to contend with."

Mr. Mayne did see it, though not yet in its most disheartening aspect. Next door lived James Cooke, and his wife was leaning over the palings, and gazing anxiously up the road, two little girls holding by her gown. She was a pleasing young woman, clean, with neat hair, and her manners good. She dropped a respectful curtsy to Mr. Williams.

"Good day, Ann," he said. "Are you looking for your husband?"

"I fear it is of little use to look, sir," she replied. "I am told he is at the ale-house again."

"I think he has gone to work at Squire Hooper's quarry. I heard Brown tell him that there was a day or two's work for him, and they went away towards it."

A flush of crimson, of hope, illumined the young woman's thin features. "Oh, sir, that is a bit of good news! Thank you, sir."

"She appears to be superior to her husband, remarked Mr. Mayne, as they walked away.

"Superior to what he is now. Both of them were well brought up; she remarkably so. The worst is, when these men grow unsteady, and sink in the social scale, they drag their wives and families with them. For the first year or two of their marriage they lived, as I hear, in a pretty house, and kept a servant."

In the evening, after Mr. Williams had departed, Mr. Mayne went out again. He overtook a group of quarrymen, returning from their work. Cooke was amongst them, sober now; and, with a dim perception that he had seen the stranger before that day, and that the stranger had seen him not under the most dignified auspices, he dropped behind to be out of notice; but Mr. Mayne purposely singled him out."

Your name is Cooke, I think," he said. "I am going your way, and will walk with you, if you have no objection."

He spoke in a pleasing tone, as courteously as if he were addressing an equal. And Cooke

could scarcely believe his own ears, and the men could scarcely believe theirs; for Cooke was regarded as a terribly black sheep, and respectable people kept him at arm's distance. The men dropped off, some for one ale-house, some for another, and Mr. Mayne told Cooke who he was, and that he had heard of him from Mr. Williams.

"Then I dare say he gave you a pretty account of me," rejoined Cooke. "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him, for that's all he's reckoned good for afterwards."

"That may apply to dogs, but not to men," returned Mr. Mayne, in a gentle, kind tone, for he wanted to bring Cooke to look upon him as a friend. "If I had a bad name, Cooke, I should try and get rid of it by acquiring a better."

"Ah, it's easy for gentlefolks to preach, but let 'em try our life, and see how much better they'd be! One must drink a drop to drown care."

"Drinking only increases care. I dare say you never feel happy."

"Yes, I do, when I have got liquor enough; but it does not last long, and then one is wretched again."

"Don't you think it might be better to try and be happy in a different way—one that would not entail wretchedness?" asked Mr. Mayne.

The man was silent.

"James Cooke, I am come here as your pastor, and I tell you candidly I shall leave no effort untried to change, for a better one, the course which you are pursuing; but we must begin and go on as friends, not as enemies. I have only known you for a few hours, yet I have already taken your interest and welfare to heart."

Cooke looked up with an incredulous expression. "It's more than anybody else has done, then."

"I do not press you to believe it; nevertheless, it is a fact. Will you let me be your friend?"

"In what way, sir?"

"In many ways, I hope. First of all, I shall talk to you as one. You say you are often wretched, and I can readily credit it; but do you not think it arises from causes which you might alter?"

"The lot of the poor is hard, sir; it is work, work, work, and nothing else."

"What is there but work for any of us?

Whether rich or poor, we were sent into the world to work, not to play; each man to do the work appointed him. Your lot is to labor with your hands, and that is one of the least hard."

"Well, sir, I never thought till now about rich people having need to work."

"Riches and poverty have nothing to do with it," said Mr. Mayne. "All have their appointed duties; and it may happen that the higher a man is in station, the more work he has upon him; certainly he has the greater amount of responsibility. I do not say that all fulfil their duties; but those who do not are laying up for themselves a heavy reckoning. I must not have you neglect your work much longer, Cooke; you must take to it again, as the rest of us do."

Cooke made no immediate reply. "Dean and his wife live there," said he, pointing to a pretty, well-kept cottage. "They have saved enough to live upon, and they pride themselves on their respectability, and hold themselves aloof from us, as if we were dirt. If they see us walking along on one side of the road, they'll go on the other. There he is in his garden—that is Richard Dean, sir. And there lives Dame Bateman," added Cooke, as they came to a smaller cottage, one of two rooms. "We call her the Parish Blister."

"Why so?" asked Mr. Mayne.

"Because she is always on at us, trying if she can't prick up our consciences, like a blister pricks the flesh. She can't walk out to worry us much, for she's lame; but she sits at that door of hers, with her big Bible, and likes nothing so much as to pin any of us going by. She's an old maid, but she calls herself Mrs. Nancy Bateman. And this is our row of cottages, sir."

"Yes," said Mr. Mayne. "I am going into the next to yours, to see Berry."

"To see that cantankerous chap!" echoed Cooke. "Why, he has got the worst temper in the whole village, sir; he is always at loggerheads with everybody. It was through his nasty temper that his leg got broke. He is not worth your wasting time on, sir—not he."

"I wonder how many of you are worth my wasting time on, reckoning you by individual goodness," returned Mr. Mayne, with a smile. "I am taking something to Berry that I think may relieve his cough. Cooke!"—for the man was turning back again—"that is not your road home."

"Oh. I am not going in just this minute, sir."

"Yes, you are; that is, I hope you are. Go in and spend a pleasant evening with your wife. You will get up all the better for it to-morrow morning, and your pocket none the poorer. Come, if only to oblige me; I must not have you go back."

Cooke hesitated, and then turned into his own door—whether to come out of it again, as soon as Mr. Mayne's back was turned, the latter could not tell.

CHAPTER II.

An evening or two subsequent to Mr. Mayne's arrival at Westhamlet, he was returning home after dark, and in taking what he thought might prove a short cut, he came upon a low-roofed building with gothic casements; lights were inside, and voices were heard.

"I wonder if this can be an evening school?" thought he; "I hope it may be."

He could not look in, for the casements were too high; but at that moment a respectable-looking man came up, whom he thought he recognized. It was Richard Dean, who had been spoken of by Cooke as priding himself upon his superiority.

"Can you tell me whether this is the village school-room?" asked Mr. Mayne.

"School! no, sir; the village does not possess a school," replied Richard Dean. "It possesses nothing that's good."

"What is this building, then? It has very much the appearance of a school-house."

"It was a school, I believe, sir, in former days; but it is rented by the landlord of the 'Wheatsheaf' now, being, as may be said, on his premises, for that's his long garden stretching down to it."

"And what is it used for?"

"For smoking, drinking, and card-playing, sir. Two nights a week the frequenters of the 'Wheatsheaf' hold their club here, for the 'Wheatsheaf's' rooms are small. The 'Striped Tiger' has two good-sized rooms on its ground floor; so Jones of the 'Wheatsheaf,' not to be behind in accommodation, hired this. To-night is club-night, and the men are there: you can hear them laughing, sir."

Mr. Mayne opened the door and looked in. It was a long room, and its inmates were enjoying themselves after their fashion, with pipes and liquor. Some were at cards, some were joking in anything but choice language, and

two were quarrelling vehemently; but it was early in the evening, so that the men were sober. At the upper end of the room stood a board upon trestles: on this were pipes, tobacco, glasses, and some bottles of spirits, and on the floor stood pitchers of ale. Mrs. Jones stood behind it, in a smart cap, to serve what was called for, and two slates and pencils hung from the wall, to mark down the scores of those who did not pay ready money. The slates were pretty full.

Mr. Mayne advanced, and the men turned round in wonder that one of his appearance should come amongst them. But he had not gone in to scold, or to enforce a reformation by strong measures and harsh words; for he knew the valuable secret that, to win souls, he must first win hearts.

"Thank you, my good men," he said, in a cheerful accent, as they made way, and one pushed a chair towards him. "I will sit down for a minute, although I do not admire your occupation. Do you know who I am?"

"You be the new parson, master."

"Yes, I am, and I want to make acquaintance with you all. The sooner we are friends the better, you know, now that I am settled in Westhamlet."

"Take a pipe, sir?" cried a rough-looking fellow, in a tone of sarcasm.

"No, I thank you."

"Take a glass?" added another, winking at his companions.

"Nor a glass either," replied Mr. Mayne, perfectly unruffled. "I hope in time to induce you to take fewer glasses. I am sure you must spend, in this way, the half of what you earn."

"Some on us does," was the unconcerned answer.

"But how very much better it would be if you took it to your home, and spent it in making that comfortable," continued Mr. Mayne, in a kindly tone of reasoning. "Your wives and your poor little children would be the happier. Does it never occur to you to think how far more prosperous they and you would be?"

"A pipe and a glass ain't much to grumble at," was the response. "One must have some enjoyment in life; it don't last forever."

"Indeed, it does not," warmly replied the minister: "if it did last forever, the mis-spending it would be of less consequence. But another life is to succeed it; and ere you can

enter into that, you will be called upon to answer for how you have spent this."

Some of them did not appear to understand, or would not. "Called upon when?"

Mr. Mayne raised his finger and pointed upwards. "When the great day shall arrive, we shall all be gathered *there*. My good men, I am come, as I say, to live amongst you, to see to your well-doing, to make your cares my cares, your hopes my hopes; and I must ask for civility from you until we become friends. We shall be very good friends, I know, in time."

His manners were so courteous, so winning, and so persuasive, that the men suppressed any rude answer which might have arisen. They did not see much to dislike, no, nor to fear, in the new parson. He was about five-and-thirty, younger than many of them, with a frank, open countenance. And now that he had shown himself, and made their acquaintance, he left them. Standing outside still was Richard Dean.

"I thought I would wait for you, sir; they are a rough set, and might have taken it into their heads to be rude." Mr. Mayne expressed his acknowledgments for the courtesy, and introduced himself to Richard Dean, as he had done to the men. They walked away together, and Dean continued to speak of the men. "They are a bad lot, sir: you will never be able to do anything good with them."

"Never is a long day," said Mr. Mayne. "So far as I understand the case, these poor helpless sinners have had no guiding hand whatever over them; no counsellor to warn them against evil; no sympathizing friend to encourage them to good. They have been left to themselves, the evil example of one another, and have gone on from bad to worse."

"And worse than they are now they cannot be," rejoined Richard Dean.

"Oh, yes, they can," said Mr. Mayne; "it would be worse if they died in their sin. While there is life, there is hope. I wonder that some of the gentry here, whose time must be much unoccupied, could not have looked a little to these poor men. And your time is your own, Mr. Dean; you might have done it."

"I!" cried Richard Dean, half inclined to feel indignant; "I would not mix myself up with such sinners; and the gentry on the hill would leave the place rather than look at them. You don't know what they are, sir."

"Perhaps not. But what would have become

of the sinners of old, had our Saviour abandoned them, because of their unrighteousness, and gone back to heaven, leaving his work unfinished? What would, then, have become of us later sinners—of you and of me?"

In talking, they came to Richard Dean's cottage, and he pressed Mr. Mayne to enter: after a moment's hesitation, touching the lateness of the hour, he did so. Mrs. Dean, a notable-looking housewife, was proud to receive him, and curtsied him into the warmest seat by her parlor fire. The supper was laid upon the table, also the tea-pot, and cups and saucers. "We take tea with our supper, sir," Richard Dean explained, "not strong drink, like the set we have been talking of."

"Well, we will not find further fault with them, but help them for the future," said Mr. Mayne. "The very best of us need to be helped and encouraged on our path."

"Perhaps we do, sir—in a measure."

"We do, indeed, and in a very great measure. I know that I do, and I have little doubt as to you."

Mr. Richard Dean did not like this. "You are never going to class the respectable inhabitants of the place with those disreputable creatures, sir! I hope there are some amongst us who are pretty well up to the mark—pretty good."

"So good that there is no room for improvement?" returned Mr. Mayne, with his cheering smile. "I have always found that in religion, in our preparation for the next world, we must be continually learning and advancing."

"Religion is not a thing that requires much time to learn, sir."

"Have you ever given much time to it?"

Richard Dean had not; and was obliged to confess it.

"Then how can you be a judge?" asked Mr. Mayne.

"Why, sir, religion consists in leaving off one's bad ways, and in taking to good. We go to church, and we say our prayers at night, and we live respectable lives. I don't see that there's anything else to learn."

"You speak in ignorance," said Mr. Mayne. "Just as an apprentice advances in the knowledge pertaining to his trade, or a scholar in his studies, so does the human soul, after its new birth by the Holy Spirit, advance in the degrees of piety, in the knowledge and love of God. It is only by looking back that a man can see how he has advanced, little by little,

step by step. At the outset, when his spirit was awaking to heavenly things, he relinquished some of his more evil ways, and thought he had done all that was necessary—that there could be little more to do or to learn: you are thinking so. But when the scales of ignorance fall from his eyes, he sees that his progress can only cease with his life: nearer and nearer he draws to God, clearer and clearer grow his perceptions of a hereafter, and greater and greater becomes his love for his Saviour. Richard Dean, my dear friend, I fear that your apprenticeship is scarcely begun.”

The full import of Mr. Mayne's words were beginning to dawn upon his hearer's heart, and Mr. Mayne continued:

“This life lasts but a little time; the next forever: and we are all placed here in a state of probation, that we may endeavor to prepare for the next. ‘Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling:’ how are you working it out?”

“It never occurred to us to think seriously of all this,” said Richard Dean; and his wife gravely assented to the words.

“Exactly,” said Mr. Mayne; “although you did not appear to believe me when I said we all needed help and encouragement. Just as those poor creatures around you want it, so do you. But you have sufficient help at hand if you will only learn to use it: you have the Bible to guide you, you have Christ to fly to, you have the Holy Spirit to comfort you. Jesus Christ came on earth to die for you, to purchase your everlasting bliss with his own blood and sufferings; why, Richard Dean, if you had made your whole life, from the cradle to the grave, one continual apprenticeship to learn how to thank your Redeemer and to serve him, you would not have learnt it as you ought.”

Leaving, as he hoped, a serious impression on both his hearers, and promising to see them again soon, Mr. Mayne departed. On the following day he paid a visit to the little cottage of Nancy Bateman. From Cooke's description, he had rather expected to see a person in years, but she did not appear more than fifty, and was of good address and appearance. The tears came into her eyes with pleasure at Mr. Mayne's visit: she hoped he would often repeat it. She was lame, and could not get about the village; in wet weather could not get to church. Mr. Mayne conversed with her for some time, and he found her a true Christian; the only one he had yet discovered in Westhamlet. Though

shy when speaking of religious topics, as the real Christian often is, she entered frankly upon her personal history, present and past. Her lameness had been caused by an accident: she was upper maid in a wealthy family, had been thrown from their carriage, and they had settled a small annuity upon her.

“I thought, sir, that accident was the most cruel misfortune that could have happened to me,” she said. “After they told me I should be lame for life—and it was doubted then whether I should walk at all—I used to lie and fret and repine, and almost rebel against Providence; but it was that very accident which brought me to my Saviour, and I have learnt to bless it as the greatest mercy that could have befallen me.”

“It was but one of God's many blessings in disguise,” said Mr. Mayne, as he rose to leave.

“Sir,” she rejoined, timidly, though her voice betrayed her earnestness, “shall you be able to turn the poor lost creatures here away from the evil?”

“I will try,” replied Mr. Mayne.

“How often would I have said a word in season to them, but they will not hear it; they only mock me. I trust, sir, it may be different with you.”

As Mr. Mayne passed the green, some children were at play on it. Poor little outcasts! save in their scarcely-clad forms, they had little type of childhood about them, for their faces wore that prematurely-aged look which pertains to the offspring of the wretched, and their language was intermixed with words that men and women ought to blush to utter. As Mr. Mayne stood and looked at them, his thoughts busy upon what must be done, a sudden cry arose from a corner of the green, and he saw two girls quarrelling. On questioning them, he found them in a state of lamentable ignorance. One of the girls, who gave her name as “Peggy Jones,” confessed that her mother would punish her for angry passions, but was perfectly unconscious of any offence against God. Mr. Mayne reconciled their dispute, and telling them not to fight again, left the green. “This state of matters must be remedied, and without delay,” he said to himself; “we must have a school. Poor little henthens, they want instruction of all sorts.”

He had thought certain plans over during the previous night, but had not matured them. He now bent his steps to “The Wheatsheaf,” and asked to see the landlord.

"I'm the landlord," cried the man he had addressed, who was lying at his ease on a settle, his coat off, and a short pipe in his mouth: for in the morning part of the day, when his premises were mostly empty of customers, Mr. Jones liked to indulge in a little relaxation on his own account. Mr. Mayne looked at the man, and waited, and there was something in his eye and bearing which caused the latter to rise and assume a more becoming attitude.

"I am told that you rent the building at the back, which was formerly used as a school. Would you be disposed to underlet it?"

"Might," returned Jones, who was a very ignorant man. "'Twould depend upon what I got offered."

"What do you pay?"

"I pays seven pound a year. And all who goes in on club nights pays a penny: so it's profitable."

"Will you re-let it to me at ten pounds?"

"Couldn't, master."

"I do not know that I can afford more."

"I'll let it for twelve. But what's it for? If it's for a opposition, I wouldn't let it at no price."

"It is for a school. The children in the village must be taken in hand, or they will grow up——" Mr. Mayne hesitated.

"They'll grow up what their parents did afore 'em," put in Jones.

"Precisely so," said Mr. Mayne. "One on the green has just told me—— Perhaps it may be your child," he broke off; "she said her name was Jones."

"Like enough; our Peggy's always on the run somewhere."

"She is in a state of sad ignorance. She cannot read; she knows nothing of the most common religious truths."

"Like enough," repeated Mr. Jones, with composure. "Other children be the same."

"I cannot let them remain so. They must be taught to read and write; they must be taught other things. Say your lowest price for the room."

"Then I'll say eleven pounds, if it's for that. I often wishes our Peggy could write; she might keep the score when she's a bit bigger; me and my missis can only make marks, and we gets cheated."

"I will take it of you," said Mr. Mayne.

What Mr. Mayne's thoughts were in the review of the day we leave our readers to conceive. In his closet they would have seen him, however, laying the matter in earnest prayer before the footstool of his Lord and Master.

(To be Continued.)

IDLE MUSINGS.

BY ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

Oh, what wouldst thou murmur, beautiful moon,

If the gift of speech were given to thee,
As thou lookest down on the wide, wide earth?

Varied and strange would thy story be.

Thy soft, kind radiance tenderly falls

On the gentle maiden's upturned face,

As she stands alone with folded hands,

Alone in the favorite trysting place.

Her thoughts are wandering far away—

"Oh! where to-night is my soldier brave?"

Couldst thou not answer her, beautiful moon?

"He peacefully sleeps in a soldier's grave."

Tearful and pale a mother looks forth,

Out in the darkness and wild, wild storm;

She hears the moan of the ocean waves,

And fears they are hiding a precious form,

That stole away in a wilful hour

From his mother's smile to the stormy sea:

Ah, little he knew, that boyish heart,

How crushed with grief would his mother be!

Where is that wild boy, beautiful moon?

Is he asleep those dark waves beneath?

Is his faded cheek on the sea-shells laid?

Does his soft, fair hair with sea-flowers wreath?

There's a smile on thy face, resplendent moon;—

"In a distant land, far over the sea,

That boy, with his youthful will subdued,

Is yearning to kneel at his mother's knee."

Oh, mother pale, will thy heart keep whole?

Will thy brown hair keep from turning gray,

'Till the ocean waves, that were moaning so,

Bring back the boy that they carried away?

Slowly and sadly o'er thee, sweet moon,

The night clouds are floating, one by one;

Oh, is it to hide thy tender gaze,

When deeds of darkness are being done?

Ah, what wouldst thou murmur, beautiful moon,

If the gift of speech were given to thee,

As thou lookest down on the wide, wide world?

Varied and strange would thy story be.

RIDING EN CAVALIER.

BY MISS AGNES F. BARBER.

[For comments upon this and the following article, see the Editorial Department.]

In looking at Kiss's beautiful statue of the Amazon riding astride, it is almost impossible to resist the conviction that it shows the natural and proper position of a woman on horseback. Despite the marvellous skill with which modern ladies ride sideways, it is not to be doubted that they would ride better, and at the same time feel safer and more comfortable, if they were seated a *califourchon*.

The side-saddle is a curious contrivance. While, to some extent, it places the weight of the body when in repose on the centre of the seat, it throws both legs on the same side, and thus makes it difficult for the rider to preserve her equilibrium when her horse is fractious, or even in rapid motion. A man, in emergencies of this kind, makes his seat perfectly secure by bearing steadily and equally on his two stirrups, and by keeping up an equal femoral pressure against both sides of the saddle. A woman, imprisoned in a side-saddle, can only press on one stirrup; and if she is able to retain her seat, she may "thank her lucky stars" rather than any skill of her own in the art of equitation.

Reader, has it ever occurred to you that the side-saddle is just as safe, comfortable, and convenient for men as it is for women? But men never use it. We may, therefore, safely infer that they do not like it so well as the double stirrured saddle, and that the latter combines the most advantages.

Riding sideways is said by eminent physicians to be detrimental to health, by imposing a constraint upon certain of the abdominal organs, which ought to be entirely free during the quick and violent motions of the body incident to equestrian exercises. The long skirt, too, is a constant element of danger—so generally acknowledged, that all argument would be superfluous.

But the great stumbling block in the way of women riding astride is the necessity it involves of wearing a masculine costume. In this country and in Great Britain the public sentiment has hitherto been sternly averse to tolerating any such innovation of the masculine prerogative. Of late, however, the moral and statute laws on this subject have been somewhat re-

laxed, under the influence of progressive ideas; and some of our countrywomen who had the temerity, recently, to adopt the cavalier style of riding, met with no serious opposition—not even a warning from a constable or Dogberry of the peace.

Female equestrianism, as a recreation, was almost unknown before the days of Queen Elizabeth. When the noble dames of the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries had occasion to make journeys on horseback, they usually rode on pillions behind men; but it is worthy of note that those who rode singly sat astride of their horses and wore cavalier costume. This masculine style of riding continued in vogue until the time of Louis XIV.

One of the most famous lady cavaliers of this period was Barbara Ernecourt, Countess de St. Balmont, who lived near Verdun, on the Meuse, and died in 1660, at the age of fifty-one. It is related of her that "no cavalier ever surpassed her in courtliness of manners, rode with a knightlier grace, or wore more elegant apparel."

Queen Christina, after abdicating the Swedish throne, in 1654, visited various parts of Europe, making nearly all her entries to the cities on horseback and in male attire. As Christina never bestowed much attention upon the subject of dress, it is not likely that she had any special admiration for the "doublet and hose," but wore them purely as a matter of convenience in travelling.

About this period, it became the fashion in France and Germany for ladies to take their airings and attend stag and boar hunts on horseback. To adapt the riding-dress to the side-saddle, which was then, for the first time, brought into general use, the small clothes were dispensed with, and a skirt or petticoat donned in their stead, leaving the coat, waistcoat, cravat, ruffles and hat entirely masculine. This is the dress from which we derive the name "*riding habit*"—literally, "*riding coat*" or "*riding suit*." It was introduced into England, as Pepys tells us, in 1660. Although this hybrid form of equestrian costume became a well-recognized fashion throughout most of

Europe, the purely cavalier style still found plenty of adherents. In Russia particularly, the side-saddle made slow headway, even as late as the reign of the Empress Elizabeth. In 1747, when the graceful, lively, and accomplished Grand Duchess Sophia, afterwards Catharine II., came to the court of Elizabeth, she at once frowned down the side-saddle, and by her splendid appearance on horseback *à la cavalier*, gave the fashion a new hold on the affections of the Russian ladies. She wore a full-skirted green coat garnished with gold lace, a long scarlet vest with yellow buttons, and Isabel-colored breeches, disappearing at the knees in a pair of military boots. Her hair, of which she had a great abundance, flowed upon her shoulders in a mass of curls. Catharine is said to have been an excellent rider, and next to the Princess Daschkoff, the best-looking *chevalière* in the imperial cavalcades. The young Princess Daschkoff, here referred to, "had the face of a Venus with the figure of an Apollo," and, with her dashing attire and daring horsemanship, carried everything before her. She was the confidential friend of Catharine.

Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall, who resided at Lisbon in 1772, informs us that it was then the universal custom in Portugal for ladies to ride astride. The queen, Marianna Victoria, spent about half of her time in the saddle, always riding in that manner, and attired *en cavalier*.

While this fashion held complete sway in the extreme East and extreme West of Europe, it was not without followers in France, Germany, Denmark, and Poland. On the 26th day of May, 1770, Mlle Julie Marguerite Le Beaume, a young lady of rank and fortune, while riding cavalier-fashion on the highway, near her own house, in Mayenne, followed by a servant at the distance of a hundred paces, was fired upon by a person in ambush on the roadside. Fortunately the ball missed her. The servant immediately secured the offender, who admitted his guilt, but pleaded that he thought he was assailing the lady's brother, against whom he entertained a grudge. It seems that Mlle Le Beaume closely resembled her brother when she was in male attire. Hence the ruffian's mistake.

The following year two young ladies, named Petrie, (probably German,) attended only by their brother, a lad of thirteen, travelled on horseback, in male apparel, from Würzburg to Breslau, a distance of about four hundred Eng-

lish miles, which they accomplished in twelve consecutive days, and with but little fatigue.

Caroline Pichler speaks of a "beautiful Amazon," Babette Kaulbach, who, a few years later, turned the heads of the young gallants of Stettin. Miss Kaulbach, we are told, rode in "cream-colored stocking-breeches, crimson coat and vest with gold buttons, and fairy boots with silver spurs." Decidedly a sensational costume! She was a young lady of good family, highly educated in every sort of fashionable accomplishment, and, from all accounts, stood first on the list of the dashing beauties of her day. She finally married a clergyman.

Next in order comes Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. of England, and queen of Christian VII. of Denmark, whom she married in 1766. She had a profound contempt for the side saddle, always riding astride and in male attire, *à la cavalier*. Wonderfully skilled in horsemanship, and utterly devoid of everything akin to fear, she rode horses that would permit no other person to mount them. Under her management the most vicious animal was speedily subdued, and made promptly to obey her will. When her mother, the Dowager Princess of Wales, visited Denmark, a few years after Caroline Matilda's marriage, she found her daughter attired in a scarlet coat, buckskin breeches, and cocked hat, just ready to mount her horse to review the troops. "How can you wear a dress like that?" asked the astonished mother. "My mind is made up," replied the spirited young queen; "I will never again encumber myself with petticoats on horseback! If a Pope or a Cardinal may dress like a woman, why may I not dress like a man?" Except on occasions of military reviews, Caroline Matilda's riding costume was simple as any private gentleman's. It consisted of "a blue coat and buff waistcoat, with plain gilt buttons, chamois breeches, lace ruffles, white cravat, three-cocked black beaver hat, and Hessian boots with gilt spurs." As a fashion, it seems to have met with some opposition from the "Julianites," a party politically opposed to the queen; but it was well received and generally adopted by the Danish ladies, some of whom continued to wear it as late as 1788.

It is not at all unlikely that Caroline Matilda was the first woman who, in a regular way, wore the blue coat and buff vest—a noteworthy fact, when it is remembered that these two garments have ever since been a standard fashion with "lady cavaliers." A good deal of the

popularity of the blue coat and buff vest is, no doubt, attributable to the fact that Goethe employed them in making up the toilet of his captivating hero, Werther. So completely had Goethe's romance upset the minds of the people that when he removed to Weimar, in 1775, Karl August, and all the greater and lesser satellites of his social orb, arranged themselves, à la Werther, in blue and buff. Quickly the fashion became an epidemic, spreading itself all over Western Europe, and making itself familiar to every eye. Caroline Matilda did not, as some have supposed, borrow the fashion of her blue coat and buff vest from Goethe's hero. She wore the suit as early as May, 1767, while "Werther" was not published till 1774. The truth is, it was of English origin, as Goethe himself clearly states in the novel; and Caroline Matilda most probably conceived her liking for it before she left her native land.

During the troublous times that preceded the peace of 1815, the same suit was often worn by ladies, not only for riding on horseback, but for safety and convenience in travelling. Among those who wore it may be named the celebrated Bettina Von Arnim, Caroline Bonaparte, and the Norwegian heroine, Miss Pihl, whose eloquent appeals to her countrymen, during the commotions of 1814, will never be forgotten.

The Countess Emily Plater, the illustrious heroine of the Polish struggle of 1830, was trained to masculine equitation from her girlhood. One of her biographers, Miss Bergmann, says:—"She sometimes rode in the national costume of the Polish cavalier, but more frequently in a blue body coat and chamois vest, set off with lustrous plain gilt buttons, after the fashion of the English, a people for whom she entertained the highest admiration." At the period here referred to—say from 1824 to 1830—this blue and buff suit was a good deal patronized by ladies in all parts of Europe, especially in Paris, where the Duchess de Berri and other ladies of rank set the example of wearing it as a carriage, riding and promenade dress.

It was again revived as a riding dress, about four years ago, in the eastern provinces of Prussia, where a considerable portion of the people are of Polish origin. Miss Anna Livingston, an American lady, during a visit to that region, made a satisfactory trial of the fashion, and has since taken an active part in introducing it in this country. The high character of this young lady, who has no connection whatever with the woman's rights party or any

other progressive organization, has given this new fashion a *prestige* which can hardly fail to secure for it at least a partial success. And here seems to be a good place to give a particular description of this cavalier riding suit as it is now worn:

COAT of dark blue broadcloth, double-breasted; *revers* collar of black velvet; plain flat gilt buttons, extra rich, an inch and a quarter in diameter. PANTALOONS of dark blue cassimere. VEST of canary buff cassimere; standing collar; full length row of extra rich plain flat gilt buttons, half an inch in diameter; button-holes one inch apart; upper half of vest worn open. Black hat; black cravat; plain linen; black gauntlets; calfskin boots. In cool weather, an overcoat of dark blue cloth.

It will be observed that the suit is not copied from the masculine style of the present day, but is rather a modern reproduction of Caroline Matilda's (or the Werther) dress. It is not to be denied that it is very handsome. Perhaps, for a gentleman, it might, with our present clerical ideas of male costume, appear to be rather too showy; but for a lady, (if she may be permitted to wear *any kind* of male apparel,) it is certainly *comme il faut*—neither too gay on the one hand, nor too grave on the other.

Very strangely, some of those who are engaged in this reform have manifested a decided preference for the "swallow-tailed" dress-coat—the veritable "long-tailed blue," so celebrated in the Ethiopian classics. Even Miss Livingston herself, it is said, wears a dress-coat, "which is exceedingly becoming to her." Nevertheless, the dress-coat is stiff, angular, and ungraceful; and while Miss Livingston may (and no doubt does) figure in it to very fine advantage, she would unquestionably look twice as well in a frock-coat. Is it not possible that there is some confusion of terms in speaking of this garment, and that a *dress frock-coat* is really meant? The other portions of the suit are entirely unexceptionable. The buff cassimere vest, with plain flat gilt buttons, has a peculiarly rich and chaste appearance, and is by far the most beautiful vest for a lady that has ever been devised. It really deserves, and will doubtless always receive, the special favor of the lady equestrians—those who ride in unmentionables as well as those who do not.

The masculine riding suit has many obvious advantages over the ordinary riding dress. Still, it will be found a difficult matter to im-

roduce it in some parts of the country. The feeling against women wearing "that which pertaineth unto a man," although not so general, nor so stubborn as it has been, is nevertheless strong enough in many sections to deter almost any lady from essaying to ride like a man, and to don male apparel.

It has been suggested that a sort of "compromise dress" might be contrived for the use of ladies when they ride astride—something that would answer the required purpose, and yet not come under the name of male attire. Such a dress would surely be a failure. Any costume adapted to riding astride must necessarily (to use the terse language of Miss Helen Maria Weber) "have the nether garment in the bifurcated form." It may be partly covered by a tunic, basquine, kilt, or other similar vestment; but, after all, the result, at best, is a thoroughly masculine costume of a foreign type, curious to behold, and probably calcu-

lated to make the wearer look like neither a lady nor a gentleman, but a good deal like a mountebank. Rather, if a masculine dress is to be adopted by our lady equestrians, let it conform, in its general features, to the costume worn by their brothers and husbands. Such a dress might be viewed with disapprobation by some, but it would never be *stared at* by the vulgar mob, as an *outré* costume inevitably would be, no matter where worn. The modern frock-coat possesses every advantage that can possibly pertain to the tunic or basquine.

All things considered, the blue and buff suit, as already described, is infinitely the most desirable for a lady who may adopt the masculine method of equitation. Attired in that neat costume, she may occasionally encounter those who may not know that she is a lady; but they will most assuredly regard her as a gentleman—a mistake (as Mr. Toots might have said) "of no consequence."

HORSEBACK RIDING.

BY AUNT ALICE.

I was reading the other day of the new styles for lady equestrians, of the masculine attire, riding astride, &c., and I thought to myself, what next? "The days of the side-saddle are numbered," are they? and hereafter ladies must assume the masculine mode of riding (to speak politely), and wear dress-coat, buff vests, dark pants, stove-pipe hat, and all that. This is the "mode." *Mode* forsooth! How a Buckeye girl would laugh at the word. Suppose that she has to go five or six miles on an errand or visit, and having read of the new fashion, tries to follow it. She would not be likely to own a pair of unmentionables, nor would she like to go to a tailor to be measured for the same. Well, perhaps for this time she can don a pair of her brother's; her father's wedding-coat will be, most likely, the only dress-coat in the family, so on it goes. As to the buff vest, there may be some relic of the kind to be found; but the stove-pipe hat is in rather a dilapidated condition. Fancy our lively maiden thus equipped, and with "a foot on either side," riding along the public road. Would not every young man she met take to the bushes to hide his blushes? and the girls of the neighborhood would hide their faces and feel themselves disgraced by such a display.

Now let us look upon our fair country girl as she really is. Something is wanted from "*the store*;" the men are all busy, and the only spare horse is in the pasture. Does she sit down and say, "Oh, I wish I had a horse ready at the door?" Oh no; she takes an ear of corn in her hand, and by gentle words soon coaxes her steed to the gate. She leads him by the foretop to the door, where the bridle is lying ready; this is soon on, and the old family saddle brought down from the "loft," where it has hung, when not in use, ever since her mother was brought home a bride. The plush is somewhat faded, and the girths rubbed, but when it is tightly buckled on, and the dark cloth cover is thrown over, it makes a seat fit for a queen.

Now that the horse is ready, our heroine (for she is one, when compared with your fancy riders) attends to her own attire—a neatly-fitting dark dress, with plain white collar and cuffs; a small cap or hat, without bows, plumes or streamers of any sort; a riding-skirt made of some dark heavy material, and fastened only by one button at the waist. Out of the deep pocket of this skirt she takes a pair of thick, well-worn riding-gauntlets, kept only for riding, and now her dress is complete, and takes no

longer to put on than I take to write this. She trips out to the fence, leads up her horse, pats his neck, smooths back the long hair from his eyes and tucks it under the strap across his forehead, and, gathering the reins up in the left hand, springs into the saddle, and away she canters down the road.

"Now look upon this picture, and on that." Can you for one moment hesitate between the two? The riding-skirt should never be so long as to encumber the feet of the horse—only a very little longer than the ordinary street dress, and rather narrow, to keep it in place, and when worn over a dress can be taken off and left on the saddle if the lady wishes to enter a store or make a call. This is the best dress for business. If a lady is only going out to ride for exercise or pleasure, her costume can be varied to suit the occasion—a well-fitting basque or cloth riding-dress entire, cap and plumes—but always let all be close-fitting, and not easily blown out by the wind or by fast riding. There should be no bright colors worn on horseback; even white, unless for small collar and cuffs, is too conspicuous. I speak of what I know, and must be pardoned if this sounds like giving advice. There are so many theories, so many new fashions proposed as improvements, that a novice would be quite puzzled as to which was proper. I consider it a much greater accomplishment to ride well than to dance a polka or play the piano, and it takes practice to make perfect in all or either. A lady should be able to ride almost any horse that is not too decidedly vicious or tricky; but if she can choose her own riding-horse, let her select a dark, slightly-built horse, not very large, but not the chubby, stumbling pony, so often procured for ladies and children. Let the horse be active yet tractable; never mind whether the mane and tail be long and silky or not, that does not add to the value at all, nor improve the gait or the disposition. The horse once bought, pet it as much as you please; it will soon learn to know you, and, like Kathleen's cow,

"Tho' cross to all others,
Be gentle to you."

Do not ride for display, but first learn to ride well and at ease, and you will soon feel as much at home in the saddle as in your rocking chair. Hold the reins in the left hand, the whip in the right, and let your right hand hang at ease by your side, always ready to touch the horn of the saddle if necessary; and in riding some distance it rests one very much to lean at times on

the horn, and by so doing you can steady yourself if the horse shies or jumps a gully. Never thrust the foot too far in the stirrup, merely rest the toe of the boot therein. Stand up in the stirrup for a moment after mounting to arrange your skirts, and teach your horse not to start until you are quite ready.

It is well always to carry a whip, but seldom use it, a cheering word is much better; let your left hand with the reins lie on your knee, and by a mere motion of the finger you can soon learn to guide your horse. I have seen ladies clutch the bridle in both hands, and, holding them almost to their face, go tilting along, bouncing up and down in the saddle, and, as the boys say, "going faster than their horse."

But I will add, ride gracefully if you can, but *ride* any way, for it is a charming exercise and a useful accomplishment; for we know not where we may be placed in life, and how much may depend on our knowing how to ride. So pray don't wait for the "cassimere pants, dress-coat, gilt buttons, buff vest, stiff hat, &c., &c.," but *ride* without unsexing yourselves in any way. And if you have a gentleman escort, pray beg him not to wear a stove-pipe hat while on horseback—no *man* of sense would do so, let alone a woman.

I have rode horses of all kinds in my time, with side-saddle, man's saddle, and without a saddle. For thirty years past, and more, I have rode whenever occasion offered, and should know by experience how to manage a horse. I have climbed the hills of Kentucky, rode through the deep dark beech woods of Ohio, and cantered over the prairies of Illinois. Many a merry ride have I taken with dear friends of long ago, and many a merry journey over roads impassable for carriages. I have rode my horse up Main street, in Cincinnati, before the first pavement was laid there; and I have led my horse down "Kempen's Mill" when the descent was frightfully steep, and the stiff clay would crack as the horse drew his feet out. I have rode out with my young companions on the old race-ground, and rested our steeds on the top of the old "mound," and then watered my horse at "Ruffner's Well." Do these old names sound familiar to any of my readers? I fear they are fast fading away from the memory of man. On a late visit to these old scenes, I inquired which of the many hills surrounding Cincinnati was once called "Keys's Hill;" and they, if not echo, answered, where? And yet I can remember well the

large white building once standing there, at that time considered a splendid mansion.

The Kentucky girls used to be famed for their horsemanship, and the Buckeye girls were not far behind them; but the young ladies of Illinois seem rather languid riders. This should not be, for there is not a more beautiful country or finer roads for a canter than in our prairie State. Perhaps that is the reason that carriages and buggies are so much used, and people go so little on horseback. Another reason is, one horse, when put before a little wagon or carriage, can draw three or four per-

sons, thus saving horse-flesh: but the poor horse does not think it any saving, I fear; and where grass is so plenty, and horses no rarity, I think we might be allowed one apiece.

So my advice is, ladies, learn to ride, and then you will be able to judge whether I have spoken the truth or not. I feel certain that many talk, yes, and write on this subject, who know very little about it. I enjoy a ride now just as much as I did twenty years ago, and at this moment I lay down my pen to mount my horse for a December ride over the brown grass of the prairie.

NACHT WINDEN.

BY GENEVA.

The night-winds come from over the sea—

From over the deep, dark, icy sea—

The treacherous winter sea—

From over the sea

They come to me

With wild weird groan,

With hollow moan,

With long, low, wailing cry

And stifled sigh.

They wander around my dwelling lone,

While here by the light

My needle bright

I wearily ply,

And sit, and shiver, and list to their cry,

To their desolate wail,

To their sorrowful tale,

That from over the treacherous winter sea

They bring to me.

The little ones sleep—

The open door of their room is near—

Through the lulls in the night-winds' song I can hear

Their peaceful breathing. I, only, keep

Wakeful vigils here.

Sleep is not for me

While those merciless night-winds from over the sea

The sad story tell

That I know so well—

Oh, oft and oft have they sung it to me,

This song borne from over the icy sea—

The treacherous winter sea.

Watcher by the lamplight,

Waiting for the daylight,

Waiting, ay, for more than this,

Waiting for the greeting kiss

Of thy sailor lover—

Waiting till his weary voyage

Shall be safely over—

For the father of thy sleeping

Infants tearful vigil keeping.

Watch! ay, watch forever!

Thou shalt greet him never!

For the long, long winter voyage

Of thy sailor lover

Never shall be over.

Watcher by the lamplight,

Wait and wait for daylight!

Wait a meeting full of bliss,

Wait thy husband's greeting kiss;

Wait, but know that over

Thy proud sailor lover

Coral boughs are awaying;

Ocean-sprites are playing;

Billows wild are tossing;

Giant ships are crossing;

Ocean birds are sailing;

Winds, like us, are wailing.

Watch and wait. The winter voyage

Of thy sailor lover

Never shall be over.

Night after night and day after day

I wait for good tidings from o'er the sea—

For tidings of one who is dear to me.

I wait for tidings that yet delay,

Of a vessel proud and a sailor gay,

Who over the quiet sea went away

Long ago, on a cold, sunny winter's day.

But no vessel crossing the icy main

Speaks my husband's ship. No port doth she gain;

No wreck, no remnant of her hath been seen;

She is gone on an endless voyage I ween;

And the only tidings that come to me

The night-winds bring from over the sea,

From over the deep, dark, icy sea,

The treacherous winter sea.

RALPH AND I.

BY MRS. O. SPRING MATTESON.

Creak, crush, cramp! and with an unearthly groan the lumbering sleigh tipped over, throwing its noisy burden into an enormous snow-drift. It was Christmas eve, and we were going to attend singing-school at the Parktown school-house, after which we were going to Uncle Marsh's to have a little bit of a dance, and eat apples. I was literally buried alive. I was certainly stuck fast in the snow-drift, with the buffalo robes top of me, and half of the other girls top of those. I heard the splendid voice of Ralph Thompson, as he lifted the girls lightly up, while Ben Swift, (the only escorts we half-a-dozen ladies had, for Parktown had sent a goodly number of her stalwart sons off to the wars, and two to six was about as they would average), lighted up the sleigh. I heard Ralph's rich voice,

"There is Miss Kitty Barnes, all safe and sound," as he placed her in the sleigh; "and here is Miss Lucy Stone. You see I must keep count of you, so I will know when the last one is in. Here is Miss ———, let's see who it is. Ah, Miss Nettie Marsh. Mind that you brush the snow all off, girls. Who is this? Miss Sarah Coon. Here you go, back into the sleigh. And here is Mina Windermere. That is all, I believe. I don't see any more, at any rate. Drive on, Ben!"

The horses started. I began to flounder and kick, in a desperate effort to free myself from the drift of snow that had accumulated above me. The sleigh was moving. They were certainly leaving me. My wrath rose in comparison as I settled down farther under the snow, for wasn't this same Ralph Thompson my old sweetheart, and hadn't my heart beat high when I heard he was to make one of our pleasant company? He had only arrived from Washington—where he had been for four years on government business—the night before, and I had looked forward to a meeting with him, with high and feverish hopes. But now, alas! He had not even given the first token that I was recognized. When presented, and now—shade of Moses! was ever maiden so insulted? I had become a myth to the whole company. Oh, I *did* hope I could extricate myself and get away out of sight before they should miss me, if indeed they missed

me at all. And I did. Just as I crawled behind a log some ways back of my cold, living tomb, I heard the sleigh coming back, full speed. I listened. Ralph sprang from the sleigh and tore up the snow where I had just been buried, eagerly, hurriedly.

"Poor Jane. Perhaps she is frozen to death," exclaimed sweet Mina Windermere, in sorrowful tones.

"How she must feel, if alive, to think we went off and left her. Utterly forgot her existence," said Kitty Barnes,

"Good folks, she is not here," outspoke Ralph in a husky voice, as he turned again towards the sleigh.

"Not there? I wouldn't wonder if she had gone back home. Mr. Standish lives right there, you know," said Lucy Stone.

"I don't believe I should hunt any more, for we shall be late to singing-school. Come, get in, Mr. Thompson."

The contemptible little minx. I could see what *her* object was, in a twinkling. Thought *she'd* catch the gentleman.

"Drive on, Ben. Don't disappoint Miss Stone of her singing-school, but it is getting so late I think I won't go, but will just walk on and see if Jennie has got home."

The ladies demurred, but Ralph was inflexible.

I waited until he got nearly to the house, then I cut across the field, and just as he entered the front door, I slipped in at the back one, and proceeded to my room.

It was not long before Mrs. Standish came into my room to see if I was in it, before instituting a search.

"You needn't ask me to meet him, Aunty, for I'll never speak to him again. He has cut my acquaintance completely. I was a myth to-night, and I will remain a myth," I said decidedly.

After she was gone, I paced my room with feelings that beggar description. All my youthful visions had faded, and I wished to meet him henceforth as the stranger I had seemed to-night. My dream of love was gone.

I was passionately fond of skating, so early in the morning I proceeded out to the pond,

which was just on the edge of Mr. Thompson's field. Ralph had been to the dance, and I knew he would not be awake as early as this, and besides that a large barn stood between the pond and his father's house, which effectually hid me from view. I had visited this pond every morning.

Ralph had an old muley cow that he had left on the farm when he went to Washington, and this old cow had a passion for butting that no hardships could cure. Nevertheless, the old cow was the least of my troubles, for they always kept her shut up mornings. I sat down on a bog at the edge of the pond, and began to buckle on my skates. What a sharp wind it was. It came in gusts across the meadows, biting my cheeks and frosting my eyebrows, and pinching my fingers savagely, as I buckled on my skates. They were on, and I had just stooped to pick up my warm fur gloves which I had dropped beside me, as I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me. I turned my head to see what was coming. Just then I felt a concussion in my back, which, as I stood firmly on my skates, only served to give an impetus to my progress, and I shot, rather than skated, across the corner of the pond, landing in an air-hole that took in both my feet which brought me plump down on the ice, in a sitting posture, with both feet, and a goodly portion above my ankles, immersed in mud and water.

I looked around as I landed. The cow, in her effort to keep her balance, after finding that she had butted nothing substantial, was precipitated headlong on to the ice, and now lay floundering in a vain attempt to regain her feet. But this was not all I saw.

Flying across the field from the barn, came Ralph Thompson, steering straight for me instead of the cow. My face tingled with mortification and indignation. To add to my chagrin, all my frantic efforts to extricate myself before he reached me but made me more securely im-

bedded. My skate-irons had become tangled under the bogs, and all my exertions proved unavailing. Ralph came up behind me, and clasped his arms hurriedly around me, and strove to draw me up on to the ice.

"Go away, sir; I won't let you help me. Go and help your cow up," I exclaimed resentfully. "I guess I can get out of here as well as I could out of the snow drift. I don't want you to touch me."

"But I will, though, and you can't help yourself. Your skates are clogged."

And, while I looked angrily at him, he bent down and thrust his delicate hand down into the muddy pool.

"Now," said he, as he drew me from the mud, "I want you to forgive me for my oversight last evening, not only about the overturn, but also for not recognizing you."

"Your cow, sir, wants immediate attention. Go to her."

"Not till you tell me you forgive me," holding my hands tight.

"My feet are cold, sir. Don't you see the mud?" and I turned my face resolutely away from him.

"Jennie, I never heard that your aunt had adopted you, and therefore in Jane Standish I recognized a sweet creature, but not my Jennie Derwent. Can you forgive me?"

I took my hands from his grasp and started for the house. I looked back from across the pond. He stood gazing after me with such a tearful look that I could bear it no longer. I went back to him and gave him my hand.

"Ralph Thompson, I forgive you. We will at least be friends."

"Nothing more?" and he drew me quickly towards him. "Will you not be my wife, Jennie, as you promised me years ago?"

"I will be your wife, Ralph. Now go and help your cow."

That winter we were married, Ralph and I.

LINES

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Sleep pities us that Death has taken
Our loved ones from this world away,
So in bright dreams she brings them back
One blest, brief hour with us to stay.

We see, we clasp them as of yore:
Oh, Death! we baffle thus thy power.
But at morn's ruthless step they fly,
Repassing through their shadowy door.



NOVELTIES FOR MARCH.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Skirt of green silk, trimmed at a little distance from the bottom by a double row of black lace, having in the middle a row of jet beads or bugles. *Senorita* jacket of black velvet closing to the throat, and trimmed all round with black lace and bugles, like those on the skirt: the front of the jacket is rounded off, so as to show the white *chemisette* worn underneath, and which is confined at the waist by a *ceinture suisse* of black velvet, edged with narrow black lace.

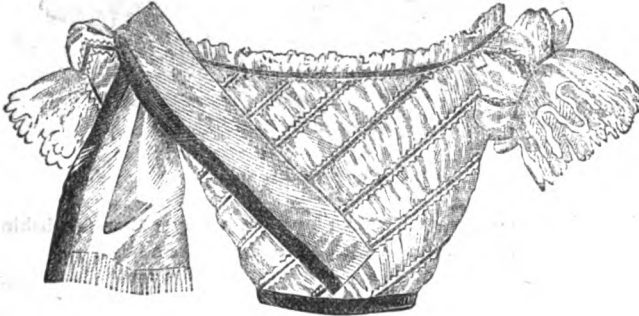
Fig. 2.—Dress of white cashmere, trimmed with pink silk.

Fig. 3.—Dress of purple silk: *Rotonde* or mantle of black velvet; at the bottom is a band of plaid silk, edged by a fringe to match the

plaid in color, and headed by a narrow black velvet: a little distance from the bottom is another band of plaid with the fringe and black velvet, imitating a deep cape; the neck is finished by a narrow band of plaid. Hat of black velvet bound with plaid, and having in the front a black, white, and red feather.

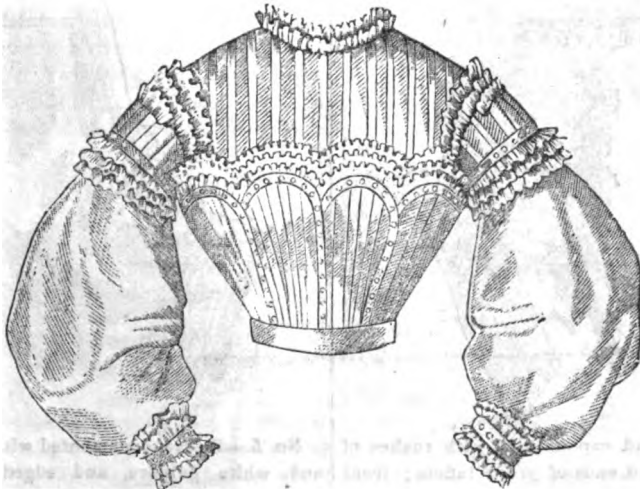
Fig. 4.—Dress of green silk: the bottom of skirt is ornamented by two bias bands of black silk, which are crossed at intervals by small tabs of black velvet, edged with narrow lace. The body, open in the *Watteau* style, is closed by small jet buttons: across the chest, and over the shoulders, forming *bretelles*, are bands of black silk to match those on the skirt; these *bretelles* have long ends which may be either carried down upon the skirt or left floating.

No. 1.



No. 1.—Waist for a child, of tulle, with black lace and black velvet; scarf of blue taffeta and black velvet, fringed.

No. 2.



No. 2.—Swiss corsage of muslin, trimmed with valenciennes and insertion.

No. 3.



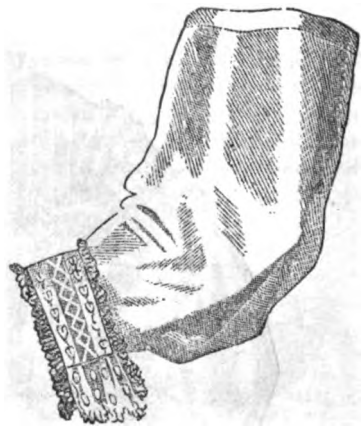
No. 3.—Pelerine coiffure of lace and black velvet with roses. The scarf which forms the head-dress may either fall behind, or be put on the head like a hood.

No. 4.



No. 4.—Round cap of tulle, with ruffles of lace. Bows and ends of green taffeta; front trimming violet velvet.

No. 5.



No. 5.—Sleeve, ornamented with embroidery and white guipure, and edged with black lace.

No. 6



No. 6. Corslet of black taffeta, with violet trimming and tassels before and behind.

No. 7.



No. 7.—Evening head-dress, composed of a narrow *bandeau* of blue velvet, having at top a group of roses, rose-buds, bluets, and brown leaves, mixed with fullings of black lace. At the back is a bow of black lace, with small ends.

No. 8.



No. 8.—*Mousquetaire* hat of black velvet, having in front a plume of small black ostrich feathers, and at the side a white feather with a gray and green centre.

No. 9.



No. 9.—Hat or *Chapeau ecossais*, of black velvet, the sides covered with rich plaid: at the left side is a rosette of black velvet, with a silver and pearl centre, and a plume of small black feathers. At the back is a bow and long ends of watered silk, with a fringe at the ends, headed by a lozenge-shaped net-work of *chenille*.

No. 10.



No. 10.—Cap of figured muslin, edged with fullings of black lace, and having at top a scarlet velvet bow, which is partly concealed by two small tabs of the muslin, edged with black lace. The lappets are of muslin, edged with a narrow black lace.

No. 11.



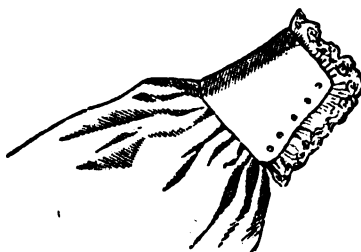
No. 11 is an elegant bonnet, having a loose crown of pink terry; the sides are of white silk, covered with a network of black *chenille*, edged with a bugle or jet fringe; at the top of the pink crown is a large rose and a bow of black velvet. The curtain is of pink Terry, covered with the black network like the front of the bonnet. Strings of pink ribbon and blonde cap, with a rose at the top.

No. 12.



No. 12, is a dress-bonnet of white Terry, having a loose crown of plaid silk; at the top is a white feather, from beneath which a *bandeau* of plaid silk passes all along the front edge, joining the strings. Curtain of white Terry, and blonde cap with a few flowers at the top.

No. 13.



No. 13—Is a sleeve of white muslin, having a deep cuff, trimmed with white lace.

No. 14.



No. 15.



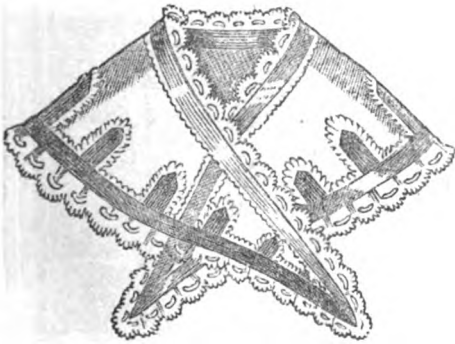
No. 16.



No. 18.



No. 17.

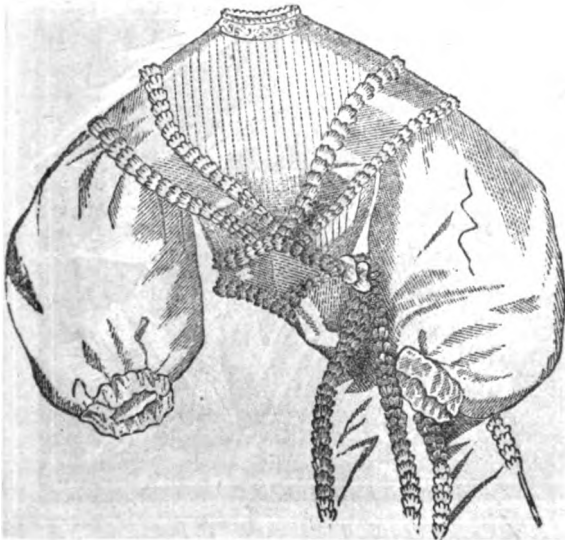


No. 19.



Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19—Caps, Capes, &c.

No. 20.



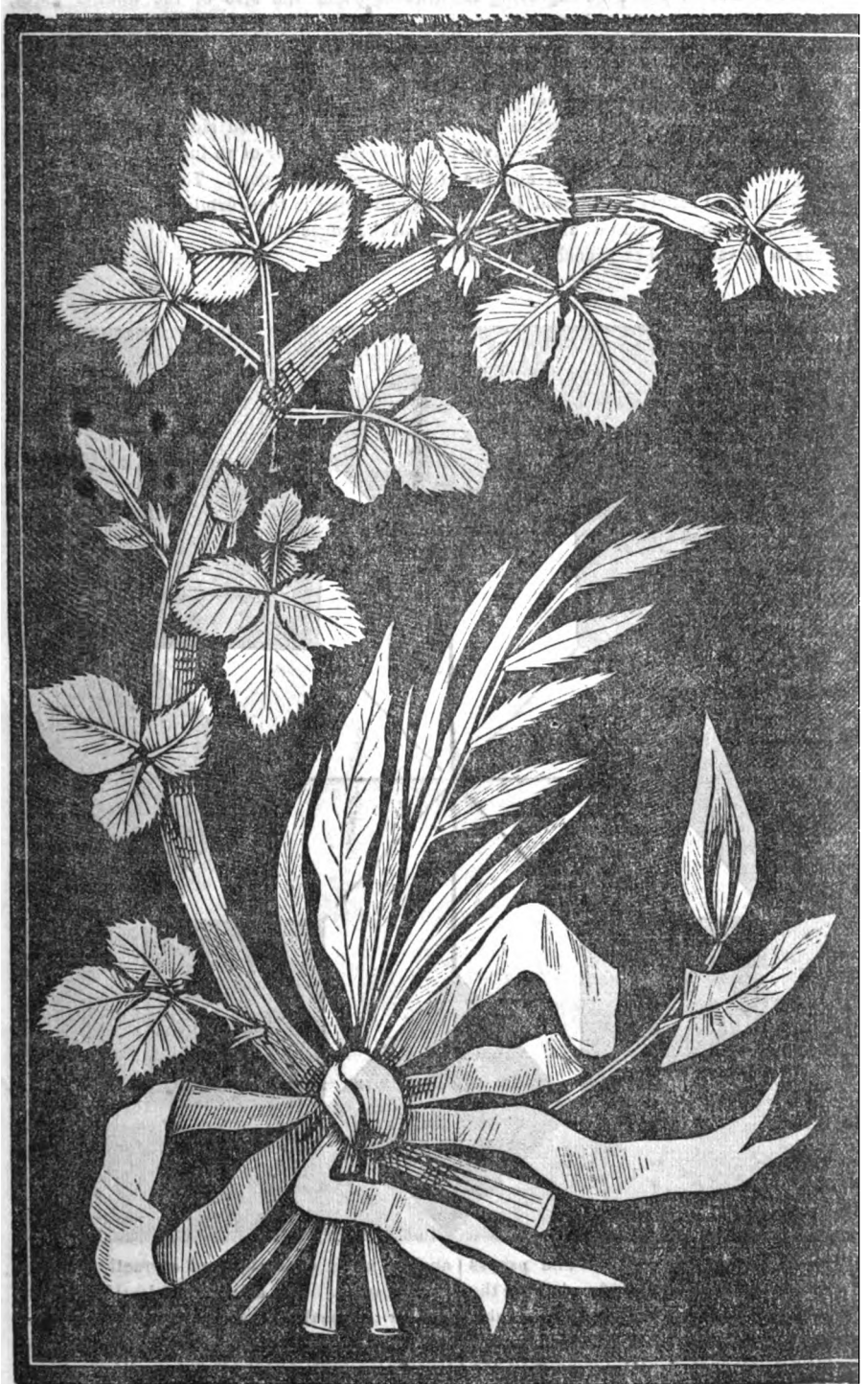
No. 23.—Swiss habit-shirt for a little girl. This model is executed in clear muslin, in small plaits. The wristband of this sleeve is composed of a puffing with a ribbon run in it. Braces and waistband of blue silk, edged with a chicory rucho.

WORK-TABLE.

No. 1.



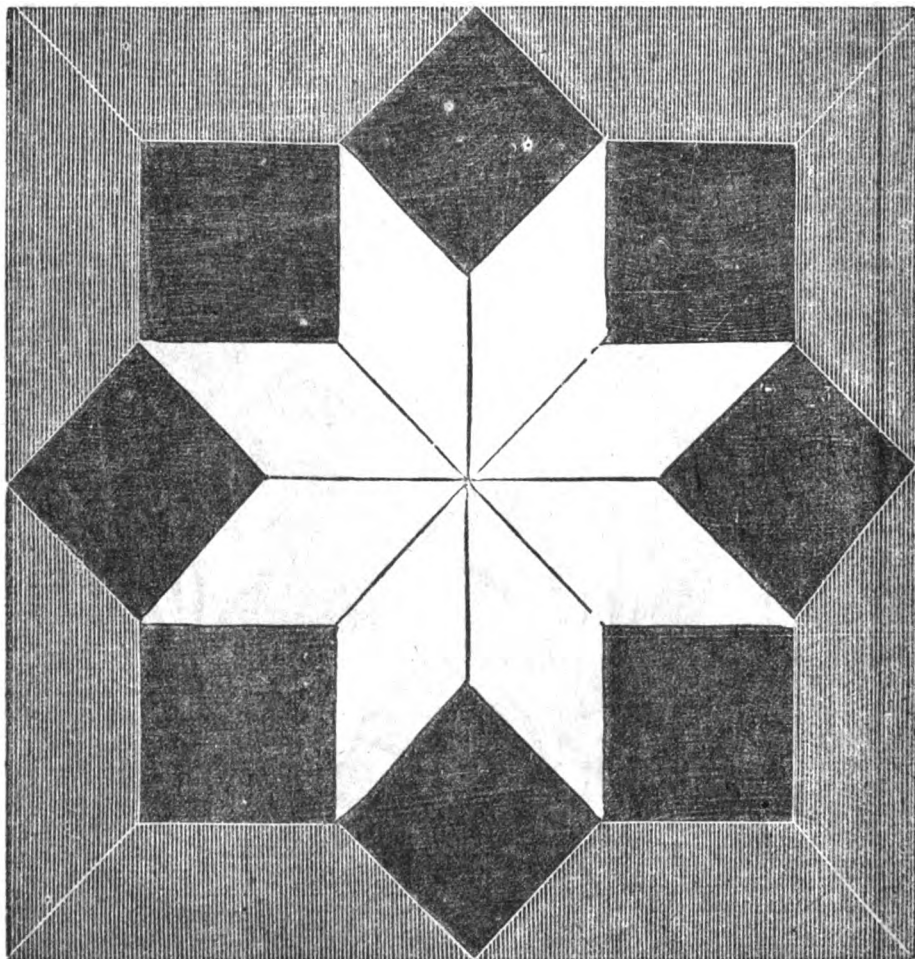
No. 1.



No. 1.—PLOTING FOLIO IN SPRAY-WORK.—The original book from which the engraving is taken was executed in April, with such leaves as could be readily obtained at that season; small bramble leaves, ivy, grass, &c. The light part for the ribbon is kept by a piece of glazed stiff paper, cut to the shape, and applied first to the wood with minikin pins. The leaves are then grouped around the knots, and the spray-work executed slowly with liquid Indian ink. The wood is horse-chestnut, and requires afterwards to be varnished or French-polished.

The making up may be done with a piece of drawing-paper the size of the double sides, covered with silk cut rather larger than the paper, then turned over the edges, and pasted down on the wrong side. A piece of morocco leather an inch wide is required for the fold of the book, and the wood sides are fastened on to the outer quarter of an inch of this, which is thinned for the purpose. The inside lining of silk and paper is then firmly applied with glue round the edges only.

No. 2.

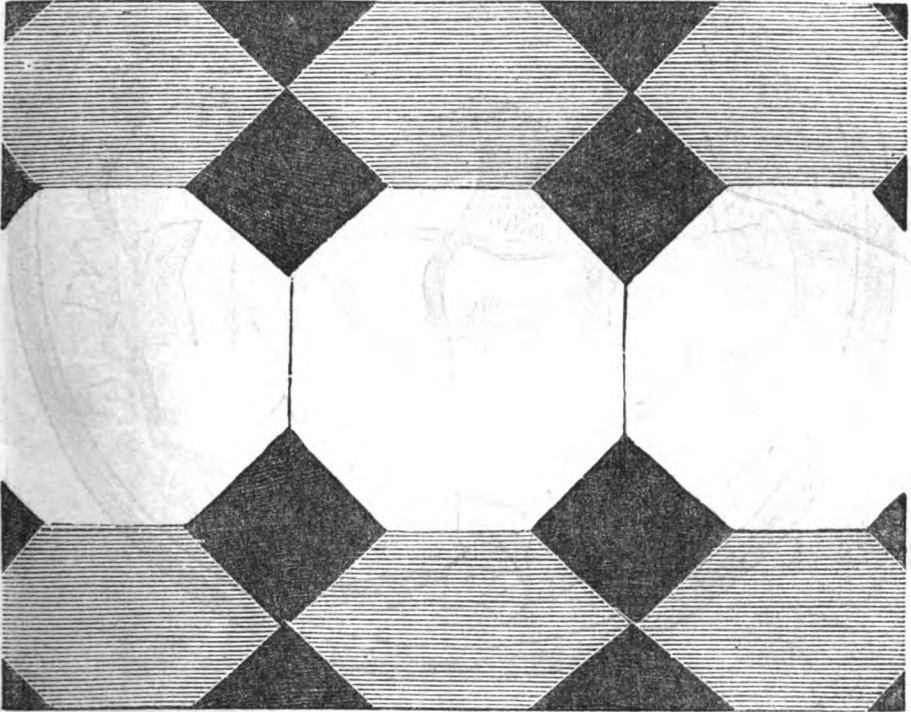


No. 2.—PATCHWORK PATTERN.—The papers required to fold the silk over before joining the pieces together, are most easily kept the same by having the exact shapes cut in tin at a tinsman's, from a cardboard pattern, as then the angles, when once obtained correctly, cannot be destroyed. The colors used in this pattern are, for the small squares, black or dark green; the stars alternately shades of red or white—that is, gray silk, and the complementary crosses

in two shades of brown orange; each point of the stars may be made of a different shade of the same color; but, if possible, the two opposite arms of the cross given in lines of shading, should be of the same material, and each cross of the same set of colors. In making up a patchwork *couvrepiéd*, a border of dark quilted silk is a great improvement, setting off the

bright colors of the brocade, &c. This can be admirably executed by machine-work, and I think it is better to remove the paper shapes at last, although sometimes, in any stiff article, they are left, especially should the silks be thin or variable in quality. Great care should be taken at first in getting the shapes correctly. Three tins are required for this pattern.

No. 3



NO. 3.—PATCHWORK PATTERN—OCTAGONS, DIAMONDS AND LONG PIECES. The Octagons should be kept light and gay in color, the diamonds very dark, either dark green, or claret, or black, and the remaining pieces compara-

tively quiet and dark in hue, to set off the light pieces. This can be used either for a large article or as a border pattern with a self-colored edge.

No. 4.



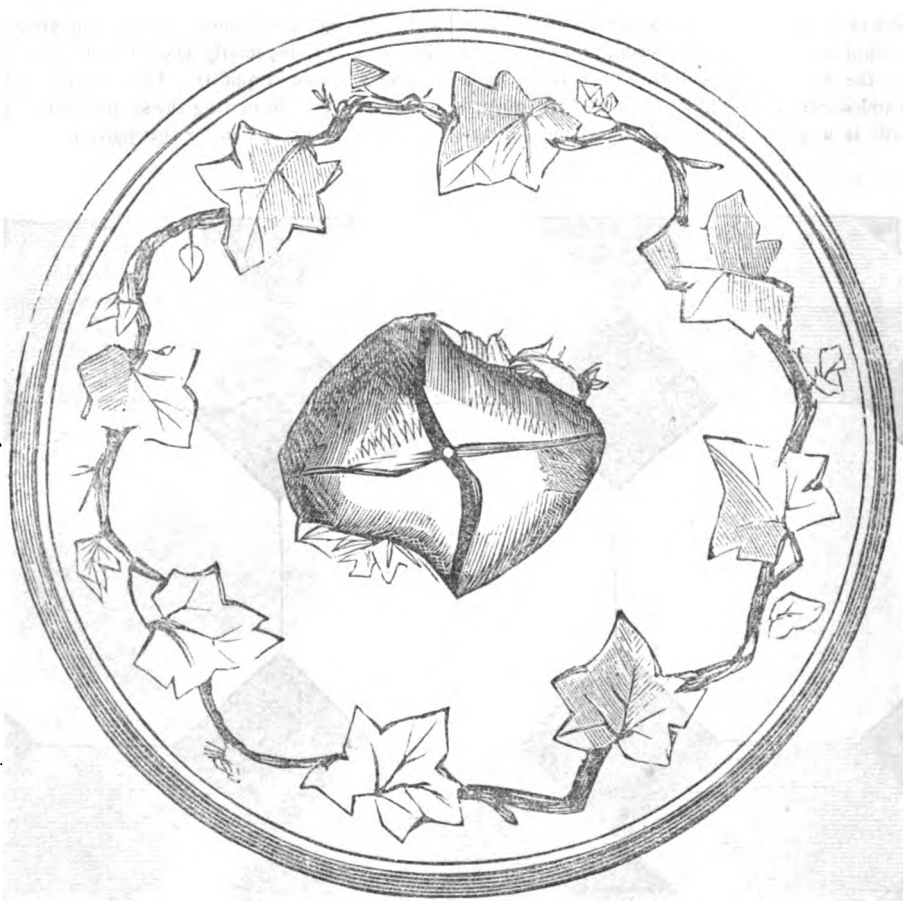
No. 4.—“E. M. L.”—Interlaced Initials.
VOL. I.—15

No. 5.



No. 5.—Interlaced Initials.

No. 6.

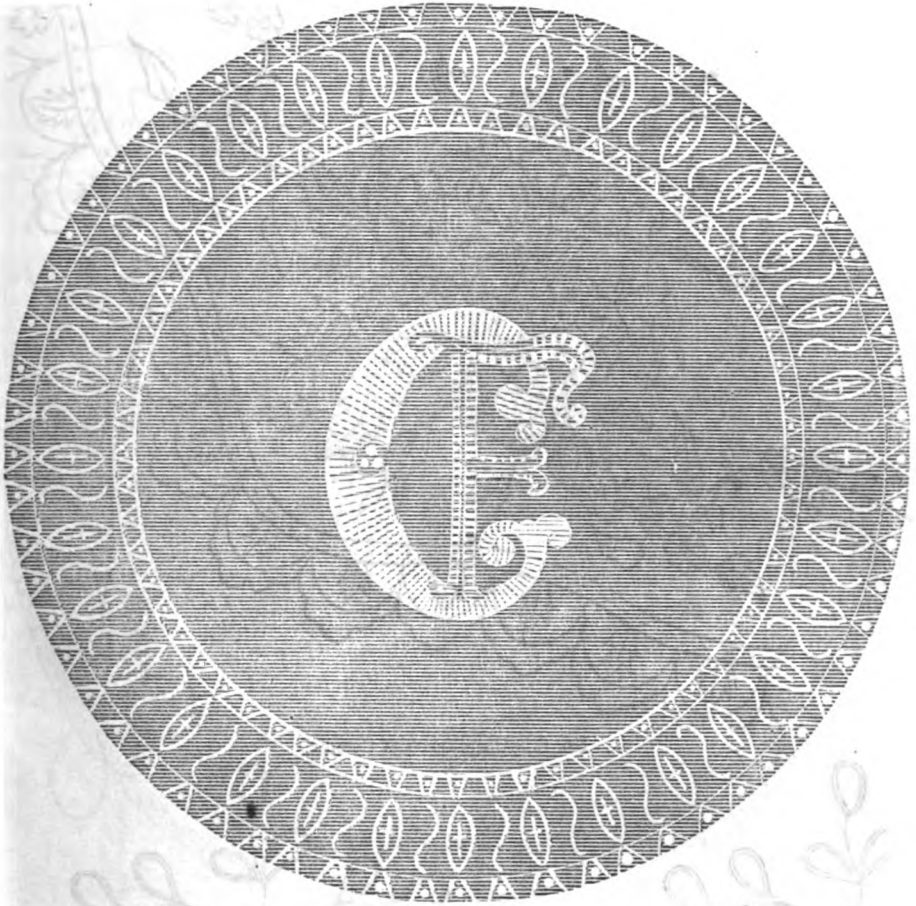


No. 6.—D'Oyleys drawn or etched on satin jean with a crow-quill, or very fine quill pen, are now in much request. The drawing will be found easier to do if the jean is pinned down on a piece of soft board, with eight small flat-headed tin tacks—one first in the centre of each side, and one at each point. In making up as a circle, these holes will be cut off. The easiest method of procuring an accurate outline is to cut out the shape required, place the cutting on the jean, and pass a very fine-pointed pencil all round it. The patterns given are also very suitable for etching in brown indelible ink on white wood, and then varnishing or polishing. The best edge for the D'Oyleys is formed by tatting; a narrow scallop edge and a single tatting edge look well. A circle of cardboard is the easiest way of procuring an

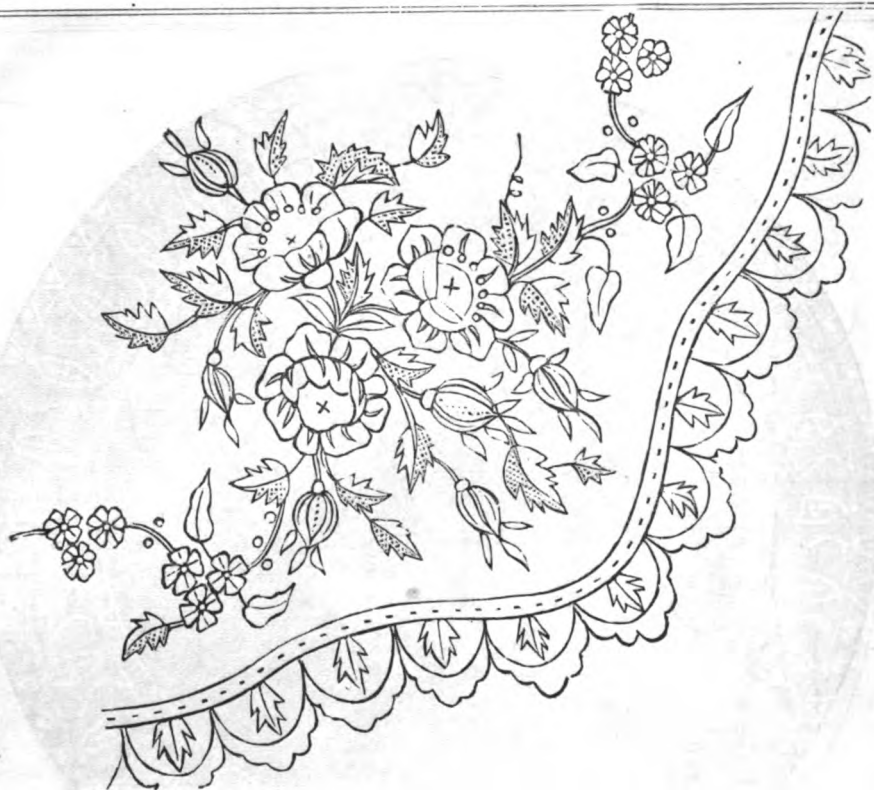
outline, and this should be pencilled on the jean before the drawing is begun that it may be in the centre. A hot flatiron is required to develop the marking ink, unless it can be held to a hot fire, and whilst using the iron, a piece of thin linen or paper should be placed on the drawing to avoid any danger of a dirty place being formed from the friction of the iron.

To produce a fine line, a quick motion of the pen is required, as if the pen dwells at all, the ink spreads all round, owing to the absorbent quality of the satin jean, and the ink requires to be occasionally shaken whilst in use. Finest satin jean should be procured, of a firm substance and very fine surface, and, if three-quarters of a yard wide, one yard will make twelve D'Oyleys.

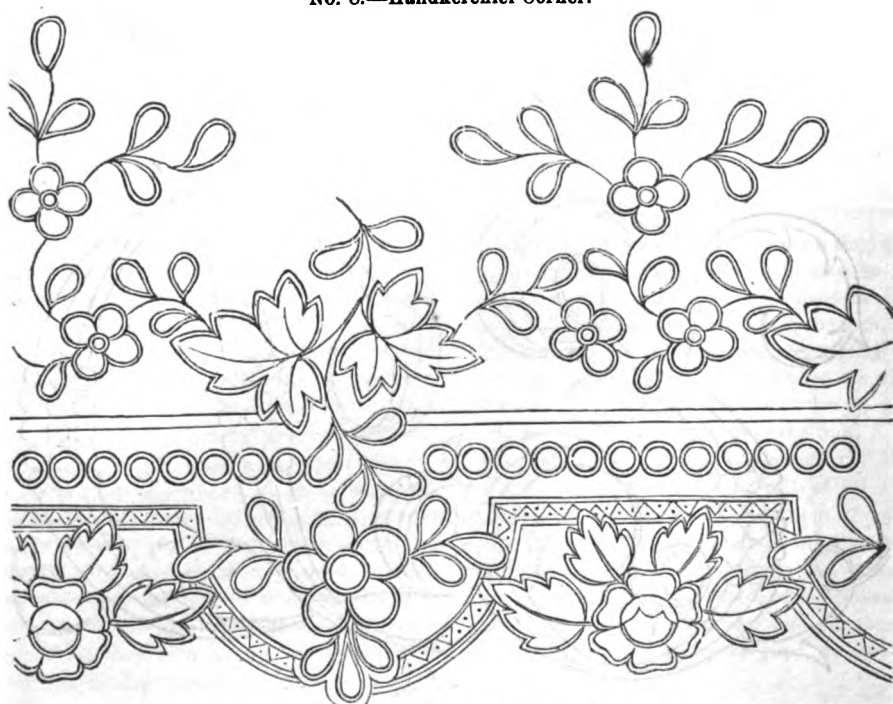
No. 6.



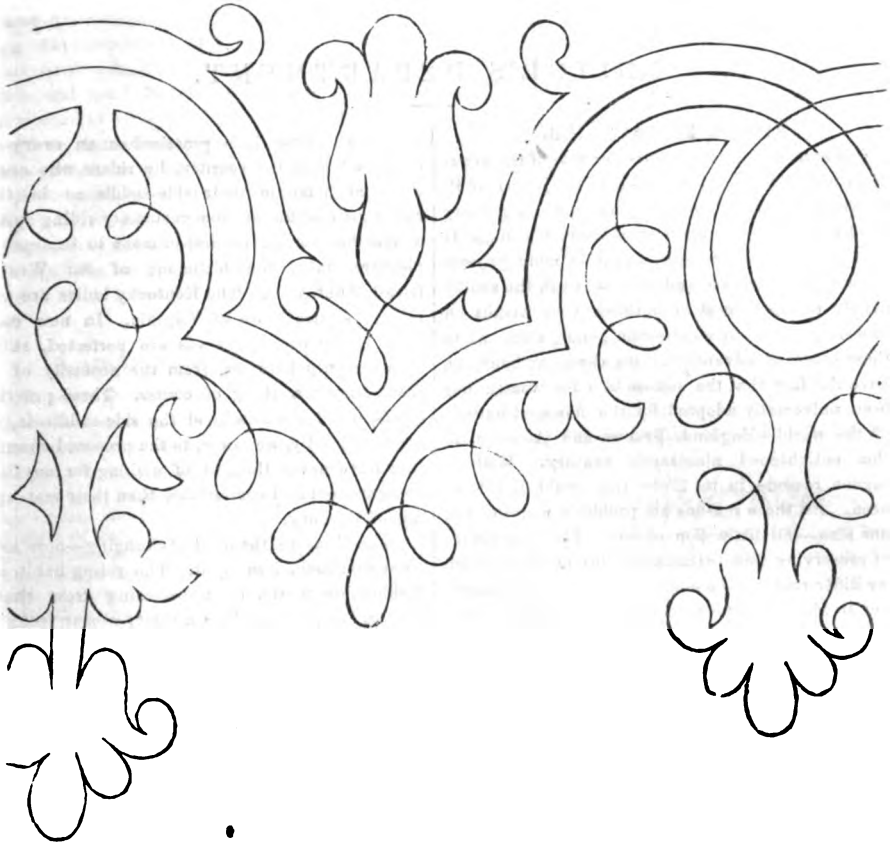
No. 7.—E. D. For Marking Bed Linen.



No. 8.—Handkerchief Corner.

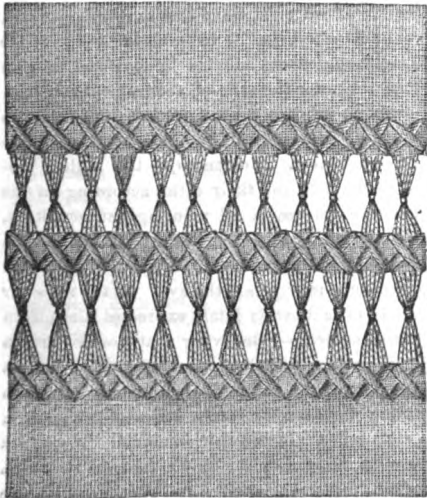


No. 9.—Embroidery for a Skirt.



No. 10.—Pattern for Braiding.

No. 11.



No. 11.—LINEN INSERTION FOR PETTICOATS, &c.—Materials:—Strong but rather coarse linen. Cotton, No. 8 and No. 30. The only difficulty of this work lies in the drawing of the 'hreads the crossway of the material to make the open stripes. Form the open work by drawing a number of threads, and fasten six or eight of them by a piece of the fine cotton, and after the knots are firmly tied, slip the cotton between each knot. The thick stripes should be worked with a row of cross stitches in the coarse cotton. By repeating the pattern of this insertion on a large piece of linen, very pretty chair and cushion covers can be made. The cross stitches might be worked in colored embroidery cotton.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

RIDING EN CAVALIER.

Our correspondent presents her side of the argument with ability and spirit—as to the justice of it, all will admit that there are at least two undeniably good reasons for preferring that mode of riding. It is safer to use two stirrups, and it is more physiological for both horse and rider to sit in the saddle evenly poised than it is to throw your weight on one side. There is no question among riders as to these points of advantage. On the other hand, we have the fact that the side-saddle for women has been universally adopted by the foremost nations of the world—England, France and America, in this enlightened nineteenth century. Without cogent reasons in its favor this could not have been. All these reasons are probably contained in one idea—the distinction of sex. The importance of preserving this distinction is the point on which we differ radically in opinion from our correspondent, to whom it is “of no consequence to be mistaken for a gentleman.” We think it every way undesirable for women to present the same appearance as their husbands and brothers. The instinct that shrinks from this confusion of things is not to be lightly dismissed as a prejudice. It is deep as life. It is the intuitive recognition of Nature's sacred law, and those who run counter to it are unwise than they know.

Now the question is, how far this new movement can be reconciled with the maintenance in dress of the clear distinction of sex. If the best position on horseback is compatible with a womanly appearance, it may become the custom. Some of our lady friends who have tried in private the manly mode of riding, declare that it does not necessitate any such sacrifice of beauty and propriety as the new fashion proposes. By keeping in mind as an indispensable condition that the costume must be essentially distinctive in its character, unmistakably womanly, something satisfactory may possibly be contrived. But we have our doubts—whether any change is called for—whether in changing we should not lose more than we gain. Women already ride with marvellous skill, as our contributor admits. Take the novices in a riding school; the girls' class will attain ease and management and harmony with the horse's movements, while the boys are still every one of them in anxious seats, or pitching over his head. This may come from feminine quickness of perception and general pliancy of mind and body, or from the side-saddle being easier to learn upon. The latter is maintained, and very plausibly by gentlemen, who cannot but admit the superior facility with which ladies acquire this

noble art. How it is practised as an every-day thing, all over the country, by riders who are as much at home in their side-saddle as in their rocking-chair, finding the customary riding suit, of a sensible length, no impediment to business or pleasure, take the testimony of our Western friend, Aunt Alice. The Kentucky ladies are good riders; so are those of Virginia. In new countries, before carriage roads are perfected, skilful horsemanship becomes, from the necessity of the case, almost a thing of course. These practised riders, who know how good the side-saddle is, will not take kindly, we fancy, to the proposed change; they have never thought of wishing for anything more assured and comfortable than their seat upon a good hackney.

So much as to the need of changing—now as to what we should lose by it. The riding habit now fashionable is the most becoming dress that a woman can put on. In it a pretty woman looks her prettiest—a plain woman may for the time be charming. If it is possible for her to look beautiful under any circumstances, she will on horseback. We are afraid that very much of this belongs to the position she takes upon the side-saddle, and the sweep of drapery which it permits—that much of the charm of a lady on horseback lurks in the flowing skirt as a distinctive womanly garment—not to be dropped without dropping at the same time grace and beauty—not even to be materially curtailed without impairing proportionably the prestige of sex.

However this may be, it is certain that we can do better than copy the dress of our husbands and brothers. If we must have a new riding costume, in the name of all that is tasteful, let it not be the stiff, right-angled cut adopted by civilized man in modern times for the sake of general convenience. To dress in a strictly utilitarian fashion may be esteemed a “prerogative” from one point of view—that of usefulness. Women enjoy the higher prerogative of modelling their attire according to the ideal which we see in all painting and sculpture, from the first human conception of art—with some fulness of drapery, in the disposition of which the line of beauty may please the eye. As the reviewer of the *Atlantic Monthly* lately expressed himself on a kindred subject—“Believing that women have a right to vote, we believe also that they have a higher right to be excused from voting. We are unwilling to consume their delicate fitnesses in this rude labor. It is not economical. We do not believe in using silk for ship's topsails or china porcelain for wash-tubs.” So of the masculine

equipment. Women have a right to appear repulsive and unlovely, and heroic souls submit to it as to any other condition, for the sake of performing special services in great exigencies that transcend custom and law. But the cases in which it is well for a woman to assume the guise of a man are the exceptions that prove the rule. Her higher right to be excused from the rough work of the world and the dress which befits it remains unaffected.

One word of advice to these dauntless, enterprising countrywomen of ours—if you must “prove all things,” do not fail in the latter, more momentous half of the injunction, “hold fast that which is good.”

ARCHERY FOR LADIES.

This accomplishment has been confined as yet, both in this country and elsewhere, to small and exclusive circles of amateurs.

An effort is now being made abroad “to popularize Archery, by raising it to its proper standard as an elegant and healthful exercise for the women and girls of England. It is urged that mothers, and those entrusted by mothers with the education of their daughters, should early accustom them to the use of a bow suited in weight to their strength; and by their making Archery one of the accomplishments taught at school, with as much anxiety and regularity as dancing, the juvenile frame would gradually acquire much gracefulness of form. Further, that young ladies should be taught this art as they are taught French, drawing, painting or dancing, by a skilled person.”

We are only surprised that this movement in favor of Archery was not made sooner in a country like England, watchful of the proprieties, yet wide awake to the benefits of out-door recreation; for this is beyond question the most elegant pastime in which ladies can publicly participate; the most scrupulous could make no objection on the score of refinement. Such would prefer it to skating, so increasingly popular here, even if the mild climate did not exclude this from the list of English sports.

“As a healthful pastime Archery is unrivalled, because its followers not only imbibe the fresh air for many hours in succession, but to acquire any degree of proficiency in shooting it necessitates that invigorating exercise, both for body and mind, which no amount of walking, under other circumstances, can ensure. All parts of the body are, in this exercise, healthfully fatigued. Doctors have recommended their delicate young patients to walk—walk—walk.”

“They walk when the north winds blow piercing and bleak;
They walk when their mouths are so stiff they can't speak;
They walk in the mists and cold fogs of November;
They walk in the drizzle and damp of December;
They walk when it thaws, and they walk when it freezes;
They walk for all causes, to cure all diseases.”

“Dumb-bells have been instituted for opening the chest. Books have been written to relieve the mind, by withdrawing its thoughts from the gloomy associations of some morbid illness. Here, in this one pastime, all these benefits to the human frame are

combined. The body is fully exercised in walking from target to target, placed either at sixty or fifty yards from each other. The chest is expanded by drawing a bow of twenty-eight pounds (average weight) three times in the space of a minute and a half, making a total of upwards of eighty pounds lifted at each ‘end;’ and this weight no young lady would, under ordinary circumstances, willingly acknowledge her ability to manage. The fresh air thus imbibed engenders a sound and hearty appetite, and the food then taken gives increased nourishment to the body; and if this course of physical exercise is followed up for many months it must, in the end, lessen doctors' bills and establish a thoroughly good state of health.”

Archery ought to become fashionable in New England, as it would act specifically to remedy weakness of the chest. This recommendation it shares with other sports; but in one respect it is pre-eminent—as a school for the graces; quite enough to place it high among the favorite amusements of all who hold at their just value the refinements of life.

THE TRANSFORMED VILLAGE.

Our discerning readers will soon recognize this story as one of a superior class—not the sensational kind, which often serve no higher purpose than pastime, but one of those illustrations of Christian duty that so graphically picture the evil, and so persuasively suggest the remedy, that mind and heart are alike stimulated to healthy action; and we are glad to have read it, feeling that we should have lost something in missing the new life thus infused into our best resolves. Those who are trying to do good in a similar rugged field will find in its earnest, hopeful spirit, the encouragement they most need to “strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees.” All are the better for reading what shows us in attractive colors our chief business and highest pleasure in this world—reclaiming it from evil.

GRASSES FOR THE HAIR.

These grasses are very economical additions to the toilette, as any lady, so inclined, can prepare them for her own use, *natural* and not artificial grasses being employed. These are preserved in either dark rooms or cupboards, in dry, hot sand, and so skilfully are they prepared that they lose neither beauty nor freshness when so treated. The Briza medea and the Silver grass are the two favorite kinds for the purpose; the latter is light brown in color and extremely fine and delicate, so that when intermingled with blue or mauve velvet flowers, it relieves them from their otherwise rather heavy effect. With light blue velvet convolvulus streaked with white, this silver grass is exceedingly pretty; we have seen it made up into wreaths for the hair, and trimmings upon a white tulle dress. The flowers were mounted, not upon gutta-percha, which was the fashion last winter, but upon a small

roll of light blue velvet. The flowers and grass were placed in a tuft in the centre of the forehead, with a falling spray at the back of the neck, thus leaving the sides of the head unadorned, except with blue velvet roll. For evening wear, small gold flies, with outstretched filigreed wings, are still worn; sometimes lighting amid bunches of brightly-tinted green grasses, these winged insects have a very brilliant appearance.

Some people have been much charmed with long trailing sprays of moss—of the *Lycopodium* that has a metallic tinge of bluish green on its leaves, and which grows in sprays with little fern-like leaflets. Two or three sprays of this interlace very prettily, and if a small bright knot of gay flowers be worn rather high, these long falling bright tendrils have the prettiest effect. In making up things like these, you should take a *short* piece of wire, and having fastened the flowers on safely, and wound gutta-percha neatly and closely upon the fastening (to keep in any moisture that the stalks retain), you roll either narrow green ribbon or a little green wool over it, and then *bend up* the straight wire into a very small ring. The flowers, somehow, gain thus a very open and pretty arrangement, and any long sprays or trailers, or any ends of ribbon or of black lace if worn, are merely laid under the circle and fastened neatly together. I may mention, by-the-by, that a long piece of rather narrow black lace or ribbon passed through the bands of the hair is one of the easiest means of mounting flowers to wear. The flower-knot is, of course, placed upon the ribbon, so as to come out just on the side where it should be, and if a tuft is worn of flowers upon the forehead, I do not know any way of fastening it more securely. This mode has the great advantage of being *no pull* on the hair, which has nothing thus to support, and it has about it, moreover, a look of ease, which things that are uncomfortable fail always in acquiring.

MR. DEMPSTER.

This charming vocalist, unsurpassed in his own line, gave a farewell concert on the 15th (January), in the Musical Fund Hall, previous to his return to Scotland. The entertainment included some of Tennyson's exquisite songs in the *Princess* and the *Idyls of the King*. Of these we liked best on the whole the "Song of Vivien," as the most successful expression in music of the subtle sentiment of the poetry. The "Song in Guinivere" was also given with a fine perception of the poet's thought. "John Anderson," "Highland Mary," and the "Irish Emigrant's Lament," gave great pleasure to the audience. We did not know, or had forgotten, that Dempster could sing a humorous song so well. "Barring the Door" seemed to us about as well done as possible, and the audience encored it with great energy. The evening's pleasure concluded

with the "May Queen," which we have heard before, but cannot hear too often. It is in our opinion Mr. Dempster's masterpiece of musical composition. He gives the feeling of some lines with absolute perfection—

"I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree."

In this and several other lines is a pathos beyond words, which only music can express. In the department of ballad singing his absence will leave a blank that no one else can fill. A prosperous voyage and a safe return for Mr. Dempster!

New Publications.

Vincenzo; or, Sunken Rocks. A Novel. By John Ruffini, Author of "Doctor Antonio," "Dear Experience," &c. New York: Carleton, Publisher.

There is no need to praise Ruffini as a novelist. His books are fully recognized as belonging to the highest class of fiction; owing their interest not to any clever theatrical machinery of mysteries and surprises, but to the laying bare of that under-current, the real life of man, from which the everyday words and deeds—the surface phenomena of human events—flow forth, their hidden springs often unsuspected by the actors themselves. "Doctor Antonio" was an excellent novel; "Vincenzo" is to us still more impressive. It has its lessons for men—for the patriot, the politician—but it strikes us as a tale for women especially to read and earnestly ponder over. When a life is wrecked on the sunken rocks of unhappy marriage, there are two stories to be told—two sides of the argument: the side on which the balance of blame falls most heavily is the one to take the lesson to heart. When we are wronged, we may patiently leave our cause to the righteous Judge; when we are doing wrong, the quicker we are roused from the awful delusion through which we unconsciously injure another, the better. It seemed to us in reading this story and revolving the thoughts it aroused, that women oftener err in blindness than men. They interpose the barrier of self, hard and sharp and uncompromising, between their other self and his best good, without in the least knowing what they do. The fair bark for whose prosperous voyage they are, humanly speaking, responsible, strikes and is wrecked—they remaining unconscious, in one sense innocent as a rock of the ruin they have wrought. What could be more fearful than this serene and smiling instrumentality for evil? A declared enemy one can fairly battle with; when a wife is the obstacle, what can a man do? The most tragical feature of the story is that Rose is conscientious and affectionate and faithful in wifely duty. She does her part according to her percep-

tion and ability. Her religious views, for which she cannot be held responsible, as they were implanted with her earliest consciousness, have grown with her growth, and are clearly immutable, and the contest hopelessly; from them there is no appeal.

"The situation in which I stand," reasoned Vincenzo, "is one of my own seeking, the fruit of my own blindness; and I cannot, without injustice, call anybody but myself to account for the disagreeables I find in it. Least of all Rose, who has sacrificed for me the prospect, nay, the certainty, of a far more advantageous establishment. If she has spoiled my life, I have spoiled hers, and we are quits. She is not naturally ill-tempered, quite the contrary; and, had she married, instead of me, a blockhead, such as there are plenty of, fearing God and the curé, very abstemious in politics, and disposed to enjoy the good things of the earth, which her fortune would procure him, there's every chance she would have made him an excellent and pleasant wife. What right, then, have I to complain, and to talk big and act big? Far more manly and rational to accept the situation which I myself sought, with all the good and bad and indifferent inherent in it."

And so Vincenzo, for the sake of peace, settles down and buries his talents; he alone knowing how often the uneasy ghost of those wasted powers rises upbraidingly to embitter his solitude—what torturing splendor is in that vision of spending himself heroically for God and man, and how insufferable the quiet to which he is doomed—not peace, but stagnation, loathsome death in life when it is contrasted with the glorious possibilities which must thus remain forever unrealized.

Thirty Poems. By William Cullen Bryant. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We have read this volume with peculiar pleasure. Among the poets of America there is no more loved and honored name than that of Bryant, and his poetry has been to us from youth upwards a deep and thorough enjoyment. And now that the autumn of his life has come, it is the rich golden autumn that fulfils one's ideal of man's completeness—warm and mellow with tenderness of feeling and perfected ripeness of thought. For him the time will never come when his eye

—Can look no longer
With delight on nature, or hope on human kind."

How grateful is the still affection breathing through "The Life that is," and "The Cloud on the Way!" "The violet bed's not sweeter."

"Twice wert thou given me; once in thy fair prime,
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,
And all the blossoms of that hopeful time
Clustered and gloved where'er thy steps were set.

The image we have italicised is fresh and fragrant as any May bloom of love could be—a token of that eternal youth of the heart which is the poet's divinest privilege. "The Cloud on the Way," the limit to a lifetime of mutual help and solace, with what yearning tenderness, what longing to shield

and to save, its coming shadow fills the faithful heart!

"Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that dim unknown?
Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty path alone?"

"The Little People of the Snow" is a graceful fancy, elaborated into a beautiful winter picture by numberless minute touches of description, life-like from that close observation of Nature which has always given a distinctive charm to Bryant's poetry. "Waiting by the Gate" is full of patient, mournful sweetness.

"Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not where!"

"I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me: the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and beside the ancient gate.
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

"Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.
Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the green sward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!"

If we were to select one poem from the volume as evidencing more poetic power than any other, it would be "The Tides;" and in "The Poet" are words to the point from one who speaks with authority.

The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus.
Translated by George Long. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These Thoughts enable one to realize in some degree how bright in wisdom and in virtue were the lights of the heathen world. Here is one of the most splendid of them all in worldly position, intellectual strength and moral purity. The introduction says: "I do not know any example of a young prince having had an education which can be compared with that of M. Antoninus. Such a body of teachers distinguished by their acquirements and their character will hardly be collected again; and as to the pupil, we have not had one like him since." It is pleasing to find these Thoughts so familiar. One who has read Emerson can fancy the two philosophers clasping hands across the ages, and holding with each other the close converse of bosom friends.

Here is a remarkable passage—"Live with the gods. And he does live with the gods who constantly shows to them that his own soul is satisfied with that which is assigned to him, and that it does all that the demon wishes which Zeus hath given to every man for his guardian and guide—a portion of himself, and this is every man's understanding and reason."

Musical Sketches. By Elise Polko. Translated from the Sixth German edition, by Fanny Fuller. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt.

"O, Music! thou who bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary heart of man, as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over! Art thou the evening breeze of this life or the morning air of the future one?"—*Johann Paul.*

Just the book, in matter and in manner, to take by storm the ardent fancy of poetic youth. The spirit of music breathes enchantment through it. The varied sketches are so many varying notes of a delightful melody. Though the style is often flowery and enthusiastic—sometimes extravagant, a genuine elevation of thought pervades the stories, impressing the reader with the reality of spiritual things—lifting him above the unrealities of time and sense as it is good to be lifted up. Such an exaltation as the author expresses in describing the magical eyes of the great organist, Bach—"as if beautiful beings, not belonging to this earth, were mirrored there, and as if they compelled one to cast aside all worldliness and become better." This organist, by the way, is our favorite among the masters of melody whose faces glimpse upon us through these pages. The lowly, lofty life of John Sebastian Bach, its sweet home-nest of warm affection in pure contrast with the splendid court to which his genius calls him, is a picture altogether charming. He goes with this glowing anticipation—"Yes, children, we will so strike the hearts of the worldlings with the glorious, pure voice of God" (so he often called his beloved organ) "that they will start back and anxiously stretch forth their hands, praying lowly and secretly—*Pater, peccavi!* And master Haase shall acknowledge that there are sounds more sublime and more divine than the sweet, voluptuous melodies of beautiful Italy!"

Gluck, and Pergolesi, and Felix Mendelssohn, Paganini, with his queer pet little Silver Cross, Handel, and Malibran, and Catalani, and Beethoven, and him "over whose grave a full chorus of the loveliest bird-voices warbled the praise of the dead master, the quiet, serious singer, the stranger on this earth, who was better understood, known and honored by birds and flowers than by men—the solitary, weary wanderer, Franz Schubert"—all these and more pass before us in these brief and brilliant sketches—each a momentary but vivid revelation of the intense life of musical genius.

Here is Haydn—a soul so rarely happy that we hereby set him upon our choicest pedestal for universal emulation—gifted and ungifted, pray copy! "He enters the house with so proud a step that one might suppose that our most gracious emperor had presented him with all his realm! And if one inquires in astonishment—'Well, Haydn, what piece of good fortune has befallen you?' he laughs so merrily that one's heart bounds with joy, and says—'Porpora has praised me,' or, 'Gluck patted my cheek,' or, 'I have found a beautiful flower,' or,

'the sky was so gloriously blue to-day, and the sun shone so brightly!' Does he not sit up stairs in his garret, before his old, worm-eaten spinet, as though he were seated upon a throne, and forget—with the droll sonatas of the organist, Bach, of whom he speaks so often, to eat and drink? Always with those ever merry eyes! When the young man comes into my room and says 'good morning' to me, I feel as though he had cast a bouquet at my heart." He continued so to live in the light all his life, for "Joseph Haydn was sixty-nine years old when that brilliant, wondrous blossom the 'Seasons' sprang forth from his creative genius."

The book is so well translated that one forgets it is of foreign origin.

The Color Guard. Being a Corporal's Notes of Military Service in the Nineteenth Army Corps. By James K. Hoemer, of the Fifty-Second Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

A book of uncommon attraction and interest, by one who left, at his country's call, the quiet and comfort of a pastor's post in Deerfield, Mass., for the perils and privations of the Color Guard. Through such narratives as this, by men of ability and culture, whom the purest patriotism has forced into the very midst of the whirling current of events, we shall have after awhile the best history that ever was written of any war. The preface says—"The writer had large and varied opportunities of observation; and with them he possessed keen, quick and accurate discernment, and, as we think, a superior power of life-like description and narration. His journal gives a faithful picture of the privations, sufferings and perils of those whose living and dying sacrifice is the costly price at which we are purchasing the redemption of our country from dismemberment and ruin."

A few touches of description bring before the eye a picture of soothing beauty—"the burying ground where lie the dead soldiers of our regiment" (at Baton Rouge).

"The fence is of wood, thickly covered with a climbing rose; a dense, luxuriant, beautiful vine, full of bright green leaves, with the seed-vessels still remaining from the former blossoms. It wraps the palings so they can hardly be seen; then droops over upon the ground, and spreads its tendrils towards the soldiers' graves. Just over the fence, outside, stands a thick, venerable tree (beech, I believe), whose limbs are swathed heavily with the funereal gray moss. From the foot of the graves, the ground goes downward in a rapid slope. The spot has not the beauty of a cemetery carefully cared for; but it is not unlovely. Perhaps it is not inappropriate, that a short distance off runs the line of intrenchments, through embrasures in which silent cannon watch day and night. I chose for the grave a spot left vacant close by the fence, where the vine could droop directly over it, and the rose-leaves could fall upon it, and the tree, with its mossy harps, could pour its sighing requiems above it."

SOUTHERN HOMES.

"As we came opposite, down a long avenue, the perspective led the eye within the open portal of a splendid mansion, from whose hall ladies and children looked across at the marching army. Meantime, the air was full of sweet scents: for tropic plants, like Eastern princes, stretched forth their arms from the enclosure, and with odorous gifts flattered the passers-by; and a tree full of bell-shaped blossoms—the airy 'campanile' of the garden, showing rows on rows of little purple chimes—'told incense' to us."

"Seldom does an army march under circumstances so delightful. The miles were not weary ones; for the same really remarkable conditions made our progress comparatively easy from first to last—a bright sky and sun, but a cool northern breeze, and a road, for the most part, in perfect condition to receive the soldier's foot-fall. On one side rose the slope of the Levee, ten or twelve feet high from the road, two or three from the water on the other side. When the column halted, we could run up the slope, then stoop to the cool bayou to drink, or to wash face, hands, and feet. On our right, as we marched, we passed, now houses of moderate size, bare of elegance—sometimes even squalid in appearance; now, again, mansions of comfortable look; and, not unfrequently, beautiful seats, set up high to preserve them from danger in case of a crevasse, with colonnades ornamented tastefully with orange-groves and the glorious live-oak, with trees full of roses instead of bushes.

"Plantation after plantation! Along the road were white palings, or often the pleasanter enclosure of a rose-tree hedge, with white roses all out, and the green of a richer depth than we know it. Sometimes the planter and his family looked out at us from behind a 'protection' posted before them on the gate, seated upon the broad portico under the wide roof, beneath wide-spreading awnings, with open doors and windows behind. Then, between house and hedge, these marvellous gardens! Tall trees overhung them, with vines, sometimes nearly as thick as the trunks, twining, supple as serpents, from root to topmost bough—twining, hanging in loops, knotted into coils. Then, underneath, flowers white and delicate, adorned with dewy jewels, scented with odors incomparable; flowers uncouth and spiny; the cactus, not here exotic, but 'to the manor born,' its gnarled and prickly stem thickly set with purple buds. The air would be pungent with sweetness.

"Such tropic luxury of air and vegetation! These scents and zephyrs; the bird-songs we heard; the summer-blue of the heavens; the broad palm-leaves at the planter's portico; these blossoms of crimson and saffron and white; this slow-moving air, so burdened, and laboring under its freights of perfume—all these are such as Paul and Virginia knew; all these, and I suppose, too, the foil to all these—the miasma of the swamp close at hand, and the poisonous serpent lurking there."

JENNY MORRIS'S TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

This is the title of a live'y story from the pen of Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, with which we purpose to enrich the April number of the "Lady's Friend." It will interest Californians particularly, as the trip from the States is with most residents of the country a matter of personal experience, and its details are given, through the medium of an entertaining story, with a graphic fidelity and quiet humor that will call up many an amusing reminiscence.

Miscellaneous Receipts.

BREAD SAUCE.—Boil a good onion (if the flavor be liked), a few whole peppercorns, a small blade of mace, and a little salt, in three parts of a pint of milk, until the milk tastes of these ingredients. Have ready some stale bread, shred fine, in a basin; strain the milk on to it; cover it over, and let it stand for a quarter of an hour. Beat it well with a silver fork; add a spoonful of cream, or a small piece of butter of the size of a nutmeg. Pour it back into a saucepan; warm it thoroughly, stirring it round all the time. Put it in your sauceboat, and send to table.

Another.—Grate finely nearly one breakfast-cup full of stale bread; season with white or cayenne pepper, and a little salt; take a moderate-sized onion, stick it all over with cloves, after which put it into a saucepan and boil it with a little water till it is soft enough to pulp; take it up; remove the cloves and any part of the onion that refuses to pulp; blend one quarter of a pound of butter with the seasoned crumbs; also mixing in the pulped onion; pour by degrees half a pint of cold milk on the mixture; place it on the fire and keep stirring till sufficiently boiled, always being very careful to stir it the same way. If too thick when boiled, a little more milk must be added.

TO MAKE RICH HARE SOUP.—An old hare is the best for this purpose. Cut it up into small pieces, and put them into a large saucepan or digester, with two pounds of shin of beef, likewise cut into moderate-sized pieces. Pour in four quarts of cold water, cover up close, and let meat and hare stew gently together for about one hour, skimming at intervals; then add some salt, an onion stuck with cloves, a faggot of savory herbs (thyme, sweet marjoram, and parsley), two blades of mace, a few peppercorns, a head of celery, and two carrots. Put the digester to the side of the fire, and let these stew gently for two hours longer, until the hare is very tender. Lift out the principal joints, such as the back shoulders and legs, and cut the meat carefully from them. Mince and pound it with three ounces of bread crumbs, moistened with a little soup. Strain the soup, then add the pounded meat and bread crumbs, and put all in a saucepan to simmer for ten minutes; after which rub it through a sieve, season with cayenne, warm it up, and a few minutes before serving add three glasses of port wine. Force-meat balls are a great improvement to this soup.

HOT-POT.—Of all the dishes belonging to what may be termed "the Irish-stew class" of homely dishes, hot-pot is incomparably the chief. What the "lordly haggis" is to the "pudding race," that is hot-pot to those stews of which mutton, potatoes,

and onions form the staple—Irish stew *pur et simple*, hot-pot and potato pie.

The principle upon which all these dishes are made is the same—the confinement of the meat, vegetables, and seasoning, so that they are exposed to a process of slow stewing, without dissipating any of their succulence or flavor in the form of odor. The scientific economy of this requires little explanation; but it is a noteworthy fact, that whilst it is the tendency of the modern and so-called civilized cooks to dissipate the smell of dinner all around, the modes of stewing adopted by primitive and nomadic tribes belong entirely to the category to which the process of making hot-pot belongs.

The Recipe.—The article of prime necessity in the composition of hot-pot is *the pot*. A brown jar, with a closely-fitting lid to it, and glazed outside, is the commonest form. In hot-pot countries such pots are made for the purpose. Some of the more ambitious *amateurs* have dishes made, modelled according to their fancies into more or less appropriate devices.

For the materials of a hot-pot sufficient for five convives, take a steak of three pounds, cut out the centre of a leg of mutton all across it, remove every particle of fat, skin and bone, and cut it up into slices; take three-quarters of a pound of rump steak, and treat it in a similar manner; clean and cut up three mutton kidneys; clean and trim a punnett of fine mushrooms; take eighteen large oysters, and strain them from their liquor; boil three pounds of potatoes, peel and break them; cut up two large Spanish onions into slices; add to the strained liquor of the oysters about a pint of water, six tablespoonfuls of mushroom catchup, and one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar for gravy. Mix upon a plate two tablespoonfuls of salt, one of pepper, a pinch of cayenne, and half a nutmeg, grated, for seasoning.

Now take the pot and proceed to build up the hot-pot as follows: A layer of onions, a layer of the meat mixed (with small pieces of butter intermingled to compensate for the fat which has been removed, and some of the seasoning sprinkled over), a few mushrooms and oysters, and a layer of broken potatoes; then a layer of onions, &c., proceeding in this manner until the pot is filled, or the materials exhausted—taking care always to have a closely-packed layer of mashed potatoes on the top. Before putting on this layer, however, pour in the gravy, and let it soak well into the dish. Put on the top, and lute it well round the margin with a stiff paste made of flour and water. Set it in a slack oven (a baker's, if possible), and let it stew for at least four hours.

Then take three or four raw potatoes, cut them into quarters, and roast them well in a Dutch oven until they are quite brown. When the hot-pot is withdrawn from the oven, remove the top, and pop

in these browned potatoes, packing them as close as possible. Bind a clean table napkin round the pot, and serve it up without delay.

A TURKEY STEWED WITH CELERY.—Choose a fine hen turkey, and stuff it with the same forcemeat as for veal, viz.: four ounces of bread crumbs, the grated rind of half a lemon, quarter ounce of savory herbs, minced fine, salt and pepper, two ounces of butter and the yolk of an egg. All these ingredients to be well mixed together. Skewer the turkey as for boiling, and put it into a large saucepan, filled with water, and let it boil until tender. Take up the turkey and put it into another saucepan, with sufficient of the water in which it has been boiled to keep hot. Wash well about four good-sized heads of celery, put these into the saucepan with the rest of the water in which the turkey has been boiled, and stew them until tender. Take them out and put in the turkey, breast downwards, and let it stew for a quarter of an hour; place it on a hot dish before the fire, thicken the sauce with butter and flour, and a breakfast cupful of cream, put in the celery to warm, and pour the sauce and celery hot over the turkey.

CELERY STEWED IN WHITE SAUCE.—Take three roots of celery, free them from the outside leaves and green tops, and cut them an inch shorter than the vegetable dish in which they are to be served. Wash them thoroughly, changing the water frequently, and then dry them with a clean cloth. Slice them up and put them in a saucepan, with as much gravy as will cover them, and let them simmer gently for about half an hour; add a cupful of cream and a seasoning of salt and pepper five minutes before serving.

SOLID SYLLABUS.—Cream, one quart; white wine, one quart; juice of two lemons, peel of one grated, sugar to sweeten. Mix these together, and whip them till they are a froth. Take off the scum as it rises, and place it to drain on a hair-sieve. Half fill the glasses with the scum, and heap the froth on it.

WAVING THE HAIR.—The following is a simple and effective method of waving the hair: Comb the hair towards the forehead, then part it, beginning a little in front of the crown in a slant towards the temple (so that it may be the *outside* hair which is waved); divide this piece of hair into three strands, taking care that the one *farthest back* is only about one-third the thickness of either of the others; plait it (*easily*) as in common three-plait, but each time the *three-strand* comes into the right hand, hold it firmly, and with the left slide the others up it; continue this for about three or four inches, and then finish off in common plait, tying the ends. Do not spoil your hair with crimping-irons, &c.

SCOTCH CHRISTMAS BUN.—Take four pounds of raisins, stoned, two and a-half pounds of currants well cleaned and dried, half pound of almonds, blanched; of candied and lemon-peel, quarter pound each, cut small; of pounded cloves, allspice, cinnamon and ginger, half ounce each; four pounds of flour and twenty-two ounces of butter. Then rub the butter with the flour till well mixed together; add a little warm water and a quarter pint of fresh, good yeast, and work it into a light, smooth paste, to form the sheet or case, and lay it aside; with the rest work up the fruit, sweetmeats and spices; make it into a round form, like a cheese. Roll out the sheet of paste, lay the bun in the centre, and gather it all round, closing it at the bottom by wetting the edges of the paste, and cutting it so as to be quite flat. Turn it up, and run a wire or small skewer through from the top to the bottom, every here and there, and prick the top with a fork. Double and flour a sheet of stout paper, and lay the bun upon it; bind a piece round the sides, also doubled and floured, to keep the bun in a proper shape. Bake it in a moderate oven.

STONE CREAM.—I send a recipe for a nice supper dish. It looks pretty, and is very good. I have never seen it in any book, nor upon many suppers: Grate the peel and squeeze the juice of a lemon into a glass dish, intended to be brought to table. Cover the bottom of the dish with a very rich sweetmeat—apricot jam or orange marmalade, cut small. Dissolve one ounce of isinglass in a tea-cupful of milk, strain it through muslin, and add to it one pint of cream and one pint of new milk, with one ounce of bitter almonds, blanched and pounded; add a little loaf sugar, let it simmer once, then pour it into a basin. When nearly cold, pour it into the glass dish. Next day serve it up. E.

TO KEEP THE HANDS SOFT.—The following is said to be very serviceable in keeping the hands nice and soft:—Eight ounces of soft soap, four ounces each of olive oil and spirits of wine, one and a half ounce of lemon juice, and sufficient silver sand to form a thick paste, and any perfume. Boil the oil and soap together in a pipkin, and then gradually stir in the sand and lemon juice. When nearly cold, add the spirits of wine, and lastly the perfume. Make into a paste with the hands, and place in pots for use. This paste is used instead of soap, and will be found very good. And now for the soap. Cut thin two pounds of yellow soap into a double saucepan, occasionally stirring it till it is melted, which will be in a few minutes, if the water is kept boiling around it; then add a quarter pound of palm oil, a quarter pound of honey, 3d. worth of oil of cinnamon. Let all boil together another six or eight minutes, pour out and stand it by until next day. It is then fit for use. Almond cream is a delightful remedy for red hands. It is used in

the same manner and as a substitute for soap. It is also a good plan to keep a dish of oatmeal on your stand, and rub some on the hands whenever you wash them.

HOW TO CLEAN RIDING-GLOVES.—In order to clean white doeskin riding-gloves, they should first be placed upon right and left wooden trees, both in size and shape approximating as nearly as possible to the digits worn by the owner of the gloves; then well washed in soap and water, rinsed, and rubbed over with a little pipe-clay. When dry, the superfluous powder must be brushed off, and the gloves removed from the trees and pulled soft.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Ball-dress of tulle, puffed; over this a tunic of white taffeta, trimmed with lace, feathers, and knots of corn-colored ribbon. Head-dress, flowers and velvet.

FIG. 2.—Dress of white crape. Scarlet silk opera cloak, lined with white, fastened with a heavy cord, and trimmed on the shoulders and at the back with jet and passementerie. Handsome chenille fringe with balls to match.

FIG. 3.—Dress of gray silk, trimmed with green velvet. Corsage-veste opening wide over a waistcoat of green taffeta, embellished with little silver bells and black lace. There are two small pockets in the waistcoat. The open corsage is fastened in the middle by an artistic button. The sleeves are straight and trimmed with black lace. The bottom of the skirt is scolloped and edged with green velvet to correspond with the vest. Head-dress of black lace with rose-colored ribbon.

FIG. 4.—Dress of *pensée* velvet with a quilling on the bottom of the skirt, surmounted by a chenille fringe. The corsage is pointed. The sleeves are tight, and ornamented with a passementerie, which also passes over the shoulders. This is trimmed with fringe, and the bottom of the sleeve has a similar trimming. Head-dress, yellow roses and black lace.

FIG. 5.—Little girl's dress of Scotch poplin—the skirt plain, the corsage squared, sleeves almost tight, with small *revers*. Circular cloak of the same material, trimmed with chenille and fastened with a cord, both matching the plaid poplin. Hat of white velvet, with green ribbon and white feather.

GENERAL REMARKS.—At the head-quarters of fashion, some eccentric things are being produced in the never-ending search after novelty. What is new can, after all, be only a *renewal* or a revival of old fashions; for during the five thousand years the

world has existed, and that women have devoted themselves to the toilette, every form of bodice, every cut of dress and mantle, every style of arranging the hair which it was possible to invent, have already been tried. Fashion is then reduced to turn in a more or less restricted circle, and to impose laws which, after a short time, are necessarily the same. Two years ago the fashions were borrowed from the taste of the eighteenth century, and particularly the Pompadour style, and now they are borrowed from the more scanty toilettes of Louis XVI. reign.

Ladies in Paris are wearing at the present day all the fashions which were popular at the time of the Directoire, and ere long they will be wearing those of the first Empire. Even now ladies appear as *Incroyables*, with their hair in ringlets upon their foreheads, round hats with rather high crowns, and large tufts of feathers in the front; dresses plain upon the hips, widening gradually as they descend, narrow quillings round the edges of skirts, narrow sleeves, *Polonaises* with fur upon the seams, boas round the throats—nothing, in fact, is wanting. Crinoline alone resists these changes, and swells out victoriously, but only towards the edges of the skirts. We should be thankful for crinoline, for without it we should look as unprepossessing, and be as badly dressed, as the women of sixty years ago. To such a point has this revival of old fashions been carried, that now ladies are actually wearing out-door coverings made in the style of gentlemen's coats, with *revers*, tails, buttons, and narrow sleeves. So closely do they resemble the male attire, that a lady who wishes to be fashionable has only to borrow her husband's coat when she goes out; up to this time, however, they are only made in velvet. There might be a more singular style, hardly an uglier one. We mention these caprices of fashion partly for the amusement of our readers in general, partly that the few who are pondering the question of riding-dresses may see that it is not American ladies only who are seized with a sudden fancy for disfiguring themselves by donning masculine habiliments. The mass of our countrywomen of course remain unimpressed by these vagaries, even though exemplified in the person of the Empress herself.

Sometimes it happens that, for the sake of change, an old fashion is taken again into favor, not precisely in the same proportions it formerly assumed, but the same style, with some slight modification. *Basques* are striking instances of this fact; but very few years ago *basques* were universally worn, and now the leading Parisian modistes are adding *basques* to both high and low bodices. The great difference between the *basques* of five years past and the *basque* of to-day, lies not in their length, for they are made equally long, but in the manner in which they are cut. Formerly they were cut out

of the same piece as the different parts of the bodice; now they are detached, each division of the bodice being joined only as far as the waist. *Flounces* are another case in point. Will *flounces* be worn again, is a question now frequently asked; the answer might be truthful (paradoxical as it may appear) either in the negative or the affirmative. If the querist approves of *flounces*, she may wear them and be fashionable, and if *flounces* are not to her taste, she may dispense with them and still be in the fashion. The only items to be borne in mind, if such additions are contemplated, are that they should not be numerous, and that they should be arranged not straight round the skirt, but waved, and between each *flounce* there should be a row either of ribbon, velvet, or of lace insertion.

But although *flounces* are favorite additions, there are many satin and *moiré* antique dresses, made without any ornament whatever upon the skirt; such materials are rich enough in themselves, they do not require ornamentation; but in these cases, more than usual attention should be paid to the arrangement of the skirt. For evening wear, skirts are all cut with a train and are gored. As they are not straight around the edge, some little skill is requisite in both cutting and mounting them to the waistband. They should be sloped at the bottom (in the proportion of half an inch to half a yard) as well as the extra length allowed for the train at the top. In pleating up the skirt, one large pleat should be placed in the centre of the front, and another in the centre of the back, differing in this respect only, that the one at the back should be a double box-pleat, whilst the front one should be single. The wide pleat in the front causes the skirt to flow in a more graceful manner than when two pleats meet together.

Another point to which particular attention should be paid is the crinoline. Contradictory remarks frequently reach us concerning the dimensions which crinolines assume in Paris, but the truth is, the French ladies are very discriminating in this matter; for the long skirts and underdresses, which are looped up, the Parisians wear narrow round crinolines, but for evening wear, under train-skirted dresses, they wear wide train-shaped crinolines. The result is, that in the streets and promenades they retain that neat, unexaggerated appearance for which they have ever been so conspicuous, and, more than this, that unseemly display of ankle is never to be dreaded in the French capital which is sometimes seen here. We protest against the indiscretion of wearing short wide crinolines cut of doors, and then looping up the dresses over them. For house-wear, and especially in full dress, the crinoline should be both wide and long, so that the inevitable train may be well sustained, and upon all occasions, such as fashionable promenades or *fêtes* of any description, when the dress is not raised, but

left flowing, by all means a wide crinoline; but for pedestrian excursions, in muddy weather, a narrow petticoat is more suitable, and indeed it is more modest. We commend, therefore, to our readers, the French plan of having two distinct sizes of crinoline, a narrow one for the streets and a wide one for rooms.

For morning wear serge dresses, with petticoats to match, are popular. The brown and gray shades make quiet but very useful morning dresses.

As the skirts are now all looped up for out-door wear, the fashion has been introduced of making the dress and petticoat of the same material; and with serges this is more especially the case. The skirt is trimmed but rarely, a girdle-cord simply sewn round the edge, forms the sole ornament; but the petticoat is ornamented with narrow quillings, ruches, bands of cut velvet, Yak insertion or with any other ornament which fancy may dictate.

With such a toilet colored stockings to match are worn; but many object to these; they wear white stockings with colored clocks, which have a very pretty effect.

Polish boots are gradually coming into favor in Paris; they are worn universally, both by young and old. They extend eight inches above the ordinary boot, and are laced to the top as a Balmoral, being finished off with two silk tassels. In Paris they are fastened with buttons, which we think preferable, as the boots have a neater appearance and require less time in putting on. The tassels in Paris are worn much larger and thicker than those sported here. The cord to which the tassels are attached is also thick, and is looped irregularly at each side, and these loops, with the addition of the tassels, form very effective ornaments. The heels are high and slant inwards to the centre of the foot, tapering towards the bottom. For boys who are sufficiently juvenile to wear knickerbockers these Polish boots are admirably adapted, and indeed are already popular in this country. Sometimes they are made of black leather and sometimes of Russian goffered leather.

The rage for bands of fur descends to boots; at present many walking-boots made of cloth are trimmed with fur; velvet boots are ornamented with sable tails; satin boots with chinchilla; and slippers are also frequently ornamented with fur. Now that the dresses are worn looped up, more attention is paid to the boots than formerly. Shoes are only worn at balls, and then they are highly ornamented. They are embroidered, and trimmed with ruches of either blonde or lace, and in many cases the rosette in front has a precious stone in the centre.

Gloves are worn much longer than formerly; those for day wear have small wristlets attached to them, and for evening wear have from three to five buttons. Pearl-gray and dove-color are the favorite shades for day-time, peach and flesh color being

worn at night. Primrose gloves, so popular formerly, are now never seen.

Toilettes for full-dress dinners are made either of velvet, brocades, or of light-colored taffetas. A very pretty and inexpensive toilette might be composed with either light maize, lilac, pink, or sky-blue silk; for a low dress, from twelve and a-half to fourteen yards will be requisite, according to the height of the wearer. The skirt should be gored and ornamented at the bottom with nine narrow flounces of white quilled tarlatan (four yards of tarlatan are sufficient to make these flounces); the three last flounces are separated with a wide *chicorée* ruche made of silk similar to the dress. If the dress is maize-colored, the ruche should be made of black velvet; if light gray, sky blue or pink ruches have the best effect. The bodice should be made with a sash, and instead of folds very narrow tarlatan flounces are formed into a *berthé* round the shoulders. The sash has wide rounded ends, and is tied at the back with two large loops, being ruched round with both taffetas and tarlatan. Any industrious young lady (provided she has a good pattern) can make this dress, and she would find it useful even for a ball; the tarlatan trimming, besides being a novelty, is light and airy looking, and as it is inexpensive, it can be easily renewed.

With light dresses a different plan is pursued. Thus, upon white tarlatan either pink or white silk flounces are placed, and sometimes even flounces made of satin ribbon; with such skirts the lower part of the low bodice is made of taffetas or satin, and the upper part of the thin material. The sash should be made of tarlatan, lined with white silk to give it substance, and then it should be trimmed round with quilled silk of the same color as the flounces.

Another style are *capitonée* dresses, which represent clouds of tulle fastened down at equal and regular distances by small bows with ends. White upon white has always the freshest effect; but blue or cerise bows upon white tulle are likewise very charming; fifty yards of tulle and two hundred and twenty yards of narrow ribbon are at least necessary for this style of dress. This is not more costly than many other things—than for example dresses trimmed with *binche* guipure. With regard to these ball dresses, our private opinion is that the young lady who makes heavy demands upon her papa's purse and her dressmaker's time for this elaborate ornamentation is simply laboring under a mistake. She would be far more charming in plain white muslin, spotlessly pure and airy light. From the intricate details of costly and often tasteless trimming, our thoughts are apt to wander to some such contrasting picture as this—

"She went by dale and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair."

But when the glory of youth is waning it is

natural and justifiable to assist diminished beauty with such substitutes as dress affords; only if you pay the price for attractiveness so that you really get it; there is something melancholy in wasted effort.

For dinners and small evening parties, young married ladies are wearing dresses of rich brocaded silk. For example, white silk, brocaded with black flowers, forms a very dressy toilette when made with a low bodice. The skirt should be trimmed with three crossbands of the same material, the bands are about three inches deep, and are slightly full on with a black piping; they are edged with narrow black lace, headed with a white gauze rucho. The lowest band is not placed at the edge of the skirt, but three inches above it, and the three bands are carried up the left side above the knee, where they are finished off with a flat bow without ends; these bows are made of white gauze, and edged with black lace. The bodice is made with a point both at the front and back, and is trimmed with a berthé, edged with deep black lace. In the centre of the front there is a bow corresponding to those upon the skirt. With such a dress a mother-of-pearl butterfly upon a tuft of white roses should be worn.

The *furor* for plaid which was manifested a short time past, is now not only confined to grown-up people, but is also very great for children. Plaid velvet frocks, made with low bodices, and confined at the waist with a thick silk girdle cord and tassels, are very appropriate for this time of year for small boys. Little girls are wearing white cashmere frocks, trimmed with plaid silk; this is placed in a wide band round the skirt above the hem, with a narrower band round the waist and top. Blue silk is employed in a similar manner upon white cashmere frocks, but in this case the bands are all edged with narrow black guipure. Broad sashes, corresponding with the trimmings upon the frock, are worn tied at the back, and are equally fashionable for little girls as for their mammas.

Velvet dresses are trimmed in Paris with either fur or bands of feathers, lace and chenille being reserved for satin. For taffetas, reps, serges, &c., gimp is still very fashionable.

Linen collars and cuffs are still worn both with morning and afternoon toilettes; but when the dress is composed either of velvet or *moiré*, the linen is ornamented with either a light embroidery in satin-stitch, or with fine lace edging. The all-round, the sailor, and the cavalier collar, are all fashionable shapes, although the last named is at present the most popular.

If trimming is less used upon the skirts of dresses than formerly, the bodices are now receiving their full share of ornament; for the leading dressmakers in Paris are now trimming every seam either with guipure insertion, gimp, or with small hanging buttons.

Many ladies now suppress the sleeves for dressy demi-toilettes; I mean by this the sleeves made of the same material as the dress. They replace them by white ones, which have a very pretty effect at night, and are more convenient for delicate people, as well as for those who are no longer young. This fashion allows of lace being used, which, with the narrow sleeves, was almost impossible.

For head-dresses, natural butterflies and small winged insects were eagerly sought after last winter; these are now superseded by mother-of-pearl butterflies and flowers. In gaslight they produce a very brilliant effect.

Leaves which are frosted all over, and others which are completely covered with glistening snow, are also very fashionable for evening wear; what with large crystal dewdrops, mother-of-pearl leaves and flowers, and these thickly-frosted green leaves, all shining with prismatic colors with each movement of the head, it may be easily imagined what a glittering, glistening effect a number of these really fashionable head-dresses produce in a brilliantly-lighted ball-room.

The Louis XV. chaplet is now much worn in Paris. It accords so exactly with the manner in which the hair is dressed, that its popularity is easily accounted for. The very short, full *bandeaux*, which are *crepés*, and turned back from the temples, leave a hollow in the centre of the forehead, and this space is well filled by the Louis XV. wreath. It is large and high in the centre, forming what the French call a *pouff*, and this is terminated at the back with either sprays of coral, which fall at both sides of the back hair, or with flowing ends of very narrow velvet. Sometimes the *pouff* in the centre is composed of a large flower made of violet velvet, with a mother-of-pearl heart, others with a blue velvet flower, with leaves covered with what looks like recently fallen snow; these leaves are exquisite, and will be very popular for evening wear during the winter season.

For full-dress bonnets, the chenille and feather fringes, tipped with crystal beads, are worn only at night; bands of marabouts and other feathers are used in preference for ceremonious visits. Long wide tulle strings, tied under the chin, are generally added, and are found to be very becoming additions.

As to the forms, there is little variation since last year, except that they are made narrower at the cheeks, and are slightly lower and more open in front. Many ladies wear jewels inside their bonnets. Black and white bugles, hitherto so fashionable, have authorized this innovation; but jewels are only used upon full-dress bonnets. For negligé drawn bonnets are worn, made generally of satin, trimmed with plush flowers.

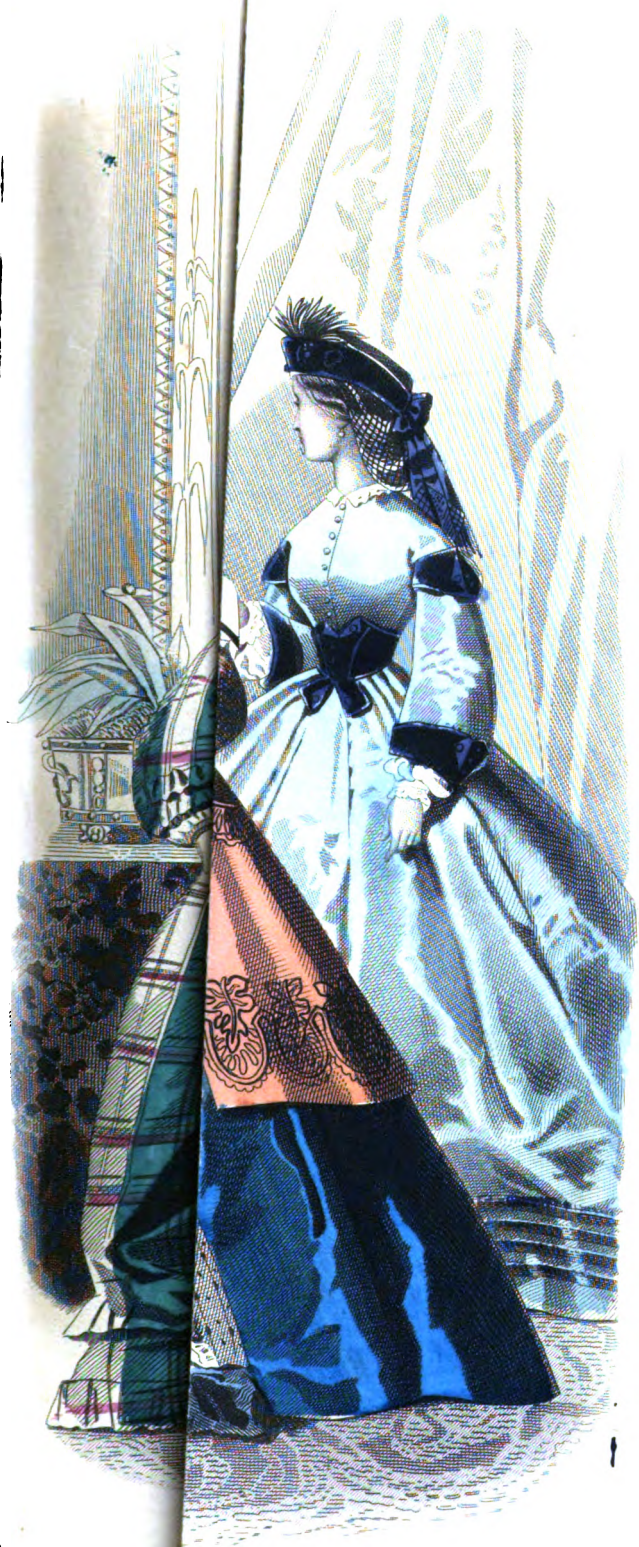
Both brown and green grasses of all shades are worn upon bonnets, surrounding and intermingling with the plush and velvet flowers.



Drawn by W. H. W. H. W.

Engraved by J. H. N. H. N.

HARRY AND HIS DOG.





THE WANDERER.

(From a painting by Joseph Clark, exhibited at the Royal Academy, London.)



THE RESTORED.

(From a painting by Joseph Clark, exhibited at the Royal Academy, London.)

I LOVED THAT DEAR OLD FLAG THE BEST.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by EDNOR ROSSITER.

Music by B. FRANK WALTERS.

Furnished for the LADY'S FRIEND, by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut St., Phila.

Moderato.

PIANO. *p*

1. Look within my knapsack, You will find them there,
2. Tell them ver-y gently, When you've lain me low,

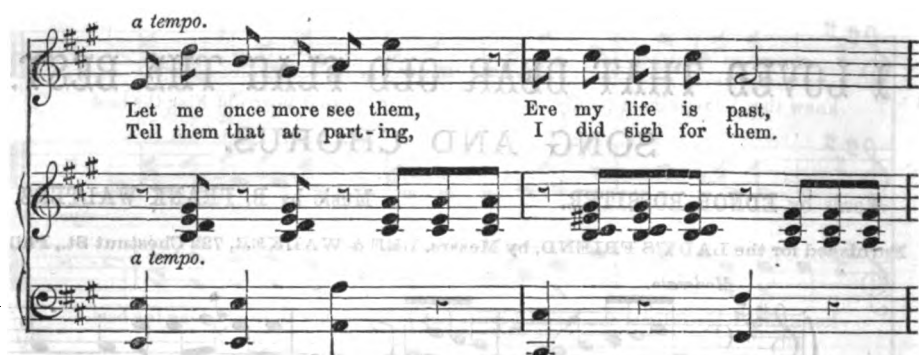
dolce.

ritard.

Pictures of my mother, And of sis-ter dear.
(Should it come too roughly) They would die, I know,

ritard.

a tempo.



Let me once more see them, Ere my life is past,
Tell them that at part-ing, I did sigh for them.

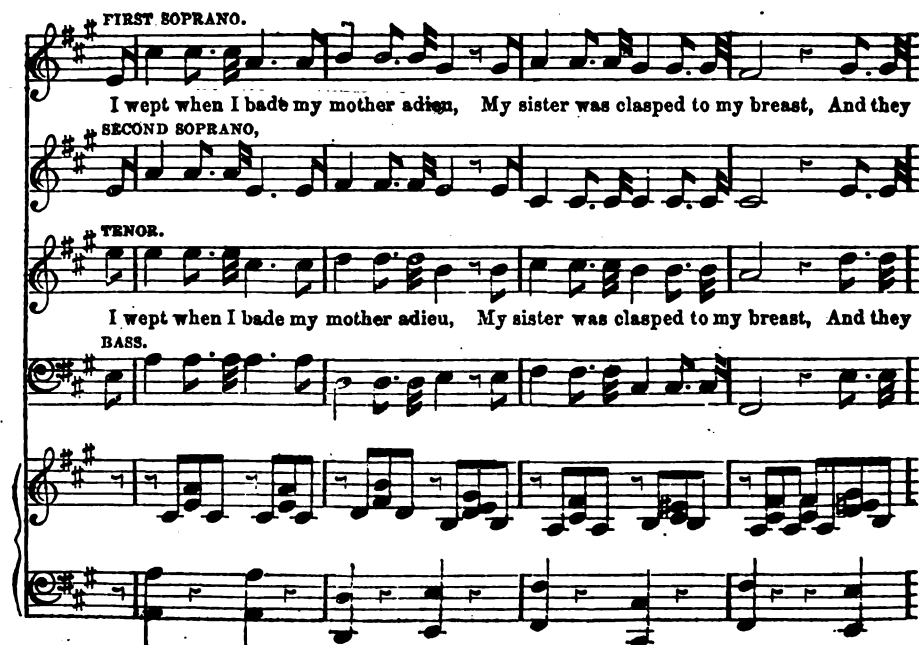
a tempo.



Once more let me kiss them, It will be the last.
Tell them that in Heaven We will meet a - gain.


CHORUS.

FIRST SOPRANO.

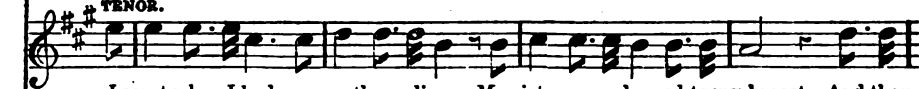


I wept when I bade my mother adieu, My sister was clasped to my breast, And they

SECOND SOPRANO,





TENOR.



I wept when I bade my mother adieu, My sister was clasped to my breast, And they

BASS.

knew that I loved them fondly and true, But I loved that dear old Flag the best.

*Sym. **

knew that I loved them fondly and true, But I loved that dear old Flag the best.

*Sym. **

This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The system includes two staves of piano accompaniment in the same key and time, with the word 'Sym.' and an asterisk indicating a symphony or orchestral arrangement. The music is written in a classic, early 20th-century style.

p

This block shows the piano accompaniment for the first system. It consists of two staves: a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps and the time signature is 2/4. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is visible at the beginning of the piece.

3. Raise me while the twilight Lingers o'er the plain,
 4. When in death I'm sleeping, That old Flag shall wave

Fine. dolce.

This block contains the second system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The system includes two staves of piano accompaniment in the same key and time. The music concludes with the word 'Fine.' and the tempo marking 'dolce.' (softly).

ritard.

Let me see that old Flag Floating once a - gain,
O'er our States U - ni - ted And o'er treason's grave,

ritard.

a tempo.

Let me see "its bright Stars" Gleaming in the sun,
Peace and plen - ty smil - ing O'er each hap - py home,

a tempo

Let me see "its broad Stripes" Ere the day is done.
Bringing nought but gladness, In the days to come.

Chorus

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1864.

[No. 4.

OUR NED.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

There were two who called him so. One claimed our Ned by the right of parentage. My own claim rested on a different foundation, though to my mind it was not less sacred. Twenty-five years before the latest events recorded in my story, I sat one day in a hushed and darkened room. The fair, pale face resting on the white pillow was the face of the mother of our Ned. She was my sister. We were orphans. For long years we had been all the world to each other. Then other ties had drawn out the wealth of her loving heart, and opened sealed fountains of tenderness. With me it had been otherwise. She was still to me, as she had ever been, the dearest object of human affection. But now she was dying. In that quiet chamber she was passing away from earth, and leaving it a dreary void.

A merry shout from the hall below broke the stillness of the apartment. It was Ned. My sister opened her eyes.

"Bring him to me," she faintly whispered.

"Are you strong enough this afternoon?" I inquired.

"Yes, dear, I wish to see him."

I went down stairs. Ned was using his father's lane for a horse, and was shouting in boyish glee to his imaginary steed. The tears filled my eyes. How little he dreamed of the sad reality passing in the room above. Poor boy. No sweet remembrance of a mother's love would ever be his. The heart in which it was now throbbing would soon be cold in death.

"Come with me darling, and get a kiss from mamma," I said in a hushed tone, intended to check his boisterous mirth. I bore him to the room in my arms, and laid him on his mother's bed.

"Come for a kiss, mamma," he said softly in sweet childish accents.

The pale face was lifted from the pillow and Ned received not one kiss, but many. His mother caressed and talked with him till her strength was exhausted.

"Let me take him away," I said.

I took him in my arms, while his mother breathed a "God bless you, my son, my son."

I was turning from the bed when she rallied her feeble strength, and said,

"Stop one moment, sister dear."

I paused, and turned again to the bed.

"That dear child, now in your arms, I commit to God and to you," she said. "Promise me that you will never desert him, that you will be a mother to him, that you will watch over him as if he were your own child."

In that chamber of death I gave the promise, and sealed it with two kisses wet with tears. One dewy kiss rested on the pale brow of the dying mother, the other on the blooming cheek of the fair child, who wiped it away with his fat, dimpled hand, all unconscious of the sacred character of the pledge thus sealed.

From that moment a new fountain was opened in my heart. If it was not one of maternal love, it was very near akin to it.

After the death of my sister I received from my brother-in-law an invitation to make his house my home, and take the charge of household matters in general, and of Ned in particular. Mr. Thomas, my brother-in-law, was a silent, reserved man. How he had won the heart of my gentle, loving sister, I had never clearly understood. He had some excellent qualities, however, though not of a frank and genial temperament. It was not the home I should have chosen had Ned been out of the

question; for the doors of more congenial households stood wide open to welcome me. But these considerations had no weight. My life work was before me. If I would fulfil the promise made to my dying sister, my home must henceforth be beneath the roof of the father of Ned, and so I quietly took my place as the mistress of the neat little farm-house which had been my sister's home since her marriage.

Years passed away. I endeavored to be faithful to my promise. Ned was a healthy, happy child, full of activity and boisterous mirth, as such boys always are. I soon found that the charge of such a boy was not a light task. His unceasing activity was often a tax on nerve and brain. I soon learned that nothing pleased him better than hammer, nails, bits of boards, and a ball of twine. With these he would amuse himself hour after hour. As he grew older, some of the products of these hours of play convinced me that he was possessed of no small share of native mechanical talent, and I felt sure that he would make his mark in the world, if left to follow the bent of his own inclination in this particular.

But nothing was farther from the thoughts of my brother-in-law than consulting either natural inclination or natural talent. His creed was, that a boy might be made anything you chose to have him, and he decidedly chose to have his boy a farmer. He wished the snug farm he had purchased, with all the improvements he had made, to pass into the hands of his son, when he should have no farther use for it. That son must be a good, thorough, practical farmer, who would transmit the farm to his son with sundry enlargements and improvements which already existed in the imagination of the present occupant of the premises. All this was settled and established long before our Ned knew the difference between a hoe and a plane.

As soon as he was old enough to be made useful on the farm he was put to farm work. While he was a little boy no notice was taken by his father of his mechanical sports. If hammer and nails and bits of boards would serve for playthings as well as tops and balls, and Ned liked them better, it was all well enough. But as Ned grew older, and his father discovered that he liked to handle the hammer much better than the hoe, these amusements began to be regarded with auspicion.

"I will not have you fooling away your time in this manner," his father would say to him

when he caught him employed in his favorite occupations.

I felt that it was a mistaken policy, but I had no right to interfere between father and son. Ned came to me with his troubles.

"Father scolds me if he sees me with a hammer or a bit of board in my hand," he said.

I told Ned that he must be patient, and very careful not to let these amusements interfere with the work his father required of him.

Thus it went on for some time. At last Ned became engrossed in the construction of a little boat, which he was making in imitation of one which had been carved out by a young sailor in the neighborhood. His whole heart was in the work, and the execution of it really did him much credit. I told him that he must be careful not to neglect his work, or give his father any cause of complaint, or he might incur his serious displeasure. He meant to obey me, but one day he became so absorbed in his work that his father called him three times without gaining his attention.

"What is that boy about," he exclaimed impatiently. "I hear him in the wood-house chamber. I will see what foolery he is up to."

My heart misgave me as he took his way to the room which Ned was using for a work-shop. Soon I saw him coming back with the boat in his hand, followed by Ned. They came into the kitchen just as I was setting a pan of biscuit into the stove oven.

"Here is something which will help bake your biscuit," said my brother-in-law, and before a remonstrance could be uttered, the stove was opened, and Ned's boat thrust in.

I looked at Ned. His face wore an expression of mingled grief and rage. I wondered his father could not read there the nature of his rash act.

A few minutes later, when Ned had been sent out of an errand, I ventured to expostulate.

"Was it not a little too bad?" I said. "Ned thought so much of his boat."

"That is the very thing. He thought too much of it. He will never be good for anything if he is indulged in these fooleries."

"I think he has native talent in that direction," I ventured to observe.

"Native talent!" repeated my brother, contemptuously. "He likes fooling with hammer and nails, or whittling with a knife, better than work, that is all."

Poor Ned! He was very fond of warm biscuit, but, I observed that he took cold bread

instead that night. He could not forget that his boat had helped to bake the biscuit.

He came to me for sympathy the first chance he had.

"Wan't it too bad, Aunt Mary?"

"I was very sorry for you," I said, with a hearty sympathy which did him good; "but you were in part to blame. Your father called you three times, and you did not answer. You should not have allowed yourself to become so absorbed."

"I know it, aunty; but, oh! it is such fun, and I do hate work."

Ned was out of humor, and used strong language.

"Hate work! that is bad indeed," I said, reprovingly.

"I don't mean quite that, aunty; I mean, I don't like digging, and hoeing, and ploughing. Isn't it work to make ships, and houses, and machines?"

"I rather think it is," I replied, laughing.

"But I should like that."

"How do you know?"

"Ob, I am sure of it, aunty. It is in me, I know it is."

My judgment told me the boy was right, though he had reached this conclusion by intuition, and not by any process of reasoning.

Two years later Ned's conclusions had taken more distinct form and shape.

"I don't want to be a farmer," he said to me one day. "I want to be a mechanic. There must be mechanics as well as farmers, and why can't I be one?"

"You can, if you can obtain your father's consent," I replied.

But this consent was not easily gained.

"If Ned will not be a farmer, I am resolved he shall be a merchant," said my brother-in-law to me one day. "There is my friend Benton, he has made a fortune in his business."

"Perhaps Ned has no natural talent in that direction," I remarked. "I never knew him trade away so much as a knife. Our thousands of bankrupt merchants show the folly of entering upon this pursuit when one has no talent for it. I should be sorry to see Ned an unfortunate merchant."

"Pshaw, Mary! You are riding your hobby again about native talent. If what you say is true, one boy ought to be born with a hammer in his head, another with a book, and so on. I do not believe a word of all this. You may make a boy anything you choose by proper

education. The parent is much more capable than the child of deciding what his business or profession shall be. These things should not be left to childish fancies."

"Certainly they should not," I replied; "but when a child does show a *decided* talent in any direction, I do not think the fact should be overlooked. It should have its weight in the decision of the parent."

"It is all nonsense," said my brother-in-law, impatiently.

I sighed, and remained silent; for I saw that my arguments had no weight. Much I feared that one whom nature had cut out for a first-rate mechanic, would be manufactured into a third or fourth rate merchant or farmer.

Two years more passed. I saw with pain that Ned was growing gloomy and discontented. I tried to make him happy, but with evident want of success. His duties about the farm were performed faithfully—for Ned was not an indolent boy—but they were performed in a half sullen manner, which showed that his heart was not in them.

The sullenness deepened in an ominous manner. At last there was something mysterious to me in Ned's appearance. He was not frank and open even with me, who had always been his confidant. This reserve manifestly increased. It was so covert and intangible that a less watchful eye would not have observed it, but I saw and felt it, and it gave me serious uneasiness.

Ned was now seventeen. One rainy day, when no work on the farm could be done, he was in his room all the morning. I heard him stepping about a long time. I know not why it was, but a sudden suspicion, one altogether new to me, darted through my mind. I thought it very foolish, and tried to banish it, but could not. It caused me to watch him when called to dinner. Though I addressed him several times, I observed that he never looked me full in the face, and the thought pressed upon my mind that the time had come when he had something to conceal even from me, who had always been much more his confidant than his father.

After dinner I asked if he would take an umbrella and go to the store of an errand for me. The errand was little more than a pretext to send him from the house. As soon as he was fairly off, I hastened to his room. It wore its ordinary aspect as I looked around. I proceeded to examine closet and drawers, though

half vexed with myself for the suspicion which prompted the act.

Soon, however, I missed several articles of apparel, which startled me, and added vigor to my researches. After completing my inspection of closet and drawers, I proceeded to examine closely the rest of the apartment. At last I raised the valance of the bed, and there, with a trembling heart, I discovered the missing articles, neatly done up in a large bundle. The truth of the suspicion which had so strangely taken possession of my mind, was verified. Ned was making preparations to leave home without the knowledge of his father or his aunt.

I was not at a loss to understand the causes which had led to the determination to take this rash step; but how was I to act in this emergency? How, in this important crisis, could I best fulfil the promises made to my dying sister? I had but little time for reflection, for Ned would soon return. I must not be found in his chamber, for I resolved, if possible, to obtain his voluntary confidence.

When he returned, he found me in the sitting-room, quietly occupied with my sewing. I invited him to sit with me, remarking that it was a dull day, and I wanted his company to enliven me. He was evidently reluctant, but as he could think of no good excuse for refusing, he complied.

After some conversation on indifferent subjects, I led him gently on to speak of his mother. The subject touched his heart. Then I told him how he had been committed to my charge, and how I had received him as a sacred trust.

"You are my witness, Ned," I said with deep emotion. "Tell me, have I kept the promise? Have I fulfilled the trust?"

Never before had I made this appeal to him. It evidently moved him greatly.

"Yes, Aunt Mary," he said; "I can bear witness that you have. I know not how a mother could have cared for me more tenderly,"—and his voice trembled. "I hope the day may come when I can make you some return," he added, earnestly.

"Ned, my dear boy, the day has come when you can make the return I most desire. Will you do what I ask?"

Ned was a little startled by my manner.

"What can I do for you, Aunt Mary?" he asked.

"Give me the confidence the son should give

his mother, my dear Ned. A few short months ago I felt assured that you had not a thought or a purpose which you wished to conceal from your mother or aunt. Is it so now?"

Ned could not meet my gaze, but he answered with assumed calmness,

"Why, aunty, should you think it is not so?"

"I have read it in your face for the last few weeks. Your eye does not meet mine with the clear, frank confidence of former days."

Ned's eyes sank to the floor, and a deep flush overspread his face.

"Your tell-tale face is a confirmation of my statement, my dear boy," I said; "and now will you refuse me the confidence I ask, the one favor I crave? By the memory of that sacred hour when you were entrusted to my care, I beseech you to be frank with me, whose life has been devoted to the fulfilment of that sacred promise."

There was a struggle in Ned's soul—a struggle which I could read in his face. Should he tell me his secret, he believed that his cherished plan would be frustrated; for well he knew that it could not meet with my sanction. On the other hand, my appeal to his heart had moved him greatly. The filial love he bore me, and his own naturally frank and open nature, pleaded in my behalf, and conquered too. He looked up suddenly—

"Aunty, will my secret be safe with you?" he said.

I assured him that it would. He hesitated still for a moment, and then told me all; how he had resolved, that very night, to steal from his home, unknown to us, and launch his frail bark on the troubled waters of life.

"I can't be a farmer, aunty," he said, "or a merchant either; and father is determined that I shall be one or the other. He will not let me follow my favorite pursuits even in hours of recreation. I think father is too hard on me."

We had a long conversation. I tried to obtain from him a promise that he would dismiss all thoughts of leaving home for one year. If he would give me this promise, I pledged myself, on my part, to do all I could to further his wishes. He did not distrust my good will, but he doubted my ability to influence his father on this subject.

"Perhaps I can accomplish more than you think," I answered cheerfully; but even should I fail, in four years you will be your own master, and have a right to choose your own way in life."

"Four long years!" said Ned, despondingly.

"Four years will pass more quickly than you imagine," I replied. "But consider, Ned, the course you have planned was not right, and therefore you could not expect to receive the blessing of heaven upon it. Believe me, my dear boy, you will be much more likely to reach the desired goal if you start for it four years hence with the blessing of God, than if you were to start for it now in a way which would forfeit that blessing."

Ned felt the force of this argument. The result of this long conversation was, he gave me a promise, which I was not afraid to trust, that he would not think of leaving home for the next year.

I did not forget my promise to Ned. I sought and obtained the aid of one or two judicious friends who had great influence with my brother-in-law. Our persuasions, combined with the earnest pleadings of Ned himself, won at last a reluctant consent, coupled with certain conditions. If Ned would not be either a farmer or a merchant, he must not expect any assistance from his father, or trouble him in any way with his pecuniary matters. Ned gladly availed himself of this consent, and promised a strict compliance with the conditions annexed.

I immediately wrote to some friends in a western city, requesting their assistance in obtaining a situation for Ned. The answer was favorable. A situation had been procured. The first year he would earn only his board and clothing, but he would have opportunity to show whether he possessed mechanical talents.

From my own slender purse I defrayed his expenses to the place of his destination, and Ned left home with a heart beating high with youthful hopes. He was not an idle dreamer, for he was willing to work hard, and wait patiently for the results, as all must do who wish to meet with success.

Ned wrote home not unfrequently. They were letters of general intelligence, for the perusal of his father and his aunt, but occasionally there was a note for my own private perusal. These spoke of his hopes and prospects. As his father had virtually forbidden the topic, it was never mentioned in the letters designed for his perusal. He loved his work; his whole heart was in it, even when it brought him only food and clothes.

By and by the little confidential notes told of the approbation of his employers, and of an

increase of wages beyond what he had dared to hope. After a while one little missive whispered a secret. His leisure hours were devoted to an experiment—a mechanical contrivance, of which he wrote enthusiastically. "Don't whisper it to father; he would call it all folly." Of course it was not whispered to father, and even aunty thought it might end as thousands of such experiments had ended, but she had confidence enough in her nephew to believe that he would gain some useful lesson even from failure.

Little more was said of the experiment for the next three years. Evidently there had been disappointment and failures, but perseverance and industry in the acquisition of knowledge had not failed.

At last came a letter of triumph. "It is done, my dear Aunt Mary—it is done. My employers say it will be a success, and that I must get a patent; for it must come into universal use. Say nothing to father until such becomes the fact. It might be unfilial, if he had not himself interdicted the subject."

Ten years passed away. Ned came home once in that time. He looked bright and happy. It was just after he had taken out his patent. Not a word relating to pecuniary prospects passed between the father and son. I think my brother-in-law would like to have known how his son was getting on, but he was too proud to ask, and Ned kept still, hoping to give him the greater surprise some day.

One day, about four years after Ned's visit, a neighbor came in while we were at dinner.

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Thomas?" he said.

"What news?"

"Our old friend, Mr. Benton, has failed."

The face of my brother-in-law grew so ashy pale, that I was startled. In a moment he recovered himself, and, with forced calmness, made various inquiries relative to the failure.

A few days later I learned the truth. My brother-in-law had commenced life without capital. By prudence and economy he had purchased a farm, to which he had added from time to time. Benton had been his intimate friend from childhood. For years he had been apparently a successful merchant. My brother-in-law had sometimes envied him for the rapidity with which he made money, comparing it with his own slow gains. Perhaps this was one reason that he was willing that Ned should be a merchant.

A year previous to this time, Mr. Benton, wishing to raise funds for a business operation, from which he expected to realize large profits, had proposed that my brother-in-law should endorse a note for him. As an inducement, he had offered him a share of the profits of the investment.

"This will enable you to buy the orchard you have so much wished to purchase," Benton had said.

This orchard was a very fine one, adjoining my brother's farm, which he had long wished and planned to purchase. Here was a short way to the possession of the desired object. He had great confidence in Benton, and accepted the proposal, believing there was little risk, and almost sure profits. But events were unpropitious. A train of untoward circumstances suddenly wound up the firm of Benton & Co., and robbed my brother-in-law of the farm, which was his one year before without debt or incumbrance.

The only resource was to sell the farm. It was a bitter thing, but my brother-in-law was too proud to complain. He was an excellent farmer, but no business man. He therefore placed the whole business in the hands of the attorney of our village, who was a warm friend of the family. Within a fortnight the place which had been my home for long years was advertised for sale.

As my brother-in-law sat at the dinner-table, in moody silence, on the day when the advertisement had fallen under my eye, I ventured to observe—

"Why don't you write to Ned? Perhaps he could aid you in this emergency."

"Pshaw, Mary! Our Ned, what could he do? I should not be surprised if he owed for the clothes he has on his back. All I ask of him is, that he will not come to me for help. Precious little he would now get if he should," he added bitterly.

I said no more; but that afternoon I called at the office of Mr. Lane, the attorney.

"Have you an offer for my brother's place?" I asked.

"Not yet," he said.

"Has he not been hasty? I was surprised to see it advertised so soon."

"Mr. Thomas is a prompt man. He says there is no help for it, and it may as well be done first as last. It is an unfortunate affair. Farmers had better not meddle in business speculations. But perhaps it is not

strange. Every one had such confidence in Benton."

"I have come to ask a favor," I said. "Do not sell the farm till I have had time to write to my nephew, and get an answer from him."

"Do you suppose he would wish to keep the place, or that he could do so if he desires it? I never could find out much about how he was getting along."

It was not my intention to enlighten the attorney too much at that time. I stated that I was anxious that my nephew should know of the contemplated sale before it took place, and I succeeded in obtaining a promise that he would not sell the place till I could hear from him, and that he would not inform my brother-in-law of this interview.

A week later I took from the post-office a letter from Ned. On the evening of the same day I had a private business interview with Mr. Lane, and found no difficulty in leading him to co-operate with my plans.

A few days later, as evening was setting in, I saw Mr. Lane approaching the house in company with another gentleman.

"Mr. Lane is coming, and a stranger with him," I quietly remarked to my brother-in-law.

"Doubtless it is some one who wishes to inquire about the farm," said my brother, calmly; but I saw that his face grew a shade paler. It was a bitter pill for him, this entering upon negotiations for the sale of the dear old place.

I retired to the next room, but left the door ajar.

"I have found a purchaser for your farm," said Mr. Lane. "A gentleman residing in the West received from a friend in the East a paper containing the advertisement for the sale of your farm. As he wishes to purchase one in this vicinity, and as business prevented him from coming East, he has employed this gentleman to act as his agent. As the offer made was liberal, I have felt so confident of your sanction that the business is already nearly completed. The money has been counted out to me, and I have drawn up the deed. If you approve, you have only to sign the deed and take the money."

"It is done," said my brother-in-law somewhat moodily, as I entered the room after the gentlemen had taken their leave. "The old place has passed into other hands."

"Who has purchased it?" I inquired.

The fact was, my brother had not acted with his accustomed coolness and deliberation. His usually calm nerves had been a little flurried in the consummation of the act by which the dear old homestead was to be transferred to another. The thought that he must lose it had filled his mind to the exclusion of any interest to learn the name of him who was to possess it. He seemed annoyed as my question made him aware of this oversight.

"I declare, I cannot tell," he said. "I signed the deed without examining it. I knew it must be all right, as Mr. Lane, drew it up, and I did not at the moment feel any interest to know the name of the purchaser."

I had to turn my head a little to hide the smile of quiet satisfaction which I could not quite suppress.

"The purchaser does not wish to take possession under six months," added my brother-in-law. "That is well for me. It will give me time to make arrangements for the future."

A fortnight passed, and at its close Ned made his appearance. His coming was no surprise to me, but it was to his father.

Not a word was said about the sale of the place for the first two hours. It was hard for my proud brother-in-law to mention his misfortunes to his son; but he broke over his reserve on the subject of Ned's pecuniary matters enough to ask him directly how he was getting on.

"Pretty well," said Ned modestly, though there was a significant wink in the corner of the eye next to me. "I manage to earn my food and clothes."

"I am glad if you can keep out of debt," said his father somewhat sadly.

"How does the farm prosper?" inquired Ned in his turn.

This was touching a sore spot. My brother-in-law could not stand it. He arose abruptly, and left the room, saying as he went out—

"Your Aunt Mary will tell you about it."

We talked of what we chose when left to ourselves.

After a time my brother-in-law came back, looking outwardly calm. Evidently he calculated on our silence, for he had trained us to avoid subjects on which he did not choose to converse. This time his calculations were at fault.

"Aunt Mary tells me you have sold the place," said Ned.

"Yes."

The monosyllable said as plainly as could be, "I don't want to hear anything about it."

"Who is the purchaser?" persisted Ned.

"Can't tell you. I know he paid for it in good money, and that is all that concerns me."

Ned drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to his father.

"Is that the deed you signed?" he inquired.

His father passed his eye hurriedly over the document. It was a deed of his farm to Edward C. Thomas, and there, in its proper place, was his own signature.

"What does this mean?" he said, looking up.

Probably there was something in both our faces which helped to a right understanding of the matter.

"Is it true that I have deeded my farm to my son?" he said. "I can hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes."

"I believe I may claim the name of Edward C. Thomas, though here I am much better known as our Ned," was the reply.

"What does all this mean, my son. If you have purchased the place, where did you get the money?"

"A liberal salary as head man in the establishment, and some thousands for my patent, has supplied me with funds sufficient to purchase this farm and one or two more."

"Explain yourself. I don't understand it," said the bewildered father.

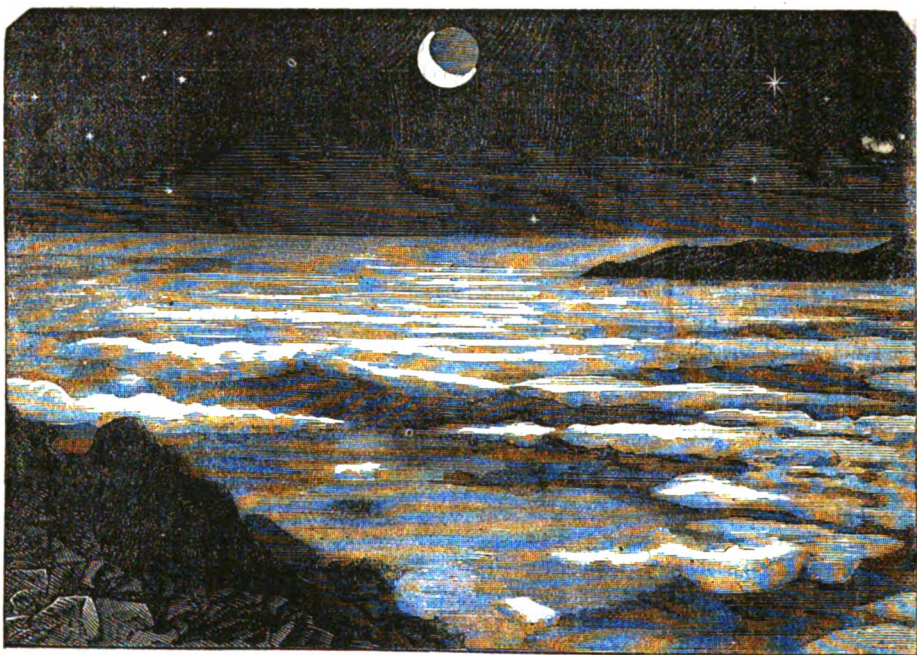
Ned explained by giving a full history of his course since he left home.

"Aunt Mary wrote me about the farm, and sent me the paper containing the advertisement," he said in conclusion. "I could not let it go out of the family. Will you and aunty take care of it for me? You shall have it on your own terms."

My brother-in-law sat for some time as one in a maze. His thoughts were travelling over a space of years. At last he looked up. He had reached the conclusion of the whole matter.

"I acknowledge my great mistake," he said. "I have acted unwisely. Nature cut you out for a first rate mechanic, but I, in my blind folly, would have made of you a miserable farmer or an unfortunate merchant. You were right, and I was wrong. I did not understand you."

Have not other fathers made similar mistakes?



ABOVE THE CLOUDS BY NIGHT.

Our engraving represents the view of the heavens attained by a party of astronomers, who left England for the express purpose of seeking a suitable height from which to enjoy this novel and wonderful spectacle.

Teneriffe combines more of the required advantages than any other mountain within easy reach of Europe, and was chosen, therefore, for the experiment of the summer of 1856.

The sea approach to it in the beginning of July was characteristic and striking. Fully then within the region and the swing of the north-east trade-wind, the exploring party had to sail day after day on the same sailor's tack, with a whistling gale ever blowing in the same direction; and overhead ever the same long parallel streaks of half-puffy, half-foggy cloud, that formed streaks extending in the same direction as the wind; but so long, as to reach from the coast of Portugal to the Canary Islands. At length, on the morning of July 8, Teneriffe itself was seen; and how? As the most appropriate station in all the northern hemisphere for European astronomers to observe the stars from? Not outwardly, in the least degree; for all that was visible of it was the threatening

base of sea-cliffs, against whose feet the roaring waves of the Atlantic broke in furious masses of foam, and whose heads were shrouded in a dense canopy of cloud and thick mist, which, extending on every side, made even a summer's day on the African coast look dark and gloomy.

The following is the description given by one of the party:—

It was only a few days after—on a morning also cloudy, and with north-east cloud too—that we set forth from the town of Orotava, on the northern coast of Teneriffe, to climb the great mountain, and put to the only true test of actual practice our hopes of getting “above the clouds.” Through long-winding stony pathways, between vineyards and cactus plantations, between orange groves and fig-trees we proceeded, always ascending; past gardens, and then past orchards, still ever ascending; past corn-fields and oat-fields, ascending yet higher; and then amongst natural vegetation only, ferns and heath and some few wild laurels; and now, at a height of three thousand feet vertical, we are close under the cloud.

Still on our upward way, before many more

seconds are passed, first comes one cold hurrying blast, with mist upon its wings, and then another and another, until, in the midst of a constant dense wet fog, all creation is shut out of our view, except the few feet of sloping earth on which we are treading, and they appear of a dull gray, and the occasional spiders' webs seen across our path are loaded with heavy drops of moisture.

For half an hour we must toil on and on through this winding-sheet of gloom; perpetually on the same upward rising way, but strong in hope and faith of what must in the end be presented to our eyes; on still, and up higher, when suddenly a momentary break appears overhead, and a portion of sky is seen—oh! so blue; but it is lost again. In a few minutes, however, another opening, another blue patch is seen, and then another and another; while before three minutes more are passed, all the hurrying clouds seem blown on one side; fair sky is everywhere above and around; a brilliant sun is shining; and there, there below us, is the upper surface of the clouds, extending far and wide, like a level plain, shutting out lowland and city and sea all from view, and in their place substituting brilliant reflections of solar light which make the surface of this new mist-country look whiter than snow. Yes, indeed, we are now "above the clouds;" and that view we have attempted to describe is the first example of the heightened, the advanced, the glorified appearance of even earth's sombre fog-banks to those who are privileged for a time to look on them from the heavenward side. Above the clouds by day, and not only no rain, no mist, no dew, but a scorching sun, and an air both by day and by night dry to almost an alarming degree. The further we advance, and the higher we ascend, the drier becomes the air.

Higher still and yet higher must we push on out of the protected area of the great crater-plain; up the steep sides of its enclosing wall, and finally to the very summit of this bold ridge, in order to find a spot suitable, in all respects, for observing astronomical phenomena freely on every side. Such a spot, eight thousand nine hundred feet in height, is reached at last; tents are rudely pitched after the sun has set; but none of the tired party can think of going to rest; for, with hardly any interlude of evening or twilight, day changes into night, and multitudes of stellar orbs come rushing out of darkness into sight over every part of the sky. There is a moon, too, which seems to glow in

whitened light with a brilliancy never before witnessed; and, bright as her illuminated crescent may appear, the usually dark ball, or "the old moon in the young moon's arms," of quaint country legends, is intensely visible also. The moon then sets, and the stars of the whole firmament shine forth more brilliantly than ever, out of a sky which looks by contrast absolutely black.

But tired human nature must rest itself at last; and the sleep of hard toilers up the mountain-side is heavy; yet one, more anxious than his fellows, must again, at the small hours after twelve, take another earnest inquiring gaze at the heaven-lit scene of night. He looks! but what is that which so astonishes him! He cannot at first believe his senses; he had already that night seen the moon go down in the west; but now there is another moon in the sky, and right overhead; for see here is the bluish light showered down by it, making a faint, lavender-colored illumination over every rock and every stone. What can be the meaning of this? He leaps in his astonishment out of the tent door, and looks up—but only to find that it is no moon; it is only one of the planets, "Jupiter," who in that clear, transparent air of the mountain-top, instead of being visible only as a star when directly looked at, is able to throw down a sensible radiance over all the upper earth.

How calm and quiet those midnight hours on the elevated summit of the mountain. The winds were hushed, the turmoil of man far removed; and in that dry air and arid volcanic region "above the clouds," not a stream murmured or a single torrent rattled the round stones along its rugged bed. Steeply sank the sides of the mountain peak in every direction; until, at five thousand feet in depth below its top, they were lost in the stratum of cloud that still existed there, and spread over lowlands and sea (see wood cut "above the clouds by night"), obscuring to gazers there all view of any part of the glorious orb-filled heavens above. And still, too, the distant movements of those rollers of white cloud betrayed also that that unquiet north-east wind must yet be raging down there in all its strength, tearing the mist piecemeal, and bowing down the heads of suffering palm trees, and lashing the sea into foam-crested waves. Heaven grant that no cry of shipwrecked mariners be borne on the breeze!

From time to time, in the firmament of the mountain-top, a meteor shot past; but ever

distinguished by its reddish light and close look from the distant silent stars. Then again, when even yet several hours from dawn, that strange lenticular glow of nebular splendor, the zodiacal light, appeared in the east; clear sign it is considered now of meteors innumerable circulating around the sun, and continually increasing in numbers with every approach to his surface. And what a surface that is; for, with all its enormous distance of ninety-five millions of miles, and the various media through which it is seen, its whole area is yet intrinsically brighter than any artificial brightness that man can produce, and in quantity how vast! one of its least effects being to light up all the earth's atmosphere with the bright-

ness of day, even before the disc itself appears above the horizon.

"Above the clouds" the colors of day-dawn are even more brilliant, and certainly more pure than below. A large roseate arch springs up high above the first blue, then yellow, then orange light of dawning day; and finally, the actual orb of that burning star, our sun, appears amidst ineffable splendor which rules everything from east to west, and from north to south. Once that this powerful star has made its appearance, all others vanish from before him, and all the scientific observations made through the livelong day have reference to one or other of the manifestations of the dominant orb.

FORESHADOWINGS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Upon the cold bare hills the night comes down,
The purple shades of sunset change to brown,
And damp fogs hide the steeples of the town.

There is a vague and secret something nigh,
In depths of air, or ocean, or of sky;
I feel its presence, and repress a cry.

A terrible and nameless sense of dread
Attends my steps where'er I chance to tread,
As if I touched the hand of some one dead.

I dare not look behind me, lest I see
Some grim shape from the land of mystery,
Some direful warning of the dim To Be.

Last night I dreamed of stately white-winged ships,
Of the great ocean, with its foamy lips,
Of open eyes, blinded by death's eclipse.

Dreams are but vagaries of a troubled brain.
I'll give no thought unto their joy or pain,
And yet I would be were safe off the main!

It is the hour in which we used to go
To watch the sunset glory flame and glow,
And hear the hoarse cry of the undertow.

But that is over. Shall we never more
Wander at even on the wave-washed shore
And wonder what the future holds in store?

Wander, as lovers, oh, with close-clasped hands,
And feet that shrink not at the gliding sands,
But press on, eager for the unknown lands.

The Unknown Lands! what if already he
Is walking them apart from love and me?
Oh! could I fathom this vague mystery!

I lack of something! half my life seems fled!
I ask the question of myself with dread—
Oh, is he with the living or the dead?

THE LIFE THAT IS TO BE.

BY CAROLINE A. BELL.

What is best we may not see,
In the life that is to be;
But with longing heart and eyes
Gaze we up to clouded skies,
Thinking, feeling, knowing we
Cannot trace our destiny.

Like a voyager at sea,
Steering ever steadily
For a far-off land, that lies

Under glorious, sunny skies;
So through mist and spray sail we
For the life that is to be.

What is best we may not know,
In our pilgrimage below,
Ever striving for the goal,
Though with weary, fainting soul,
Till with spirit eyes we see
All the life that is to be.

MISTAKEN DUTY.

BY IDA MASON.

CHAPTER I.

A wedding; like all other weddings. There was perfume-laden air stirred by glittering fans; lights springing from the deep hearts of golden lilies and rare earthen japonicas; gems flashing on ivory necks and arms; the soft sway of fleecy drapery and the harsh rustle of brocades, "stiff with lavish costliness." There was the usual amount of white ribbon, white gloves, and white vests—beauty and gallantry, wit, wisdom, and wine.

There was a bridegroom—tall, dark, and grand, with luminous dark eyes burning beneath heavy brows, like watch-fires in a deep wood at midnight—high-browed and gloomy-haired, with a mouth that looked like the coil of a fiery serpent, its sinister upper lip crested by a fierce-curling moustache that writhed like a disturbed worm when he smiled—a bridegroom, splendid, captivating, and yet forbidding as a serpent.

And—there was a bride, a "snow maiden," with features of rarest beauty, that seemed to be sculptured from purest glittering ice; so cold, so white, she would have looked dead but for the almost unearthly gleam in the large blue eye, and the crimson stain that, frozen from every other feature, burned upon the full, firm mouth in startling contrast. Not one flower to show that this was the blossom-time of her young life; not a gem save the diamond that had just been placed upon her finger, gleaming like the eye of judgment, telling her that she was bound to the man beside her.

There were congratulations—some sincere, others' mere lip-talk—many smiles and a few tears, all received alike by the unmoved recipient, almost unheeded, until, last of all, the pansy-eyed artist, Lynn Elliott, came forward, looked for a moment into the glittering eyes, then, without a word, bowed over the cold hand, just touched it with lips that were scarcely less cold, and passed on; then an expression of deepest pain flashed across the clear face; the crimson stain left the quivering mouth, and shot in a fierce flame over brow, cheek, and bosom; the hard eye grew misty and soft—only for a moment—long enough to show that human emotions lived beneath that veil of ice.

The guests were leaving, and in the cloak-room a half dozen girls were huddled together like a shoal of butterflies, discussing the wedding.

"Did you ever hear of anything so strange? Not a single bridesmaid, and not the least thing in the shape of ornament—not even a wreath! Who ever heard of a bride without orange blossoms? But that veil was perfectly magnificent, and her robe rich enough for a queen, but plain as a shroud. What ever did possess her?" and Ella Harvey stopped for want of breath to say more.

"Tastes differ, you know," remarked Hattie Stanley. "Zella always did dress rather plainly, but, as every one thought, in exquisite taste; but I believe if I had such a set of diamonds as they say the 'Don' has given her, I should have worn them; she looked like a nun."

"She looked like a spirit—like a woman of ice draped in snow-wreaths. Girls, what ails her? I have not seen her before since early summer, and then she was blooming as a rose; the change in her astonished me. What does it mean? I wonder—"

She stopped there; they were all wondering. Kitty Green had been silently listening, but now threw up her little hands, exclaiming—

"Did you see her when Lynn Elliott went up to her after the ceremony? I had my eye on them, for you know every one thought they were in love, if not engaged—and, girls, the look that came into her face made me almost faint; I feared she would die; I never saw such agony in a human countenance, and Lynn was paler than ashes. Depend upon it there is something wrong."

"Well, I would not break my heart for a poor artist, when I could secure as rich and handsome a husband as she has. Papa says it is the best match, on her part at least, that has been made in the city these three years; so I think she ought to be suited—and a winter in Paris, too."

"Are they going to Paris?" questioned all at once.

"Why yes, he is minister, or ambassador, or something, from Cuba, and they are to spend the winter in Paris, next summer make the tour

of the Continent, and then he will take her to preside over his Cuban house and home—so Judge Hunter told papa yesterday.”

They all sighed a little sigh of envy at her brilliant prospects; and being all cloaked and hooded, left with the throng.

In an hour the palatial mansion of Judge Hunter was hushed and dark—the flowers drooping in the vases, its inmates sleeping as quietly as though no unusual event had disturbed the routine of every-day life. All at rest save one—she who should have been wakeful with the dizziness of bliss was sending up from her aching, burning heart the agonized appeal, “*Be pitiful, oh God!*”

CHAPTER II.

Turn the wheels of time softly back from this September wedding-day, until they crush amid the faint-smelling buds of May's promises of beauty. The glowing light of sunset fell through the west windows of Judge Hunter's sumptuous library, throwing flakes of warm, cheerful beauty upon the high oak panelling, lighting up the heavy crimson and gold of the hangings till they gleam like ruddy firelight, and touching with timid fingers the iron-gray hair and stern features of the proud master of “Hunter Hall,” who sat grimly gazing into the smouldering fire that lay upon the hearth—a man of years and great wealth; a man whom the world thought trouble had passed by; a man who should be happy; yet he looked troubled, almost fierce, as he sat grasping the arm of his high-backed chair. The flood of rich light streaming in upon the carpet, did not harmonize with his dark thoughts, and rising hastily he dropped the sweeping folds of damask to shut it out, then touched the bell. A servant bowed before him. “Tell Miss Hunter that I wish to see her in the library.”

The door opened quietly, and Zella, his only daughter, his only child, swept with queenly tread into the room. As she stood waiting for him to look at her before she spoke, one shapely white hand resting on the carved top of a crimson chair, the fleecy lace falling away, revealing an arm fit for a sculptor's model, her exquisite face framed in glittering braids of bright brown hair coiled around her peerless head—the head that her white, swan-throated neck seems proud to carry—she looked a very queen—queen of rarest beauty. There was a deep flush of unspoken happiness flooding her face with an expression almost divine; the

proud eyes, so proud that at times they are almost haughty, are now soft and tender as a dove's, their clear blue grown violet with deep emotion. The full, ripe lips have the velvety hue of a cleft rose-bud, and her swelling bosom heaves the soft lace above it like a billow of foam.

No wonder that her lips are glowing: Lynn Elliott has just left upon them the deep, holy kiss of betrothal; no wonder her bosom heaves, for it has just felt the mighty throbbings of the heart of the man who holds her happiness, her very life, in his keeping.

She would rather have stayed dreaming on the couch in her boudoir where the summons found her, but her father's slightest wish was law, and so she came quickly; but she could not leave her bliss behind her; she brought it in her heart like perfumed sweet in the deep throat of a honeysuckle—in her face like the bloom on the sunny side of a rare, ripe peach—in her leaping pulses like the flutter of a freed bird. She wondered that her father did not feel her happy presence, and stood waiting a full minute before she spoke—“Father.”

He looked up, and the sternness dropped away from his mouth and eye. “I did not hear you come in, Zella; sit down;” and he rose and placed a chair for her.

“Let me put back the curtains, father; there is such a gorgeous sunset, and this wide west window will let in a flood of glory.”

He interposed—“If it is gloomy for you, open one of the north windows; so much light hurts my eyes.”

She did so, lingering a moment to note the soft line of pale pink that floated above the horizon—a lost beam from the full sheaf of the sunset—then went softly back and sat upon a low footstool, resting her head upon her father's knee, as she had done when a child. That bright, proud creature loved her sire with a love that was almost idolatry. He had been both father and mother to her since that sad day when his tender wife had said to him—searching for his face through the gathering mists of dissolution—“Be a mother to our darling, Ralph,” and then went away to hide her face beneath the daises forever. He had remembered it. Was he thinking of it now? She revered him above all earthly beings; to her he was always best amongst the good; she did not know that he had a fault—would have doubted had she been told it.

“Zella.”

"Well, father."

"Mr. St. Estaven was here to-day."

"Yes, I know; he dined here with other gentlemen."

"What do you think of him, my child?"

She raised her head with a slight shiver, and looked up into his face. "I think that he is a bold, bad man—a man whose heart is as dark as his face, father."

He did not reply for awhile, and then like a man who has determined to accomplish an unpleasant task. "Yet, this bold, bad man, as you call him, has to-day asked me to bestow upon him the hand of my only daughter."

"Father! how dared he, when he must know that his very presence is distasteful to me? You could have had but one answer for him!"

"And what must that have been?"

"A decided, unqualified refusal."

He pushed his chair back from her so quickly that she looked up wonderingly, and replied in a voice trembling and husky—"On the contrary, I gave my free and full consent. He will make his proposals to you in due form to-morrow."

"My dear father, you should know me better; I cannot marry him; it was presumption in him to ask it."

"Tut, child! you need not talk of presumption; it is not every day that a titled millionaire offers himself to the daughter of a plain republican."

"Father, are you in earnest? Can you, plain republican that you call yourself, wish to see the only child of your pure, proud blood united with a dusky foreigner, whose face bears trace of almost every bad passion, even though his titles and millions were doubled? You cannot mean it. You did not know how repulsive he is to me. I disliked him before—I hate him now."

"Have a care how you speak, Zella. I do mean it. I had not expected a word of opposition from you. You should feel honored—proud to be the object of his choice."

"But I am not proud of it, and the honor is to me an insult. You *might* have expected opposition——"

"Zella Hunter, have I reared you to speak in this manner to me? You forget your duty."

"And who would not forget duty—forget proprieties of speech, when a parent so far forgets himself as to wish to force upon a child such a hideous mockery of marriage as this would be? There is no reason in it—a man

whose only passport to good society is his money—who has not even a pleasing face or polished address to recommend him!"

She had risen and stood before him, like an enraged queen, with flashing eye and heaving chest. He looked at her—sighed a sigh that was almost a groan—then rose and walked heavily back and forth across the room. She joined him soon—"Father, forgive my rudeness. I was excited; my Hunter spirit roused. Tell me that you do not wish this thing to be, now that you know my feelings in regard to it."

"Zella, my child, it *must* be."

"Father, it *cannot* be."

"Cannot? That is a strange word to use to me. Will you favor me with a reason why it cannot be?"

"Are there not reasons enough? I hate him; he is not worthy of me, and—I am betrothed to another."

"What! betrothed? Child, you are crazy? Who has dared to address you without my consent? Speak, Zella."

"He is coming to ask me of you to-morrow."

"Who is coming, Miss?"

"Lynn Elliott."

"Ha! wonderful! A pitiful paint-spreader, with *only* a pleasing face and polished address to recommend him. No wonder you talked of presumption! But, listen to me—when he comes to-morrow, he shall be kicked like a dog from the threshold."

"Father! father! spare me such cruel words. What if he has no money? He has the true soul of a nobleman. Think what you would do. He loves me, and I have given him the whole wealth of my woman's heart; yet you would force us apart, and make me—my God!—make me—what? Father, see, I kneel before you and *beg* that you will not take upon yourself the blot of this foul wrong. Think of the time when you were young, and she whom you made my mother was a maiden like myself——"

He laid his heavy hand upon her shoulder. Growing pale as ashes, he hoarsely whispered—"Peace, girl; not another word of that. Have I not told you that you *must* and *shall* wed this man, and did you ever know me to retract when my word had passed? Your pleadings are useless."

Yet she did plead, and weep, and pray. His only answer was—"You *shall* marry him."

"But give me a reason for it; tell me *why*

you have so set your mind upon it. Can you?—will you?"

His face was livid, and his voice scarcely audible from passion and excitement, as he answered, "Yes, I will tell you to punish you for asking. Know, then, that unless this marriage is consummated, I am penniless and we are homeless."

"And is that all? Because you have been unfortunate, and lost property, do you wish me to sell my soul—barter honor and hope for filthy lucre? We can live without wealth. I have money——"

"You have not; your fortune too is gone."

"But how, father?"

"How, babbler? As my own went—at the gaming table. You need not start. Since you are so urgent for reasons, it may perhaps please you to know that your proud father—the patrician, Judge Hunter, pious and respected, is a gambler and a thief; that, not content with losing his own fortune, he has stolen that left to his only daughter, and that too is gone."

"My God! he is mad; my father has gone mad!" she ejaculated, cowering back in the corner of a sofa, while the old man, grown desperate with shame and wrath, went on, fiercely:—

"Now will you sell your soul?—or, will you turn your old father out upon the world, a hiss and a byword for fools, and leave yourself to be pointed at as a felon's daughter? for the penitentiary awaits me if you refuse. Refuse? Ha! much good that will do you, for I swear you *shall* be the wife of Howard St. Estaven; do you hear?"

She only moaned, "God help me, God help me," shrinking away into her corner, while he roamed about the room like an uncaged lion, till his furious passion had become cooled. When she would have left the room, he stopped her. "Zella, sit down again!"

"What more have you to say to me?"

"Sit down and I will tell you."

She went back to the sofa, and he resumed his walk. Pausing at last before her, he laid his hand on her head, saying—"Zella, my daughter, I had hoped that you would accept this proposal without demur, and thus spare yourself the pain and me the humiliation of the confession I have just made. But now that the unvarnished facts are before you, now that you know your father to be a villain, and that you alone can save his name, what is your answer?"

He stood waiting, gnawing his nether lip till blood drops dripped upon his iron-gray beard.

"Father, this is dreadful! Is there no other way? Let me go to my room and think."

"Girl, there is no other way. Cease this babbling, and tell me that you will receive St. Estaven to-morrow, as I wish. Yet why do I ask it? You *shall*, I say. Girl, you do not know what a chained lion you play with when you attempt to thwart me. Beware!"

She raised her white face to him with a piteous, pleading look. "Oh! father, let us go away from here—now, to-night, and thus avoid this mighty sin."

"Sin, child! Who talks of sin?"

"I talk of sin. What would it be but foul, dark *crime* for me to go to the altar with a man I loathe, leaving behind one whom I worship—perjuring myself to God and man?"

"Zella, this must end here and now. Do not talk of going away; my shame would be bruited abroad in twenty-four hours after my flight was known, and public shame I cannot and will not bear. You ask me to think of the sin. Let me ask you to think. Which will be worst, to marry this wealthy representative of a proud family, a man who can give you a position in the highest circles of society, or to feel that your perversity has consigned your father to a felon's cell—brought down his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave? Zella, I have striven to be a kind parent; I have never until this hour been harsh with you, for which may God forgive me. I have even run this career of vice to gain more wealth for your sake; and now can you not make this one sacrifice in return for the many I have made for you? Do you forget that your highest duty is to your parent? Strange, strange, that my daughter should prove ungrateful!"

His threats, his wrath, had but roused a kindred spirit in her breast; but this appeal touched another chord. She overlooked the cruel selfishness of his words, forgot his crime, remembered only that he was the sire she had so loved and venerated. Duty to obey? Yes, she had forgotten that; it was the one idea uppermost in all her father's counsels from her childhood up. He *had* been a kind parent. She could, she did forget herself. "Father!"

"Well."

"It shall be as you wish."

"There spoke my own daughter. God bless you, Zella! You have saved me."

She rose, weak and faint, and moved, like

one in a nightmare, towards the door. He came and laid his hand upon her head, kissed and blessed her as was his custom, but her lips would not move to return the kiss. His benediction sounded like a mockery in her ears.

The little clock in her boudoir was chiming ten as she entered. Was this the room she had left three hours before? Its blue and gold had grown strangely dim. There was a great change, not in the room, but its occupant. She who went out three hours before was a smiling, happy girl, holding in her heart a sweet young love; a care-free, innocent child, whose life had been all sunshine; who did not know that a cloud could ever come to dim its brightness. There came back a sad, cold woman; a woman who had sacrificed honor, hope and love, at the altar of iron duty; a woman who had seen tempest and wreck, and yet lived, clinging to the one spar left her—duty!

She threw herself upon the couch, shivering as with an ague, numbed, almost senseless; there the grey dawn found her. In the hours that she had lain there, thought and feeling, reason and despair, had held riot in her breast and brain, till she could feel and see but one thing clearly. Lynn Elliott must not come to ask her of her father; he could better bear to hear his doom from her than from another. She wrote a cold, carefully-worded letter, giving as her only reason for the change, "duty to her father." When it was finished, she realized to the full the extent of her misery. That letter, so cold, so cruel, was to sever the sweet bond that held her to the man she loved. Could she send it? Not as it was. She wrote again:

"Lynn—oh, Lynn! do not despise, do not hate me; for I love you, now that I know I must give you up, a thousand times better than before. Do not ask me for further reasons—I can never tell you. Lynn, pity me—pray God to pity me—but oh! for sweet pity's sake, do not hate me."

She shed no tear, she heaved no sigh, but met her father at the table, cold, calm and passionless, as though nothing had happened to disturb her happiness—for the spirit born of her that night was a spirit mighty in power and purpose. She had promised, and she would fulfil without a murmur, even though her heart should break.

She received her grim suitor with a haughty graciousness that charmed him, accepted his

proposals without blush or hesitation—and thus Howard St. Estaven won his bride.

CHAPTER III.

Paris went half mad with admiration, wonder and envy of "*La Belle Américain*." Women envied her her rare beauty, her high position, and her distinguished husband. Men envied the dark Cuban his peerless bride, and both men and women wondered why she was so cold, so pale, so still. No one ever saw her smile; and though she talked, walked and rode, attended receptions and entertained guests in a manner befitting a queen, there seemed no heart, no warmth in her. Frenchmen shrugged their shoulders, and whispered under moustaches, while they ogled her at opera and play, that they believed her splendid "Don" was a tyrant when no one saw, and swore that he deserved worse than death if it were so. Women, with shrewder penetration, guessed nearer the truth, and gossiped behind fans of broken vows and wounded hearts.

Her husband, proud of the admiration she excited, searched far and near for rare gems and robes to deck his bride. She wore them regally, donning velvet when sackcloth would better have befitted her, and binding upon her brow the diamond coronet that pierced deeper than a crown of thorns; yet she spoke no word, she made no sign. In every outward form she was a faithful wife; he asked no more.

This life in Paris she had so longed for; and now that it was given her, what was it better than a dead sea apple?

At length a change came over her—a feverish desire to be ever moving, never still. The dull apathy that had shrouded her gave place to restless excitement; and so they wandered here and there, wherever caprice or inclination beckoned; in the warm summer days eating frugal meals with German peasantry, and resting beneath the thatched cottage roofs of Swiss goatherds; sitting down within the shadow of the mighty Alps, and almost forgetting grief in gazing on their glory, until at last the summit of her girlish dreams is reached. She is in Italy—she is in Rome, ready to rest.

There she lingered. Something in the soft feel of the air seemed to touch upon her tense brain and heart with a tenderness that loosed the strain. She was a worshipper of art, and day after day she haunted studios and galleries of painting and sculpture, unheeding the won-

dering, pitying looks that followed her; unconscious that many a line of sadness fell from the brush after she had passed. Instinctively she sought the most touching works of brush and chisel; kneeling reverently before the Crucifixion—finding in the mute agony of the face of Beatrice Cenci a charm as of kindred feeling that held her in thrall before it, until her brain seemed fired with the same maddening thoughts, her heart crushed by the same fierce pain that had given the look of struggling despair to the countenance before her.

One day, standing thus, gazing into the dimmed depths of those pitiful, beseeching eyes, she felt the heavy air lift; a ray of sunshine glinted through the mists of heart-sickness; a low, remembered tone of sweetest music took the place of soul-sobs, till tears started to her eyes. What was there in the dim air of that old gallery that so moved her? Some presence was near her. Was it the spirit of the injured Beatrice, called back from its restless reaming, in the unknown, by the silent sympathy of the pale gazer? Nearer it came—closer it encompassed her. She breathed another air; she felt as though an angel had kissed her, and she had been baptized with peace. Something moved from a shadowy angle; there came forth and stood before her a figure with a wan face and sad eyes. From her lips burst a long, low cry—"Lynn! oh, Lynn!"

He stood with folded hands, searching her face; then came close and took her hands in his, smiling sadly. "Who are you?"

"Lynn, do you not know me?—*me*, Zella?"

"Zella? You are like—and yet not like her. She had a sweet, tender smile, and eyes like a dove's you have wooed to love you. Your mouth is hard and cold, and curved like a grieved child's. Your eyes would be like hers, but they are frozen. Hers I could gaze into forever and find no end; yours are like polished steel, breathed upon. Yet these are Zella's hands I hold. This is Zella's touch that thrills me. But what drew those lines across her forehead, and laid such deep shadows aneath her eyes? No, no—you are not Zella."

Sick and faint, she leaned against the wall, almost choked by the fearful truth that forced itself upon her. He was mad! What had made him so? She forgot that she was the wife of almost a year; forgot everything but that the man she loved was before her, driven mad by her act.

"Lynn!" she gasped—"Lynn, I *am* Zella.

Look at me again—see, I can smile—do you not know me now?"

He smiled in return, shaking his head dreamily. "No, you are not Zella; I thought once you might be—you have her form and features, but you have stolen your expression from the picture you gaze so much upon—sad, is it not?"

He drew his hand wearily across his brow, and went on in a dreary tone: "I have watched you for days past, for I saw a look in you like my lost loved one—lost and gone, but where? Why can I not remember?"

She could bear no more, but turned away, filled with faintness, dizzy, almost blind. People were coming in—one, an artist, accosted her: "Lady, you are faint, let me assist you; you have been talking with the mad artist, have you not? His piteous story is enough to waken the sympathy of sterner hearts—no wonder it has moved you."

She took his arm, for she could not walk alone; a hand was laid upon hers; it was Lynn. "If you see Zella, tell her that Lynn loves her yet."

The stranger supported her to her carriage, assisted her in, but stopped, frightened, when he looked in her face.

"Lady, you are ill, this lunatic has frightened you; do not fear him, he is harmless."

She laid her hand upon his arm and whispered in his ear: "Watch over him; be kind to him. I am Zella; God help me."

He stepped back in dismay, and she was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

Five years, like bubbles on a hurrying stream, had floated out into the ocean of the past, and once again Judge Hunter sat in his sumptuous library in the cool of a clear May day, little changed, save that the iron-gray hair has grown snowy white, the lines about the mouth sterner, and the bent brow plowed with deeper furrows. He sat in the same high-backed crimson chair as when we saw him there before, and his thoughts seemed, as then, troubled, for he drew his clenched hand across his forehead and sighed heavily.

Perhaps he wonders that so long a time has passed since he had tidings of his child—perhaps the memory of that scene in which she had part in that very room five years before, is with him. Dare he ask himself what her life has been since then?

Twilight deepened. The door swung noiselessly on its hinges, a footstep crossed the floor and paused beside him.

"You need not light the gas just now, John; I will ring when I want you."

No one stirred, but a faint sound, as of some one striving to speak, fell upon his ear. He looked up; a woman, holding by the hand a child, stood there. He rose, placed a chair for her, saying—"I beg your pardon, madam, I did not hear you announced; pray be seated;" and reaching to the window, swept aside the curtains that kept out the last of daylight, then turned wonderingly towards the stranger—a woman of regal presence, habited in sable, with a face that in the dim light looked ghastly as a tombstone; this he saw, while he heard the one word—

"Father!"

"Zella Hunter! Heavens!—how came you here in this strange manner, unannounced and unexpected?"

He kissed her cold mouth, peered closely at her, but saw no look of his child. He rang the bell. "Light the gas, John—quick!"

Is that his daughter?—that woman with a dead, white face, hard shut mouth, round which deep lines are drawn, and great, gleaming, cavernous eyes—eyes that look as though never moistened by a tear?—a mouth that could never have known a smile? He sunk into his chair with a groan. "Zella, sit down, and tell me why you have stolen in upon me in this strange manner? I am glad to see you, child; but you surprise me."

She did not sit down, but drew the chair towards her, leaning against it. "Why am I here, do you ask? Because I have no other refuge. Father, I have come back to you for a home. I sold myself that you might retain this house, and now I come to claim a shelter beneath its roof for the remainder of my days."

"Child, Zella, what do you mean? Where is your husband?—I do not understand you—is he dead?"

She shuddered visibly. "My husband! If you mean Heward St. Estaven, he is not dead, but hereafter he must live without me. Father, I come not back as I left you. I went sad and sorrowing, broken-hearted, wretched as any woman could be, I thought; but I have learned that there are deeps of misery as far below all that as Hades is below Heaven. I went grieving, but stainless and pure, with the full determination to be dutiful as a wife as I had been

as a daughter. I return, sin-stained and plague-smitten, loathing myself, hating my kind, and doubting God. Do not look at me thus, do not speak to me. I tell you, father, I have been forced to deeper degradation than you have ever dreamed of. That man, brute, to whom you chained me, has kept the very air I have breathed reeking with the breath of pestilential vice, until I am contaminated body and soul. I dared not die there, and so have come back, hoping that association with the pure memories and scenes of my girlhood might cleanse me and make me fit for the grave."

"My poor, poor child! why did you not write to me of this? How could I know? What has the man done? He is always spoken of as a gentleman. He holds a high office and has the respect of good men."

"Ah, but these good men should see him in the home that he has made a hell; they should see him in hours of mad passion—see him raise his hand against his wife. Do not start; he has struck me more than once; he is a perfect madman when angry. Here is the fruit of one outbreak!" and she lifted from the floor beside her the child that had crouched there, peering like a frightened hare from the covert of her sweeping skirts—"my child; your grandson."

"Great God! Zella; what ails him?"

"Only idioecy, caused by a blow from his father's hand. My darling, darling boy!"

She hugged him fiercely to her breast, pressing hot kisses on his dull mouth:—

"Oh, father, he was such a sunbeam in my darkness—such a bright, winsome, beautiful child—so like you in every feature, before that fatal blow. How I did love him!—how I love him yet! You do not know how I tried to be good—how hard I strove to fulfil a true wife's part, submitting patiently to tyranny, praying to God hourly, almost constantly, all for this boy's sweet sake. But since that time I have not dared to pray. With such thoughts and feelings as I have held in heart and brain, it would have been impious in me to take God's name upon my lips. He has forsaken me and I am desolate!"

"Do not talk so; be patient. There has been a great wrong somewhere; are you sure that you——"

She interrupted him with flashing eye and clear voice—

"I am sure that for four years I have battled with fate and tried to do my duty, bearing insult, neglect and blows with meek patience; and

I should have borne longer, I fear, had the curse have rested on me alone; but when in an hour of drunken passion he dealt the blow that made my child of promise a senseless idiot, I rebelled. I tell you I was sick of *duty*—I hated the word; it has been the bane of my life. You say there has been a great wrong somewhere; shall I point it to you? It is a strange time to reproach you, just when I claim your protection; but I shall speak if you thrust me into the street for it. The wrong was done when you forced me to cast away the holy love of a true man, and take in its stead the unholy passion of a beast—perjuring myself, and ruining one dearer than self. Dare you call that right which has made Lynn Elliott a madman, and myself this unclean ruin of a woman? If it was right to thus thrust apart the intertwining growth of two young lives, why has so much suffering sprung from it? I tell you, man, I sinned foully, when, disregarding the highest instincts of my better nature, I acted in blind obedience to your will, thinking it duty! Do you wonder that I doubt God's justice, when the blight has all fallen upon the innocent victims, while those who forced this thing upon them go unsuffering?"

The old man raised his head, showing a face sunken and ashy. Reaching out his arms piteously towards her, he moaned—

"Do not curse me, Zella. I wronged you fearfully; I knew it then, but did not foresee such fatal results. But, my child, do you think it cost me no struggle to do it? I hated the man, but I was a coward, and cast my pet lamb to the wolf to save myself; brute, fool that I was. But I am punished, Zella; I am a wretched old man now. My mighty pride, once a blessing, has been by unjust use converted into an awful curse. Do not leave me now, child; stay with me always; I will do what I can to atone for my unnatural sin."

She smiled a hard, bitter smile. "Atone? Yes, you may wipe out the unkind remembrance of the wrong you did me; but what can ever restore my lost youth, my early love, my glad, free life, my purity?"

She laid the child's head against her shoulder, and walked around the room, looking at the old familiar books and pictures. Pausing before a veiled picture, she drew aside the screen. There stood revealed—herself—as she was six years before—a vision of perfect loveliness—a type of pure, innocent, girlish beauty. She scanned it closely, then went to the mirror

opposite and viewed the face and form reflected there. Her father, watching her, could not bear this. He tried to draw her away; the expression of her face frightened him.

"Zella, come away, you will drive me mad. It is no wonder you have changed. Think of——"

"Think! better tell me to forget. Are you my father, and did I ever look like that picture?" She stood before him, her hands pressed to her brow as if to still a pain, searching his face with a look of almost hate in her eyes. He drew her down upon his knee, caressing her head, as when a child.

"Zella, daughter, speak to me; say that you do not hate me! Am I to be punished by losing the love of my only child? And yet, why should you love me? I have made you wretched, and myself the most miserable of men—accursed, wicked fool that I have been."

While he spoke, the fierceness all died out of her face, and in its stead came a sad, pitying tenderness, to see that old man's quivering lip and dropping tears. The child-love, wronged, outraged as it had been, yet triumphed. She wound her arms about his neck.

"Father, forgive me if I have been harsh. Did I not tell you that I forgave you long ago? Let us help one another. We will forget this cruel past and live a new life—a life that shall wipe away the stain of these years—this grief and sin. Surely, father, such penitence as yours must avail. Kiss me, father."

He pressed his lips to hers, giving, in broken accents, his old accustomed blessing. Her eyes grew moist; for the first time in years she wept. The tightness in her bosom loosened—the fire in her brain went out; she had humbled and forgiven the father who had wronged her.

Yet other years went by, and once again Zella wandered in the Eternal City—alone, orphaned, childless, widowed—as the *world* sees. The widely-severed strands of love, duty and hate, that formed her life-cable were all cut, at last by the scissors of death. She was free to go wheresoever she chose. There were none to dictate—none to please. Rest she could not; inclination beckoned her to the classic land where she had known the keenest pang of all her grievous grief. She might there learn something of the fate of him whose bright bow of promise she had clouded—might perhaps rest her weary head "at last" upon

the flowery sod beneath which the shattered casket of her crown-jewel of life was wasting back to primal dust.

True to the highest instincts of her woman's nature, she would end her days where he whom she loved had laid him down to die.

Standing again before that picture which had so enthralled her, she felt the same strange influence upon her spirit that had moved her when she last lingered there. The dreadful past all slipped away: the dull endurance of the present seemed transformed to happiness—she *lived*—real, true life—she breathed the breath of flowers—she felt the stir of viewless wings—she knew the presence of an angel.

With reverently clasped hands and bated breath, she waited for the coming of—she knew not what. Was it only the remembrance of that other spirit recognition? No. From the

same shadowy niche there came forth the same form, and as then it paused with folded hands before her—the same and yet not the same. The wild gleam was gone from the pansy eye, the mad flush from the bearded cheek; he stood before her “clothed and in his right mind.”

There was no fright, no grief, naught but perfect joy in the cry that now rung from her lips—

“Lynn, oh, Lynn!” She met no unmeaning question for reply, but instead his dear arms were around her, his warm lips pressed to hers in a rain of burning kisses:—

“Zella, mine at last!”

“Yours, all yours now, Lynn.”

Tears from the deepest fountains of the heart, mute prayers of thanksgiving for remembered mercy, told God of the perfect bliss of those two tried hearts—one at last.

GOOD-BY.

BY MRS. LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

How the rain pours down in a dreary stream—

It is drenching you through and through,
And the chill wind sobs through the dismal trees,
As if wailing at our adieu.

Oh, we did not think in the hours gone by,

When we dreamed of a future bliss,
That the time would ever come, when we
Should part in a way like this.

Well, good-by, then—I feel I shall never clasp
Your warm, friendly hand again.

Oh! I cannot keep down the choking sobs
Or crush down the sullen pain.

Think of the long sunny summer days,
When each cloud, with its fleecy fold,
Hung over the fields that were set with grain,
Like a mixture of emerald and gold.

Think of the bright, cheerful winter nights—

Of the clear, cold frosty days;
Of the sweet, solemn tenderness, filling our hearts
Like the sweetest of solemn lays.

Remember the hours when, girl and boy,
We lingered above the same book,
Or gathered the delicate blossoms that grew
In wild beauty beside the brook.

How the memory of all those happy hours

Surges up in my heart to-day,
Though the ocean of life, with its storms and cares,
Has drifted them far away.

How my soul will yearn when the yellow clouds
Of sunset hang over the lane,

For the by-gone days that never will come
With their peaceful sunshine again.

The world has driven us far apart,

Our country has called for you—go!
Forget in the strife of a soldier's life
The pleasures of long ago.

Forget that the time has ever been
When we hoped for a happier day—
That our feet ever trod in a smoother path,
Or paused in a sunnier way.

Go, and God bless you; be strong—be brave—
To every good impulse be true;

Have courage to conquer the wrong, and strength
To will, to dare, and to do.

Good-by—the dreary words wring my heart
With a hopeless sadness and pain;

Good-by! the rain is drenching you through,
And the winds sigh a lonely refrain.

MABEL'S MISSION.

Continued from page 200.

Several days passed away. Miss Vane came and went as usual—took long walks, accompanied only by Ponto—at the table entered sparingly into conversation; in all that she said, a touch of bitterness, and oftentimes a seeming scepticism, betrayed itself in all things good and noble, which shocked Mabel, unaccustomed as she was to hear such sentiments.

Florence grew *ennuied* and dull, for Lucy grumbled if Mabel was out of her sight; and the long days growing more and more sultry, Mr. Vane talked of sea air and the beneficial effects of change, and tried to persuade Lucy that it would do her good to go away for awhile; but Lucy was averse to change, and of all things disliked a crowd, and would not listen to her father. However, Eugene came home, and his coming worked a revolution in the household, for he had taken rooms for the whole family at Newport, and everything was bustle and preparation for their departure.

Mr. Vane called Mabel one side, after Lucy had yielded a reluctant consent to go, and, handing her a roll of bank bills, said—

"You are to have the same sum, yearly, that Lucy has; and you will find here two months' allowance, which I give you in advance, for any little outlay you may have to make for the seashore."

"Ah, I am sure this is too much," said Mabel; "I never can repay you for your kindness, Uncle Richard."

"If it were a question of payment, my child, I should feel more than repaid by seeing Lucy so much more cheerful since you came; but you must not talk in that way, you must learn to look upon me as your father; for I have adopted you, Mabel."

She looked up with a grateful smile into her uncle's face—a face wearing the impress of the kindly thoughts and generous deeds of years; and obeying the impulse which prompted her, threw her arm around his neck and kissed him; but thoughts of her own father, to whom she was tenderly attached, came crowding into her mind, and she hurried away to hide her emotion. When she came to unroll her money, she found one hundred dollars in ten dollar notes. She

could scarcely believe that she was not in a dream. She flew back to her uncle.

"Is this really all mine? Mine, to do just what I wish with it?" she exclaimed, her eyes aglow, and her face full of excitement.

"To be sure it is—to spend in sugar candies if you like, for all that I care," answered her uncle, jestingly; "only remember that is for two months. Lucy, here, finds me obdurate when she wants to spend more than her allowance; and you know what poor Micawber says—'Income, twenty pounds; expenditures, twenty pounds, sixpence; sum total—misery. Income, twenty pounds; expenditures, nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence; sum total—happiness.'"

"But I never expected to have so much money in my life," said Mabel, looking affectionately down upon her bank notes, as she bore them away to a place of safety.

"Well!" exclaimed Lucy, as Mabel passed out of sight and hearing, "I never should have suspected *her* of caring so much about money! I am sure that I should never think of making so much fuss if a fortune fell at my feet!"

"You have always been accustomed to it. Mabel is like a child with a new toy—she will soon get used to it, and know what to do with it too. You women-kind know how to spend money."

Meantime, up stairs went Mabel as fast as her feet could carry her, keeping a tight hold upon her notes as though she feared they might melt in her grasp; and after locking it in her trunk, took a sheet of letter paper and sat down to write—

"DEAR FATHER:—Uncle Richard is the kindest uncle in the world. He gives me the same allowance that he gives Lucy—fifty dollars a month. This morning he gave me two months in advance, because we are going to Newport. We are going to take our meals in a private room, and so I cannot possibly want anything that I have not got. I keep out ten dollars, that I may not be out of money if Uncle Richard should ask me, and send you the remaining ninety. Dear father, it is the proudest and I am sure the happiest day of my

life, to be able to be of any assistance to you, who have had to work so hard for us always. I never told you how often I wished myself a boy, that I might be of use to you; but at last I am satisfied to be

"Your loving daughter,

"MABEL.

"P. S.—My best love to all at home. I would write a few lines to mother, but we are as busy as bees, getting ready to go the first of next week."

Scarcely was Mabel's letter finished, the money enclosed, and the envelope sealed, when she heard Lucy's voice calling her impatiently.

"I am coming, Lucy. I had a letter to write, but it is finished now. What can I do next?"

"Why, I'll tell you. Bessie has gone to the village, and I want you to run down and see if Ellen Walters understands that those white wrappers must be finished this week. Besides, I am afraid that she will make some mistake about the trimming—the valenciennes is for the India mull, and the French work for the nainsook."

"I don't know the way; you will have to tell me."

"Don't you know where the gardener lives? You can go through the woods back of the house—there is a little footpath that will take you there, and it is nearer than to go around by the road. I wanted you to finish 'John Halifax' this morning, for I am crazy to hear the end; but Eugene is so disobliging. I asked him to take a walk there with Florence, and do the errand for me, and he snapped me up like a bear, and told me to send the servants to do my errands. He wouldn't have spoken so to me once; but I just know it all comes from that wife of his, whom he spoils, and plays with as if she were a kitten."

"She is very fond of your brother, Lucy; and I do not think she would make him unkind to you if she could. You know we love those who are dear to those we love."

"No, I do not know any such thing; but I knew that you would take her part. There is no use in going with any complaints to you. Now, do hurry, and I dare say we shall have time to finish John Halifax after all."

As Mabel passed through the hall on her way out, Florence called to her from the library.

"Come here, Mabel, and tell Eugene, for he will not believe me—did I not lose my heart last week?"

"She had not any to lose, Mabel; so you see it is an impossibility to begin with," Eugene replied, without waiting for Mabel's answer, who smiled back at them as she kept on her way.

"You shall see how impossible it is," replied Florence. "I am determined to do something desperate if you do not tell me why you hate this place so. I know that you must have had some love affair, or at least a flirtation, of which the memory is too much for you."

A cloud came over Eugene Vane's face. He took a turn up and down the room, his eyes fixed on the floor. Florence, picking up her fan, which she had dropped, took her seat, and eyed him mischievously from behind it. She knew the way whenever she wanted to tease her husband. He had had the reputation of leading a gay life before his marriage, and she professed great curiosity about what in reality she cared nothing for. It was little to her whom he had made love to once, secure as she now felt herself to be in the possession of his heart. Of anything more serious than a flirtation she never dreamed. But her random shots often hit her husband in a sore place. He would have given half he possessed to have been able to open his heart to her—to feel that no guilty secret rose black and hideous between them. But it could never be—to the grave he must bear the burden of his own sin—the sin which darkened his life and stained with remorse every hour wherein he thought of it. He could not see the smiling face behind the fan, and he felt perplexed and troubled, as he always did, whenever she made any allusions of the kind. He paused in his walk before her, bent down and kissed her forehead, saying—

"My darling knows that whatever I was before my marriage, I have always been true to her in word, deed, and thought since; and always shall be, so help me God."

She jumped up and threw her arms around him.

"Your darling knows that you were *always* everything that is good and true," she said. "She only loves to tease you—that is all. What a tease you used to be!" she continued. "Do you remember that first night that we met at Mrs. Chapin's cottage at Newport?"

Eugene nodded his head, and sitting down, drew her on to his knee.

"Just three years ago, isn't it?" she continued. "I never thought of such a thing as your falling in love with me—but it was regular

love at first sight, wasn't it? Oh, I shall be so glad to see Newport once more."

"Then why wouldn't you go and spend the summer there, as I wanted you?"

Florence looked a little embarrassed, but finally said—

"You know you would not let me come here last summer, and I was determined that I would come *this*; and I really was sick and tired of gayety, and wanted to get away from it; but it is so dead stupid here, I shall be glad to get where there is something going on."

"So shall I. Not that I care for what is going on either, but I hate this place, and I never want to see it again."

"Well, I shall not trouble you about bringing me here any more—that is, to spend a whole summer—for more than one reason. In the first place, it is so dull; in the second, Lucy and I can't agree; and thirdly and finally, you are never the same man here. Positively, one would think that you had committed a murder, or done some dreadful deed, the way you look half of the time—though I believe it runs in the family to have the blues, doesn't it? Such doleful faces as Lucy puts on—and there's Mildred, I declare it is enough to give one the horrors to look at her. I feel as though I were petrifying every time she comes near me."

"Mildred does look dismal—more so than ever of late. Did anything unpleasant happen while I was away?"

"No; we had one or two little skirmishes as usual, but nothing serious. Indeed, I feel much more kindly towards her than I did at first. I do not believe that she is as artificial as she seems, for you know what I told you about the flowers in Mr. Grantley's room."

"She has some trouble—some sorrow to contend with. I have said so from the first. Grantley may be mixed up with it more than we know, for now I remember he did spend one winter South."

"And Mabel has taken it into her head that *he* has some secret grief. I cannot imagine that he could ever have loved Mildred—but who knows?—there's no accounting for men's tastes. If Mabel were a few years older, or he a few years younger, I *could* imagine the possibility of *their* fancying each other. She is a glorious creature—though she's the strangest mixture of romance and matter of fact that I ever saw. Why, when she gets talking upon any subject in which she is interested, she fires up like a second Corinne; and yet she is just as devoted

to Lucy, and as obedient to her every whim, as if she had been born her slave. I don't believe that she ever thinks of herself, or of her own comfort; and what is to become of her I don't know; for Lucy never thinks of any one *but* herself. Here she comes now. Well, Mabel, what have you got there?"

"Oh nothing, only some things of Lucy's that I brought from Ellen Walters," she answered, keeping on her way.

"Come here, I want to see you a moment," called Florence.

Mabel turned and looked in at the door.

"I want to show Eugene how beautifully that girl sews—the tiniest stitches, darling—you never saw the like."

"Never mind the stitches, Florence—what do I care about sewing?"

"Come here, Mabel, he *shall* care."

"Indeed, there is nothing to show. Ellen's little boy is very sick, and she has scarcely commenced them," answered Mabel.

"And what are *you* going to do? Make them yourself! You sha'n't do any such thing. Here, let me see what there is done to them," persisted Mrs. Vane.

Mabel only held her apron tighter in which she had gathered up the work, and said pleadingly—

"But Lucy will be so disappointed; she expected to have them Saturday evening."

"She has got enough without them; it isn't a matter of life and death, that you should put your eyes out to have them done. I tell you, Mabel, if you go on as you have been doing this last week, you will spoil her and kill yourself. It is wrong to begin in this way." While Florence was speaking, she had crossed the room, and now was drawing out piece after piece of unfinished work from Mabel's apron—a sleeve just commenced, two breadths of mull run together, and so on. "Just look, half a dozen stitches taken to this, and not more to that, and about a dozen perhaps on this—and you, Mabel Day, are going to have these finished by Saturday!"

"I can try," answered Mabel, folding up the work and laying it in her apron again.

"Well, I would, if I were you. I would sew all night, as I am sure Ellen Walters does, and wear myself to skin and bone, as she has; and by the time that you are ready to go home to make a visit, you will be quite a respectable-looking scarecrow. Why, you'll frighten your lover away from you."

"I haven't any to frighten," said Mabel, demurely; and having finished gathering up the pieces, she left the apartment.

"Now isn't it folly for her to attempt such a piece of work as that will be this hot weather?" said Florence, turning to her husband.

He sat with his head in his hands, and his eyes on the floor, and made her no answer. She went to him, and laid her hand on his shoulder, continuing—"Isn't it folly?"

"Isn't what folly?" he asked, still absent in his manner.

"What *are* you thinking about?"

He raised his eyes, in which there was a strange moisture, and, looking straight in hers, replied—"Of you, my darling."

"Am I such a melancholy subject? Well, I feel flattered; but pray think of something else, if I make you look so heart-broken. I suppose you think that I am too severe upon Lucy; but indeed, it keeps me in a perpetual bad humor to see how everybody and everything has to give way to her. We cannot entertain, because she doesn't like company; if she chooses to get nervous, the piano must be closed; if any one presumes to differ from her in opinion, she either takes to hysterics or the sulks; and so it goes. I am sure I wonder that she ever consented to go to Newport; it would have been just like her to have said up and down that she would not go."

"She is a poor invalid, Florence, and we must have patience with her whims. Her infirmities make her shy of strangers; and we cannot blame her for that. I could never have persuaded her to go to Newport with us, had I not promised her that she should be just as private there as here. Next summer I will take a cottage for you at Newport, and you shall not be troubled with her; but, this summer, try for my sake to make her as happy as you can—wont you, darling?"

Florence hesitated a moment, and then answered frankly—

"Yes, I will try; but it takes the patience of Job; and I never had any to spare. You don't know how hard it is for me, because you are always patient and thoughtful—you are a great deal too good for me, Eugene." She held his face between her hands, looking down lovingly upon it.

Putting his finger on her lips, he said—

"Hush! you have yet to learn that the best man that ever lived was not worthy of a good, pure-hearted woman, such as you; and all

women would be good were it not for men, Florence."

She laughed low and musically. That is just a Quixotic idea of yours. If you knew the petty faults and foibles of women as well as I do, you would think differently."

"Faults of education—not of the heart," he replied; "and even were it otherwise, you, Florence, would redeem a host of them—it is such women as you who—"

It was now Florence's turn to put her hand over her husband's mouth; and with a hearty good will she did it.

"You know that I do not deserve such praise—it makes me ashamed of the trifling, useless life I lead, and I will not listen to it."

"You do not know your own capabilities," he said, removing her little hand, and imprisoning it between his own broad palms. "God grant that it may be a long time before any trouble or sorrow may force the knowledge upon you."

She shook her head. "I do not know what I have ever done that you should have so good an opinion of me."

"One who has lived in the blaze of fashion, and never has become its slave—who has suffered society only to captivate the senses—never the soul—who, seemingly worldly, is yet uncontaminated by the world—who is as pure in heart as a child—all which you are, Florence—is a woman whose price is far above rubies."

Her cheeks were glowing red, her happy eyes were full of tears, at this praise from her husband; but disclaiming all worthiness of it, in words like these, "You do not know how vain I am—you know nothing at all about me," she escaped from him and went away to look up Mabel, who she was determined should not do the work unaided, if persevere in doing it she would. She found the sewing in Mabel's room, and heard Mabel's voice in the chamber adjoining reading to Lucy. Selecting her share, she took it down with her, and, giving her husband a book, sat down by him, her shining needle flying in and out, as in his deep-toned, mellow voice he read aloud to her.

CHAPTER IX.

Sweet thought sitteth like a garland
On her placid brows and eyes—
Eyes which seem to see a far land
Through the intervening skies.

John Critchley Prince.

The romance was finished. Mabel sat with her hands folded above it, her eyes misty with

tears, gazing abstractedly. Lucy, with her head thrown back, lay upon the lounge, as if in a dream. The spell of the book was still upon them. Mabel at length broke the silence.

"What does Mignon mean, Lucy?—isn't it the name of some German novel, poem or legend?"

"What ever put Mignon into your head now?" asked Lucy, rousing up and looking at her cousin. "I declare, if you are not the image of Mignon, and I never thought of it before!"

Mabel, with her hands folded before her, her wistful eyes gazing in the distance, her masses of dark hair rippling against her white forehead and colorless cheeks, did indeed remind one of the suggestive engraving of that poetical conception of Goethe's.

"Yes," continued Lucy, "even to your attitude. Go look for yourself in the room where Mr. Grantley slept. Have you never seen that exquisite engraving?"

"No; I was never in the room, excepting to leave some flowers; and then the chamber was dark," answered Mabel, a faint flush suffusing her cheeks, either at Lucy's unintentional compliment, or the thought that Mr. Grantley had noticed the resemblance. She did not feel like looking at the picture just then, but laying aside her book, she took up her sewing.

"What are you at work at now?" asked Lucy.

"Ellen couldn't finish the morning dresses in time, because her little boy is sick; and I have nothing to do, you know."

"That is just like her; I am sure she could sew, even if the child was sick. If he were to die it would be a mercy."

"Oh, Lucy! how can you say so? He is a lovely little fellow, and I am sure, poor soul, she has nothing else in the world to live for. Her father seems a very rough man, so unlike her, and her husband is dead, isn't he?"

"Husband! hum! I never heard that she had any, and that's the reason why I say it would be a mercy for the child to die. She has no name to give it but her own."

Mabel looked astounded. "Is it possible? Why, I might have known it, and yet I never dreamed of it. She seems so good, so gentle, so quiet and steady in her ways; so lady-like, you know."

"Yes, I know, answered Lucy, with an expressive nod of her head. "But she wasn't always so; she used to be the giddiest creature

that ever breathed; but she has been through enough to change her. It was her doings that killed her mother, and she knows it. She ran away and was gone two years, and no one ever heard a word from her. Her mother fretted her life away after her, and when she was dead, back came Ellen, with a child more than a year old. She has kept house for her father ever since. I don't know what would have become of her brothers, though, without her, for you see they were all young. Why, she isn't a day over twenty herself, though she looks nearer thirty, doesn't she?"

"Poor creature! poor creature! perhaps she was married and her husband deserted her."

"No, you can't make any such romance out of it. She never pretended to have had a husband, and as you see, keeps her own name. But the strangest part of it is that though our clergyman, and my father, and I don't know who all, interested themselves to find out who led her away, she wouldn't open her lips excepting to say that it was known only by that one, herself and her God, and no others ever should know."

"Poor creature! how I pity her!" said Mabel again.

"I used to say it was 'good enough for her,' 'just what she deserved,' and all such things; but when I saw how well she conducted herself, and how heart-broken she looked, I couldn't help pitying her, and I have given her all my sewing to do, although I used to declare she should never touch a stitch for me."

"Doesn't she have any help in supporting her child?" asked Mabel—"though I suppose a man who would be so wicked, would be mean enough to let her support it herself."

"They do say that money comes regularly through the post-office to her, but that she never touches a cent. I suppose she lays it by for the child to have some day. What was the matter with the little fellow, Mabel?"

"I don't know; some fever, I believe."

"Mercy! do take that work out of this room, then; I am as afraid as death of fevers."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Mabel, pausing in her sewing, and looking at her cousin.

"Yes, I am, in sober earnest. It ought all to be washed, or at least hung out doors all night, before you bring it in here. Do give it to Catharine or Bridget, and tell them to attend to it at once."

"I am not afraid of it, Lucy, and if they are

to be done this week, there is no time to lose. I will take it into my room, and work at it there." She commenced gathering up the work.

"Oh, how tiresome, to think that you have to do it at all. I wish that you would get that book that Mr. Grantley sent you, and read it to me, instead. I can get along without the dresses."

"That book that Mr. Grantley sent me!" repeated Mabel. Why, what do you mean? Mr. Grantley never sent me any book."

"Yes he did; pa brought it out yesterday, and I left it on the mantelpiece in your room. I thought of course that you would see it there. It was all sealed up, or I should have opened it to see what it was, I was so curious. Afterwards I forgot all about it. I hope it is a novel, and not a book of stupid poetry, don't you?"

"I do not believe that anything could be stupid which Mr. Grantley would send," said Mabel, as she took her sewing into her chamber. There lay the book, neatly folded in paper, and sealed. Mabel took it, turning it deliberately in her hands, now noting the bold, easy characters in which her name was traced, and then seeking to decipher the motto on the seal, which, thanks to the Latin that her father had taught her, did not prove a difficult task.

"Wont you bring the book here? I want to see it," called Lucy.

"In a moment; I have not opened it yet."

"What an age you are; bring it here, and I will open it for you."

But Mabel for once was selfish enough to prefer her own pleasure. She carefully cut around the seal, took off the paper, and there lay a note. With impatient haste she tore it open. It contained only a few lines, which told her that in his search after truth he had found no aid like the writings of the author whose work he had sent her, and reminding her of his promise, he denoted the page which she would find marked. Simple as those lines were, what pleasure they afforded her. But the book! Visions of Carlyle and of mystical German authors floated before her, which vanished as she took up the volume and read—"Sermons by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson; Second Series."

A book of sermons! What a disappointment! She remembered Jeremy Taylor's sermons, and all the other good books which

constituted her mother's library, and which of a rainy Sunday she had vainly endeavored to wade through, and a sigh escaped her—so loud that Lucy heard it, and again she called—

"Do bring that book here. What doleful thing is it, to make you sigh so—Fox's Book of Martyrs, abridged?"

Mabel made her appearance with a wofully elongated countenance, and held the book before Lucy, for her to read the title.

"Sermons!" she exclaimed. "Well, so he sets up for a saint, does he? Saint Apollo, I suppose. Now, Mabel, you will have to walk straight with such a patron. But perhaps they are not orthodox. Who ever heard of Rev. F. W. Robertson? I wouldn't read a word of them, Mabel, if I were you; Mildred told me that Mr. Grantley was an infidel."

Notwithstanding this warning, Mabel opened the book, and turning to the designated page, read these lines, which were marked:—

"The glory of true womanhood consists in being *herself*, not in striving to be something else. It is the false paradox and heresy of this present age to claim for her as a glory the right to leave her sphere. Her glory lies in her sphere, and God has given her a sphere distinct, as in the Epistle to the church of Corinth, when in that wise chapter St. Paul rendered unto womanhood the things which were woman's, and unto manhood the things which were man's. Everything is created in its own order. Every created thing has its own glory. There is one glory of manhood and another glory of womanhood; and the glory of each created thing consists in being true to its own nature, and moving in its own sphere."

Mabel's heart glowed within her, as she read on, turning page after page, swiftly. Lucy at length aroused her.

"Mabel Day! I have spoken to you twice. Wont you put up that book, and get something that is worth reading? I hate infidels and infidel writings."

"Lucy, how can you speak so of a man that you know nothing about? I have heard father talk about this same Mr. Robertson. He belonged to the church of England, but met with violent opposition on account of his liberal views. I never read a sermon that interested me in my life before, and if you will listen to the few lines that my eyes were upon when you called me, it will interest you and convince you how ungenerous you are."

"No, I don't want to hear any preaching. I

hear preaching enough on Sunday to last me through the week; I wish the book was in Guinea."

"You ought not to wish so, for it is just what I needed. Oh, I am so glad that he sent it to me. Lucy, you *must* hear this, for *this* is really religion."

"I won't—I won't hear a word," said Lucy, stopping her ears. "It is plain to be seen that you will swear by that book after this."

Mabel started as if she had been shot.

"What a word!" she exclaimed. "Lucy! Lucy! how can you talk so?"

"Because you put me out of all manner of patience. You will go straight now and get religion, and be so pious that there will be no living in the house with you, and all for that hypocritical Mr. Grantley, who I believe doesn't care a straw for the sermons, or religion either, but sends the book that Mildred may think well of him. You know that he found out that Mildred was here, and sent her a note wanting her to make up with him, and be friends, as they had been once; but she scorned to do that, after all that she knew of him. Mildred told me that herself, only last night. I can see through him."

Mabel felt her cheeks burn, but she wisely made no reply. She remembered how Lucy had "seen through" her brother's wife, and her distorted views no longer took effect upon Mabel.

"You may tell me if you choose what you were reading; but do say it in your own words, for I should certainly go to sleep if you read it out of the sermon," continued Lucy.

"He says that our love of Christ is proved much more by our sympathy with Truth than by the intensity of our hatred of error; and then he goes on to tell us what to hate—Cant, and hypocrisy, and injustice, and oppression, and intolerance; but he says it is as unwise to hate men for their errors, as to hate one who in casting up an account has made an error against himself. Now, isn't that a Christian spirit?—so different from our minister at home, who denounces the Roman Catholics, and indeed every denomination but his own, and calls men infidels if they don't believe just as he does."

Lucy yawned. It was evident that there was nothing in the subject to interest her. Mabel saw that it was so, and taking her now treasured book into her room with her, she looked it up in her trunk, as if fearful of some

evil befalling it, and once more sat down to her sewing, while Lucy composed herself for a nap, which it was never difficult for her to take at any hour during the day.

When Mabel saw that Lucy was asleep, she could no longer resist the desire to see the engraving, which both Lucy and Mr. Grantley had thought to resemble her, and she stole softly out of her chamber and along the corridor to the one which Mr. Grantley had occupied. The door was ajar, and she entered noiselessly. One after another, she examined the engravings. There was "Dante and Beatrice," then "Evangeline," then copies of exquisite sculpture, "La Filatrice," "Hero and Leander," and at last she came to "Mignon." She had just fastened her eager eyes upon it, when she was startled by the sound of a rustling garment in the room. She hastily turned her head in the direction from which the sound had proceeded, and saw Mildred slowly rising from a lounge in a far corner of the roomy apartment.

"Oh, I have disturbed you—you were sleeping," said Mabel, apologetically, and entirely unsuspecting that the chamber possessed any other attraction than its coolness and its solitude; but Mildred, quick to judge another's motives by her own, replied irritably—

"You have made a hero of Mr. Grantley, I understand; and I suppose the room which he occupied is so hallowed in your thoughts that you cannot keep out of it."

"This is the first time that I have been in it since he was here," replied Mabel, with dignity; "and I came here, not because it had been his room, but to see a picture. I am sorry to have disturbed you." She turned to leave the apartment.

"Which picture?" asked Mildred.

"'Mignon.' Lucy told me that it was here, and sent me to see it."

"Then Mr. Grantley had nothing to do with it?—He said nothing to you about it?" Mildred said, in feverish haste.

Mabel hesitated.

"You are trying to deceive me. I know that he had something to do with it. Why can't you speak the truth?" She spoke in a raised voice and excited tones, approaching nearer.

Mabel nearly lost her temper; but as she noted Mildred's tear-stained cheeks, her altered looks, a feeling of compassion stole into her heart and softened her reply.

"I am not trying to deceive you. Mr.

Grantley never spoke of the picture to me, but—" again she hesitated, finally adding, as a soft, warm color mantled her cheeks, "he called me 'Mignon,' and Lucy said that I looked like the engraving, and I came to see it. Now I have told you the whole truth, which I would rather not have told; for I do not see what right you have to question me. Miss Vane, you have before this suspected me of a mean action, and now of falsehood. I have taken pains to deny your accusations; but hereafter, let you accuse me of what you will, I shall never stoop to another explanation of my acts, unless I feel that you have a better right to demand one than you have now."

Mildred, confronting Mabel's calm face, and meeting her eyes, which held in their depths more sadness than anger, felt her jealousy and ill-temper ebbing away, giving room to a more reasonable state of mind. After all, it was folly to have imagined for a moment that in the short time in which Philip Grantley had been thrown with Mabel, he could have seen anything in such a plain face to fancy—the very fact that he had called her "Mignon," showed what a child he had considered her; and it was evident that it was with homage and not with love that Mabel regarded him. Entertaining such views, she could afford to be generous, and with an appearance of frankness she extended her hand, saying—

"I am always doing you wrong, Mabel; but I have had my life soured and embittered. Sometime, perhaps, you will know me better. I like you, and, if you say so, we will be friends."

The change was so marked, so sudden, that

for an instant Mabel felt suspicious. A vision flitted through her mind of Coleridge's Lady Geraldine, and as she looked into Mildred's face, she half expected to meet the same "shrunken serpent eyes" which had bent upon Christabel their "dull and treacherous hate." But no, they shone like stars, soft and kindly; and repeating in her mind Geraldine's words—"Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!"—she returned Mildred's cordial pressure with all the more cordiality, because of the suspicion which now seemed so unjust to her.

After this, Mildred became much more companionable, calling upon Mabel so often to join her in her walks as to excite Lucy's displeasure, who was not contented if she could not monopolize every moment of Mabel's time. The remaining days of their sojourn at home passed swiftly away; although, owing to one delay after another, it was the last of the week, instead of the first, in which they left for Newport. A letter arrived for Mabel during that time from her father, expressing the pleasure which she had afforded him, but informing her that he had deposited the money in her name in the bank. After all her delight at the prospect of being of service to him, he would not suffer it. It was a great disappointment to her; but she did not go back to her old wish. No, that had died out of her heart forever. A nobler desire had been enkindled there, and she was content with "the glory of simple womanhood—the glory of being true to the nature assigned her by her Maker"—content to strive for that "inward, invisible strength" which womanhood is as capable of attaining as manhood.

(To be continued.)

A PORTRAIT.

BY HELEN M. PRATT.

From my dear Rosalie's innocent eyes
Candor and kindness are beaming;
Something of grave and yet pleasant surprise,
Something of beautiful dreaming.

On my dear Rosalie's innocent brow
Purity's seal I discover;
And on her cheek, with a delicate glow,
Roses are blooming all over.

Rosalie's lips are with dignity graced,
Rarer, for that, is their beauty;
'Neath them the dimple bewitchingly placed,
Smiles while they whisper of Duty.

Rosalie's heart is as pure as the dew,
Therefore no evil she feareth:
Rosalie's love, beaming tender and true,
Ever my loneliness cheereth.

JENNY MORRIS'S TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

"Well then, there is nothing left for me to do but to go out to California for a few months."

The young lady who had arrived at this sudden determination and thus avowed it, was a pretty girl of twenty or thereabouts, with a graceful, well-developed form, a bright face, and a clear blushing complexion. She stood in the middle of her Aunt Morris's front parlor, with an open letter in her hand, and an expression of annoyance contracting her broad clear brow. Her aunt, who was a timid little woman, with a timid voice, only ventured one remark in reply to this stunning resolution. It was, "Yes." But if ever that monosyllable expressed doubt, astonishment, dismay and terror, it did so as it dropped slowly from Aunt Morris's trembling lips. This was the state of the case: Jenny Morris and her twin-sister, Elsie, were orphans, to whom this same timid, flurried woman, although an old maid herself, if the truth must be told, had been as true and efficient an adopted mother, as if she had been six feet high, and with the resolution of an Amazon, to boot. They lived together in one of our largest cities, in a secluded sort of way, being people of a good deal of pride and taste, and not unbounded means. They had a pleasant little circle of friends around them, of pretty much their own style, and read a great deal about the world, while they saw very little of it. About a year before the time I speak of Jenny had received the first great shock of her life. The loss of her parents, which occurred in her babyhood, was but a memory, and the solicitous care of her devoted aunt had guarded her from everything else. The shock came suddenly, and the blow was struck by a dear hand—her sister Elsie's. They were sitting together one evening, laughing about the gayety of a large party they had been at the night before, and Jenny had just remarked—"And that young Californian, what a stupid he is to bore you so. I never saw anything like it. How I pitied you last night—"

Something in Elsie's pretty face made her sister pause and start. A blushing smile, and a glance half-confused, half proud met her own, and then her sister caught her hand in hers

and held it to her heart, whilst with timid earnestness, she murmured—

"Do not speak so, Jenny; I want you to love Edward dearly, for my sake. Oh, Jenny, I ought to have told you long ago, for it is nearly a week now since it happened; but somehow I couldn't."

"Edward! love Edward!" exclaimed the downright Jenny, sitting up before her sister like a statue of amazement—"a week since it happened! What happened? In Heaven's name, speak!"

In answer to this adjuration Elsie Morris hid her face on her sister's shoulder and told a wonderful secret, that any one might have guessed a week ago. Edward West, the young Californian, had only left the golden land on a business visit; he was to return again in a month or two, and making the best of his time in the society to which he had been introduced, had seen, and in the second place had fallen desperately in love with the pretty Elsie, who now with many blushes owned to heartily returning his affection.

"And oh, Jenny, he admires you so much, and that makes me so happy," she concluded, fondly pressing her sister's hand.

"But," said Jenny, and her words fell like sounds of doom—"but he lives in California, Elsie, and he'll want you to live with him, wont he?"

It did seem likely, and that was the bitter drop in the cup, and it made a gloomy shadow fall upon the happy household that not all the wedding preparations and finery could dispel. The day of parting brought pangs no one who has not loved and clung to one another for years, as those three simple-minded, warm-hearted women had, can ever realize. It was over now, and had been for months, but the open letter in Jenny's hand seemed to renew the sorrow, and bring back again the heart-breaking scene. Elsie was ill, she wrote—too ill to travel, and so nervous and homesick, that Mr. Edward West must have been devoted beyond the nature of man if he had not regretted ever tearing her away from a home for which she sighed so constantly.

To hear of her darling sister's distress with-

out an effort to help her, was not in Jenny Morris's nature; so, after looking at her little aunt's tearfully sympathetic face for a minute or two without speaking, she broke out at last with—"Well, then, there's nothing left for me but to go to California for a few months."

The nature of this proposition required Aunt Morris to look feebly at her niece for some time with an expression of helpless grief, and then take shelter in her pocket-handkerchief and silent tears.

"Yes," said Jenny, "I know it's terrible; but what is to be done? Poor little Elsie must not be left alone in her time of need, and old Miss Merrill will come and stay with you for company till I come back."

Jenny was looked upon by her aunt and sister as possessing gigantic strength of character and force of will, qualities of which they were both totally destitute. If anything had ever to be decided she decided it at once, with a fiat from which there was no appeal. There was something positively awful to them in her determination of manner, and she had gradually come to be considered as full of strange experience of the world, although she had never gone five miles from the city where she was born in all her life.

"You know best, dear, of course; but isn't the route a dangerous, one?" asked Aunt Morris. She grew pale at the thought, but Jenny assured her—

"Why, it has been traversed by thousands safely, so I can't see how it can be so. But, to tell you the truth, I know nothing about it; I never thought I should need to; but I'll begin to inform myself without delay."

The better to accomplish this, she lay awake all that night, turning the subject over in her mind as to what plan she had best pursue on the journey—what she had best take to suit the climate, etc., which, considering she knew nothing about it, and was as wise when she left off as when she began, was highly satisfactory.

"Where do you think I had best go for the information I want, aunt?" asked Jenny, as they sat in unusual silence at breakfast next morning—a silence on Jenny's part owing to her busy thoughts, and on Aunt Morris's to dread, lest breaking it might waken the terrible thought of her niece's departure, which she half hoped had vanished with daylight, like a dreadful nightmare.

"The proper person, I suppose, Jenny," suggested she, in a faint voice, while her heart

sank with the hopeless assurance that the subject was not forsaken—"the proper person must be the gentleman who furnishes the marine intelligence for the papers, I think."

"Yes, aunt; but I don't know him; I must think of some one I know. Let me see; there's Mrs. Warren's uncle, who is a shipping merchant; but I don't know where he sends his vessels; and there is Sally Elder, whose brother is in California; and Jane Grey's cousin went there last spring; but what of that? Elsie and Edward are there, and I know nothing from them about the way of getting to them; so I really don't know what to do."

"Your old friend Mrs. Webb is going to California to her husband as soon as she can get a proper escort; I heard her tell Miss Merrill so the night before that dreadful letter came." Aunt Morris admitted this with tearful reluctance, and Jenny seized on it at once as the only practical suggestion.

"I'll see Mrs. Webb this very morning, and afterwards wait on the parents of my scholars to arrange leaving them for four or five months;" for Jenny, although not compelled to such a course, had taken a few music pupils to relieve her naturally independent disposition of a shadow of obligation, though not of the deep sense of gratitude she owed her aunt, which was precious to her.

The old lady interrupted her—"Four or five months did you say, Jenny?" she asked.

"Yes, aunt; a month to go in, one to come in, two to stay, and one left as a margin for accidents. Of course, there may be something to prevent—which of us is assured of a day's existence? But I mean if I am alive and well to be home with you at Christmas."

"And it is now August—the third of August. Well, dear, I must bear it as well as I can; but it is really appalling," at which the poor little lady broke down entirely; and her niece, with resolution in her heart and tears in her eyes, hurried out of the room, lest her courage should fail, and throwing on her bonnet, was soon on her way to Mrs Webb's.

That lady's husband had gone to California two years before, and being successful, had written home so rapturously and encouragingly that his wife had waited anxiously for the time when, as he had promised, he should arrange a suitable home for her and send for her to come. Weary of waiting, and fearing that his anxiety for her comfort rendered him too fastidious in preparing for her reception, she had announced

to Miss Merrill, as Miss Morris had said, her determination to start immediately if she could find a family with whom it would be pleasant to go. Jenny found her busy and triumphant, and at the first word of that young lady's plan, she broke out with—"Oh, I am so glad! it will be charming for me, and nice for you too, I think. Old Mr. Bungle—you know what a dear, respectable old man he is—well, he is going out with a patent of some mining arrangement, and he's taken my passage for me, and secured every possible comfort for me on the way, which I do think is so delightful in him; don't you?"

"Why he's a perfect treasure," responded Jenny, warmly; "although, to tell you the truth, I always thought he was—but we never know people till we try them: and do you think the dear creature would do the same for me?"

"Undoubtedly. But can you get ready? This is Tuesday, and we sail from New York next Saturday morning."

"Oh, yes indeed, the sooner the better, for poor dear Aunt Morris is so miserable that I dread to think of it. I am going now to see Miss Merrill about staying with her till I return; and when I have fixed and arranged about my music pupils, I'll come back and take your advice about packing."

There was but one thing now that really distressed Jenny Morris. Her mind was made up to go, because she felt her duty called her to her sister's side. She had seen Miss Merrill comfortably settled, with numberless charges for her aunt's comfort and consolation. Her packing was satisfactorily completed, and little mysterious packages were all made up for Elsie. Mr. Bungle, when consulted, had been bland and agreeable, and had promised everything, and more than everything, that could be expected, and there was only one drawback to Jenny's satisfaction. It was expressed in this wise to her aunt and Miss Merrill, who, together with a little circle of her most intimate friends, were gathered around her the night before she left, to cheer and make merry with her about her sudden undertaking:—

"I am not afraid of the journey, which Mr. Bungle assures me after all will be a mere pleasure trip. I look forward to seeing Elsie with positive rapture. Parting from her again will be a pang—but I shall have my coming home to aunt and you all to console me. But there is one thing that really distresses me—it

is so vulgar and adventurous-like for a young girl to start off in this way; and so many people associate females going to California with regular husband-hunters, that I really feel lowered in my own opinion when I think of it."

"Who knows," said Sally Elder, Jenny's bosom friend, "who knows—the thought has just occurred to me—that Jenny will come back with a husband just to pay a farewell visit and a sort of bridal tour. Wouldn't it be fine?"

"Sally," cried Jenny, with the glance of an offended empress, "Sally, pray don't force me to lose my respect for you; how can you be so coarse?"

The truth is, the proprieties were sacred to Jenny as her life; had her heart been a whit less warm, she would have been a prude; as it was, the only fear that ever crossed her free young spirit was dread of the world, and terror of the outraged laws of society.

On Saturday morning, Mr. Bungle, Mrs. Webb, and she, were hurrying in a hack from the hotel, where the two ladies had spent a weeping, sleepless night, to the wharf opposite Governor's Island, where the vessel lay, as Mr. Bungle had informed them. Their good-byes had been said at home; the prudent Miss Merrill discountenanced the idea of Aunt Morris accompanying her niece to New York for that purpose, and so nothing was to be done but embark.

As they neared the wharf, Jenny, who had been glancing at the open warehouses and hurrying business men they passed, with the strange wonder one feels who is bound on a long voyage, to see home interests speeding along unruffled and unchanged, now addressing Mrs. Webb, inquired—

"Do you know much about ships?"

"Never saw one in my life, except at a distance," promptly responded that lady. "When William left for California, he would not hear of my going aboard the steamer with him; he hated what he called 'women's fusses' in public," she continued.

"That was what prevented aunt and me from going to see Elsie off. I wish we had been able to control our feelings, for it would be very comfortable to start with a little experience of sea life."

Jenny sighed, and looked doubtfully at a forest of masts that sprang up before them as the carriage suddenly stopped and turned round for them to alight.

"Oh, never fear," said Mrs. Webb, encourag-

ingly, as she sprang to the ground, "Mr. Bungle knows enough about it for us both."

That gentleman smiled blandly, and Jenny tried to feel convinced that he was an "old salt" disguised in a comfortable suit of black, with a white neck-tie, but couldn't seem to do it.

"This way, ladies, this way," said the subject of her thoughts, leading them down a narrow plank that led into a little squat, ill-kept ferry-boat. They followed, and he got them seats, in an apology for a cabin, and hurried out to look after their baggage.

"Good gracious, Jenny!" cried Mrs. Webb, "do you mean to say a thing like this can go all the way to California?"

"Heaven knows," returned her friend, "but if it does I dare say we shall go in it."

Outside there was bustling and noise enough of every kind, but inside all was still, for they were the only occupants of the queer little place. By and by they seemed to be in motion, and the women glanced at each other inquiringly and shook their heads, while Mr. Bungle came beaming in with his hands in his pockets, saying—"We're all right now, ladies; do you feel as if you had begun to start!"

"Pray tell me," asked Jenny, "what kind of—of thing—I don't know, what to call it—we're in now?"

But before he could reply there was a running and bustling on deck, and then came a bumping noise, and Mr. Bungle ran out, saying—"Now, ladies, if you're ready."

They caught up a few things they had carried in their hands, and which they had laid down in their uncertainty as to the length of the voyage, and followed him out on deck. The queer little boat they were in had come along side a great tall black-looking vessel, up whose sides was an impracticable ladder that people were scaling with great haste and disregard to appearances.

"We haven't much time to lose," said Mr. Bungle, "the pilot will go off presently, and the sooner we get on board the better."

"Oh, by all means," cried Jenny, in cheerful desperation, and giving Mrs. Webb an imploring glance to keep close behind her, began to mount the perpendicular ascent with blind courage. It was only a moment—it seemed an age to the two women—and they stood on the deck of a vessel and took breath.

It was a scene of confusion. Ropes and men were everywhere. The shouts from one to

another, and singular cries in unison, almost deafened them.

"Which way shall we go?" Jenny asked of their conductor, who, starting off in the direction where there was least noise, she gladly hurried after him.

A small door opening into what seemed a little house on deck, led them into a low room with doors on each side, and a table in the centre; towards the other end, near a small window in the wall, sat a gentleman with a cloak thrown round his shoulders, although it was midsummer, reading with great calmness and ease, in a travelling-chair.

"There are your apartments," said Mr. Bungle, pointing to two doors bearing the respective Nos. 8 and 10 over them; and into them the ladies stepped, and as quickly stepped out again, confronting each other, and uttering the word "Apartments!" in an exclamatory tone of inquiry. Mr. Bungle had gone, and the gentleman sat reading quietly and undisturbed, so there was no one to answer it.

"Do you suppose—does any one suppose," asked Mrs. Webb, in a tone of subdued despair, "that any Christian woman could dress herself or go to bed in such a salt-box as that? Why, my elbows touch either wall, and I never could get my shoes off without opening the door."

"Perhaps they are all built this way, and we'll have to make the best of it," said Jenny; "and you know we promised not to be dismayed at trifles!"

"But who could have imagined it!—and to call it an apartment too!" murmured Mrs. Webb. Suddenly a bright thought struck her, and she exclaimed—"Jenny, let me see you go in your box and shut the door, and that will strengthen me to attempt mine."

This feat accomplished, the ladies with something like calmness began to survey their premises, when Mr. Bungle came in smiling—

"Will you go on deck now? We're under way nicely, and the pilot's going off, so I thought you would like to take a look at the city as we leave."

"Oh, certainly!" cried they; and catching up the bonnets they had laid aside, they took Mr. Bungle's offered arms, and he escorted them gallantly forth to look on the departing shores of "Home."

In spite of Jenny's efforts at self-control, a great swelling lump rose in her throat, and her eyes were hot and full of tears as she looked over the side of the great vessel now in motion,

and at the fast receding city, between which and her the broad blue water began to swell and widen.

Mrs. Webb sank down and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, Jenny," she murmured, "there goes the pilot, and this is indeed the last of home."

"Mr. Bungle," said Jenny, suddenly, "there are a great many sails here, but where is the steam-pipe and boiler? I always understood they were quite prominent on a steamer."

Mr. Bungle smiled, a sweet, bland smile. "This is not a steamer, young lady," he replied.

"Not a steamer," cried Jenny, starting up, "then what in heaven's name is it?"

"It is the fast-sailing clipper 'Greased Lightning.'"

"Clipper! what is a clipper? Are we going to California or are we not? Oh, Mr. Bungle, do not trifle with me."

"Trifle with you, my dear young lady; far be it from me to trifle with you, or any other of your respected sex. We are going to California in the fast-sailing clipper 'Greased Lightning,' by way of Cape Horn."

In speaking, long afterwards, of the feelings awakened by Mr. Bungle's timely announcement, Jenny was wont to say, that "she thought she should have gone raving distracted;" but I am of opinion that this phrase in no wise portrayed her state of mind, inasmuch as ladies often experience that sensation about trifling affairs; and the bewilderment that seized on Jenny's brain was a new terror, as the map of the western hemisphere rose before her mind's eye, with a small vessel beating down through an interminable ocean, towards a small point of land that had always seemed fearfully distant, even on paper. An intense desire to rush upon and assault Mr. Bungle violently seized her; visions of the irons that she knew she would be put in after achieving the feat, danced in her mind; accounts of it in the marine intelligence; horror of her aunt; distraction of her sister, and Edward's interfering to save her, crowded upon her, and beneath the weight she fell headlong on the deck of the "Greased Lightning."

When Jenny accomplished the inevitable eye-opening that always follows fainting, she found herself in the cabin again, with Mrs. Webb bending over her distractedly, and Mr. Bungle holding her hand between his two fat ones, in a manner to establish consciousness at once.

She sat up indignantly, and seeing the gentleman in the cloak, who had been reading so earnestly, come towards her with a glass of water, she took it from his hand and drained it hastily. Jenny was not a fainting young lady; in fact, this was her first essay in the art, and having a great dislike to be thought weak or silly, she rose, assuring the stranger that she was quite recovered, and turned to enter her room. Glancing towards her amiable friend, for whose life she almost thirsted at the moment, the torrent of her wrath was suddenly turned to pity and horror, by the expression of his face. Having, at best, what might be termed loose features, there was something extraordinary in the limpness, the utter laxity of muscle that fell upon them now. A pale greenish shade stole over his face; his head dropped on one side, and his eyes became as the eyes of a sick fish. Arrested by the dreary sight, Jenny glanced to the stranger in great dismay; but that gentleman with promptitude and perfect composure only replied, "sea sick;" and taking Mr. Bungle by the scuff of the neck, led him forth from their presence.

Left alone thus, Mrs. Webb considered this a favorable opportunity to stagger back, and tumbling into her room, sunk helplessly into a seat, and motioned wildly for a basin—"Don't, dear Mrs. Webb—oh, don't, I entreat you," implored Jenny, "oh, don't go and be ill, and leave me all alone with a sick man!"

But Mrs. Webb was past entreaty and entirely unfit for conversation, by reason of having other employment on hand.

"Jenny Morris, Jenny Morris," cried that young lady to herself, when, after an hour or two, Mr. Bungle had been laid in an opposite state room, and kept up a melodious and alternate moan with Mrs. Webb, "Don't go crazy, that's all I ask of you."

It seemed quite a good deal though, all things considered, for the old gentleman, calling her by the name of "my young friend," constantly and insatiably demanded lemons and hot water, and peppermint and brandy; while Mrs. Webb insisted on holding her tightly by the arm in a grasp that increased to a clutch at each paroxysm, and gaspingly imploring her to "let her die at once."

Things growing worse as night came on, and a feeling of regardlessness of life developing itself in her own mind rapidly, Jenny's soul thrilled with relief when the strange gentleman came to her with a cup of hot tea in one hand,

and his cloak still wrapped about him with the other. "You had better take this," he said, "and then you will be able to tell me what I can do for you."

She obeyed him, and looking out saw that preparations were making for tea in the small room that was formed by the state rooms on either side. "Oh, dear," she said, "for whom are they getting supper here? Mrs. Webb and Mr. Bungle are too ill to think of it, and I shall not be able to eat, I know."

"Yes," answered the stranger, smiling, "but the captain and the rest of the passengers may not feel so. This is the cabin, dining-saloon, and all in one."

"Oh, impossible, it can't be," cried Jenny, "these rooms are too little to have the doors shut, and—and, oh, its dreadful to think of."

"Make the best of it," said the gentleman, encouragingly. "Take courage, and think how I may be able to help you. What do you say to my taking that venerable gentleman off your hands, so that you may the better devote yourself to the poor lady?"

"Oh, would you do me so great a favor," and Jenny's heart swelled at the immensity of the service. "If you will only attend to Mr. Bungle, I shall be entirely relieved from care."

The volunteer nurse did not wait for directions, but took the amiable sufferer opposite to her in charge, more to Jenny's than his own relief, it seemed, from the groans and laments that issued from the neighborhood of the green tin basin. Closing the door, and wedging herself into the little compartment with the hopelessly ailing lady, Jenny heard the continued sounds of tea cups rattling and plates being laid outside. She was interrupted at intervals of bathing the head and fanning the brow of her patient by the welcome appearance of a bowl of broken ice, in the hand of the unknown, followed by the apparition of two bottles, one containing cognac, the other cologne, from the same source. By and by the bell rang loudly, and sounds of voices and the clatter of dishes outside followed. "The passengers are taking tea; heaven help us, how many can there be," she thought. A tap at the door disturbed her quiet duties, for poor Mrs. Webb lay white and cold, with no motion but an occasional gasping sickness, that utterly prostrated her. She unclosed it to receive a message from Mr. Bungle, "Would she come to him at once?" Hastily crossing the little cabin, where

what appeared to her as a throng were taking tea, she entered the little state room in which Mr. Bungle, having had the upper berth removed, sat upright in the lower one, with a large green gown on, a lemon in one hand, a bottle of lavender in the other, and a basin on his knee. "My dear young friend," whined that gentleman, in the tone in which a delicate lamb might say "baa," "where have you been. This is a very kind person, no doubt," indicating the stranger, by a motion of the lavender bottle, "but I am unaccustomed to the offices of a male nurse, and—and—oh, my young friend—oh! ah!"

There was a slight interlude of the basin here; the sufferer, dropping his lemon, seized Jenny's hand, and held it to his brow, as a support during the trying ordeal, while the rejected nurse stepped respectfully back to make way for her attentions. A low groan floated across from the opposite room, and a weak voice murmured, "Jenny," in accents of harrowing reproach.

"What shall I do!" exclaimed the poor girl, as the plump, elderly hand of Mr. Bungle tightened on her shoulder to detain her. "Do please go, Mr. —"

"Dacey," suggested the gentleman.

"Please go then, Mr. Dacey, and put some ice on Mrs. Webb's head. Tell her I'll be there as soon as I can."

"Wont you come to supper, Miss, the captain says," inquired the cabin boy, in the midst of one of Mr. Bungle's most trying attacks.

"No, please, I don't need any," replied Jenny, struggling with the big bumpy head in her hands; that would wriggle and butt itself away from the basin in the most uncomfortable manner. Her poor friend Mrs. Webb, she could only glance towards, but she saw her assiduously attended by Mr. Dacey, and could but trust to heaven for the rest. An interminable time to her passed; the tea was removed from the table; there was some groaning from other rooms, and by and by the closeness, heat, and strange motion under her feet, began to act strangely in her own case. A swimming feeling seized her when she moved; her head throbbed, her eyes were hot and swollen, and she held by the wall to prevent herself from sinking.

"How does he seem now?" kindly inquired Mr. Dacey at this point.

"I scarcely know," she replied faintly—"I am getting ill myself, I fear. Oh, what a mis-

erable, weak creature I am; I can hardly stand."

"Don't distress yourself about your father, miss," said her new friend, earnestly; "I will do everything possible to make him comfortable and your friend over there, too. Lie down at once and leave them to me."

"He's not my father," whispered Jenny, falling into a seat, and letting the lofty brow of the old gentleman flop against the edge of the basin.

"Not your father!" cried Mr. Dacey, in astonishment. "Your uncle, then?"

"I have neither relation. Mr. Bungle is a sort of acquaintance. I have only seen him a few times before this." Jenny admitted this in a gasping way, feeling that solitude and a green tin were all she cared or sighed for then. Her companion's surprise melted away into quiet determination.

"Why, then," he exclaimed, "this is almost more than one could expect, my aged friend. I'll be obliged to overcome your fastidiousness at once, and curtail your luxuries. Let me assist you. Don't worry about Mrs. Webb; try to rest yourself, and trust to me, please, to take care of her."

Thus assuring poor Jenny, her champion led her to her door, and afterwards supplying her with the remedies he had prescribed for her friend, left her to herself with an occasional inquiry, during what seemed the most endless, wretched night she had ever known. Her deserted aunt, her expectant and disappointed sister, rose like staring ghosts before her again and again, and every time more distractingly real, till, conscious of the fearful distance that was hourly swelling between them, she groaned in hopelessness and despair.

Morning came at last, and she rose with a wretched feeling in head and heart, and holding by the sides of her room—for the ship was heaving wildly—strove to make herself presentable, and hide as much as possible the tears she had been shedding so vainly. On reaching Mrs. Webb's room, she found that lady plunged in a hopeless apathy that startled her.

"Jenny, I came for your sake; if I die, bear my last words to William," was all that she murmured. Two propositions that were positively appalling to the ears that heard them.

"She came on my account, and finds herself dying," she thought; "Heaven help and forgive me for what I have done."

Partly forgetting her own misery in soothing

the pillow of the one who had so sacrificed herself for her, Jenny waited tenderly on her friend, and made her as easy as it was possible to be in sea-sickness. Glancing over during these arrangements, she caught various glimpses of what appeared to be a conflict between the stranger and Mr. Bungle on the subject of a large tumbler of mustard water. A mysterious gleam of enlivenment stole into the shadows of Jenny's mind as she watched the younger man resolutely follow the dodging head of his venerable charge, and finally penning it in the far corner of his berth, by main force thrust and pour the mixture down his throat. Gulpings, sputterings and gaspings reached her ears, followed by cries for help and cries against such barbarity."

"Will you have some tea, miss?" asked the cabin boy, who had before presented the supper question the night before.

"Yes; thank you," answered Jenny, almost cheerfully—"I think I'll take a cup."

First supplying Mrs. Webb with some, which that lady took without hope, but without complaint, assuring her as she swallowed it that she "blamed her for nothing, it was all over, but just to point out to William the spot in the sea where she was laid, and she would forgive the rest." Sitting down to her tea with this on her conscience, and a general sense of loathing in her soul, her prospect of breakfasting was rather weak, until a succession of something like brays broke upon her ear, followed by stifled expletives about "murder" and "poison" and "death at your door," which were all swallowed and swept away in the violent effects that followed Mr. Dacey's courageously administered emetic. Looking round almost cheerfully, she saw that besides the captain, who had bowed to her when she took her seat, and then resumed the paper he was reading, and which he had interrupted to do so, there were three ladies and four other gentlemen present. One of the ladies who sat next the captain was a large, black-eyed woman, who wore a gorgeous morrington robe, opening in front over a laced and ruffled petticoat that seemed too grand for the place and its surroundings. The other two were French women, dark, thin and shivery-looking, breakfasting in shawls and cheerless black head-dresses, and being altogether very sallow and cold in appearance. The gentlemen were two men rather beyond middle age, one of whom had a clerical air, a fussy-looking person, who had gathered everything eatable within

his reach, and the Frenchman who lawfully claimed one of the ladies as his wife—he might have had either or both, they were so much alike, but living in a Christian land, one no doubt sufficed.

"Captain Flukins," said Mr. Dacey, who presented himself at the table with a calm, peaceful air, as if he had not the faintest connection with the opprobrious epithets that had been so plentifully offered for his acceptance, "Captain Flukins, allow me to present Miss Morris. Miss Morris, Mrs. Frump, Monsieur and Madam Babet, Mademoiselle Barbet, Mr. Jones, Mr. Blair, Mr. Grubb."

Jenny acknowledged the presence of her fellow-passengers, and then turning to Mr. Dacey and thanking him for his kindness, begged to know how Mr. Bungle had passed the night.

"Oh, very fairly; I imagine he's all right now, and doing famously."

This was an encouraging reply, and the expression of Mr. Dacey's face was eminently so when he made it. There was no drawback to the whole affair, save the continued moans of the unhappy man to whom it related, who was determined not to look on it in that light it seemed, for he lay in his berth uttering them at regular intervals, and sometimes with great apparent effort.

After a very faint attempt at eating on Jenny's part, she returned to Mrs. Webb, and her ally, equally zealous, took his post at the side of the exasperated and suffering Mr. Bungle.

A trying day passed in this way, and another followed in its wake. Jenny strove hard—sometimes successfully, sometimes in vain—to bear up under the miserable, despairing sense of sea and heart sickness combined.

Crossing the gulf stream, the weather was rough, and so was the sea; the ship tumbled about mercilessly for more than a week, and discomfort and suffering reigned on all sides. Mrs. Webb, after passing through various stages of agony, one always more distressing than another, at last arrived at a passive state, in which she did nothing but lie with her eyes closed, and murmur her answers to Jenny's anxious inquiries in a faint, death-like whisper, that was more fearful to the poor girl than any other phase in her disease. At last a morning came—a bright, sunny morning—in which there was calm sailing, and glancing out on the blue water, with great sheets of sunshine on it,

a throb of hope awoke in her heart; that was strengthened to positive delight when she saw the indefatigable Mr. Dacey inveigle his moaning charge on deck by means of a moving caravan of shawls and pillows. The next day Mrs. Webb sat up and opened her eyes like something awakening from a torpor. The next she joined her fellow-sufferer on deck, and spoke with him quite feelingly about the beauties of the ocean.

"For," she said, "although Jenny has suffered a great deal, and I somewhat, I confess, though chiefly through anxiety for her, yet we must acknowledge that a sea voyage is something to be enjoyed, something to be positively reveled in."

"To be sure," cried her compatriot, with enthusiasm. "We are not to give way at trifles. What is a day's squeamishness, more or less? We can bear it, I hope, Mrs. Webb. To whatever extent others may quail, you and I, my dear madam, can bear it."

"But, Jenny," whispered the Spartan lady, turning to her friend, who, deeply edified by the heroism expressed, was staring at her with wide-eyed astonishment, "tell me about your untiring friend, who has been so zealous and attentive to you. How long have you known him? It was lucky that we should have met here as we did."

"Known him!" echoed Jenny; "I never saw him in my life till we came aboard this ship."

"Not know him before? Good heavens, you petrify me! Well, then, let me tell you—I am a married woman, and may advise you—that his thrusting himself on us is presuming beyond measure, and I call the whole affair decidedly improper."

Now, of all words in the wide range of language, that one conveyed the most ominous sound to Jenny's ears. Improper! Her spirit sunk and quailed before it; and being for the moment convinced that she had sinned against and outraged society, by encouraging the improprieties of Mr. Dacey, she stood a blushing criminal in the august presence of Mrs. Webb, the irreproachable.

"He has been very kind to us," she urged at length; and growing stronger in her position as she thought of what she should have endured without his aid, she became bolder, and declared that "they should all be most grateful to him."

"Why, Jenny!" exclaimed Mrs. Webb, "this

is altogether unlike you. A young man takes advantage of your being sea-sick, and consequently unnerved in a measure, to press his obtrusive attentions, which you in your sickness cannot properly reject—but your sustaining him in them now seems like positive infatuation."

"Rather like positive infatuation," repeated Mr. Bungle, blandly; and Jenny found at the moment that it was impossible to hate him more than she already did.

Mr. Dacey came towards them as she sat, her face flushing indignantly, and her heart swelling beyond the possibility of quiet utterance. She returned his bow hastily, and, brushing past him, entered the cabin and shut herself in her own little room.

"Oh, Elsie, Elsie," she cried, apostrophizing her distant sister, "why did you ever marry Edward West, and then get homesick? Oh that I should ever live to be told that I was improper and infatuated!—and by a stupid, lumpy-headed old man, too!" It seemed really too much, and Jenny hid her head in her little berth and sobbed with all her heart.

The object of Mrs. Webb's censure, meanwhile, approached that lady in a polite manner, in which suavity and quiet self-assurance mingled.

"You're looking charming this morning, Mrs. Webb," he said, smiling. "Your little indisposition has only brightened you. And you, sir," turning to Mr. Bungle, who was simpering affably at nothing, "how do you find yourself?"

"Well," replied that amiable smiler, "quite well; a little knocked about by the motion of the vessel and the remembrance of seeing so much sea-sickness; but otherwise well, quite well." Still beaming mildly on the inquirer, he caught an idea suddenly, and gave it words thus—"Do you think, my good friend, such a thing as a baked apple could be found in the neighborhood of the galley? Would you do Mrs. Webb the favor to inquire? A baked apple, dear madam, would, I think, be found cheering."

"Why really this seems fortunate," said Mr. Dacey; "there are no apples, I believe, on board, but a friend packed a barrel for me, which he assured me would keep for a month or two; I'll send some to the galley at once."

"Do so," said Mr. Bungle, encouragingly, "and receive the lady's thanks."

Out of these refreshing baked apples arose a

little ill-will between Miss Jenny Morris on the one part and Mrs. Webb on the other. The latter lady was seated in her room an hour afterwards, arranging that comestible in a saucer, by sprinkling sugar over it, when Jenny, who had brooded over her injured character so long that she had become desperate, tapped at the door with a view to reconciliation.

"What fine large apples," she exclaimed, "I hope they will have some for dinner."

"No," said Mrs. Webb; "these were brought by Mr. Dacey—there are none on the ship, he says."

"What, did Mr. Dacey presume to offer baked apples?" cried Jenny, pretending to look aghast. "But how came you to encourage his impertinence by receiving them?"

"Don't be nonsensical, Jenny," said Mrs. Webb, severely; "I am not a married woman of three years' standing to be taught my duty by a child like you. Thank heaven I can distinguish between sensible actions and silly attentions, and others might profit, if they wish to learn discretion, from my example."

"Mrs. Webb, in heaven's name what do you mean? I have seen Mr. Dacey hold your head and bathe it with ice water, and do everything in a man's power to be of real use to you; and if those are silly attentions, and baked apples serious favors, it is something beyond me to understand."

"Miss Morris," returned Mrs. Webb, with dignity, "your remarks betray an envious nature. Excuse my prolonging this painful discussion—I confess myself unequal to it." Murmuring this, Mrs. Webb shielded herself in her pocket handkerchief and waved Jenny from her presence.

That young lady retired, and taking some sewing, went out and found a seat on deck, hoping the fresh sea breeze would clear her mind and blow the clouds away. At a little distance from her sat the large, overdressed lady, with the two French women at her side, paying assiduous court to her grandeur by examining a brilliantly embroidered opera cloak, which was appropriately thrown over her shoulders.

"How do do, pretty well?" she inquired of Jenny as she took the travelling-chair Mr. Dacey had placed at her service, and spread her sewing on her knee.

Jenny smiled, bowed her acknowledgments, but felt altogether too miserable to speak.

"I am glad to see you able to think of yourself for a moment," said a voice at her side. It was Mr. Dacey's, and he leant over her with a book in his hand and an expression of thoughtful kindness in his face and manner.

"Bless me," thought Jenny, as she looked up when he spoke, "he's dreadfully young. I never thought of it before, but he's not more than five and twenty. He was so useful, that he seemed old, and I made no ceremony with him. Oh, really, he is quite young, and very handsome too; it's positively terrible, as Mrs. Webb says, and appearances are all against me."

"Don't think me a coxcomb in imagining you are thinking of me, because you look towards me," said Mr. Dacey. "I trust it is nothing to my discredit."

"Oh, no indeed, I was just recalling how kind you had been, and how much you had relieved the misery of those two dreary weeks."

"I should like, without disclaiming the credit of the little you make so much of, to be always able to serve you in any way possible, but you must promise to call on me, since your prudish friend finds my offers objectionable."

He had overheard them, and yet, oh, what a forgiving soul; he had given them his apples! Jenny's face was a painful glow as this flashed through her mind, and she vainly strove to disavow all share in the ingratitude.

"Another word," said her friend, "and then I shall not trespass on your time; this lady on your right—the woman so bedizened, I mean—have nothing to do with her, I implore you; I should not presume so far, if you had a real friend with you; but pray take what I say as a warning."

The next day, Mrs. Webb having entirely recovered her serenity, remarked to Mr. Bungle, as they all sat together on deck, "Mr. Dacey has some very delightful candied fruit, which he promised me to bring on the table for dinner."

"He is a thoughtful young man, and deserves some credit," replied Mr. Bungle, while Jenny said nothing, finding that to be a safe course. The candied fruits were eaten, and a day or two more produced some East India pickles, that were likewise disposed of; and in the ensuing fortnight several bottles of cherry cordial, some sardines and boxes of figs and dates, followed in their wake. There was then a pause, during which Mr. Dacey produced no other delicacy, and his popularity, which had been immense, gradually began to diminish.

Mrs. Frump's end of the table, which was full of tempting arrangements, began to be regarded with great attention from Mr. Bungle's point of view, and at last Mrs. Webb positively sought the society of the great overdressed creature as she waddled on deck. Jenny sewed away quietly at the little parcels she had packed for her sister, and Mr. Dacey wandered up and down, looked into the sea, read, talked to Mr. Bungle, or played chess with the Frenchman.

One day as they sat together, Mrs. Webb, after clearing her throat once or twice, began, "My dear Jenny, may I ask why you act so morosely towards Mr. Dacey; I dare say you have hurt the young man's feelings, and he must certainly have some more of that delightful candied pine apple. If you did not mind asking him, my dear, I am sure he would be quite charmed to oblige you."

"I have been forced to impose so much on Mr. Dacey's kindness," Jenny began, her voice trembling as she strove to be calm, "that I should be sorry to increase the trouble by such a foolish request."

"Foolish, what do you mean, you young she-Solomon!" exclaimed Mrs. Webb, talking loud and angrily; "positively I consider you the most contrary girl I ever met. Here we are on a desolate voyage, where every little comfort we can get is needed to make it agreeable, which Mr. Bungle and myself have struggled unceasingly to obtain, and yet you set up and tell me that the first effort that is required of you is foolish. Pshaw! I'm ashamed of you."

Having made this announcement in a tone to be heard all over the ship, Mrs. Frump drew near, smilingly, and offered Mrs. Webb a silver knife and a box of guava jelly, she had been previously helping herself to. "Just try this, Mrs. Webb, it's real tasty," she remarked in introduction, while Jenny gathered up her work and hurried away.

That night, Mrs. Webb changed her seat for one next Mrs. Frump, and the next day received a bottle of lemon syrup for her allegiance. Displaying this to Jenny, together with a loose morning jacket, one mass of ribbons and frills, which she had borrowed for a pattern, that young lady considered it her duty to say, in a quiet manner, "Yes, it is very gay, indeed; but Mrs. Webb, hear what I want to tell you, and consider about it a little. Mr. Dacey particularly advised us to have nothing to do with this lady, who is, one may easily see, vulgarly overdressed, entirely uneducated,

and travelling alone. Of course, she is very kind, but receiving favors from her establishes an intimacy that I am sure you will not wish to maintain."

Mrs. Webb heard her through coolly, and then opened the bottle of lemon syrup and mixed some with a glass of water. After a sip or two, she spoke calmly but severely: "Jenny," she said, "would your highly respectable aunt believe that any man, not to mention a suspicious and ill-provided stranger, (this she dwelt on, as an allusion to his failure in the candied fruit line,) could influence her erring niece in the short space of one month, to the extent of falsifying and blackening the character of an elevated and generous lady?" After this inquiry she paused, and looked through the bottom of her tumbler, as she drained it, at the designing young female before her.

"But listen," cried Jenny, who was determined not to lose her temper, "just listen to reason; on the one hand is a little privation, hard to bear I allow, but on the other is the necessity of being indebted to a strange person, and will Mr. Webb approve?"

"Now," exclaimed the virtuous wife of that absent gentleman, "now you have struck your last blow—trying to make trouble between man and wife is a fitting end for these foreign influences and base insinuations. Jane Morris, I defy you to poison Mr. Webb's mind against me, his loyal wife. My character, Miss, is above your touch."

At this point Jenny burst out of the room and slammed the door. "We'll have a quarrel," she said, "I feel we'll have a quarrel. I've slammed a door, which is a good step towards it. Oh, good heavens, that I should ever go round the Horn to California and fight all the way there!"

Affairs from that moment took a decided turn. Mrs. Frump, who seemed to possess imperial sway aboard the "Greased Lightning," ruled the whole party. Mr. Bungle smiled and simpered to her, and received cup custards and potted meats in return; Mrs. Webb was her devoted admirer and fared likewise; but Jenny and Mr. Dacey, the first reserved, the last indifferent, were entirely overlooked. In her own party, Jenny was also treated with marked coldness, and going on deck would often overhear herself to be the subject of secret investigation and complaint between Mrs. Webb and her partners. That it galled

that dashing person to find her beyond her power, Jenny was woman enough soon to discover, and that and the unwonted exertions entailed on Mr. Bungle by his gallantry, were the only drops of comfort in her cup. One black, starless night, just about the time the coast of Brazil began to appear at midday, like a faint blue line on the horizon, she wrapped a veil round her head and stole out for a moment, for the pure air on deck, before going to bed. Peering through the cabin she saw the table occupied by a large card party, over which Mrs. Frump presided like one in her element, as she really was. Going close to the bulwarks of the ship, Jenny leant her head against the rigging, and was surprised to hear voices just beyond, feeling sure that she had left all the passengers at cards. "I am sorry to be obliged to speak out plainly," said a voice she knew, "but if you force me to it by affecting not to understand me, I must say that your conduct is intolerable in exposing two respectable ladies to the society of a wretch like that."

"My young friend," it was Mr. Bungle that replied, "you are really a little too warm. This lady, to whom you so unaccountably object, is a very admirable person, under the escort and protection of the captain, and I understand also related to him."

"Well, by heavens, this is really too much; we've seen enough with our own eyes, if you call all the evidence I offer you nothing, and I will not stand by, I swear to you, I will not stand by and see that innocent young lady insulted by her confounded sneers and affronts—not if I have to haul that Jezebel out for it."

This excited address was uttered, as Jenny, now becoming accustomed to the darkness, found out, by her friend, Mr. Dacey, who enforced its periods by holding on to the lappel of the venerable Mr. Bungle's nautical jacket, and slightly shaking him to and fro as he uttered it.

"Now compose yourself," gently interposed that gentleman, as he disengaged his garment from the other's grasp—"that young woman, who has as much of Lucifer in her as one of the fallen angels, can take care of herself. She has acted a most ungrateful part to Mrs. Webb, who at the earnest entreaties of her family, took charge of the troublesome minx, which I assure you she deeply regrets, and——"

Whatever further disclosures were in the mind of her trusty protector, Jenny's figure, which just at that moment caught Mr. Dacey's

eye, prevented. His hand was laid not very gently on the narrator's lips, and he bowed respectfully as she endeavored to pass him. A coil of rope lay on the deck, and into that she stumbled in her excitement, and twisting her ankle under her, came down heavily. In an instant Mr. Dacey had raised her in his arms; but struggling and moaning with pain, she cried—"Oh, don't touch me—I've killed myself—I know I have killed myself."

The travelling chair she usually sat in stood by the cabin door, and in that Mr. Dacey placed her, and hurried in to secure Mrs. Webb's assistance. The door was open, and through all her pain and anguish Jenny could hear what was said within. "What a sad termination to a lover's meeting!" It was Mrs. Frump who spoke, and the wicked old Mr. Bungle, who had fled the instant Jenny fell, and was just through with a lying story of her accident, being the finis of a love tryst surprised by him, replied—"Yes, and I fear I disturbed them—he! he! he!"

"Mrs. Webb, Miss Morris has sprained her ankle, I am afraid; will you come out at once and see?" asked Mr. Dacey's voice.

"Why, really," said Mrs. Webb, rising slowly, "I don't know how about it; if people will insist on being so criminally indecent, people must expect some evil consequence."

Jenny rose on her uninjured foot and hobbled to the door where she met Mr. Dacey and Mrs. Webb, whom he had persuaded to follow him. "Stand aside," she cried, indignantly, "you should not put a finger on me, madam, if I died in another instant without your aid. You are a false woman, and I thank God I've the strength left to tell you; I despise you from the bottom of my soul."

With that she laid her hand on Mr. Dacey's shoulder, and passed on to her room. As she sank into a seat, he took her hand in his—"Does your foot hurt you much?" he asked.

"Not now," she answered, her face still scarlet with shame and anger.

"Well, then, listen to me, Jenny, he exclaimed, in an altered voice, and knelt before her—"I came all the way from California to woo you for my wife. I saw your sweet face in your sister's parlor first, and I looked at it till it became a haunting spirit that would not leave me. Led by it I sailed from home with a letter from your brother-in-law. In New York I was ill with the Panama fever, and lay for weeks unable to leave my room or make an in-

quiry about you. When I did, I heard of you as a passenger about to sail round Cape Horn. On an impulse, I came with you, feeling that your lonely, isolated voyage would be full of hope for me. For God's sake hear me seriously. I love you with my whole heart, and yet your hand would be no gift to me unless your heart went with it. Think of what you say, and tell me if you will be my wife?"

What did Jenny Morris say? She never opened her mouth, but without a moment's hesitation she laid her hand in his, and never boxed his ears when he kissed her, which he immediately did.

Mr. Dacey was not yet done talking, he had something more to say, and it took a long time to say it and urge it properly. At last he finished, and rising to his feet, he said—"Jenny, my life and soul, if I do not repay you for this by being a devoted husband, never trust me again. Mr. Blair is not the man I should have selected. He is a great eater, and he was shamelessly sea-sick; but he's a minister of the Gospel, for all that, and we can't pick and choose."

An hour later, Mr. Dacey and Mr. Blair left Miss Morris's stateroom together. "How is the young lady?" asked the captain as they passed him.

"She seems remarkably encouraged," replied the minister; but Mr. Dacey went to his room without speaking.

It was nearly a fortnight before Jenny walked on deck again, and during that time neither Mrs. Webb nor Mr. Bungle ever approached her to inquire about her sprained ankle or offer her any aid. Mrs. Frump was in her glory. To humiliate Miss Morris seemed the aim of this high-minded woman's life, and whenever she discovered any signs of relenting in either of her courtiers towards the poor girl, she would ply them with gifts, and produce some new delicacy or other to cement their fealty to herself.

Jenny sat in the cabin, with her foot in a rest, and Mr. Dacey remained near her constantly, reading or talking, as the case might be. There was really some foundation for the slighting innuendoes that passed between the opposite party upon "love-sick girls," and "tender glances," &c., &c., for she neither repulsed nor avoided him, but seemed perfectly happy in his society, and with few exceptions neither replied to nor seemed conscious of their sneers.

One of these occurred on deck, after she had

so far recovered from her lameness as to be able to walk there. Going out early, she took up a book some one had dropped, and was turning over the leaves close at Mrs. Webb's side, when Mr. Dacey joined her.

"Good morning, darling," he said, fondly, "you look your own sweet self again, and I am so happy to see you so."

An indignant sniff, loud and prolonged, made her start, and Mrs. Webb arose, and casting a look of virtuous horror upon them, sailed past them into breakfast.

Jenny, her face all in a glow, ran after her. "Mrs. Webb," she cried, "wait a moment, I beg. Oh, Frank, pray tell her; I cannot endure that she should—oh, what shall I do?"

"Do?" exclaimed Mr. Dacey, coolly, "why, do nothing; but let people mind their own business, if they can."

That was impossible in Mrs. Webb's case, for she immediately called a meeting of her co-adjutors, and represented the case. Poor Jenny, what glances met her that morning. Mrs. Frump's was the most distressing, as having something of pity mingled with its high-toned censure, and if it had not been that a terrible storm startled every one on board, and gave them enough to do to hold on to something stationary, so as not to be tossed through the ship, Heaven knows to what extent her condemnation might have been carried.

The friendly storm that had come so promptly to Jenny's rescue, evinced every disposition to stay and see the party round Cape Horn. Oh! how the wild wind howled through the bare rigging, and how the black sea swelled to meet the leaden sky. No sun appeared for days—nothing to brighten the wide ocean but the foam that capped the waves. Private feuds lost their force in these dreary, short, cold days; nothing seemed of importance except exact latitude and longitude, and the supposed distance from the Cape. At last there came a day when the desolate peaks of Staten Land rose like a group of ghastly giants from an ocean-grave before them, and then a good wind was announced. It seemed fierce and cold enough to them all; but it blew them round into the Pacific bravely. With a storm or two that sprang upon them like the angry remonstrance of that mighty ocean against being taken so coolly, they came up nobly with the beneficent trade winds to aid them, and things began to go so smoothly that Jenny's persecution recommenced, and went on vigor-

ously, until it received a blow in this wise: They had been sailing for three long months and more, and never met face to face with another craft; so when a ship was descried, one pleasant afternoon, far off over the quiet sea, Mr. Dacey, among others, earnestly implored the captain to hail it and go on board. For some reason of his own, that gentleman was not anxious to comply, but when they neared each other by and by, and a boat was found coming from the other ship to meet them, the captain of the "Greased Lightning" had nothing more to say.

They came on board—the men from the "Eliza D. Jones"—and they had much to tell of shortness of provisions and absence of comfort on their own vessel. Had it not been for their stopping at Talcahuana and getting fruit, it would have been impossible to proceed, they averred.

"Had they fruit?—Would they sell some?" were the breathless inquiries on all sides. "They had plenty, and they would," were the replies.

A boat was requested from the captain, for the purpose of conveying it, to which the captain objected. He had lost time enough already, in so many calms, he said. There was some wind now, and he must take advantage of it. Nevertheless, some daring souls urged the matter, and finally rowed away in "Eliza D. Jones's" boat, which had promised to bring them back again. Among these went Mr. Dacey, and Jenny sat on deck, watching the party depart—Mr. Dacey, Mr. Blair, and a boy belonging to the fore-castle, together with the adventurous spirits from the "E. D. J."

Still sitting there and looking at the water an hour afterwards, it struck her that they were sailing fast, which they had not been doing for days. Turning to the mate, who was walking on deck, she inquired if this were so.

"Why yes, miss, we're doing pretty well," he replied—"we are making about eight knots an hour."

With a strange throbbing at the heart, Jenny sprang up and peered anxiously in the direction where the "Eliza D. Jones" had appeared. It was gone now, entirely gone; and too terrified to speak, she pointed in that direction, and made the inquiry with her eyes—"Oh they knew what they might expect; the captain told 'em he wouldn't wait if the wind sprang up at sundown."

"Good heavens," thought Jenny, "I must

get out of sight, I am going wild about a man I never saw on dry land; what shall I do?"

There was one thing before her, and she did it. Into her berth she tumbled herself, and cried and prayed by turns, for her terror was that they might start to return, and, not finding the ship, go beating about till they were lost. This almost deprived her of reason, and she spent a night in which she thought the misery of a lifetime was crowded. At day-break, looking out, she heard some sailors laughing on the deck at the sudden change in quarters of their youngest hand. Their tones reassured her; they never mentioned danger; it was only the fun of his finding himself changed off that they spoke of.

Determining on a quiet exterior, Jenny went out to breakfast as usual, and found to her infinite surprise looks of sympathy and condolence on every face. Mrs. Webb spoke to her for the first time since the night on which she had sprained her ankle. Her tone was not free from mild reproach, but it was studiously kind. "Take this chair, Miss Morris," she remarked, in the manner of one bestowing a boon; "and William bring Miss Morris some strong tea, she'll need it rather strong."

Mr. Bungle added to her consternation, occasioned by the remarks, by dividing a slice of toast, and handing it to her with a sigh.

But Mrs. Frump was the most ardent in her solicitude. "Take a little fish, young lady; you'd better eat what you can. I'm sure you need all you can get, for a miserable ship isn't the place to get the delicacies you should have."

This was remarkably reassuring, and Jenny received it with quiet-dignity; but when it transpired, as it presently did, that this sympathy was lavished on her in consideration of her heartless desertion by that deceiving wretch, Dacey—"for of course it was a plan, you know," said Mrs. Webb, "a deep-laid plot, ever which he had been brooding for weeks, and it is a blessing for you that you are with your friends, who can feel for you"—indignation and laughter struggled for mastery in Jenny's face. The latter gained the day, and she broke out into a merry peal that rang all over the ship.

"Hysterics, poor thing," said Mrs. Webb, nodding confidentially to Mrs. Frump. "I can feel for her as a Christian should, without regard to the past."

This conversation took place as the ladies sat together on deck, breakfast being over, with

their work or reading. For a few minutes Jenny seemed swayed by opposing feelings; she would begin to speak and then suddenly cease, to commence again with like effect. At last she gave up the effort, and laughed again till the tears ran down her cheeks, at which her comforters were greatly edified.

"Just so," said Mrs. Frump, "I've been taken the same way myself dozens of times."

Notwithstanding the civilities of that lady, Jenny kept scrupulously aloof from her, and politely refused all overtures on her part towards friendship. To Mrs. Webb, whom she neither repulsed nor encouraged, she remained perfectly impregnable on the subject of questions.

Curiosity is not a crime, it is a fever of the mind, and Mrs. Webb fell a victim to it in a most alarming form, to know how Jenny looked on the conduct of her levitating lover, as she insisted on thinking Mr. Dacey; and to hear some expression of what he had said or felt for her, was a consuming desire in the matronly bosom of that lady which raged like a thirst. Not one drop of water to cool it was offered by an explanation from its object. After an hour or two of hints and questions, plied in the cunningest manner, she would lean back exhausted, and regard the imperturbable Jenny with a vindictive air, while she considered the practicability of shaking her well as a means of inducing confidence.

Day after day passed by, and they sailed on and on, but were never crossed or overtaken by the "Eliza D. Jones." To those interested enough to inquire about the reason of leaving the gentlemen who had visited that craft behind, the captain replied that "they had insisted on going and taking the consequences; that he could not possibly have lost the wind, it was a case of necessity," &c., &c.

And now weeks had passed into months, and they had been voyaging on the stormy deep for nearly four of the longest of them Jenny had ever known, when something occurred to Mrs. Frump of a really startling nature. She had been gradually becoming nervous and irritable for some time past, and had followed the captain on deck, and walked and talked to him there in an excited way.

One afternoon she left him in dreadful anger after an interview of this kind, and hurrying down the companion-way, past where Jenny and Mrs. Webb were sitting, cursed him loudly and in terrible language as a deceitful villain.

That night she threw off all disguise and drank herself into a fury, by way of terrifying him into complying with her demand, which appeared to be a note of hand from him, entitling her to receive a sum of money, from a sum due him when the freight of the vessel was disposed of. Mrs. Webb took refuge from the dreadful scene in Jenny's state-room. "Who would have thought it," she cried, "oh, who would have thought it; and yet do you know, Jenny, I remember warning Mr. Bungle after we got through with that Muscat wine she had, but he is really not as attentive to what I say as he might be, as in fact it would be better if he were."

Cursing, reviling and drunkenness in its worst form, that of a woman, reigned all night. The captain never went below at all, and Mrs. Frump, threatening to shoot him if he did, paraded up and down the cabin with a pistol in her hand, like a female pirate. Daylight and unconsciousness overcame her valor, and she tumbled down in a frowsy heap in the scene of her valiant outbreaks. She was carried to her room, from whence she issued no more until the Golden Gate was entered and San Francisco lay in sight. What a breathless company gathered on deck to view it, as a bright sunshiny December morning disclosed it to their eyes! The forest of ships, the outspread wharves, the yellow hills beyond, all filled them with unutterable wonder. "What a strange city." "How grand, I had no idea of it." "Just to think of its age, and then look at its extent." "It seems impossible," broke from all sides; but Jenny neither spoke nor moved, her staring eyes were fixed on a boat that slowly approached them as they lay anchored out in the bay. It neared, came alongside, and bounding from it up the side of the vessel came two gentlemen, who scarcely had the grace to wait and assist a lady who accompanied them, and who was apparently as eager as they. At last she reached the deck and Jenny's arms the same instant—"Elsie, Elsie, Elsie," was all that young woman could say, and straightway she fainted, as an appropriate ending, as it had been beginning to her voyage.

"Oh Jenny, love," cried her sister, don't do it now, we have so much to tell you, and here is Mr. Dacey, who is Edward's best friend, and I want to introduce him to you."

Well, that really seemed a consideration of some weight with Jenny, for she immediately

opened her eyes and sat up, leaning her head on her sister's shoulder. They were in the cabin and Mrs. Webb was of the party, laboring assiduously to show her tender zeal, and to see what was going on.

"Ned," said Mr. Dacey, "your sister has seen me before. There is no need of ceremony with us. Try to prepare yourself for the strangest thing you can possibly imagine, and then bear it. She is my wife; we were married nearly three months ago, owing to the kind offices of Mrs. Webb and Mr. Bungle, to whom I shall always be the most grateful man alive."

"William Webb," screamed the lady alluded to, as a mild-looking man came glowering in, and went peering round for some one. "William Webb, what have I not borne for your sake?" and sank upon his breast.

Mrs. West heard her sister's marriage announced, and stood transfixed, as did her husband; while Jenny, pale and abashed, allowed her proud young husband to press her to his heart. At last her sister recovered her breath sufficiently to speak: "Married," she cried, "married here; oh Jenny, what did you wear and who were your bridesmaids?"

"Come home," exclaimed Mr. West. "That's the only practical idea now; come home, and let us try to think."

Home they went, without much trouble too, except a controversy in the row-boat as to who should hold Jenny in their arms, her sister or her husband. Mrs. West triumphing through Jenny's connivance, Mr. Dacey was fain to content himself by explaining to Mr. West the circumstances of their wedding, which by the by that gentleman never was fully able to comprehend to this day, though it happened several years ago. As they alighted from the carriage, Jenny suddenly remembered something and cried out, "What on earth did I come to California for; I never saw you looking so well in your life; and as for homesickness, I don't know what you mean by it, with such a pleasant house as this is."

They were in the hall now, and Elsie blushing turned to her sister, saying, "Why, you see, Jenny, I got over it; I wrote six months ago, and I—that is—well, the fact is, here is Aunt Morris and the baby."

To be sure they were, there right before her eyes—in her arms, being kissed and hugged out of the power of speaking or breathing.

"You must know, darling, whispered Jenny's husband, "that my aunt, (laying particular

emphasis on his new relative) could not live in the old place after hearing of your lengthened voyage, and inspired by your example took courage to cross the Isthmus, and arrived here three months ago. She shall tell you all about it, when you tell me how wretched you were when the 'Greased Lightning' left me on the 'Eliza D. Jones.'"

"I never laughed so heartily in my life," said the hypocritical Jenny, who I have reason to believe has since repented of her deceit, and assured her lord "that she thought she should have gone raving distracted."

In the evening, a merry party sat down to

supper, but were interrupted by a call. "Mr. and Mrs. Webb and Mr. Bungle," announced the servant.

"Called to pay our respects to the bride, and express our best wishes," &c., said the venerable man, following the announcement by his smiling presence.

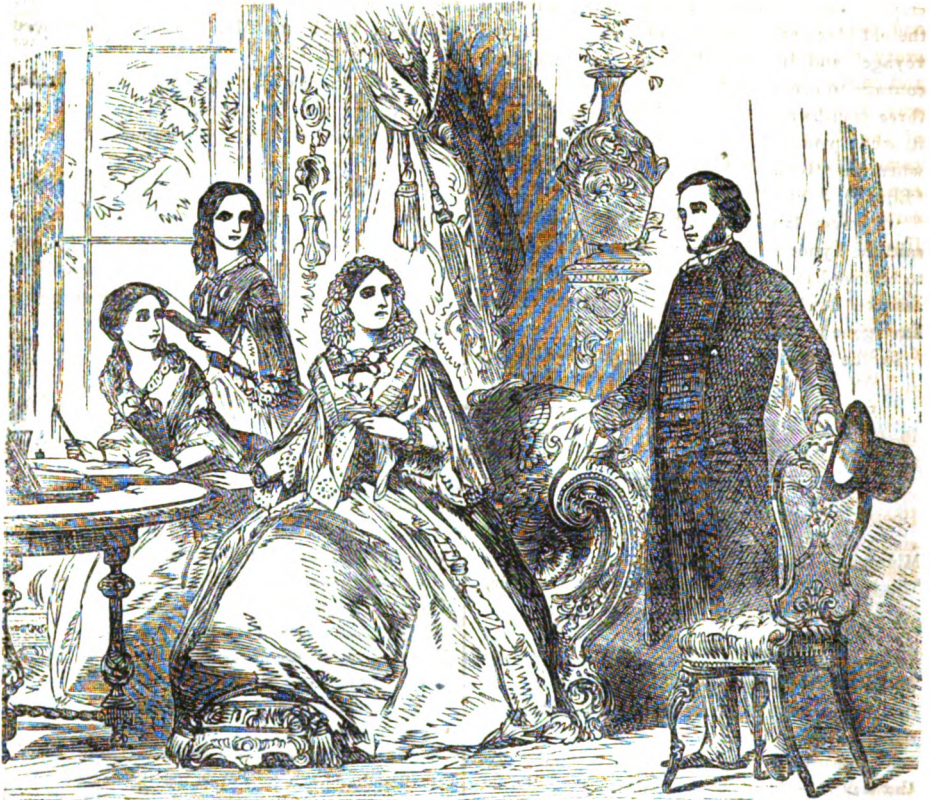
"Don't say a word, Jenny," whispered Mr. Dacey; "human nature at sea isn't human nature ashore at all. You never would have made me the happiest man in California if it were, and without a white silk dress on, a bridesmaid either, too, as Elsie says."

MOONSET.

BY A. L. MUEZZY.

Midnight. In the gray death-tower of the West,
The youthful Moon, sweet pilgrim of the heavens,
Fainting and pale, lies at the door of doom.
Upon the solitary heights of earth,
An awful hush sits like a grave-yard ghost,
With skeleton finger on its white lip prest,
In voiceless voice charging the world to list.
Pulseless and still, the rocky-hearted hills
Look on each other through the solemn dark,
And sick with the expectancy of ill,
Lean their dusk brows against the wall of heaven.
E'er and anon, from out their whispering caves
The frightened winds upstart with strangled wail,
Stabbing the bloodless stillness like a sword,
That quickly leaps into its sheath again,
As if in fear for wrong that it had done.
Up from the lonesome hollows, where the woods
Bury their wandering feet in last year's crown,
The noiseless shadows steal, eating the light,
And flapping their black pinions in the face
Of her who erst had fought their army down.
Silence on high. On zenith's towering height
Bold Taurus stands, his sudden rage subdued,
And the red glamor of his fiery eye
Quenched in a mist of terror, while his foe,
Valiant Orion, stays his wrathful arm,
Turning his royal head to gaze upon
His fair, pale lady, minding not the while
How swift his feet slide down the steep of heaven.
Northward, young Perseus coming from his wars,
Pauses, and pales with fears that he knew not
When he awoke Medusa from her dreams,
And heard the serpents hissing in her hair.
Softly fair Leda's boys climb up the skies,
Mournfully weeping as they watch the fall
Of heavenly beauty to the silent earth;
While the pale children of the Polar North,

Pause in their sullen, endless march to look
Thro' the mysterious gates their clay-cold feet
May never pass, except in icy dreams.
She sinks and rises—the young crescent Moon—
Rises and sinks, like drowning man at sea,
And reaches up her white hands yearningly
Unto her scattered flock of frightened stars.
Ah, wears she such a look of mournfulness,
'Twould wash the flintiest heart with solving tears.
But there be few to gaze upon her face;
The world's dull, listless eye is fogged with sleep,
Her saintly beauty hath no worshippers.
A little while ago, her lover-lord,
The royal Sun, in glory fell asleep;
Hangings of gold and azure decked his bed,
Crimson and pearl, pillowed his regal head,
And the earth clapped her joyful hands and cried,
"Behold! behold! a king goes to his rest!"
No sound of praise, or acclamation greets
Yon pure-faced vestal sinking to repose;
No gold and azure deck her virgin bed,
No flaming crimson pillows her fair head,
Only a still white cloud above her waits,
To weep its life out on her unseen grave.
Shut up the casement. There's a grave-yard taint
I' the very air, as if the shrouded dead
Had burst their prison doors and walk'd abroad.
The earth shakes inward, and the dusky hills
Have fallen upon their faces in affright.
The trees lock arms together in the dark,
The winds shriek sharply as though hurt by pain,
And from their damp uncanny fastnesses
The shadows trail their giant lengths, and sit
Swaying upon the loftiest mountain top.
The starry hosts move on in solemn course,
With muffled beat, as 'twere a march of death,
The "Lovely Lady of the Heavens" is dead.



THE RECTOR'S STARTLING PROPOSAL.

THE TRANSFORMED VILLAGE;

OR, WHAT MAY BE EFFECTED BY PERSEVERANCE AND PRAYER.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

CHAPTER III.

After some time the school was organized, so far as the room was concerned. It had been whitewashed, and furnished with forms, tables, and books; and a few parents had allowed their children to respond to the call; not many, for "they didn't see no good in a school, not they." Of boys, but few were expected, save those of tender years; for when they grew to be ten or eleven, they went out to work with their fathers, or found employment in the farmers' fields. As yet, only Mrs. Mayne was the instructor, with the occasional assistance of a friend who was visiting her; but the tax on her time was too great, and interfered with other pressing duties. The rector wondered whether he might venture to solicit the aid of some of the ladies on the hill, until

friends would come forward with funds, so that a proper mistress could be engaged. He determined to go up and canvass them: if he could only win over Squire Hooper's family, others would be sure to follow.

But it should first be stated, that he had had a pitched battle—in argument—with Mr. Jones of the "Wheat-sheaf." Mr. Jones had fondly hoped and graciously insinuated, that though the school might be a school in the day, it could still accommodate his friends and patrons on the two weekly club nights. Mr. Mayne resolutely refused, one of his arguments being that the children should not be poisoned with the stale fumes of tobacco smoke; but, as the reader may readily surmise, that was not his chief one.

In the largest and handsomest villa on the

hill lived Squire Hooper, a man much respected and looked up to. He appeared to possess every requisite that could make life happy; and he was one of those who seem, in a rational way, thoroughly to enjoy life. The windows of the drawing-room opened upon the lawn, commanding a magnificent view of the broad expanse of country; and in this room, on a certain day of which we are writing, sat Mrs. Hooper and two of her grown-up daughters.

"Oh, mamma!" suddenly exclaimed the eldest, looking up from her drawing, "I forgot to tell you; I heard some curious news yesterday evening."

"What did you hear?"

"You know Mr. Mayne has set up a school in that place, that club-room; well, he is thinking to get some of us to teach in it."

"You must be mistaken, Sophia," said Mrs. Hooper, without raising her eyes from her embroidery. The notion appeared to her too absurd to require a passing thought.

"Mrs. Ash told me," resumed Miss Hooper. "I forget how she said she had heard it. I was hastening home when I met her, afraid of being late for dinner."

"It is inconceivable that Mr. Mayne should expect gentlemen's daughters, delicately bred and nurtured, could be allowed to go near those miserable children," cried Mrs. Hooper. "Unwashed, half-naked little barbarians, ignorant and wicked! What could he be thinking of?"*

And thus the conversation continued; and the reader will see the difficulties and prejudices that Mr. Mayne had to contend with, when he preferred his request. If they would only attend for a couple of hours in the day, he urged, one young lady one day, one another, and so on; if several would come forward, each one need assist but a couple of hours once a week. Mrs. Hooper proudly refused: her daughters should not trouble themselves for the sake of those dirty, unruly children; they were not worth it.

"If they will not do it for the sake of the children, will they not do it for the love of God?" Mr. Mayne rejoined, in a low tone.

*At the time of which we write, those great movements for the amelioration of the working classes, which are the glory of our times, and in which the rich take so active a part, had been, it must be remembered, but partially begun. When this is recollected, Mrs. Hooper's objections will not sound so strange in modern ears.

"Those children's parents set God at defiance, by breaking His laws continually," replied Mrs. Hooper, after a pause. "Neither they nor their children merit that they should be cared for by us."

"Oh, my dear lady, think upon the full import of what you say! We are all as one great family, called to aid, and help, and love each other here. What will become of these children, if we do not seek to rescue them from their present state, and open to them a vista of good? Had it been the fate of your children—pardon me; a minister must sometimes be bold, if he would be faithful—to be born of these degraded ones, should you not welcome and bless the hand that would be extended to raise them from it?"

Mrs. Hooper's first feeling was one of indignant rebellion at the monstrous supposition; but it was succeeded by a qualm of conscience. Certainly, it was the hand of God which had placed her children in their favorable position, and those others in their neglected one; and it might be—she would admit to herself, that it was just possible it might be—her duty, and that of her neighbors, to join together and help them out of it.

"Well," she said, "I will not give you a decided negative; I will consult my friends about it. If they think well to allow their daughters to coöperate with you, I will not withhold mine; always understanding, you know, Mr. Mayne, that the little raggamuffins shall come strictly clean; you must make that a point with their mothers."

"I have already done so," he replied.

As the rector went down the road, he met Squire Hooper on horseback. He had been riding amongst his laborers; for he farmed his own estate. Mr. Mayne told him what had been the purport of his application to Mrs. Hooper.

"I'm sure I have no objection," the squire observed; "it will do some of our young ladies good to be usefully employed now and then; for they fritter away their time in nonsense. I only hope you will be able to effect your purpose as to the children, poor things!" he added, in a hearty tone; "but I doubt it; for with such homes as we know they live in, the good learnt at school will be there counteracted."

"But we must aim at reforming the homes also," returned Mr. Mayne.

"Ah, I see, you are a universal philanthropist," laughed the squire, as he rode away.

Squire Hooper did not allude to the people's homes without reason, as may have been already gathered. Neglected and dilapidated, they were an eyesore without and within, proving how lost to decency were those who inhabited them. Inside, what prevailed? Dirt, recklessness, quarrelling, and, so far as their means allowed, self-indulgence; with many other things that were miserable and bad. But one glance at these places, and at the mode of life obtaining in them, told that the inmates were living in utter estrangement from God; and, as to any improvement, they were worse than indifferent to it. Mr. Mayne pointed out that they could themselves remedy a great deal of the dilapidations, if they chose to be industrious. "Oh, what did it matter?" they answered—"they had contrived to live under tumble-down roofs for years, and could do so still." Mr. Mayne was resolved they should not so live on, though he knew that he could not expect to effect a change all at once; it must come by slow degrees.

* As he was walking home, he approached the row of cottages already more than once mentioned. Cooke stood idling at his own gate.

"Have you no work to-day, Cooke?" Mr. Mayne asked.

"No, master: work don't seem to come on wings to my quarter."

"How is your wife to-day?"

"The fever has left her again till midnight; every twenty-four hours it comes on now. She had this sort of fever last year, and it lasted her for seven weeks. Low fever, Mr. Jeffs calls it."

"Does Mr. Jeffs say what causes it?" continued the rector.

"He says she wants better living and better warmth, in the shape of clothes and fires, to fortify her against it," was the man's reply.

"If you were but in steady, regular work, now, she could have greater comforts. But when work does fall in, Cooke, you are not always ready to do it."

"That's along of its not coming, though," returned Cooke, who, to give him his due, was never unwilling to own to his failings. "I told you once before sir, that it was idleness that did for me; I'm mad at having no work, and then I get to the public house; and when the work does turn up, perhaps I'm drunk, and can't take it. It's all along of want of work, sir."

"Say, all along of indolence and want of

self-control, Cooke," said Mr. Mayne, rebukingly.

"Yes, sir; you are not far wrong. There's the chimneys of that 'Striped Tiger,'" pointing in the direction of the public house, whose roof could be seen, "a-tempting me, like anything. 'Don't go, James,' Ann said to me just now. 'No, I won't,' I answered her; but, sir, there's those chimneys enticing me, whether I will or no. If I were not forced to be idle, I should not be thinking of the drink."

"Cooke, I can give you some work to do at once, but it will not bring you in money. It will bring you something else, though, that is very desirable—the satisfaction of rendering a service to a fellow-creature."

"Much profit there'd be in that!" ejaculated Cooke.

"There would be some profit, at any rate, looking at it in your point of view—the profit of keeping you sober, and from adding to your score at the public house. I would not suggest it to you if it took you out of your work; but as it is only taking you from idleness, to you so pernicious, I urge it upon you. Will you do it to oblige me?"

"What is the nature of it?" asked Cooke.

"There's your neighbor Berry, lying ill still; his leg does not get right speedily, and his cough shakes it much, and causes him pain. 'I should not cough half so bad, sir,' he said to me yesterday, 'if I could get those window-panes put in.' Look at them, Cooke; four panes, all broken, close over the spot where he is lying. Will you put them in?—it is in your trade, and you have your tools—and so render a service to a fellow man in need?"

"It's not Bob Berry as would do as much for me, sir, if I wanted it; it's not him as would do it for any man living. He is an ill-tempered, selfish——"

"Never mind the rest," interrupted Mr. Mayne. "If we never did a good action for others, hoping for no recompense, we should be quite as selfish as you would accuse Berry of being. It is very singular, but all you people of Westhamlet, rich and poor, seem so unneighborly, so disinclined to help one another."

"Sir, I just ask you, is Bob Berry the man to do a good turn for any of us? So why should we do it for him?"

"Listen," said Mr. Mayne. "'And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the

same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest.' James Cooke, who left us that charge?"

Cooke did not answer. He was looking irresolute, in doubt as to whether or not he should put in the pence.

"It was Jesus Christ, the blessed helper of us all; my helper, and I hope yours also. Do you remember, Cooke, ever to have performed one of His commands out of love to Him, and because He has asked it?"

"Well, I don't know that I do," returned Cooke, dubiously, after allowing Mr. Mayne to wait for his answer. "But, sir, what's the use of talking to a poor man like me, of lending? I have got nothing to lend."

"Indeed you have," rejoined Mr. Mayne. "Only in this little service that I have suggested, you have all that is needed for it—your skill, your time, and your ready will."

"There's no glass," was Cooke's next remark. "Berry's children smashed what came out."

"I will supply that. There are some odds and ends of glass in my greenhouse, small pieces and large, and you can pick out what will be suitable."

"If I do it, sir, it is only to oblige you; it goes again the grain to help that Bob Berry."

"Then, if it does go against the grain, there's the greater praise to you for doing it," readily replied Mr. Mayne. "You can come with me to the parsonage now, and get the glass."

They had walked through the village, nearly to the foot of the hill, where was the turning off which led to the parsonage, when a horse was heard descending the hill at a furious pace. "It's Squire Hooper, I know," exclaimed Cooke to Mr. Mayne. "That horse will just be the death of him some day; he's as crooked an animal in temper as is Bob Berry."

Squire Hooper's horse it proved to be; and as it neared them, it reared, plunged, and, with a dangerous and sudden dash forwards, threw its rider. Cooke flew after the horse to secure it, and Mr. Mayne hastened to the squire.

"No damage done," said he, rising and shaking himself. "Thank you, Mr. Mayne."

Do not speak of this somerset to my wife, should you see her; she has fears of that horse. He has these furious fits now and then."

"Why do you ride him?"

"I ride him to break him of them; and break him I will, if he is to be broken; letting him take his ease in the stable wont do it. It was his sudden spring that caused me to lose my seat. See how handsome he is," continued the squire, as Cooke, followed by a crowd which had collected, came up, leading the panting horse. The squire advanced and patted him. "Good Jason! good fellow! what was the matter with you then?"

"Squire," cried Cooke, "you'll ride him, once too much, I'm afraid."

"Nonsense! He has some tricks which ought to be got out of him; many of us are in the like condition—eh, Cooke?"

As Squire Hooper spoke, he turned a look full of meaning upon Cooke, and the face of the latter, to Mr. Mayne's surprise, flushed all over, a deep and glowing red. There appeared to be something between them that he did not understand. The squire mounted his horse, threw Cooke a sixpence for having caught it, and rode away at a walking pace.

"Take it to your wife, Cooke, as you go down with the glass," said Mr. Mayne, who dreaded any such little unexpected gift in the hands of Cooke; and go home the lane way; not past the 'Striped Tiger.'"

That same evening Mrs. Mayne, a worthy helpmate of her husband, went in to see Ann Cooke. There she found three women, neighbors, who began enlarging upon their grievances to Mrs. Mayne. And her heart ached for them, for she knew their lives were one continuous scene of privation, contention and misery. "It's nothing but toil and starve, ma'am—toil and starve on to the end; and that's death."

"Death is not the end," said Mrs. Mayne. "But it appears to me that you might lighten your troubles very much by making the best of them instead of the worst."

"There is no best in our troubles, ma'am. Our husbands spend half what they get, leaving us at home to empty cupboards and squalling, famished children. They are at the beer shops now."

"I know how great your troubles are," Mrs. Mayne returned; "but I say that they might be lessened. You rebel against the troubles in an angry spirit, and therefore they appear

worse than they actually are. In many little ways you might make the best of them, which you do not even try to do; and you might hope and wait patiently, trusting to see your way out of them. You do not understand what is meant by the command of Jesus Christ, 'Take up thy cross daily;' nor would you if I were to explain it; neither have you found that your Heavenly Father is a sure refuge in tribulation. I hope you will learn all this by and by."

"My troubles are great—great!" whispered Ann Cooke to Mrs. Mayne, as the women went out—"I wish I could learn how to lighten them!"

"I wish I could teach you," was the earnest rejoinder; "I wish I could teach you to bear your troubles for the love of God. The various crosses of life; the hunger, the cold, the mortifications and difficulties in your daily path—your ill-health and the faults of your husband; bear them all patiently, silently, casting your

care upon God. He will sustain and comfort you, never doubt it; how effectually, you cannot understand until taught by experience. Believe me, you may attain to such a frame of mind that these troubles, though in reality not mitigated, would be troubles no more.

Ann Cooke clasped her hands upon her chest, as she lay back in her chair; a ray of hope was darting into her soul. "Ma'am, I have thought sometimes that surely our dreadful trouble here is known above, and may be made a blessing."

"We are told that it will, Ann, if we make use of it for the purpose it is sent; and that is, to lead us to the feet of our Redeemer. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are those which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

[To be continued.]

THE LILAC BOUGH.

BY AUGUST BELL.

I was sitting sad and silent,
With a shadowy sense of pain;
I had left bright Hope a moment,
Now I sought her smile in vain,
When a little child beside me my pale weary forehead fanned
With a branch of purple lilac waving gently in her hand.

O, that lilac,
And the sweet spell that it wove me as it waved in
her young hand!

What a cool soft air of fragrance
Breathed upon my wis'ful face!
What a music in the motion
Of its lightly swaying grace!

O, those glorious, clustering blossoms, as so daintily
they swung,
What a perfume, sweet to faintness, from their purple
depths they flung!

O, these lilies,
What soft soothing—what rich fancies mingled with
the sweets they flung!

Could the odorous Eastern gardens,
Laden down with fragrant bloom,
Or the wondrous Lo'os lilies
So transform the chill of gloom?

No wise doctor or magician hath the secret of a
power

That could so have banished sorrow as that royal-
tinted flower.

O, the lilac,
What a mystic charm was floating from the deep
heart of the flower!

Did that young child mark my sadness?
Did she have a sweet belief
By the waving of her lilac
Silently to soothe my grief?

This I know not, but am certain that the aching left
my brow,
And my eyes and lips learnt smiling at the swaying
of the bough.

O, the lilac,
What bright dreams and hopes came showering from
the blossom-laden bough!

O, my lilac, thou wert wasted
By a little child's weak hand;
Gentle child, a power was on thee
That thou didst not understand.

It was God, I know, my darling, who gave such
sweet thought to thee—
God, who through the lilac blossoms dealt so ten-
derly with me.

O, the lilac,
That, so frail with all its beauty, brought a gift
from God to me!

NOVELTIES FOR APRIL.



No. 1.—Child's Dress. In this costume the swan's-down, and braided with white silk coat is of rose-colored cashmere, edged with braid.

(305)



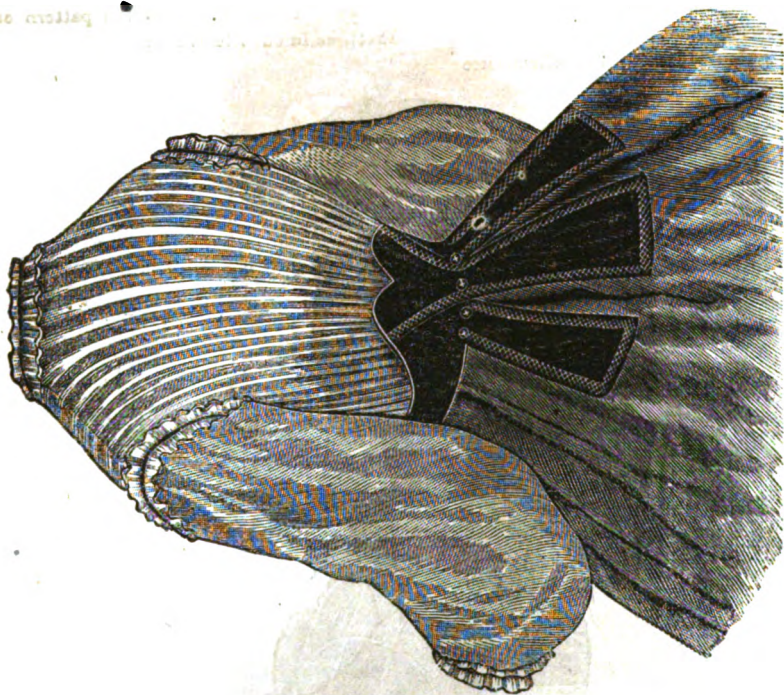
No. 2.—Half-high jacket (corsage Jeanne d'Arc) back and front view.

This novel and striking style of jacket on a slender figure would be very becoming and dressy. It may be worn at small parties or at

the opera with a silk skirt of any color. It is made of black silk, in narrow divisions, gracefully curving to the form, and clearly defined with a white trimming. The two front pieces are of white silk to look like a vest, and the

jacket fastens with ornamental buttons in black and white passementerie. It is edged with narrow black guipure lace. The chemisette and undersleeves should match the pattern of the jacket, as in our illustration.





BACK VIEW.

of thin white muslin with which it is worn, trimmed with quilled ribbon of any fancy color, blue or pink would look very fresh and gay for a party dress or for summer afternoons.



FRONT VIEW.

No. 3.—The Cyrilla Girdle (front view). This is made of black moire antique, lined throughout with silk, and edged with a white cord. It is trimmed front and back with black guipure. Round black buttons with a jet star in the centre are placed as shown in the cut. The waist



No. 4.—Cap of blond and lace.



No. 5.



No. 6.—Coiffure à la Sainte Cécile.



No. 7.—For under linen. Edge in button-hole stitch. Flowers in satin-stitch.



No. 8.



No. 9.

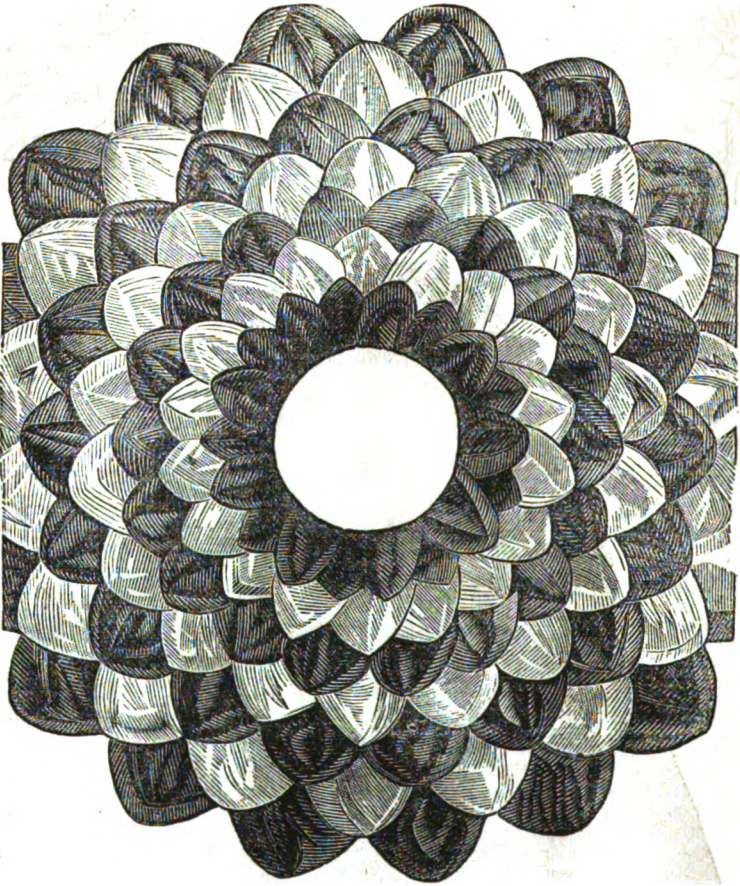


No. 10.



No. 11.—Negligé-Robe Altessé. This is made of gold-brown gros grain (shade café au lait), richly embroidered with silk a shade darker.

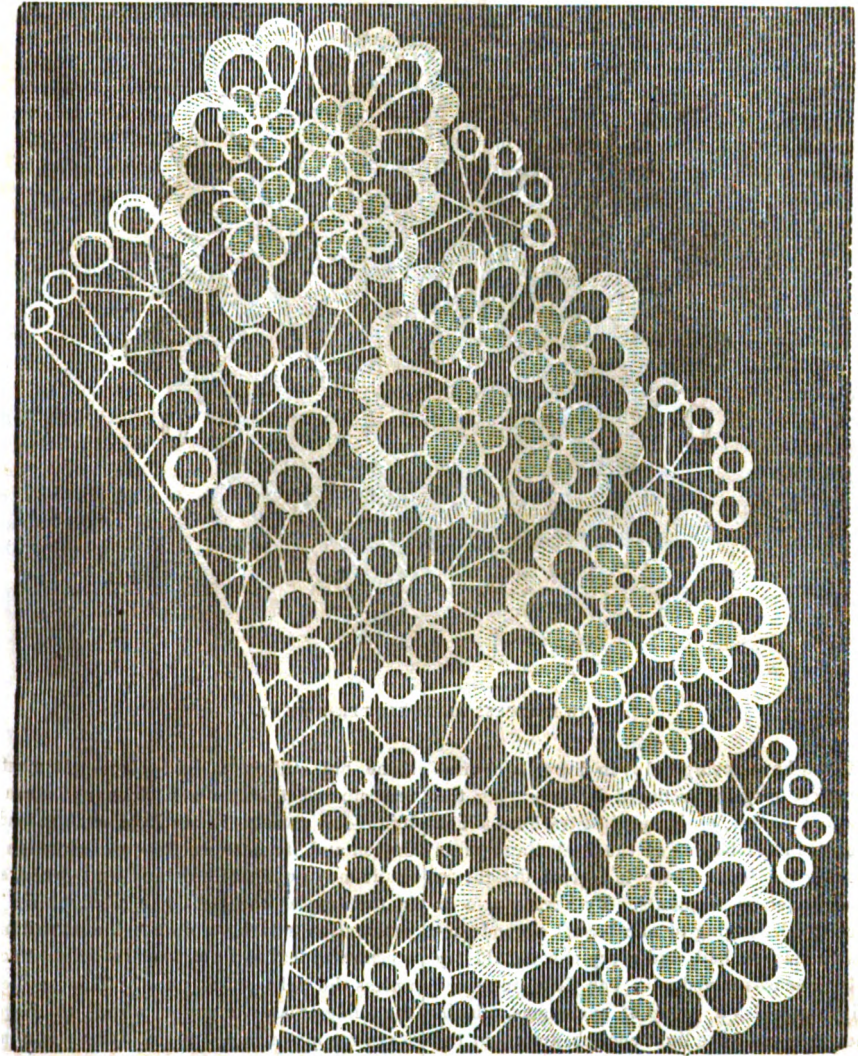
WORK-TABLE.



No. 1.—Harlequin Toilette-Table Mat.—These pretty mats are made with great facility, of such little fragments of silks and ribbons as any house may furnish. In the first place, cut a round as large as you desire your mat to be, in any strong material of rather a dark color, and tack the raw edge down on the wrong side: then take your little pieces of silk or ribbon, and having cut them to the size which accompanies our illustration, gather them across their rounded edge, draw them up into the required form, and fasten them down in a regular row all round the edge of the foundation, making the scallop extend beyond. Having completed this outer row, commence again just within it, laying the next row so as to cover the stitches

of the last, and so continue with successive circles until you come quite to the centre of the mat, which is covered with a handsome gilt button, which must be flat, so as not to affect the standing of any article which may be placed upon the mat. It only remains for the mat to be lined. Introducing a round piece of cardboard gives firmness to the work; this is done by tacking the lining on to one the required size before sewing it round the edge of the mat.

The mat colors may be determined either by taste or convenience. The effect is extremely good when the colors are arranged in rows, but this is not necessary—in fact, every piece may be of a different color, if care be taken that each contrasts well with the neighboring parts.



No. 2.—Collar in French Guipure.—This kind of embroidery is easy, pretty, and fashionable. We know of no kind of work which produces the same amount of effect with so small an expenditure of labor. After the pattern is traced on the muslin, which must be rather thick, the connecting threads are put in, before any part of the pattern is commenced. When this is done, the outline of the pattern, that which forms the stars round the four centre flowers, must be worked with rather long stitches in the broadest part of the scallop, in order to raise it when the button-hole stitch

is worked over it. The next part is to work the four centre flowers. All the pattern is worked in button-hole stitch. We should recommend that both the centre holes and flowers should be worked first, before the scalloped outline. When this is all finished, the muslin must be very carefully cut out underneath all the parts where the threads cross, leaving them and the pattern clear and rich. The proper cottons for this sort of work are No. 20 Perfectionn6 for the button-hole stitch, and No. 8 Six-cord Crochet Cotton for the connecting threads.

SPRING FLOWERS.



THE PRINCESS ALICE FLOWER-BASKET.

If you have spring bulbs in flower, a charming effect may be produced by arranging the pots in a basket, as in our illustration—a bed of moss in the bottom of the basket and moss covering the top. There is a great delight in growing relays of plants. By having two or three tins belonging to one basket a good succession may be had, and every one should try white crocuses mixed with Van Thol single red tulips, and also a group of cyclamens, which, when they can have light enough, are about the prettiest flowers growing. The delicate pale rose-colored and the sweet-scented white kinds are perfect.

Evergreens look pretty among spring bulbs. Little drooping firs, with their tassels of brightest green, look so fresh and elegant as they droop over the gay flowers, or over the little snowdrops that cluster about their feet. Ivy and periwinkles, little low-grown junipers, arbor vitæ, box-bush—all have been used sometimes with very good effect.

A basket of ferns would be exquisite for a shady window, or for a stand on a staircase, or for a little table out of the reach of direct sun-

shine, but still in a light place. It must be remembered that no sun does *not* mean no light—for, perhaps in the Java ravines and in Ceylon and Bornean woods, even although the shade may no doubt be thick and dense, still, in the tropics the light has a brightness and penetration which we do not know, and many a beautiful leaf will not wear its brighter colors unless the light is full on it. This applies to the foliage plants, many of which, the Begonia Rhex for instance, are so rich and unique in appearance. In rooms of eastern or western aspect that are not kept very hot, many of the prettiest ferns will thrive exceedingly well—amongst others, the beautiful Maiden-hair, which every one wishes to grow.

One constant rule may be given for all these room ferns. *Dip* them every week, and let them soak for some minutes in water a little warmed. It is almost useless to attempt to water them else, for all the fern roots mat so, and in the pots and baskets the water runs off at the sides, and has hardly a chance of penetrating the mass of fibry roots.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We often have occasion to regret the undue length of an otherwise suitable story. We regret the postponement, more or less indefinite, that frequently results from that cause alone. Very few long stories can be admitted into a magazine like ours. The majority must be short, if we would maintain the necessary variety.

OUR COMPANION PICTURES,

THE WANDERER, AND THE RESTORED.

These tell their own story better than words could do it. Every mother-heart among our readers will see at once how life-like and how charming in its truth to Nature is the chubby figure of the little one sitting on the grass with her kitten in her lap; lost in the woods and just beginning to make up a grieved lip about it. And when the little truant is brought home, we can see the mother's joy irradiating her whole countenance, though it is turned from us so that not a feature is visible; a striking proof of skill in the artist.

THE EASTERN COSTUME.

Those who have suggested this style of dress as an improvement upon that used in Europe and America, will find some ideas pro and con in the following paragraph:—

TURKISH WOMEN.

"As to beauty of mere dress and ease of attitude, nothing that I have seen in life or in pictures can give the slightest idea of the wonderful grace, the extreme delicacy, and bird-of-paradise-like uselessness of the Turkish belle. Women of rank look like hot-house flowers, and are really cultivated to the highest perfection of physical beauty, having no other employment but to make their skins as snow-white, and their eyebrows as jet-black as possible. When young their skin is literally as white as their veils, with the faintest tinge of pink on the cheek, like that in the inside of a shell, which blends exquisitely with the tender apple leaf green, and soft violet colors, of which they are so fond. The reverse of the picture is, that after the first bloom of youth is past, the skin becomes yellow and sickly-looking, and you long to give the *yashmak* a pull and admit the fresh breeze to brighten up the fine features. A belle, and a beauty too, the Turkish woman must be; for nothing can be more wretched than to see the poor thing attempting to walk, or to make herself at all useful. She shuffles along the ground exactly like an embarrassed parrot, looking as if her loose garments must inevitably flutter off at the next step. The drapery which falls so gracefully and easily about her in a carriage, or while reclining on cushions, seems untidy and awkward when she is moving about. In fact if she is not a beauty, and is not the property of a rich man, she is the most miserable-looking creature possible."—*Constantinople during the Crimean War, by Lady Hornby.*

HANDSCREENS.

A very novel and beautiful style of handscreen has lately been invented in England, which is likely to become exceedingly popular. The screen is made of the body and wings of a bird, the head and neck being gracefully brought into the front, and mounted in the most natural manner possible. It would be difficult, without seeing specimens, to understand how very pretty and appropriate these screens are, and how admirably they illustrate the characteristics of the birds themselves, not perhaps sufficiently in detail to please the scientific ornithologist, and yet quite enough so for the less learned amateurs of the feathered tribe. Amongst those which we have seen and greatly admired, are screens made of the French and English partridge (a beautiful little pair), the sparrow-hawk, mallard, teal, widgeon, black-cock, and gray hen (a pair), various owls, ptarmigan, kittiwake, gull, ruffed grouse, Impeyan and Argus pheasants, gold and silver pheasants, pinnated grouse, common rook (one of the prettiest of all), pochard, pintail, duck, kingfisher, kestrel, common pheasant, Torquatus and Japanese pheasants, woodcock, goosander, woodpigeon, turtle-dove, stock-dove, various pigeons, scarlet ibis, jay, magpie, hoopoe, black partridge of India, and various other birds. These screens were mounted upon divers devices of handle; but the best, in our opinion, is the carved ivory handle.

The art of preparing skins, called by the learned name of Taxidermy, and valuable both to the scientific student and the mere lover of beautiful objects, is one requiring a considerable amount of practice and attention; it involves also many processes and various delicate manual operations, which can only be taught by actual example. We recommend, therefore, all who desire to acquire it in perfection to take lessons in the art from some skilled proficient.

It is also necessary not only to have artistic taste, but an intimate knowledge of the habits of the creatures dealt with. This last qualification is absolutely necessary to a first-rate stuffer, and yet there are very few artists who possess it to any appreciable extent. Nothing is commoner than to see a bird of the air come from the hands of one of these taxidermal cobblers represented either pecking at a tree or grubbing worms on the ground, or to find a bird whose formation is all for wading or walking represented as soaring up sky-high into the empyrean.

DANGER OF SMELLING FLOWERS.

From a late number of "*Les Modes Parisiennes*," we take the following paragraph:—

"One of the greatest pleasures of the country, especially for children, is that of gathering flowers and arranging them in bouquets. With what delight they bend over the fragrant blossoms, inhaling their delicious perfume! Unfortunately, this pleasure, apparently so innocent, is not without risk, as appears from the report of a physician to one of our learned societies. He was called to a charming villa to attend several little girls attacked with violent neuralgia. The pain ceased upon the evacuation of humor from the nose; but the astonishment of the doctor was extreme upon finding in these evacuations, examined with care, the larva of different coleoptera. He questioned the children,

and learned that they had been smelling with unusual eagerness the bouquets which they had gathered. We know that in field flowers especially, a quantity and variety of larva live and move; they are so small that one can hardly perceive them; and who would think of looking for them when the sweet breath of the flower is tempting us to inhale it? One of the youngest of the children still suffering great pain, they were obliged to have recourse to an energetic remedy; they made her smoke cigarettes of arseniate of soda. This produced fresh evacuations, in which were found the remaining larva which had resisted the previous treatment. From this account we may conclude not to deny ourselves so great a pleasure, but to indulge in it with caution and reserve."

In confirmation of the above, we can recall something similar that happened in our youthful days. It was in October, when, as flower-lovers know, the common daily rose is in the prime of its autumn blooming, larger and sweeter than at any other time of year. The half-opened buds, from their depth of color and exceeding richness of scent, were an inexhaustible delight, and we never dreamed of harm from indulging it. But a swelling on the nose appeared, slightly painful and long in healing, which was directly and unmistakably traceable to the repeated inhalation of that delicious perfume. It served us for a life-long lesson that moderation in pleasure, the great law of the world, does not except from its stringent rules the purest and sweetest enjoyments.

ARCHERY ON A WINDY DAY.

The wind, at certain times, appears to blow, "as it listeth," from each of the cardinal points. At one moment you feel its force acting so powerfully on your back that you are irresistibly impelled forward. Another moment the wind will assail your face, causing you to look aside, and preventing you from taking a steady aim. Again, it seems to blow, as it were, sideways, almost carrying your arrow from your hand; in which case it appears an utter impossibility to discharge it. I have seen three or four attempts made to achieve this, but each time with the same result—that of having the arrow blown off the hand, or, if at length discharged, all power of directing its flight has vanished.

It is at times like these that archeresses discover how much everything that is loose and flowing is in the way. Imagine a young lady with a long sash-ribbon, velvets dangling from her wrists, a profusion of curls round her face, and streamers of ribbon or black lace hanging from the back of her hat (such as were so generally worn on the "sailor hats," three summers ago), together with a wide, light muslin skirt. Any one who has shot on a windy day can readily realize the hopeless misery of such a young lady, contending alike against an inappropriate costume and adverse weather.

In endeavoring to give you some advice by which these difficulties may be either lessened or overcome, I would wish to impress upon you a simple fact, viz., that the neat finish of ribbon at the top of your bow, with ends some six inches long, will greatly assist you, inasmuch as it will serve the purposes of a weathercock. For instance, before "nocking" your arrow, hold your bow for a moment as if about to shoot, and attentively notice in what direction the ribbon is blown by the wind. If all ways, and no way in particular, then must you

"pull up" steadily, keeping your left hand like a vice upon your bow, and pointing a little to the right of the target, and towards the lower part of the gold. If the ribbon blow towards your left shoulder, point to the outer edge of the white on the right-hand side. Should it, however, blow over your right shoulder, point to the left-hand side of the white, but *always point at the target*—the hap-hazard shooting of some who, so situated only loose the arrow without taking any decided aim, and then blame the wind for carrying their shafts away, being simply laughable.

In shooting against the wind, no matter in what direction, the greatest firmness must be maintained. If it acts upon the bow-hand, as if to blow it forward, the hand must be employed in steadily resisting it; and here a "sharp loose" will be found of paramount importance, as dwelling upon the bow, under such circumstances, renders it almost impossible to effect a steady aim. By adhering to this advice, and making it a rule to shoot as regularly and for the same length of time on windy as on calm days, you will be prepared for any emergency that may arise when you are contending for a prize.

New Publications.

List of New Music published by Lee & Walker, 722 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

New Songs:

- Wait Love, until the War is over. Arranged by T. M. Todd, - - - - - 25 cts.
 Our Color Guard. Words by Thomas Diehl, music by H. Tucker, - - - - - 30 "
 Roll on the Glorious Cause of Freedom. By T. O'Neill, - - - - - 25 "
 Hail! Glorious Banner of our Land. Words by Mrs. Moore, music by C. Warren. Colored title, - - - - - 50 "
 Plain, - - - - - 25 "
 My Country so Dear. C. Everest, - - - - - 25 "

NEW PIANO PIECES:

- How can I Leave Thee. Varied by C. Voss, 50 "
 Chattanooga March. E. Mack, - - - - - 25 "
 Beautiful selections from *Faust*. By J. A. Getzé, in 3 Nos., each, - - - - - 25 "
 No. 1.—Polonaise de Ballet.
 No. 2.—Drinking Chorus.
 No. 3.—Grand March.
 La Muscovite, danse Nationale. J. Ascher, 40 "
 Listen to the Mocking Bird. Grand Fantaisie varié, by E. Hoffman, - - - - - \$1.00
 This is the piece played by Mr. Hoffman at all his concerts with such immense success.

Books:

- New Musical Manual. By Prof. Hood, - 75 cts.
 An invaluable book for teachers and pupils.
 New Edition of Standbridge's Celebrated Instruction Book for Piano, - - - - - \$2.50

Corinne; A Story of Italy. By Madame de Stael. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Whoever reads fiction at all should be sure to read Madame de Stael's *Corinne*. It is unlike all things else in literature, as one human being differs essentially from every other. A woman of brilliant genius has poured the rich life of her heart and soul into the story, giving it a distinct individuality, and a fascination which seems to hold you not only by the spell of a powerful spirit, but the magnetism of a personal presence. Of course it loses something in translation—something subtle and intangible, like the odor of a flower. Students of the language in which it was written find it easy reading and remarkably pleasant, from the flowing grace and lucid simplicity of the style, and the resistless current of the narrative, event upon event, as one heart-beat follows another in the living frame, up-bearing us on the top wave of thought and feeling like the inspiration of an improvisatrice. We take it up anticipating obscurities and stumbling blocks, but find that as

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,"

so here are touches of Nature at every step, almost potent enough to dissolve the barrier of an alien tongue. The burning fire of genius, like an interpreter with a flaming torch goes before us along the page, lighting up the meaning to its utmost recesses. The cloud of strangeness rolls away. Here is a superabundance of vital force, an effluence of soul that seems to bestow, not ideas only, but the wit to comprehend them. This applies to the original peculiarly. In the translation before us, however, the story, all that most readers care about, is fully and faithfully given, with all its heart-breaking pathos, all its dazzling, mournful beauty. A sense of impending destiny makes it melancholy throughout. The evil that is to come casts its shadow before, clouding the sunniest day of happiness.

Even during that brilliant life in Italy, when Nature is lovely as a dream of heaven, and the world of art, at the word of *Corinne* its mistress, unfolds its treasures before the eyes of Oswald; when they wander with accordant steps and harmonising impulses through galleries of painting and sculpture as through the mazes of enchanted land—that they should lose themselves in each other is as natural and inevitable as the rolling of rivers to the sea, yet we feel that happiness is not for them. In the very nature of each are elements that forbid it. *Corinne* is a richly gifted being, full of genius and sensibility—

"A daughter of the Italian heaven,
One to whom its fires are given;"

her feelings are so strong, so ardent, so intense, as to make it impossible that the measure of her love

should ever be returned. In Oswald we see a heart heroic, generous, lovable, yet perversely struggling with its own happiness; forever tortured with remorseful self-accusations, yet unable to lift his life out of the indecision that plants them afresh in his path, forever reaching forward to something beyond, and slighting the richest blessings as soon as securely possessed. We seem to see the inexorable fate of Grecian tragedy beating its black wings above their heads. Oswald cannot do other than love and leave—*Corinne* cannot do other than love and die. We take leave of the characters as the author does, neither absolving nor condemning.

The Life of Jesus. By Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. Translated from the original French by Charles Edwin Wilbour, Translator of *Les Misérables*. New York: Carleton, Publisher.

The attention this book has received is altogether out of proportions to its merits, and we give it this late notice only to express our astonishment that it should have been honored with so much earnest refutation. Neither the head nor the heart of M. Renan qualify him to touch the grandest of subjects. When a mere savant takes up the problem of Christianity, what can he do but handle it elaborately, and leave it with every difficulty doubled? When a sentimentalist attempts to explain the mystery of incarnate love, what can result but failure? In the last number of *Harper's Magazine* is a portrait of M. Renan, a strongly-marked countenance, confirming the impression of such characteristics as his book indicates. That man write the life of our Lord upon earth! Words are wasted in refuting such an absurdity. He is simply not the man for the work.

There is one attractive feature in the book—the warm appreciation and vivid picturing of natural beauty. In this respect he was worthy of the privilege of treading those hallowed shores. Not as a believer, but yet involuntarily through his poetic faculties he feels over all the ground that Jesus trod the brooding glory of the Divine presence in human form. Unconsciously it heightens his pleasurable sensations, and he realizes for us, with thrilling distinctness, the hills and valleys and lovely lakes of the Holy Land.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Our magazine is constantly receiving the kindest notices from the press throughout the country, for which we return our cordial thanks. Any failure on our part to exchange according to agreement, we need not assure our friends is unintentional. If those who fail to receive promptly and regularly will notify us by letter, the neglect shall be remedied, and back numbers made up.

Miscellaneous Receipts.

TO COOK MACCARONI AND OTHER PASTA IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.—The Italians, unlike ourselves, generally commence their dinners by eating a large plateful of pasta. This pasta is made into twenty different forms; the only ones we are acquainted with are macaroni and vermicelli; but in Italy, where it is a national dish, it is made into *nastri*, *capellini*, *puntini*, &c., &c. The principal mode of cooking it is as follows:—Three ounces of macaroni is the usual allowance for each person. Fill a large saucepan with water, and throw some salt in it (in the proportion of a dessert-spoonful to one pound of macaroni). Let the water boil, and when it is boiling throw in the macaroni, allowing it to boil quickly until tender. It is impossible to give the exact time which it will require before it becomes tender, as all depends upon the age of the macaroni—if fresh, it will take from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes; but if stale (which is generally the case with that purchased here), fully half an hour will be found requisite. Empty the macaroni into a colander, and let it drain thoroughly. Have ready some grated Parmesan cheese, and some fresh butter which has been oiled or melted before the fire (about a quarter pound of the butter to one pound of macaroni). Warm the dish well upon which it is to be served to table; sprinkle freely some of the grated cheese over it, then a layer of macaroni, then a layer of cheese, and so on, until both are exhausted. Pour over the whole the butter, and serve it up without a dish-cover immediately it is prepared. Before helping it, mix it well up by means of a large spoon and fork. Vermicelli, which we think superior to macaroni, dressed in the above manner, requires only five minutes' boiling. This dish may be varied by stewing either a few fresh tomatoes, mushrooms, or truffles, in the butter. The liver and gizzards of either fowls or ducks are frequently introduced into this dish, cut up into small pieces and stewed in a rich gravy.

SPICED BEEF.—This is an excellent dish for either luncheon or breakfast at this season of the year, and is generally eaten cold. It can be made from either the round, brisket, or rump of beef, but ribs are the most tender eating. Procure, therefore, from eight to ten pounds of the ribs of beef—those which have a good amount of fat upon them are the best—remove the bone, rub the meat well with one ounce of saltpetre pounded very finely, and three hours after this has been applied, rub on half pound of moist sugar; let the meat lay in this for two days, then take one ounce of ground pepper, half ounce of pounded mace, a few cloves likewise well pounded, and a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.

Mix all these ingredients well, and rub them well into the beef, particularly into the holes, adding occasionally a little salt. Roll up the meat as a round, and bind it with a strong fillet. Chop some shred suet very finely, and cover the beef with it, and bake it in a moderately heated oven from five to six hours. Whilst baking, it may be placed either upon a meat tin or in an earthen jar as nearly of its size as possible. In both cases there should be a cupful of gravy or water under the meat to prevent it from burning; if a jar is used there should be a cover to it.

TO DRESS A SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—Many consider the shoulder the most delicate part of the sheep, and the following manner of dressing it converts it at once into an excellent dish:—Parboil the shoulder, and then put it into a stewpan with a quart of good gravy and a little of the water in which it has been boiled; add a quarter pound of well-washed rice, two tablespoonfuls of mushroom catchup, and let all stew gently together for one hour, or until the rice is tender. Take up the mutton out of the pan and keep it warm before the fire; mix into the rice half a pint of rich cream and a lump of butter rolled in flour. Boil it for a few minutes, stirring it continually. Lay the mutton upon a warm dish, and arrange neatly the rice around it. Garnish with pickled walnuts.

ORANGE FRITTERS.—Take four oranges, peel them, and remove the white skin and pips. Cut them into slices, and dip them in a thick batter made with eggs, milk, flour, and sugar. Put some butter into a frying-pan, and when it boils fry the slices of orange after they have been thoroughly dipped in the batter. Serve them with powdered sugar sprinkled over them.

WAVING THE HAIR.—Plaiting the hair in a number of small plaits of three, before retiring to rest, is one of the best ways of waving, and produces an effect which more nearly resembles a natural wave than any other. If the hair is light it looks best crimped this way. It may be damped with a little spirits and water (to prevent cold) which will make the crimping more decided. For large regular waves the hair may be twisted over and under—in and out as it were—of the prongs of a hair-pin, which is afterwards twisted back at the points to keep the hair from slipping off, and the points from being dangerous. The hair should be damped first. Some people put it in beer to make it stiff. Hair that is naturally curly will wave well after the passing of a wet comb through it two or three times. A little rum may be mixed with the water, as hinted before, to prevent cold; and the hair should be well oiled and brushed first, or else it will look rough when the water dries. Natural waves, however, always tend to be large, irregular, and more picturesque than artificial crimping.

fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Dress of plaid silk, trimmed with two volants of the same, disposed so that the stripes correspond. Corsage with two points. Hat of white cut velvet with black lace.

FIG. 2.—Silk dress of the dahlia shade, trimmed with black lace. Head-dress, black lace and red flowers.

FIG. 3.—Dress of white silk with a small black figure; the skirt trimmed with volants and pinked ruches, alternately black and white. The waist is round, the Marie Antoinette girdle, edged with a very narrow pinked ruche; sleeves trimmed with the same. Cap of white blonde, with mauve flowers and corn-colored ribbon.

FIG. 4.—Dress of rich silk or poplin, the color bright Napoleon blue. *Paletot* of fancy cloth, the color *fentre*, or autumn leaf color. The bottom edge is ornamented by a very rich pattern worked in dark braid, the pockets being covered by a similar pattern; the fronts fasten to the neck by hooks and eyes, and have on each side three *agrafes* worked in braid. The sleeves are of three-quarter length, shaped at the elbow, and are trimmed to match the bottom of *Paletot*. Bonnet of white Torry, the curtain covered with black lace; it is of the *Marie Stuart* form, and has at the front edge a row of narrow black lace; blonde cap, having at the top a bunch of rose-buds and a white feather; the white strings are edged with a narrow black velvet.

FIG. 5.—Dress of pearl gray silk, the skirt is trimmed at the bottom by four rows of narrow ruby velvet, piped at the top with white silk. The body is plain and high, the waist without point; it fastens in front by a row of ruby velvet buttons; with the body is worn a *ceinture suisse* of ruby velvet, trimmed with white piping, and having the corners turned back and fastened by a button, so as to show the white silk lining; this *ceinture* has a *postillion* jacket at the back. The sleeves have epaulettes and cuffs of ruby velvet, which are trimmed with white piping and small white *revers* to match the *ceinture*. *Ecosais* hat of ruby velvet, trimmed with black ribbon and a tuft of small black feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The change in the form of skirts is gradual, but still marked. Not so very long ago it was considered desirable to have a long waist, followed by an immediate swelling of skirt. In order to attain this object, various devices were resorted to; bustles and pads of all descriptions were worn; the petticoats were gathered and attached, or "put in" to narrow bands; crinolines were steeled (if we may be allowed to coin a word)

to the waist; the breadths of skirts were left entire, and all that was possible to do was done to achieve the great object of making the skirt stand out directly from the waist. In the present day, the reverse is the object of ambition, and all efforts tend to make the figure appear as slim as possible just below the waist. Gored skirts have been introduced for this end; and the more effectually the breadths are gored, and the fewer plaits required around the waist, the more fashionable and satisfactory in effect is a skirt considered. But gored skirts are useless unless the same rule is extended to all under-petticoats, and these should not be only gored, but also sewn to a band at least ten inches deep. This band should be cut to fit the figure above the stays, and should be fastened at the back with five linen buttons. The petticoat is then gored, and sewn on to the band as a deep flounce. No matter the number of petticoats worn at the same time; be they flannel, long cloth, or cambric muslin, they should all be cut upon the same principle.

It is said that the Empress Eugenie has never worn a cage—she only wears muslin petticoats, which are gored to a point and trimmed with well starched flounces; these are much deeper at the back than in the front. This is a costly contrivance, and is not suitable for those who take much walking exercise.

The skirts of dresses for evening wear appear to increase in length; it is no use deploring the inconvenience of these trains, which are always left flowing, for they are universally adopted, and few are sufficiently strong-minded to look unfashionable by wearing garments of a more reasonable length. Very graceful drapery these trailing and ample skirts prove, but to economists they must be heart-breaking affairs, for now they are looked upon as such matters of course that people have not the same hesitation in walking over them that they had when first introduced. How the fair dancers manage their long *trains* of tulle or tarlatan in the mazes of the quadrille and the rapid whirl of the waltz, is more than we can pretend to explain; but the fragments of delicate fabric with which a ball room is often strewn tell plainly enough that precaution in such cases is useless, and damage inevitable. The most fashionable style consists of an upper-skirt or tunic, in silk or satin, over one of tulle or tarlatan; the silk tunic is trimmed with chenille embroidery, or garlands of flowers cut out in velvet and appliquéd on the silk or satin; the under-skirt is generally of tulle, arranged in puffings; the body of silk with tulle draperies. Silk dresses with tulle over them are no longer worn; it is now, as we have said, the upper-skirt that is made of silk.

The newest style of sash is made with white *grose* ribbon very wide, with colored satin stripes, and these are called *ceintures pèkinées*. They are

fastened at the back with three hanging loops, the centre one falling upon the two others. They form a good finish to many toilettes.

Wide black lace sashes, which are at present so fashionable, should be mounted upon either white taffetas or satin, otherwise they soon twist and look out of order. Another point to be noticed, for the benefit of amateur dressmakers, is the lining of ball dresses. For a skirt, which is covered with puffings or flounces of tulle or tarlatan, we should recommend them mounted upon a lining made of stiff net, and this lining must be first made up into a gored skirt, which, as nearly as possible, fits the figure about the hips. After this is completed, the puffings, flounces, or quillings must be mounted upon it. By this precaution the dress will retain its shape in a well-filled ball-room much better than when starched petticoats are alone relied upon.

Many ladies, especially in Paris, have latterly adopted the plan of mounting precious stones upon black velvet for the throat, a style which will be found advantageous round throats which are neither round nor fair. Necklaces of all descriptions are greatly in vogue; but many young ladies still retain the simple locket and velvet in preference to more costly necklets. Rosettes for the shoes made to correspond with the trimmings of the dress, likewise ribbon velvet for the locket, are now usually sent home with the dress by the generality of our best dressmakers.

A subscriber has inquired whether girls from seven to nine years of age wear drawers or knickerbockers? In reply, we can state that knickerbockers have completely superseded drawers for children of all ages and both sexes for morning wear, but if drawers are still adhered to, they should be worn very short, and be trimmed with embroidery. During cold weather flannel is a favorite material for knickerbockers; but for evening wear flannel is not suitable, therefore little girls adopt cambric muslin knickerbockers over others, made of light pink flannel; by this arrangement there is no fear of cold-catching. The white ones are confined at the knee with a strap of insertion, embroidered in satin-stitch, and tied just below the knee with a pink or blue bow. The color of the bow is regulated by that of the dress and trimming; and sometimes satin ribbon is used for the purpose. The bow must, of course, be tied at the outside of the leg. Occasionally Valenciennes edging is added to the straps, and impart to these comfortable garments a more finished effect.

The fashion of introducing color into the trimmings of underclothing is increasing. Although many still maintain a strong prejudice in favor of "all white," still the majority incline to the admixture of color, and the consequent enlivenment which it imparts. We believe colored petticoats were the

first innovations; these were quickly followed by colored stockings, and now flannel petticoats, chemises, and night-chemises are more or less trimmed with color. For chemises the prettiest *inexpensive* trimmings we have seen are worked with scarlet ingrain cotton upon white French cambric. The designs are all small—dots of scarlet, embroidered in satin-stitch, with a festooned scarlet edge in button-hole stitch; others have white edges with scarlet leaflets for designs. These trimmings are strong, and can be washed without fear of the color running, or indeed departing altogether. They appear to us very suitable for children's under-linen as well as for ornamenting their pinafores.

White flannel petticoats are now also adorned with color. The edges are festooned with scarlet wool, above which they are braided with scarlet braid. Others are simply stitched by machine with scarlet ingrain cotton round the edge, then braided with a design about three inches deep, headed with another row of backstitching. But colored flannel petticoats are also worn; either scarlet or pink are the popular shades.

Boots are made fantastically; with the present style of looping up the dresses, both in fine and wet weather, the feet are seen very plainly. In fine days the dress is not drawn up so high as when the streets are muddy, but in all weathers the feet of pedestrians are, now-a-days, visible. Unless the precaution of drawing up the skirts was taken, considering their present length, even when made of the richest materials, they would not last more than a couple of days. The only alternatives are, therefore, highly ornamented petticoats and dainty boots. For damp, rainy weather small buttoned kid boots, with tassels, are worn; also French satin boots, likewise buttoned, and trimmed with Astrakan fur up the front and round the ankle. But for fine days in the Bois, black velvet boots, embroidered with white silk, are to be seen.

Such boots are carried half-way up the leg, where they are finished off with long silk tassels falling at the side; the heel of the boot is likewise covered with velvet. Cavalier boots to wear in wet weather have been adopted by ladies of the highest fashion, and at Compiègne all those about the Empress wore them. These boots are in black or fawn-colored kid, with gaiters to match, buttoned at the side half-way up the leg, and terminating *en cœur*. At the side is a fastening in passementerie, holding acorns in silk.

Shoes for the ball-room are very highly ornamented, with high heels, exaggerated and very coquettish, covered with the same satin as the shoe. Sometimes the heels are in gold, should the dress be decorated with gold flowers, or in gauze striped with gold. However, gilded heels more generally accompany boots than shoes.

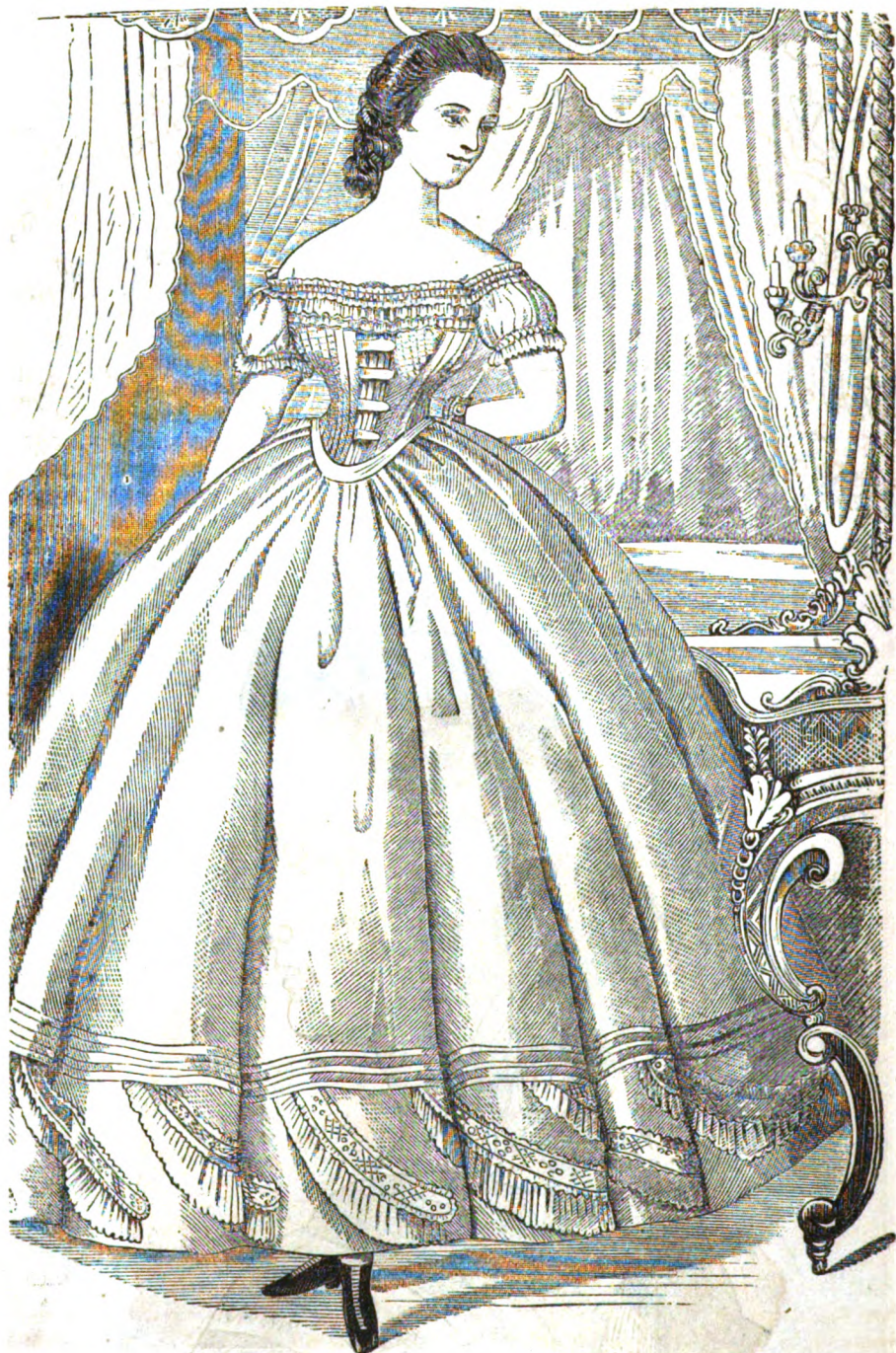


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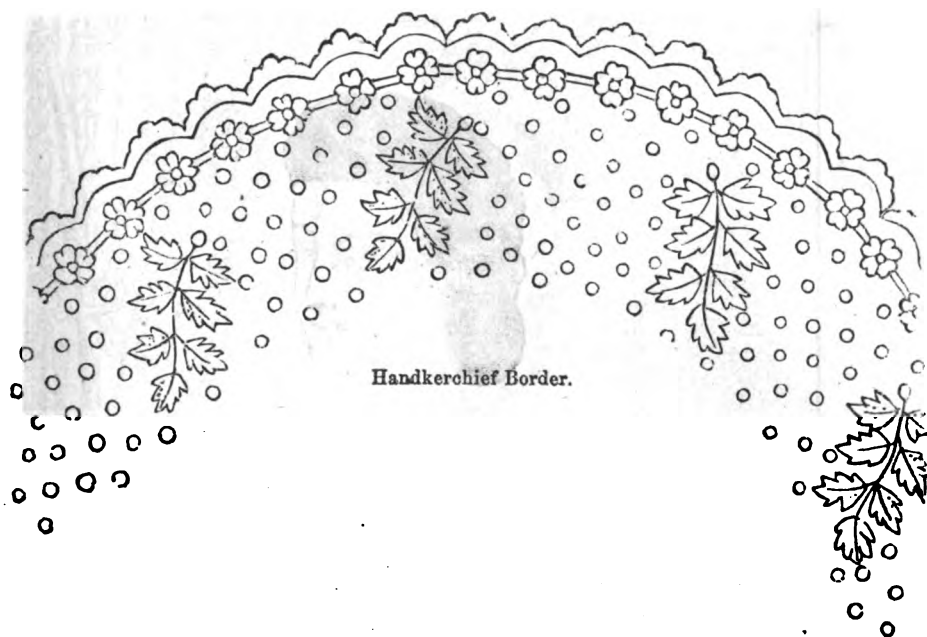




Coffure Galathea



La Ceinture Imperatrice. This is a kind of short elastic stay, procurable ready-made in Paris and London. It is composed of bands of white silk, with white silk elastic between them. The petticoat seen in our engraving is of white piqué, trimmed with insertion and frills put on in a new style, which would involve an immense amount of labor and industry if it were not that sewing machines manufacture frills with such marvellous celerity.



High-collared Jacket. This is made of fine scarlet cloth lined with black silk, and richly embroidered, with a border of grolots, or little round balls. The vest is of black satin, fastened with gold buttons.



Jacket bodice, trimmed with chenille. (Front and back view.)—This bodice is of the latest fashion, being made with a jacket and trimmed with chenille fringe. The sleeves are narrow, and finished by a turned-back cuff, which is placed on one side only of the sleeve. This cuff, as well as the epaulette, is trimmed with a chenille fringe, narrower than that



which goes round the body. This body can be worn with any skirt. Made in some plain, self-colored material, it would be an elegant style for a travelling-dress.

THE LITTLE TEASE POLKA.

Composed by

E. MAOK.

Furnished for the LADY'S FRIEND, by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut St., Phila.

POLKA.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes with slurs. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. Pedal markings ('Ped.') are placed below the bass staff at various points, often accompanied by an asterisk (*). The piece concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1864, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]





THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1864.

[No. 5.

DEACON DENISON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

How still it was. Up from the meadow came the faint sound of the haymakers at their task; and the leaves whispered together softly, as if afraid of betraying their secrets; and even the birds hushed their carols, and sheltered by cooling boughs nodded their heads in sleepy silence. The old farm-house itself looked quiet in the afternoon sunshine, for Mrs. Denison was its only occupant, and she sat in the large, old-fashioned kitchen, with only the sharp click of her needle through the homespun cloth to break the monotonous ticking of the ceaseless clock that hung its ponderous weights and never-weary pendulum upon the ochre-stained walls of the low-ceiled kitchen. Its hands were pointing to half past three.

A kind face had Mrs. Denison, a little browned and thinned by years of toil, and the hand that drew the thread in and out the long seam, was hard and wrinkled; but it always had a soothing touch, and her face a sweet, patient smile, though there were lines of decision about her mouth that showed she had a firm will that was not easily moved.

There was a broad plot of grass sloping down to the orchard fence, a smooth, even stone wall, that gave support upon the one side to a wild vine, whose shining leaves lay all along it, as if there was growth and strength in its rocky foundation; and upon the other side, long rows of currant and gooseberry bushes hung their light burden of fruit along the slender branches. The orchard grass was blushing thick with ripe strawberries, while the apple boughs over-head had given shape to the rich, delicious fruit, as yet tasteless and insipid; and along the southern boundary were tangled bushes of blackberry and wild cherry, interspersed with scrubby oaks and maples,

which after all gave a refreshing shade, and looked cool and pleasant in the sleepy sunshine.

There was a heaping bowl of strawberries upon the grass, and close beside it a soft flow of pink gingham, peeping out from beneath a group of low bushes that formed a natural arbor, and completely hid the youthful occupant, who sat upon a mossy hillock, her eyes bent upon a half-worn book that lay in her lap; bending back the leafy branches every now and then, and turning a startled, wistful look towards the orchard gate, like a guilty child afraid of punishment. She could not have seen the budding and blossoming of more than seventeen summers, and by her face one would not have counted so many as that, but for the half sad, half weary expression that constantly dwelt there. Her complexion was fair, her eyes blue, and deep as the reflection of the summer sky upon the surface of a quiet lake, hemmed in by hills and forests. The slender fingers, crimson with the juice of the blushing berries, were half buried amid the soft, wavy hair, that looked just ready to burst from its confinement and roll down in shining ringlets over the white neck. She would hardly be called beautiful anywhere, but there was something attractive in the quiet, womanly expression. The simple dress of pink was narrow and scant, but it was worn with an air of grace and refinement, that made one forget how simple it was, with its plain linen collar fastened with a single rosebud. Ruth Denison was not the possessor of a single ornament, except the long string of golden beads and the heavy, plain ring, which her grandmother had worn, and which Ruth kept hidden in the choicest niche in the old chest of drawers that

stood between the windows in her small chamber, and she would sometimes slip the heavy ring over her slender finger, and tie the beads about her neck, or wind them in and out her thick, wavy hair, with true artistic taste, and glance admiringly at them in the small, square looking-glass, and dream of the time when they adorned the fair, youthful figure that was now wrinkled and faded, and wonder as she gazed at her reflected image, if she too would grow old, and some one, in time, as young as she, gaze proudly upon those quaint old treasures.

And while Ruth sat reading, there came a rustling of the bushes upon the opposite side of the fence, and a young man sprang lightly to the ground beside her. Ruth put aside the leafy branches and gazed out with a startled look.

"Well, I am fairly caught now," exclaimed the young man; "caught stealing strawberries in the Deacon's orchard. You see father has foolishly let a whole troop of school-children into ours, just because it makes them happy and he loves to see them so. I was too indolent to go off to the fields, but I was pretty sure I should find some here, for I remember the Deacon never allowed any one in his orchard, and I wanted to be revenged for the time he set the watch-dog upon me, when he found me clubbing the fruit tree just down by the road."

The young man rattled off this strange apology with such an air of mock gravity, Ruth could but be amused, and the mirth twinkled out at her eyes, though her mouth did not form a smile.

"Is it possible this is Ruth Denison, my little playmate? How are you, Ruth? How you have grown. I declare it makes me feel old just to look at you. Why, I was five years older than you when I graduated at the old red school-house just down in the hollow. You were twelve then, and I seventeen. I have hardly seen you since. How is the Deacon? I should have gone up to the house and paid my respects to you all, but I was never a favorite of his, you know, because I would get asleep in meeting and tumble off the seat, during one of good old Parson Kemble's prosy sermons on total depravity, and whisper in Sabbath-school, and throw stones at his chickens on my way home, and worse than all, go ranging over the fields on Sundays, and father never restrained me. I have been to college since, and he has a holy horror of those hot-

beds of dissipation, so what must he think of me now? But forgive me, Ruth. You will think me a reckless fellow, and I suppose I am; but between you and I, my little playmate, I would not do a mean act, or an untruthful, wicked one, for the price of my life; but I cannot get a sanctimonious face and air, any more than an Ethiopian can change his skin, or a leopard his spots. You see I have studied the Bible a little—or is that Shakspeare, I have forgotten which?"

"Why, Archie Crandall!" Ruth looked into his face with a half amused, half astonished, half grieved expression. She had never heard any one talk in that careless manner before, and it sounded to her inexperienced ears, as it was, very thoughtless, if not quite wicked.

"There, I might have known I should shock you, Ruth. But what are you reading?" The young man threw himself down upon the grass at her side, and drew away the book that she had half hidden beneath the folds of her dress, and opened it.

"The Heart of Mid-Lothian! What, Ruth Denison, a deacon's daughter, reading novels? Don't you know it will ruin you, child? fill your head with wrong ideas of life; turn it away from the real to the ideal, and make you discontented with the plain, humble life at the farm-house. I am afraid it is what has given that far-away, dreamy look to those beautiful eyes."

"But, I never read more than two or three in my whole life," with a frightened look coming into the eyes Archie Crandall had just now praised. "This I am certain can do me no harm, with such a charming character as Jeanie Deans for the heroine. I have actually dropped tears over the book, because I could not be like her, as sincere and truthful. Wasn't she a noble woman, Archie?"

"Indeed she was, Ruth."

"O then you have read it—you read works of fiction?"

"I am a man, you know, and my brain not so easily bewildered as the softer heads of women. But I will be serious with you, for I see you do not know how to take such badinage. I do not believe such reading will ever harm you, for there will be enough of the Pilgrim's Progress, Josephus, and the history of the ancients to counteract all bad effects.

"But tell me of all the people about here, Ruth; our old schoolfellows and teachers—those mild, pleasant ones, who held sway over

the little summer flocks, and the grim ogres who were the terror of us all, when winter had heaped the snow in that Alpine drift behind the school-house." And for more than an hour Ruth was kept answering the young man's questions, for he had been from home more than five years, with only an occasional visit upon the yearly holidays.

A clearer insight into Archibald Crandall's character, than words could express, might be gathered from his conversation with Ruth. He was, as he said, wild; reckless he could hardly be called, for there was an undercurrent in his nature, that loathed everything immoral or vicious. His father, Esquire Crandall, was a wealthy man; his son had never been obliged to labor beyond what he chose; or to learn the value of money, for he had but to make the call upon his father's purse, and straightway its strings were unloosed. He was generous almost to a fault; extravagant he was not; open-hearted, frank, kind to every one, a general favorite, and it was not strange that he interested Ruth, who never had seen any one who knew more than her father and the country pastor of their little church, unless it was Esquire Crandall's family; but her father would seldom permit her to visit them, and though their farms joined, there had of late years been little intercourse between the families.

I get weary myself, and dare say my readers do, of reading descriptions of radiantly beautiful females, without a blemish in face or figure; of young men with clear complexions, dark, wavy hair, deep, thrilling eyes and voices—oh, such voices—as penetrate the soul's affections at once. We wonder where they are, for we seldom meet them; there is so apt to be an ugly frown, or a haughty superciliousness, or a foolish vanity, unless the soul is beautiful, and then the plainest face wears a charm.

So I will only say that Archie Crandall was not an ill-looking fellow by any means, the goodness of his heart, the character and principle were written clearly upon his full, open brow, for he had bared it to the afternoon breeze that was springing up, as the sun crept round towards the west.

He was interested in Ruth. She was so different from the ladies he had met abroad. Such a sweet simplicity and frankness in all she said, and sound good sense too, that Archie wondered how she had contrived to pick up so much information in the quiet town. He asked

her this. The blue eyes filled with tears at once.

"Oh, Archie, please do not jest with me upon that subject," she said, with a sorrowful quiver in her voice. "You know I have hardly been out of Seaworth in all my life, and all the education I have gained at the annual four months' district school. Father does not think it worth while for any one to know very much, you know, and he would hardly trust me out of his sight, lest I should pick up bad associates and habits. Then I have not much to read now. I have read everything in our house, and in Parson Kemble's library, and I am hungry for some sweet poem, or to catch a glimpse of life beyond the old farm-house, in history or travels, but father objects to such reading. You wonder at the far-off look in my eyes, Archie, but how can I help it, when I am constantly straining them to get beyond that range of hills; those still, sleepy forests, or just to the outlet of that quiet lake. What would the world be, if every farm and dwelling formed its possessor's world, as this does ours? It is not right; though I believe with the Psalmist, 'we should learn whatever state we are in, therewith to be content,' and I am, only sometimes"—Ruth paused, for she could not quite reconcile the theory with the practice.

"I was not jesting my dear little friend, nor am I, when I tell you you are far beyond the most of your sex in good judgment, sound sense, and lady-like deportment, because your heart prompts it. But you shall have books, Ruth. Just in this I must set up my judgment against good old Deacon Denison."

"Thank you, but will it be quite right? Only bring me something quite staid and proper, to which father could not object."

Archie Crandall gave a hearty laugh, but he had no time for reply, for at that moment the full clear tones of the supper-horn sounded out upon the still air. Ruth sprang to her feet with a hurried exclamation, and stooping, placed her book beneath a shelving rock, and strewed a few leaves over it, and taking up her bowl of strawberries, gave a word of parting to Archie, and ran lightly across the orchard towards home. How she longed to go in and tell her mother of her meeting with Archie, and all he had said—of the interest she had felt for the heroine of her story. But her mother, though always kind and gentle, and possessed of true affection for her children, was an undemonstrative woman, and made little show of interest in

their sports, and Ruth could not make her the confidant of the little secrets in her heart, because the mother did not quite understand her child.

"You were gone a long time, Ruth," was the mild reproof—"could you not find berries?"

"O, yes, they were very plenty; but after I had gathered them I sat down upon the grass to hull them, and it was so pleasant, I quite forgot myself. Let me finish setting the table, mother, and you sit down."

Ruth's step was light, and her voice merry, but there was a slight feeling of guilt at her heart at thus deceiving her kind parent. Deacon Denison's hired man came driving the sleepy oxen up from the meadow with a load of fresh, fragrant hay. Ruth's brother Joseph, a fine boy of twelve years, was snugly stowed away upon the top, and Deacon Denison, with an array of rakes and pitchforks upon his shoulder, followed up the rear. He was a man a little past sixty, with sparse gray hairs falling below his worn straw hat, a face that was rather kindly, but looked as if its owner had held fierce contest with life, and it may excuse the harshness of his nature in part, to know that he had struggled up, with losses and crosses, to his fortieth year, before he had thought it best to encumber himself with a family, and so his life had been hard and unloving, until it had sapped much that was originally good. He believed in the Puritanic method of discipline, both in the church and in the household, and rather held in contempt educated people, and those who indulged in anything beyond the bare necessities of life. He was not a benevolent man; his mite was small and grudgingly given; the assessment of his annual tax was like tearing out the heart of the man, and he always contrived that his property should be of less value upon that day than any other. But he was always in his place at church, in the prayer meeting, a strict observer of the Sabbath, an earnest reader and believer in God's word. He was not really Pharasaical, but here he felt his duty ended. Deacon Denison had little faith in Esq. Crandall's Christianity. He was not an active member of the church by words, but he was ever ready with his hands or his purse to do good. The poor blessed him, the little children loved him; for he always tried to make them happy. It was no uncommon event to see him riding past in summer, with a troop of rosy-cheeked girls grouped about him, and it

was astonishing in winter how many the old-fashioned sleigh would hold, and how many urchins could find a place to hold on behind; but Deacon Denison had a peculiar jerk to his whip, that proved efficacious in keeping them all at a distance. And yet, if there were any depredations committed, it was always upon Deacon Denison; and never upon Esq. Crandall. Persons would have thought as soon of robbing their own orchards and corn cribs as those of the latter, for they were never refused anything, unless in so kindly a manner as not to offend. Esq. Crandall had everything beautiful about his home, too. Noble trees, shady walks, vine-covered arbors, and within the large roomy house everything was tasteful and comfortable—for the quiet country-town, elegant. He believed it was God's intention we should enjoy the beautiful, else he would not have created the world with such charms that the work of man's hand could never outvie.

But Deacon Denison did not like Ruth to visit there, because she always came home full of the beautiful things she had seen, and it made her vain and discontented, he thought. And so Ruth looked and admired from the distance and from memory.

The Deacon had left the load standing in the barn, turned out the weary oxen, and come in to supper. It was a silent group about the table, for the Deacon had early instilled the motto of children's being seen and not heard into the minds of his own, so Ruth and Joseph kept perfectly silent, though it was much against the inclination of the mischief-loving boy.

"I see Esq. Crandall's son is at home," the Deacon said, at length, addressing his wife. "He passed up the road all dressed in his Sunday-best, looking like the wild rake I dare say he is. Esq. Crandall will sup sorrow for the way in which he has brought up his boys and girls. All they care about is frolicking and finery. That Archibald is a fit subject for the state prison by this time, I'll be bound."

The Deacon lapsed into silence after this, and Ruth, with flushed cheeks and trembling fingers, poured the thick rich cream over her dish of strawberries, and tried to appear absorbed in her occupation; but Joseph was watching her with a half-angry, half-defiant frown, settling over his pretty boyish face.

The meal concluded, Ruth cleared the table, and washed the dishes upon the snow-white

table beside the wall, and somehow the text would keep running through her mind—"And the greatest of these is charity."

The next morning was the dawn of the Sabbath. Deacon Denison had changed his old-time-honored custom of commencing it upon the going down of the sun on the previous evening, because it had often interfered with his labors; but on this morning there was a quiet hush about the entire farm. It seemed as if the staid cows stalked to their pasture with a slower step than usual, while Joseph, glad to get down the lane, out of sight of the house, tossed his hat in the air, and turned a few somersets to give vent to his exuberant spirits.

The morning meal passed in the usual silence, and then Joseph was dressed for Sunday-school, and seated in the corner under the watchful paternal eye, to study his lesson. Ruth went to her room to dress also, and perfect silence reigned in the Deacon's dwelling. The walk to church was a pleasant one to all but Joseph, who could not resist the temptation to turn aside and pluck a long-stemmed dandelion, which he made into a curl and tucked beneath Ruth's cottage bonnet, and pluck a blade of grass, through which he gave a prolonged whistle, which brought down the paternal hand with heavy weight upon his shoulder, proving effectual in taming the youthful spirits into proper dignity and circumspection during the remainder of the walk. Ruth had her class of small pupils, and they all loved their gentle teacher, and were ready and prompt with their lessons; but this morning Ruth could not interest herself as usual. Her eyes kept wandering off to the tearful face of her brother, as he repeated his morning lesson, while beside him were the cheerful, wide-awake faces of the younger Crandall boys, the contrast proving too strong to escape her notice.

The aged minister, who had filled the sacred desk ever since Ruth's remembrance, had just risen and opened the large Bible, wiped his spectacles and adjusted them before his eyes, when there was a slight rustling in the broad aisle, and all eyes were turned to witness the entrance of Esq. Crandall's family, the fashion and elite of the quiet church, which even those who pretended to despise could not resist the inclination to look upon. First came Esq. Crandall, his mild benevolent face shining all over with happiness, for all the household were that day to be gathered within the ample pew;

next, Mrs. Crandall, in her light silk dress and bonnet; then the young ladies, just home from school, the two younger boys following, and lastly, Archie himself. Ruth had her hymn book over her face, but she could not help lowering it a bit, to catch a glimpse of them all, and when the tall, manly form of Archie passed her father's pew, her heart gave a quickened throb and a little current of blood swept up into the white forehead. The sermon was a long one, extemporaneous, and many parts repeated till there was little danger of the hearers forgetting it; but the aged pastor was known to be a true, devoted Christian, and his people could overlook the infirmities of age. A portion of the parish, Esq. Crandall among others, had urged the necessity of an assistant, one who would interest the younger people, and relieve the aged pastor from a portion of his cares. But Deacon Denison would not hear to it. Parson Kemble suited him, and he guessed he did about as much for the church as any one, and while he held sway in the small parish there was little prospect of change.

Morning and evening service were over by three o'clock, for the interval between the two was short, and Ruth and Joseph watched the hands upon the kitchen clock with restless eagerness; Joseph yawned, and drummed his feet upon the floor, and finally walked uneasily to the open door. There, in full view of Joseph's eyes, were all the Crandalls, in their father's orchard under the trees, some reading, others engaged in cheerful conversation, as he could tell by the sound of their voices. Joseph turned his hat over and over in his hand, put one foot out upon the step, with his eyes turned back upon his father's face. He was dozing in his chair, with the open Bible before him. Ruth thought of her book out under the leaves, and wondered if Archie Crandall had placed any more there, as he had promised; but she had more reason, and judgment than Joseph, so she tried to be contented with her lives of the martyrs, which she was reading for the tenth time; but somehow after all she felt that she was quite a martyr herself, without inheriting any of the blessing. But at that unpropitious moment Deacon Denison's nap was concluded, and his eyes opened and looked after Joseph firstly, just as the child expected they would; but he was sitting demurely upon the doorstep, as if no thought of the cool orchard boughs hung over his fancy.

"Where is your book, boy?" was the first inquiry. "Come in and sit by me, and not be gazing out of doors. Just look at them Crandalls now. What if your father let you go on to ruin as Esq. Crandall does his boys?"

Joseph did not answer. He took his book, turned it upside down before his face, and sat making faces at his father, as much as to say he would rather go to ruin with Esq. Crandall for his father, than to be ever so good with his father's stern treatment. That was just what the child thought, at any rate.

The sun went down at last, and Ruth went with Joseph to drive up the cows. The colloquy between the two would hardly have been pleasing to the father's ears, though Ruth, with her more mature years and judgment, tried to hush Joseph's impassioned words, the sum and substance of which were, like Wilkie Collins' Zachary, in Hide and Seek—"I just hate Sunday!"

There was to be a party at the Crandall's. All the young people in the neighborhood were invited to spend the September afternoon and evening, and Archie had told Ruth at an interview beneath the rustic arbor, it was for her especial self, because she had so little recreation; and even before Mrs. Crandall had called with her daughters and extended the invitation, Ruth had been remodelling the scant white muslin which had been her mother's, and expended a trifling sum at the village store for a blue sash, and ribbon to loop the blue forget-me-nots in her hair. She had brightened her beads and ring till they glittered brilliantly, and fairy visions of the wide, open rooms, the lively, jovial company, the merry dance upon the lawn, crept through her brain, whether waking or sleeping. Dear little Ruth, she was so happy in its prospect, though a mingling of fear wound in and out her joy; but when she heard her mother give her unqualified consent to Mrs. Crandall's cordial invitation, she could hardly restrain her feet from dancing up and down the floor, and the small hands did fly together gleefully, and the happy tears come into the bright blue eyes.

But Mrs. Denison mentioned the party to her husband in a most inauspicious moment. His cart had broken down in the hollow, and upset a fine load of grain, which he was hastening in out of an impending shower, which had proved but slight, however—just enough to prevent him from completing his day's work; and while he sat in the doorway, looking out at the

breaking clouds, Mrs. Denison spoke to Ruth, who was sewing by the window—"It is going to be fine weather for the party after all, Ruth."

Ruth's eyes brightened as she turned them towards the bright streak that was widening in the west.

"What party?" growled the Deacon.

"At Mr. Crandall's," replied Mrs. Denison, in a low voice.

"Well, what is that to Ruth, I should like to know?"

"Why, she has been invited, father, and I promised she should go; all the young folks are going."

"I do not care if they are. A pretty thing, truly, for you to allow the girl to run out nights to parties, and especially where that young scamp of an Archibald is. *Ruth shant stir one step*; and as for them Crandall girls running here every other day, I'll jest have a stop put to it." The Deacon brought down his foot upon the door-step with a tremendous force.

"O, father!" There was a piteous quiver in the tones, and it seemed as if the father's heart must have been adamant not to be touched. She took up the shirt she was making for her father, gathered up the thread and scissors, and ran with them up to her little room to hide the tears she was striving to hold in check.

"O, do let the child go, father!" plead Mrs. Denison. "It will not hurt her; she will come home early."

"I have told you once she is not going, and you are crazy to think of the thing. Don't you let me hear a word more about it." The Deacon arose and went with long angry strides towards the barn.

Ruth dropped her sewing upon the floor, and her head into the palm of both hands, and tears of keen, bitter disappointment rained through the slender fingers.

"O, Ruthie, don't cry, you dear little sister. It is a burning shame. I wish I was a man, I would contrive some way for you to have a good time sometimes, and not always stay pent up at home." The kind-hearted little fellow had wound his arms about his sister's neck, and laid his burning cheek beside hers.

"Could you take a note to Archie, do you suppose, without letting father know it?"

"Trust me for that," replied the boy bravely, "I am getting so I can pull the wool over his eyes pretty well."

"Josie!" There was a quiet shake of Ruth's head; she could not give the boy a strong reproof then, but it made her heart ache to think of the deceit, the duplicity with which they eluded their father's eyes.

"Dear, dear friend," the note ran, "I cannot come. Father firmly refuses to consent. I am just as grateful to you, and hope you will be happy without me."

It seemed as if Joseph had hardly time to cross the room before his fleet feet had carried him there and back again. He burst into Ruth's chamber before she had fairly dried her tears.

"O, but they were mad! They were all in the parlor when Archie read the note. He never said a word, but turned awful white and went out of the room. Mrs. Crandall read it aloud, and you ought to have heard the girls. Mr. Crandall said if he was in the habit of using oaths he believed one would slip out now. Katie cried and said, 'Poor Ruth,' and Lucy said, 'Poor Archie! the Deacon will never consent!' Consent to what, Ruth?—do you know?"

Ruth's face was crimson, and there was a wild fluttering at her heart, for in those two summer months Archie had become to her dearer than life itself, and though she sometimes fancied he loved her too, she was not certain. He had called several times with his mother and sisters, for the family was very friendly, and there had been frequent meetings in the leafy arbor beside the gray stone wall that marked the boundary between the farms. But this remark of Lucy's had awakened a deep joy, but a deeper pain within the heart of the little Ruth. "The Deacon will never consent," she repeated to herself, and then she added—"no, never. O, Archie, if you love me I am only sorry, because it will only make you wretched too." And yet, the thought that he did love her was very sweet.

The afternoon of the party was a bright one. Archie Crandall had hoped it would pour, and Ruth would not go to the window to watch the wagons as they rolled past with their freight of youth and happiness, but she could hear their voices, and that was enough. She sewed away diligently, and one would not have guessed the keen disappointment that was struggling beneath that calm exterior.

"You do not feel very bad, my child?" the mother had said, as she watched the quiet face that she saw was growing pale and thin, with

her eyes full of a tender pity that Ruth had never seen there before, for the mother was beginning to comprehend her child's needs a little more.

And Ruth had replied, with a sound of tears in her soft voice—"Not very, mother."

Deacon Denison looked a little uneasily at Ruth's pale face when he came in to supper. He had passed by Esq. Crandall's, and saw that there was scarce a young person for miles around absent from the cheerful circle but his child; and they were just taking supper under the trees upon the lawn, and he had heard Esq. Crandall's voice in merry talk and hearty laughter, and he began to realize the difference in their enjoyment of the life God had given them. He was unusually kind to Ruth, and she was the same as ever, dutiful and affectionate.

She went up to her chamber early. She did not light her candle, for the quiet light of the moon and stars suited her better. She had her knitting, but it dropped idly from her fingers, and she laid her head upon the sill of the open window, and gave herself up to thought. She heard a slight rustling beneath her window, and a soft whisper—"Ruth, can you come to me in the orchard?"

She waved her hand to the speaker, and answered in a soft voice—"Yes, Archie."

The young man walked up and down in the shadows of the orchard trees, and Ruth opened the gate softly and passed through. Archie put his arm about the slender waist, and drew her close to him, and Ruth felt that he trembled with emotion.

"Ruth, my darling, you know I love you, do you not? so I need not tell you, or ask if you love me, for I think our hearts can tell each other. I have passed such a wretched evening, thinking of your disappointment and my own, too. Your father is cruel, Ruth,"

"Oh, do not say that, Archie; he means it for my good. He has different ideas from your father, you know, and thinks you must be wild and reckless in consequence of your father's lax training. He does not know you as I do, Archie."

Ruth lifted her beautiful eyes to the young man's face with a loving trust, but she read there, something she had for the moment forgotten. She sank down from the loving arms.

"Oh, Archie, I forgot for the moment, I was so happy in your love, that father"—she could not finish the sentence, and for a little time

there was nothing but sobs breaking the stillness, and the youth could not comfort her.

"It is wrong in me, Archie. I will go in now and leave you. I am deceiving my dear, kind parents, and I must beg you not to seek me again, but go and find some one more worthy of you than me. I do not know enough to be your wife; but you could teach me, couldn't you, and I would learn so rapidly under your loving tuition. But, Archie, it must not be. Do go and leave me now, while I have strength to part with you, and go away from Seaworth for a little, till I teach my poor heart patience."

"It is hard, oh, it is hard, Ruth! Let me plead with your father, it may not be in vain. He will not be so hard-hearted when he knows how I love you. My parents and sisters have known from the very first of my love for you, for we have no secrets there, Ruth, and it will be a sad disappointment to them too, for they love you, and want us to be happy."

"No secrets there! and here I am hiding it all away, from even my darling mother. I have often felt the guilt, but father and mother do not understand the feelings of youth, they do not make companions of us. If they had, I should be so different; and Josie—oh, Archie, I am afraid he will be ruined by father's injudicious system of training. He firmly declares he shall run away, and I know his will is too much like father's ever to bend. It may break though, as mine has; and, Archie, when I am dead and hidden away forever, will you tell father what I have suffered, and beg him to spare Josie?" The young man answered with a quivering voice. He did not speak a word of parting, but he kissed Ruth very tenderly and turned away.

Ruth went to the house with a hurried step, but she paused before she reached it, for her father called to her from among the thick trees.

"Step into the kitchen, child, I want to talk with you."

Ruth's limbs nearly dropped from beneath her at sound of the stern voice, but she obeyed.

The candle burned dimly upon the high mantel, and Mrs. Denison sat beneath it with her knitting, and Josie was asleep with his head upon the kitchen table. Deacon Denison came silently into the kitchen, he snuffed the candle, and placed it where its rays shone brightly upon Ruth's face.

"Where have you been, Ruth?" he queried, in stern tones.

"Down in the orchard, father."

"And who were you with?"

"Archie Crandall." Her voice did not tremble at all. She was beyond that, now.

"Have you been in the habit of meeting him often?"

"Not very; but I have sometimes."

"And what was he saying to you to-night?"

Ruth hesitated and cast down the eyes that had been raised to her father's face. She gathered courage—

"He told me how much he loved me, father."

"And you told him, how well you loved him?"

"Yes, father."

Deacon Denison held out his arms.

"Come here, daughter; you thought your old father was a tyrant, and that he had not a bit of a heart; but he has, child, though it is a long way down to it. I heard all your talk with Archie, and you have both proved yourselves noble, and now you have looked your stern father in the face and told him just the truth."

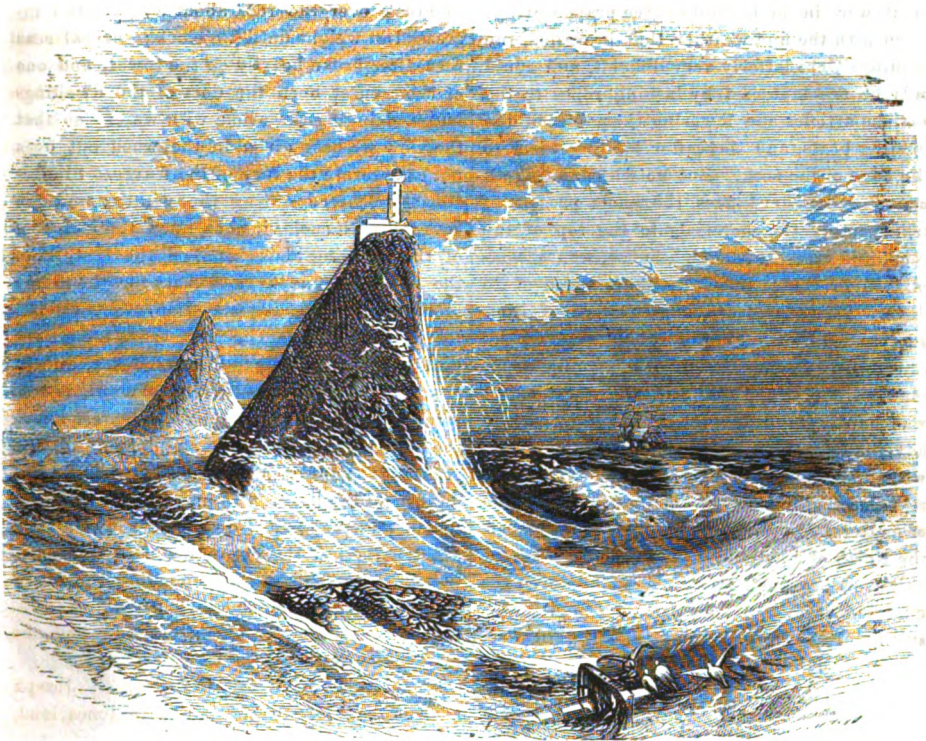
"Did you think I could tell you an untruth, father? No indeed, though I have acted one perhaps, I could not speak it."

"My son, go open the door." Joseph obeyed, and the Deacon called in tones loud, but gentle—

"Archie, come in. My little girl has proved herself all I hoped. Take her, my boy, and may Heaven bless you both."

Deacon Denison had met the young man as he hastened across the orchard, and had bade him remain while he talked with Ruth, and if she told him just the truth, he would give her to him; but if not, he might depart and set his heart at rest. Archie knew what Ruth would do, and she did not disappoint him. He took her hand in his, and imprinted a kiss upon her brow, and whispered—"God help me to be worthy of you, my little Ruth."

The change in Deacon Denison was so great from that evening, it seemed to him that the world had changed its revolutionary motion to the opposite direction and brought him altogether good instead of ill. The conversation to which he had listened opened his eyes to the wrong course he was pursuing. The two families became firm friends, and though Ruth remained at home during the next two years before her marriage with Archie Crandall, there was a new song in her heart and upon her lips, for now the needs of her soul were satisfied.



THE NORTH UNST LIGHTHOUSE.

This picturesque lighthouse is situated off the north coast of Scotland. It is built on an outlying rock of a conical form (called a "stack"), which rises to the great height of nearly 200 feet above the sea. Towards the north its face is nearly perpendicular and exposed to the full "fetch" of the Northern Ocean. Its southern face is an abrupt, rocky slope, which, previous to the cutting of steps on its surface, could only be scaled with great difficulty. The top of the rock affords little more area than is sufficient for the site of the lighthouse. The tower is 50 feet in height, and contains the light-room, sleeping-room, kitchen, and provision store. The base of the tower is surrounded by a semicircular building, containing the oil, coal, and water stores. There is only one part of the rock at which a landing can be effected, and that of course only in favorable weather. The dwelling-houses for the families of the four light keepers are built on the Island of Unst, in a creek called

Burra Fiord, about four miles from the lighthouse. The first light on this rock was shown from a temporary tower, erected in 1854, at the suggestion of the Admiralty, for the benefit of the North Sea Squadron, then engaged in prosecuting the Russian war. It was deemed advisable to provide certain lights before winter set in, and only a few months remained to make all the necessary preparations for indicating the rugged shores of Northern Shetland. The "Pharos" steamer left Glasgow, with the workmen and temporary lighthouse and dwellings, on the 31st July, and the light was exhibited on the 11th October; and when it is considered that the whole of the materials and stores (consisting of water, cement, lime, coal, ironwork, glass, provision, &c., and weighing upwards of 120 tons), had to be landed on an exposed rock, and carried up to the top in small quantities on the backs of laborers, it will be seen that the exertions of Mr. Brebner, who acted as resident engineer, and of Mr.

Watt, who took charge of the landing department, were in the highest degree praiseworthy. Even with the fine weather that prevailed, the landings were latterly very difficult, and could only be accomplished by lashing ropes to the various articles and lowering them out of the landing boats, and thereafter hauling them to the edge of the rock. But notwithstanding all untoward circumstances, the whole process of transporting the materials to the top of the rock, and erecting the lighthouse, was accomplished in the wonderfully short space of 26 days. The temporary houses were of iron, surrounded by a casing of rubble masonry set in cement. Seeing that these temporary buildings were elevated 200 feet above the sea, it was hardly to be expected that they should have had anything but the wind and the rain to withstand; but the succeeding winter months revealed a very different and unlooked-for state of matters. From the 1st to the 4th December, the North of Shetland was visited by a severe gale from the North-west. The foreman of the quarriers, who had been left to complete the cutting of the steps in the face of the rock, re-

ported that on the 3d of December the sea began to break over the rock about 9 A. M., and increased in weight until 1 o'clock; several seas thereafter broke heavily on the tower, and one of them burst open the door of the dwelling-house, deluging the whole with water—so that the view we have given in the wood cut does not exaggerate the fury of the waves. Similar storms occurred during the winter; and the seas fell with such violence upon the iron roof of the dwelling-house, and on the lantern of the lighthouse, as to raise fears for the safety of the buildings. An elevation of nearly 200 feet was not sufficient to place these temporary buildings beyond damage from the sea, and in erecting the permanent establishment, it was resolved to raise the light-room 50 feet above the lofty rock on which it stands, so that the seas might pass over without obscuring or endangering the light. The permanent structure, which we have already described, shows a fixed dioptric light of the first order, and was completed in 1858 at a cost, including the shore establishment, of about £32,000.

HAS BEAUTY THEN NO CHARM.

BY C. MORRIS.

Has beauty then no charm
To stay the hand of age?
Soft youth, it should disarm
Decay's unfeeling rage.
That tender-beaming eye,
Must it grow bleak and cold?
And all that makes life pleasant die
As we grow old?

My Mary's rosy cheek,
'Tis painted fresh by May,
Must autumn, stern and bleak,
Blow all its charms away?
And the raven locks that fall
Upon her shoulders white,
Shall the frosts of winter change them all,
In one bleak night?

Her voice divine should stay
Time in his base intent,
Ah, can harsh discord play
On that sweet instrument?

Shall care's remorseless hand
Plant wrinkles on her brow,
And over beauty's summer land
Run his keen plow?

And the sweet thoughts that lie,
Like folded buds beneath,
Shall all their fragrance fly
From the far tread of death?
All the rare threads sublime,
That course life's busy loom,
Shall their bright webs be rent by time
This side the tomb?

Thus nature's endless strife;
Death hovers o'er the spray,
And the rose-leaves of life
Plucks one by one away;
The charm of summer flits
From winter's distant tread,
While loveliness, a mourner, sits
Amid her dead.

LULU.

BY STELLA OF LERCHANANINA.

Nevermore,
How I weep to think it o'er,
Shall our Lulu's laughing tone
Coax the sadness from my own;
Nevermore,
Through the softly shaded door
Shall the music of her song
Break, in echoing trills along,
As in sweet days gone before,
Nevermore.

Yes—I know
That where human flowerets grow,
Sunny eyes and gold-brown hair
Meet me, greet me everywhere;
And I know
That wherever I may go,
There are sweetly panting lips,
And pink, dainty finger-tips,
Roses 'mong the thorns that grow—
Yes, I know.

But my own,
These pink fingers taper grown—
Mine the cheek where rose-light swept,
Mine the lip where rose-dew slept—
All my own.
Though the soft form turned to stone,
And beneath the churchyard mould,
Laughing eyes and hair of gold,
Lying in the cold alone,
Yet, my own.

Nevermore,
Though I search the wide earth o'er,
Never, never, anywhere
Shall I find a thing so fair;
Nevermore,
On this wild and weary shore,
Shall my life go out to meet
Such dear, merry, childish feet;
I must think it o'er and o'er—
Nevermore!

MRS. JERRY JUNE'S FINE ORIGINAL STORY.

BY ERAW.

"I know I can do as well as that. I've a large organ of imagination; Fowler said so himself, when he examined my head. My eye, too, is full. I have language at my complete command. Jerry would bear witness to *that* fact, I think, for he says that my tongue runs faster than a windmill in a gale. That's a big story, though, if Jerry *did* tell it. I *know* I don't *begin* to talk as fast as some women I could name. But now I'm just going to try my hand at writing a story. I've a good education, and if I do make grammatical mistakes in talking now and then, I know when I make them just as well as if I was a school ma'am. I used to know a little something of French, too, before I married Jerry; but bless me! those five boys! Who could keep any French in their head and wash, and cook, and mend, and make for them? I've got a French book or two, though, lying somewhere among the rubbish in the attic; I must hunt that up and quote a few polite phrases from it, to make them think I'm accomplished; or, stop—it will be too much trouble to look for it, and chance if I could find it; I'll quote somebody else's quotations—that'll do just as well. Yes, I know I can write a story that Mr. Blank will buy and pay me for, too, and I'll do it. But I mustn't let Jerry know it. O, wouldn't he take me to do if he should catch me at such business? 'Better be mending the hole in little Jerry's pants, or patching Billy's torn frock, or knitting socks for the baby, or even sewing on buttons for the two older boys and me,' he'd say. No, no, I never must let Jerry know it; I must do it in his office hours. I never should hear the last of it if he should once catch me writing while anything about house was out of fix. And while those five boys are boys, things *will* be out of fix all over the house. There! that baby's squalling again! It must have lungs of gutta percha. It's cried all the morning. Only a few minutes ago I succeeded in getting it to sleep; hoping it would sleep till supper time.

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Now hear it! Little Billy's been poking his fingers in its eyes, or hunting for its 'pooty little foots,' I'll warrant. I ought not to have left the child in there alone with the baby. I might have known he'd be into mischief the moment I came out. But he was sitting still on the floor, the little rogue, nursing his rag-baby to sleep. It's too bad. I'd just got my pen to write. Dear me! Jerry'll be home pretty soon now; I can't begin my story to-day."

* * * * *

"Mrs. June, here are my collars come from the wash, this is the third time, for three weeks in succession, with half the buttons off, and more than half the button-holes torn out or gone entirely. I don't see what it all means. You used to keep up everything so nice, and do the whole of your own work except the washing, when Billy was a baby, and now, if you have one baby more, you have a smart girl to cook, wash and iron, and the two oldest boys are out of the way in school all day; I can't for my life see why—oh, my patience! there's a big hole in my breeches pocket, and I've lost my best jack-knife and one—two—yes, four dollars' worth of loose change. That all comes of your not mending my pantaloon Saturday night, as you commonly do if any of them need it. I told you, Hetty, before I went off to the club room, that that pair that I left hanging across the chair-back in the bedroom, needed the pockets mended, one or both. You forgot it? I left them there on purpose, so you shouldn't forget it. I wonder what in nature possesses you of late. Everything is in heaps and piles all over the house. Here is my—Hetty, it's shameful!—my best black satin neck-tie lying in the wash-bowl of dirty water. It's completely ruined; and only a week since I bought it! That's Billy's or Jerry's work; it must be Jerry's, for Billy can't reach to the top of the wash-stand. Why don't you watch those children better, Mrs. June? They are getting to be very destructive. Jerry got to my best beaver yesterday, and used it for a stool till he smashed it in; that, with the neck-tie, is at the least estimation, ten dollars out of pocket. Snap! There goes another window-pane! It's that Jerry! He's broken a window in the nursery. Run quick, Hetty, and see if he's cut himself. What makes you leave those children in there alone? You know they're not big enough to keep out of mischief. They don't—no use! She's gone and left the baby squalling like vengeance. Oh, grief and sor-

row! What screams! Such a pair of lungs! Hush—sh!—sh!—there! little dimity, papa's darling sweeting boy. Do hush! The ugly little rascal! He yells fiercer than ever. Well, I'll be off. Mrs. June wont stay in the nursery long with baby bawling at that rate. Pshaw, I can't go now till I sew on this confounded button. Hush!—sh!—sh!—you young bedlamite. Here, give me the darning needle—why, what in creation's become of Hetty's sewing works?—needles, thread, box, thimble, can't find a solitary thing. Oh, here you come, Hetty; well, that baby knows well enough how to bring you. The ugly little imp. I couldn't do anything with him. There, I shall have to go and put on my best pants, Hetty, for I haven't another pair but are out of fix in some way—buttons gone, or button-holes torn out, or some other trouble. Hetty, I can't stand it. It can't be that baby altogether that makes everything go wrong about house, for he's six months old, and we haven't had any such times here till lately. I don't know what's the cause of it, but the old fellow's to pay some way. We must have a different state of things, or the children will fly in rags, and I shall run mad or run away. If you can't do your patching, and mending, and sewing on button-holes, Hetty, why I'll hire another girl to do it. 'Twould be cheaper to hire two or three than have things running to wreck and ruin, as they have been here for three or four weeks. Three o'clock! I was to have been at the office at half past two. I shall miss that engagement with Mr. Holyoke, and so lose a job worth certainly two thousand dollars, besides the chagrin of having broken an engagement with one of the most prompt of business men. He'll never come to engage my services again, Hetty; he never goes a second time to any man that has broken one engagement with him. What shall I do? The two thousand dollars are nothing to the injury it will do me to lose the patronage of such a man as Mr. Holyoke. I am going, Hetty. You know I could not get away earlier, and it was no fault of mine that I am late."

—

"He's gone, and baby's still again. I do want to have a good cry, but I wont be so weak. How could I foresee all the trouble that would arise from my story writing? But I've done it, I've done it! done it handsomely too. Here it is, my story, in beautiful, clear black print. 'A fine original story,' by Stella Star-

weed. 'Tis a good story, too—a beautiful story. How proud I should be to show it to Jerry and tell him it was written by his own wife. What *would* he say? Wonder if he'd kiss me and say he was proud of me? But no, he wouldn't. He went off mad this noon, and I cannot blame him. 'Twill be a great injury to him as a business man to lose Mr. Holyoke's favor. He'll be not merely two, but perhaps ten thousand dollars the worse for it in the end. Oh, I'm so sorry. He never spoke cross to me either, in all these twelve years that we've been husband and wife till since I took to writing stories. Oh, oh! now he's begun to I'm afraid he'll never leave it off. But I'll try, I'll do my best to get things back again into their former decent order. But what a job it will be. Such piles of mending to be done. I never saw anything like the way those two oldest boys wear out clothes. I shall have to hire a girl to sew for me certainly a week; maybe in that way I can catch up. To think I should have been so long about it, and had to try so many times before I could succeed in writing one they would pay me for. Three long stories I wrote, each of them filling a dozen closely written sheets of foolscap. 'Twas nothing but scratch, scratch, write, write, from the time Jerry left the house till 'twas time for him to come back. How tired I was of writing. I feel as if I wouldn't touch pen and paper again in a year. Then too I had to fib it some. I couldn't keep it from Jerry without. Once he came back after he'd started for the office—popped suddenly in upon me just as I was sitting down to write, jogging the cradle with my foot. Ljumped, and turned red and white in streaks. He wanted to know what was the matter. I told him he frightened me coming in so suddenly, that I thought it might be some robber. How he did laugh at me for being afraid of robbers in broad daylight. Then he wanted to know where I got my fancy note paper, and to whom I was writing such long letters, and I told him I was writing to mother. Oh, how I cried with shame and vexation when he was gone! To think that I should ever have told him a *lie*! My cheeks burn now at the thought of it. But acting a lie before him continually isn't much better. And I shall have to do that till these troubles are over, if they ever are. I don't know. The domestic sky looks threatening all over. He knows I've been practicing some kind of deceit upon him, though he's too

proud to accuse me of it. He may think it's something far worse than what it is. He noticed the ink spots on my finger the other day, and asked me if I'd been writing any more long letters to my mother. He hasn't touched my hand since, no, nor kissed me either. What does he think of me? He cannot think that I—that any one else—oh no—he cannot think so unjustly of his own wife. Oh, if I were to lose his confidence, his love. I wish I never had thought of writing stories. 'Tis well enough for those housekeepers who have no young children to care for; but for me—'tis worse than nonsense—'tis downright folly.

"Then such a loss as it has been. True, they paid me ten dollars for the last story, but those ten dollars were dearly earned. Let me see if I can estimate the cost—

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Jerry's hat and cravat, | \$10.00 dead loss. |
| Lost four dollars in change, | 4.00 |
| New pocket-knife, | 1.50 |
| Postage on four letters, four stamps per letter, | .48 |
| Paper used and wasted, | .75 |
| Total, | \$16.73 |

"Sixteen dollars and seventy-three cents! then if I count the loss of that two thousand dollar job, it will swell the amount enormously. Besides all this there remains unreckoned the needless wear and tear of clothes caused by my failing to mend them. This is a very large item. In addition to all this, I shall have to hire a seamstress for at least a week, and pay her from fifty to seventy-five cents a day besides her board. But the very hardest thing to bear is Jerry's distrust and ill feeling. I'm afraid he'll never put the confidence in me again that he once did. How can I ever tell him that I told him an untruth? How he will despise me, if I do tell him. But I must. I cannot carry on such double dealing any longer. I'll own up to him the whole this very night, and tell him how sorry and ashamed I am to have brought upon him so much trouble. And those beautiful shelf-ornaments that I wanted so much to buy—no, I won't buy them. I never should take any pleasure looking at them. I'll give the ten dollars to Jerry. Poor man. 'Twill do little towards making up to him the great loss I have caused him to-day. 'Fine, original story, indeed!' Nobody'll ever catch me writing another till those five boys are men."

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER'S HYMN.

(*A true incident.*)

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

'Twas night—above the gory field
The stars looked calmly down,
And thrilled a wounded soldier's heart
With thoughts of glory's crown.
For many an hour upon that field,
Uncared for, he had lain,
Nor thought to see the glorious stars
Beam on the earth again.

Their radiance filled his soul with joy,
His sufferings were forgot,
As if the gate of heaven oped
Above that war-stained spot.
He felt that soon his soul would be
Unfettered evermore,
And far beyond their orbits bright
He could forever soar.

Then loud upon the battle-plain
Rang out the sacred song,
While list'ning seraphs touched their harps
The music to prolong.
Again, again the music swells,
And with a sweet surprise
The soldier heareth others sing
Of mansions in the skies.

Then Shiloh's gory battle-field
Heard hymns of holy joy
From many a stalwart form, laid low,
From many a soldier boy.
All night the music sounded there,
Until the dawn of day
Showed Freedom's champions, whose lives
Had ebbed in peace away.

MABEL'S MISSION.

Continued from page 288.

CHAPTER X.

"Dawn smote the farthest eastern cloud
With a low streak of dusky red."

G. H. BOKER.

The suite of apartments which Eugene Vane had taken at the Ocean House were directly opposite the large saloon parlor—the bedrooms opening on to a private corridor. Thus, without mingling in the festivities any more than they chose, they could see all that was going on. The very day after their arrival, Mabel recognized George Canning amongst the crowd of people who, after dinner, promenaded through the broad hall, indulging in the wild flow of spirits which the band of music incited. His eyes did not once fall upon her, so engrossed was he with the dashing young belle whom he escorted; but every time that he passed her, Mabel looked wistfully after him, and every time that he approached, her heart beat rapidly in the hope of a recognition. She was standing in the doorway of Lucy's private parlor, partly screening herself behind her cousin Eugene, who was talking with some friend whom he had come across. Mildred was in her room, Florence was promenading with some old

acquaintances, and Lucy, who had dined early, was refreshing herself with an afternoon siesta. Her uncle had also gone to his room, and Mabel felt a sense of loneliness weighing heavily upon her, even surrounded as she was by such a mirthful company. The jubilant music, the buzz of voices, the merry laughter, fell unheeded on her ears.

After so long a separation, to be so near George Canning, and not able to speak to him, was tantalizing in the extreme. How handsome he had grown; her eyes kindled with pride as she looked at him, and recalled the words he had said to her at their last parting. Oh, if he knew that she was so near him, how impatient he would be until he could join her. But yet, if he found time to leave his business for this gay watering-place, surely, if he chose, he could have visited his home, which was distant from him but a day's journey. Perhaps what Bertha had told her was true, and he did not wish to see her. Perhaps that was the heiress for whom he had forsaken her, as his sister had said; and, oh, bitterest of all peradventures, perhaps he already loved that one far better than he had ever loved her. One look at the

meaningless, insipid face of the dressed up doll leaning on his arm, reassured her. Not it could not be! she would not wrong him by a suspicion. But that sharp pang had revealed her own heart to her. She could no longer deny to herself that she loved George Canning, and more than once during the night that followed was Mabel's pillow wet with her tears, forced from her by suspicions, which she found all her reasoning powerless to quell. Again and again she recalled the words that he had said at parting; true, he had not committed himself—he had not sought to, commit her; but Mabel knew that he had wished her to understand that he loved her, and that in the first moment wherein such a step should be practicable he would seek to make her his wife. Mabel had felt that the time might never come, for she knew that he had a mother and sisters to support; but it was happiness enough for her to look forward to a possible future, though ever so distant, when such an event might occur. Were all her visions to fade?—all her hopes to perish out of her heart forever? Oh, what a dreary life to think of leading! She would rather die. But then the words of Christ came to her—"I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him who sent me"—and with a prayer of self-surrender on her lips, she at last fell asleep.

The stimulus of the air proved too strong for morning slumbers, and with the first dawning of day she was up and dressed for a walk to some spot where she could obtain a near view of the ocean. She did not know what direction to take, and the few servants stirring, of whom she made inquiries, were too sleepy-looking to give her any confidence in their indefinite directions. Following her own inclinations, she kept on the street where the hotel was situated, not knowing where it would lead her. Pretty cottages were on either side embosomed in shrubbery, which grew more and more scattered as she neared the ocean; then came magnificent villas with extensive grounds, until a turn in the road revealed at a little distance before her a lane leading down to the ocean, whose dark blue waves were rolling in long wrinkled ridges before her, far as her eyes could reach. The scent of the clover from the green meadows mingled deliciously with the pungent salt air which swept off from the sea, filling her with new life as she breathed it, and thrilling every nerve in her frame.

At length she stood upon the rocks, against

whose sides the ocean never ceases to dash its monstrous waves; and now what grandeur broke upon her. In the east, the rising sun kindled into flame-color the faint hued salmon clouds, and stained the distant water with roseate light. Countless white sails studded the horizon, and, nearer, lighter barques dipped at every swell, dancing over the waves like huge sea-gulls. The ocean, which afar off looked so peaceful and quiet, broke with tremendous force against the rampart of rocks at Mabel's feet, clouds of spray glistening like showers of pearls in the morning sunlight as they fell back upon the advancing waves. The majesty of the scene awoke in Mabel's mind sublime thoughts and aspirations, which chained her to the spot.

Not until her solitude was broken in upon by the arrival of others, was she able to turn her back upon the glorious prospect; and then she hastily retraced her steps, for the sun was rapidly rising in the deep blue vault of heaven. The clouds had already lost their crimson glow, and were scattering over the sky white as the sails that studded the sea, save in the west, where a purple bank stretched low along the horizon. It was still early, and there were very few astir—those few either laborers going to their work, or some, like Mabel, whom the beauty of the morning tempted abroad. She had not walked far before she saw approaching her a form which even in the distance looked familiar, and as it drew near she saw that she had not been mistaken—it was Philip Grantley. She was not more surprised to see him than he was to meet her in that place, and he showed his pleasure by joining her. After the natural inquiries which the unexpected meeting gave rise to had been answered, Mabel thanked him in fervent words for the book which he had sent her.

"I should not have ventured sending a book of sermons to many of my young friends, but I was sure that in your case they would not be pearls thrown away; though," he continued, a smile lighting up the pensive sadness of his face, "I think even you must confess to a feeling of disappointment at first when you saw the title. Was it not so?"

Mabel blushed. "Yes, I was disappointed. I had read sermons, because I thought that I ought to read them; but the more I read the more I despaired of ever being a Christian. Oh, Mr. Grantley, I never can thank you enough for that book; you do not know what

it has already been to me." She raised her eyes swimming with tears to his, and met such a glance of interest as to convince her that, undeserving as she thought herself of the friendship of such a man, he was her friend.

"I know what it has been to me—that and other works of the same writer. They saved me from being an unbeliever; but not until I had drifted out into such stormy seas as I hope you may never encounter. If I am frank with you, and tell you why I sent you the volume, you will not be offended with me?"

"No, indeed," answered Mabel, with a look which spoke as plainly as words, "how could I ever be offended with you? But, then," she continued, "I know why you sent it—you wished me to better understand my duties as a woman—I mean to be more contented to be what I am."

"No, that was not all; although, I must plead guilty of having rather Jesuitically given you that impression," he replied. "I saw the state that your mind was in; and I know so well what doubts and questionings in minds like yours must come sooner or later, where the religious education has been Calvinistic—as I clearly perceived that yours had been in that conversation which we had about books and authors—that I could not resist the possibility of being of service to you."

"O, I thank you a thousand times, Mr. Grantley. It was just what I needed; and it was so kind of you when I was such a stranger. I found in reading the other discourses that you had marked other passages, and in every instance they were those which were the most applicable to me. Knowing so little of me, Mr. Grantley, how did you judge so correctly?"

"Because I had been over the same road on which I perceived that you had just started. Even the remark which you made, that 'God would not have sent you into the world if He had not something for you to do'—reverential and truthful as it seemed to be—showed me the rock on which you might be wrecked. If nothing which you felt to be work came to you to do, and you failed to comprehend that in yourself lies the noblest work which God can give you, do you not see how your life would be wasted?—for a life that does not cultivate one's own capacities, that does not develop the higher and spiritual nature, is wasted indeed."

"I know that it is; but there is time enough, and to spare, for other duties. Do you not think so?"

"I can best answer you in the words of another, for to possess the soul in patience, to be meek, forgiving, and pious, are duties amply sufficient to tax the powers of the strongest; but you need not fear that you will not have other work to do. I understand how, with your temperament, you would rather spend and be spent in the service of others; and in so doing you would make rapid progress in the development of your own powers."

They walked along thoughtfully for a few moments, and then Mabel said—"Would it be asking too much to request you to write a list of books for me to read?"

He smiled. "You cannot go far out of the way in selecting your own reading," he replied, "but as you request it, I will mention one or two. When you have read those, write to me and tell me what you think of them, and I will send you more. There is *Mary Chandler's Elements of Character*. I am sure that will please you. Do you read French?"

"I read it, but I cannot speak it," answered Mabel.

"Then there are works of Madame Neckar de Saussure, Aimé Martin's, and others, on woman, that I must give you a list of. Some of them have been translated, but as you can read them in the original, it is better to do so."

They had reached the Ocean House, and Mr. Grantley extended his hand, saying—"I am glad to have met you so soon again; and, were it not for one thing, I should try to see you often during your stay; but as you tell me Miss Mildred Vane is with you, it would not be courteous for me to force my society upon her. I shall have to trust to accident to favor me, which so befriended me in our meeting this morning."

"You will surely come to see Uncle Richard, will you not?" asked Mabel, whose expressive face betrayed her disappointment.

"I shall certainly call upon you all," he answered; "but it was not formal visiting that I alluded to. You have a fine color after your walk."

Mabel's eyes for the first time fell under his glance. It was indeed expressive of admiration. He left her at the door of entrance, where Bessie, Lucy's maid, who was crossing the hall, espied her.

"Oh, Miss Mabel!" she exclaimed, as she approached, "I have been looking high and low for you. Such a fizz as poor Miss Lucy

has been in. She would have it that you would get drowned."

Mabel looked distressed enough to satisfy Lucy when she entered her room, and therefore was spared the reproaches which would inevitably have met her had she come in with a bright, smiling face; and Mabel, who really felt guilty for having passed so happy an hour, showed her gratefulness for Lucy's forbearance by devoting herself more assiduously than ever to her service.

The day passed without Mabel's catching another glimpse of George Canning; for Lucy had chosen to take her nap on the lounge, and the door had necessarily been closed just at the hour for the promenade. But the next morning she was more fortunate. She did not venture to repeat her early walk; but being up and dressed before any of the party, she took a stroll through the wide hall, which was comparatively deserted, and, stepping out on a piazza which ran across an end of the building, came upon George Canning, who was standing beside a lady in a riding-habit and hat.

"Mabel! how in the world came you here?" he exclaimed, grasping her extended hand with cordiality, though Mabel thought that she detected a shade of annoyance mingled with his look of surprise. The consciousness that his companion was eyeing her from head to foot, did not cause Mabel to appear to advantage. She blushed and stammered—"I saw you yesterday, but I could not catch your eye. We only came the day before."

The lady's rude stare ended; she turned her back with a show of indifference, and Mabel, more at ease, answered George Canning's questions satisfactorily as to who she came with, how long she was to remain, &c.; but seeing that he cast uneasy glances at his companion, who stood beating her jewelled riding-whip impatiently on the railing, she said—"I will not detain you now; you must come to my cousin's parlor, and I will introduce you, for I told them last evening that I had a friend here."

The horses were that moment led up by the groom, and Mabel waited to see them mount. She had the satisfaction of hearing the lady say as they rode off—"What little Methodist was that? Her face is as plain as her dress, isn't it?—and both plain as a pipe-stem."

Reddening with mortification, Mabel walked into the little reception room at hand, and faced the reflection of her face in the mirror.

"'Plain as a pipe-stem,'" she repeated aloud, "'and her face is as plain as her dress'—so it is. But I would rather be plain as I am, than not to have any consideration for the feelings of others."

The little figure in the long glass, with its brown lawn dress and neat linen collar and sleeves, nodded an emphatic affirmative, at which Mabel, struck by the ludicrous side, laughed gayly, and resumed her tour of exploration.

During the morning Mr. Grantley, who was staying at the Bellevue, left his card; but as they were out driving, they missed seeing him. Miss Vane hearing of it, declared that if she were to be followed about in that way, she would return to her home in the South.

"He did not know that we were here when he came—indeed, he arrived a day or two before us," interposed Mabel.

Mildred snapped her up with—"What do you know about it?"

"I met him yesterday morning, when I was on my way home from that long walk that I told you about."

"Yes, but you did not tell me that you met him," she answered sharply.

"I did not think it necessary," said Mabel quietly.

Some angry retort trembled on Mildred's lips, but meeting the straightforward glance of Mabel's eye, she controlled herself, and said no more.

Mabel followed her to her room, and entered with her—"I came to tell you that you need have no fears of Mr. Grantley, for he told me that he should not force his society upon you."

Mildred gave her a keen, searching glance. "How came he to tell you this? How came he to say anything about me? Has he dared to tell you——"

"I know nothing but what I have told you. He said nothing more to me about you. You wrong him by such suspicions. Oh, Miss Vane, why will you not see him just once?"

"It is impossible. I would not see him to save his life—no, not even to save my own."

"How can you hate such a man? You do not know how you wrong him by calling him an infidel, as Lucy told me that you did. He is——"

"No, no; I told Lucy that he was an infidel once; I did not say that he was now; for I know that he never remains true to any of his pri-

ciples. He changes with the seasons." Her lip curled scornfully as she spoke.

Mabel did not answer for a moment; then she said—"A man who thinks so much, and has such true ideas of self-culture, must necessarily be progressive in his tendencies. This is why he seems to you to change."

Another scornful smile, but no reply.

"If you would only give him that one interview that he asked for—just that one—I am sure you would never regret it," said Mabel, in pleading tones.

"I cannot. You do not know what you ask of me." Her voice softened as she spoke, and her whole aspect changed. Child, that man has wrecked my whole life for me! Never—never again ask me to see him; for I will not look upon his face until, if there be a hereafter, I stand before the bar of God, to accuse him with my soul's destruction!"

Mabel was horror-struck. She stood speechless, with dilated eyes and lips struck apart. Mildred's softened tones made her words more impressive than the bitterest denunciation could have been, for they revealed the tenderness that slumbered in her heart, and which Mabel had not once suspected. Her queenly air was gone, and instead, she stood as one in bitter humiliation, the very position of her folded hands expressive of despair; yet never had Mabel seen her look so beautiful. A long-drawn, quivering sigh escaped her, and tears mellowed the lustre of her jet black eyes, as she added—"Why should I sadden you with a sight of my misery? There are times when I cannot hide it. Mabel, I charge you not to betray me to that man. *He shall not know that I am miserable.*"

"Never through me," said Mabel solemnly. "But oh, Miss Vane, there is One always waiting to bear our sorrows for us." She spoke timidly, as if uncertain how her words would be received.

"That is an easy thing to say; but when your sorrows come, you will find that no one can bear them for you. But keep your belief; let it comfort you if it can."

"But oh, Miss Vane, wont you let it comfort you also?—you, who need comfort so much. I was reading only yesterday that it was through an unsatisfied mortal yearning that our spirits ascend to a higher object, and the immortal and the infinite reveals itself in us; and I am sure——"

All Mildred Vane's tenderness vanished, changing to a defiant pride of tone and look

as she interrupted Mabel—"You mistake me; I spoke of no unsatisfied yearning."

Mabel blushed. Unwittingly she had betrayed her suspicion. "I think that he is more to you than you know of. I think that you deceive yourself with regard to your feelings for him. Such things have been, you know. But if you would only see him, all would be right."

Mabel half expected that her boldness would still farther arouse Miss Vane's displeasure; but no, something in her sympathetic voice had touched a chord in Mildred's heart, and impelled to confidence by an irresistible emotion, she drew close to Mabel, and laying her hand upon her shoulder, said, in hurried and agitated tones—"If the man to whom you had once promised your hand in marriage had been estranged from you, and you had so far forgotten your pride as to seek to conciliate him, and he should send the answer that it was too late, would you, after that, listen to any demand for an interview? Would you not instead hate him as I hate Philip Grantley now?" Her breath came and went in long tremulous swells as she awaited an answer.

"Oh, you would not hate him if you knew him as he is now. Let him have that one interview!" pleaded Mabel. "If not for your sake or his own, please for my sake, let me tell him that you will see him. He has done so much for me, I should love to do something in return for him; and I know that if you see him once all will be right between you."

"Never! never! In his desire to see me he is influenced by nothing but the wish to triumph over my humiliation. You must never speak about him to me again. You are a good-hearted girl, Mabel, and I believe you would like to see us both happy; but I can never be happy, and I pray that he may never be."

Mabel shuddered. "*And I pray that he may always be,*" and that you may in some way discover his worth, and see what injustice you are doing him. Oh, Miss Vane, love God, and trust Him, and you will be happy too."

Mildred's lips parted, as if she were about to speak. Then she hesitated a moment, and finally said—"No, I will not answer you as I was tempted to. I will not have the sin of shaking the religious faith of any human being, on my soul. It is a fearful thing to do. I will not keep you any longer; go and get ready for dinner; and Mabel, if you are tempted to think of me harshly, remember that it was

your new friend, Philip Grantley, who made me what I am."

With a sorrowful face, and without answering a word, Mabel left the room.

CHAPTER XI.

"Thy ardent vows expressed, though still unspoken,"
JANVIER.

The sting of falsehood loses half its pain
If our own soul bear witness, we are true.

MRS. HALE.

The days flew swiftly by. George Canning came frequently to their private parlor; but much more frequently did Mabel catch glimpses of him driving, walking or riding; and always with the same tall, stylishly-dressed girl, whose insipid face had reassured Mabel in her first distrust. Who could she be? Mabel finally summoned courage to ask him one day, and not without some embarrassment of manner did he inform her that she was the daughter of the gentleman in whose employ he had been, and who had recently taken him into partnership.

"Into partnership?" repeated Mabel. "I had not heard of that. That was more than you expected. How glad you must be."

Her unselfish interest seemed to touch him. He looked thoughtful and sad.

"What is her name?" she continued.

"Myra Cole. Do you think her beautiful, Mabel? She is quite a belle."

"Is she? I should never have thought it. She has not expression enough to please me. She dresses expensively, and has a dashing air, which I suppose gives her claims to belleship. Do you like her very much, George?"

His face reddened to the roots of his hair, as he answered—"I am engaged to her, Mabel; I thought you knew it."

Mabel's bright face grew ashy pale. Involuntarily she pressed her hand over her heart, as if a pang of sudden pain had smitten her there; but in an instant of time she recovered herself, and pride coming to her aid, she suppressed every sign of agitation, answering calmly—"I had heard that you were going to be married, but I did not believe it."

Quickly as she had recovered herself, her agitation had not escaped him. He saw that he had deluded himself in imagining, as he had done since they had been again thrown together, that she had forgotten the past.

And Mabel too saw at a glance on what straws she had built the hopes which had sprung up anew in her heart, during those few

days. She had not been exacting, and those brief interviews, in which he had shown her such tender deference of manner, had fully satisfied her that he had not changed. Oh, it was cruel to have it come so suddenly upon her!

He seemed to divine her thoughts.

"I am sorry that I did not write to you, and announce the engagement," he said. "I ought to have done so, for the sake of our friendship. I have not forgotten old times, Mabel."

She made no reply; and after a few feeble attempts to sustain conversation on indifferent topics, he arose to go.

He extended his hand, and Mabel gave him hers in return. One instant he held it as in a grasp of iron, the next, he had gone.

That night, in a sort of desperation, Mabel wandered off at twilight, telling no one but Bessie that she was going to take a walk. She reached the Cliffs, walking on, on for a long distance. It was blessed to be alone—to hear no sound but the lulling dash of the waves against the rocks, far, far below her feet. As she sat there with her hands folded on her knees, it was in truth the face of Mignon that looked off upon that wide sea. More wistful, more sad than ever were those prophetic-looking eyes. Life unfolded nothing but long, dreary wastes to her imaginative vision; and woman's lot seemed more pitiful than ever to her. Then, she thought of Mildred's words, "when your sorrows come, you will find that no one can bear them for you;" and in that hour of stupor, when all her faculties were benumbed as it were, by the suddenness of the blow, she was ready to say that Mildred was right. It seemed to her now, that Mildred's troubles were as nothing to hers; for the one whom Mildred had loved, was worthy of all that she could bestow; while she had wasted her love upon one who had proven himself unworthy. Oh, how unworthy! She wondered at herself, that she could not cast out at a breath, all the tenderness that had centered in her heart for him; but no, it seemed to her that he whom she so scorned now, was a being apart from that other one, whom she had been drawn on to love, from her childhood; and that, so unconsciously, that only of late had she confessed it to herself.

But not long was Mabel left in this state of mind. Scarcely had she lifted her eyes from the waste of waters to the blue expanse of sky, when involuntary as it were, she besought her Heavenly Father for help. When did ever a

pious, trustful heart call upon God in vain? Not always does He answer our cries so speedily, but even while His name was on Mabel's lip, she felt strength "flowing into her heart like a river," and the burden which had seemed so grievous was already lightened.

Her bonnet had fallen back, and with it, the rippling mass of jet black hair, which set her face as a picture in a frame. In her graceful attitude, with the earnest light of her up-raised eyes, she no longer looked plain, for the beauty of the soul shone through her features.

Mabel had met no one in this solitary place; but now a figure paused at a little distance, as if fearful of disturbing her, and regarded her steadfastly. Mabel, entirely unconscious of the gaze, looked long upon the sky, feeling her heart expand as she dwelt upon its illimitable grandeur. Gradually her eyes fell from one floating cloud to another, resting at last upon the dimly seen horizon, where the sky melted as it were into the sea.

Then, Philip Grantley approached her.

"Good evening, Miss Mabel. I said that I would wait for accident to befriend me; and I have not waited in vain."

She started at the sound of his voice.

"This is a solitary place for you to be, at this hour," he continued. "Are you entirely alone, or waiting for some one?"

"I was alone, Mr. Grantley; but I am not now," she said, with a faint attempt at a smile; and casting a glance around at the landscape, which was but dimly visible in the gathering shades of night, added, "I had no idea that it was so late—I ought not to be here;" and rising, was for the first time conscious that her hair had escaped from its confinement. She arranged it hastily, refusing Mr. Grantley's playful offer of assistance; and then, accompanied by him, started to return. It was a long walk, but the hour, the place, everything conspired to make it a pleasant one. After the first few moments, Mabel's restraint wore off, and she was herself again, forgetting for the time, the sad experience which had marked that day as "one of the birth-days of her soul." They talked of many things, but most of Mabel's home, and those she had left behind her there; Mr. Grantley taking pains to draw her on to tell him of all in which her life lay bound. Ah, Mabel, unwittingly you are giving him glimpses of a true, unselfish heart. He knows how priceless a treasure that is.

At length they came to speak of Eugene and

Florence's happy life; of the invalid Lucy, and her devotedly fond father; and finally, Mr. Grantley still leading the conversation, of Mildred Vane.

"It is the saddest sight in the world—a woman without religion," he said. "And still more sad to me, to know that she was not always so; and that upon me rests the fearful responsibility of having led her mind into channels of inquiry, which have resulted in this unbinding of all belief; while she steadily refuses me the opportunity of scattering the seeds which I know would bear fruit in time, if they could but be planted. This is why, regardless of rebuffs, I have steadily sought to obtain an interview. From what you tell me, I think that she must have attached herself to you—indeed, I do not see how she could help so doing; and cannot you use your influence to persuade her to see me?"

"Mr. Grantley, I have said all that I dared to say. Miss Vane has forbidden my ever speaking your name to her again. Still, if you desire it, I will try."

"I am afraid that it is indeed a hopeless case, if you have pleaded in vain for me; but if any opportunity presents, do not neglect it. She cannot hold out forever against me, I am sure."

"But Mr. Grantley, pardon me if I am wrong, are not you holding out in some resentment towards her? I know very little of your past relations; but if she once sought to conciliate you, and you refused to be conciliated, ought you not to overlook all that separated you, and resume your former understanding with her? for I am sure that she does not hate you as much as she professes to."

"God forbid that she should hate me; or, that she should regard me in any other light than as a friend—a brother. I think that on the whole it will be as well for you not to press an interview. I will try writing once more; although, heretofore, all my letters have been returned unopened."

They walked a short distance silently. Then Mr. Grantley said—"I should like to tell you my story; for I see that you do indeed know very little of what has passed between Mildred Vane and myself; but I will resist the temptation. The truth is, Mabel—may I call you Mabel?—your good opinion has become very dear to me in the little time that I have known you, and I would not willingly forfeit it. I want you to promise that you will give me an

opportunity to defend myself, before placing credence in any report of me that may reach you. Will you, my little friend?"

"It is not necessary for me to promise; I know I never could believe anything against you," replied Mabel, in fervent tones. "I am very happy to have your friendship, and I hope that I shall never do anything to forfeit it; but it seems to me, that you, who have so much to occupy your mind, could scarcely find a place to hold me in, after we go our separate ways, and I cease to haunt you in your rambles." She looked up into his face with a smile.

"And what if I tell you that your face—not smiling as I see it now—but pale and thoughtful, has never been out of my memory since the night that I first saw it? Would you believe me, Mabel, or think it only an attempt to flatter you?"

"I could not think that of you. I should believe it, and feel that you were very kind to remember me so."

She answered without any embarrassment, and Philip Grantley saw that her heart was untouched. Would he ever be able to win it? He had already determined to do so, if he could.

THE LOVERS.

BY JEAN INGELow.

[See Engraving.]

Walking apart, she thinks none listen,
And now she carols, and now she stops;
While the Evening Star begins to glisten
Between the lines of blossoming hops.

Sweetest Mercy! your mother taught you
All uses and cares that to maids belong,—
Apt scholar to read and to sew, she thought you,
But she did not teach you that tender song!

A crash of boughs!—one through them breaking!
Mercy is startled, and fain would fly,
But e'en as she turns, her steps o'ertaking,
He pleads with her—"Mercy, it is but I!"

"Mercy!" he touches her hand unbidden—
"The air is balmy, I pray you stay—

Mercy?" Her downcast eyes are hidden,
And never a word she has to say.

Till closer drawn, her prisoned fingers
He takes to his lips with a yearning strong;
And she murmurs low, that late she lingers,
Her mother will want her, and think her long.

"Good mother is she, then honor duly
The lightest wish in her heart that stirs;
But there is a bond yet dearer truly,
And there is a love that passeth hers.

"Mercy, Mercy!" Her heart attendeth,
And the blush on her maiden brow is sweet;
She lifts her face when his own he bendeth,
And the lips of the youth and the maiden meet.

JESSIE.

BY E. B. S.

When the slanting shadows
Creep among the trees,
And the robin's vesper
Floats upon the breeze,

Comes my darling Jessie
From the forest lands,
Bringing untold treasures
In her small brown hands.

Here are fragrant roses,
With soft crimson leaves,

Pretty blue-eyed blossoms
Nursed by dewy eyes.

Here are starry clusters
Fitting to be bound
In their silvery whiteness,
Jessie's brow around.

And those buds so glowing!
Who could gems desire
When amid her tresses,
Gleams their ruby fire?

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN ON A FAR-WEST RAILWAY.

BY AUNT ALICE.

Suddenly the conductor enters, and in a stern voice exclaims, "Passengers for 'so and so,' will change cars here." "Why, where are we?" says one. "What for?" cry a dozen; but no answer comes, and no time given to put on over coats or shoes. We are landed in the mud, in the dusk of the evening, the train whizzes past, and we are "left lamenting."

About twenty persons left the cars, but the *exchange* was hardly a fair one, for there was no other car to get into; and there we stood with open mouths, catching the rain as it fell, clutching what little personal property we had with us, and looking about as foolish as a flock of chickens caught in a shower. Presently a voice near us said, "If the passengers will walk into the depot they will be more comfortable, and the next train will not be along for an hour yet." Sure enough, there *was* a house right behind us; we had not noticed it before; we were looking for *cars*, not houses, as we had been told to "change cars." Gladly we entered the little building, and for once forgot to laugh at the darkly painted little zigzag corniced depot, all finished off so nicely on the outside, as they all are, and so devoid of all comfort within.

Our *rained on* little company nearly filled the room, and strangers as we all were to each other we were a very silent company for some time. Indeed, we had not yet recovered from our surprise.

Two or three young mothers with children, four gentlemen with their wives, one old lady with two tall sons, or I might say two tall sons with their mother, three or four "lone lorn women," who might be maids, wives, or widows, one unmistakable old maid, and the others *lone men*, who looked disconsolate enough to be old bachelors. This was our company. The little room was so dimly lighted that we looked like spectres standing grim and speechless, only waiting for the "cock to crow" to set us free. The stove smoked, and no wonder, stuffed as it was with wet wood.

The rain still poured down, and we began to fear that all the bridges would be swept away, and the train never come. We were tolerably

patient until the one hour had passed and no train yet; then we became restless. Children cried for something to eat, indeed a good warm supper would have been very acceptable to all.

Another hour passed, no train, no supper, and not much hope of either. And still another hour, but no train. Many of us now would have hailed with delight the boy that annoyed us so much some hours before with his sharp cry of "cakes, *appells*, and hard boiled eggs!" Even the stale, dirty-looking dried apple *turn-overs*, offered us for sale about breakfast time that same morning, by a sore-eyed, pimple-faced old woman, might have found purchasers, for the poor children, now really hungry, made anything but delightful music for us.

The next hour seemed very long indeed, but the children had cried themselves to sleep—that was some comfort. The women sat patiently on the hard benches, and gave up every cloak and shawl to make beds for the babies. The men paced the wet floor, punched up the wet wood, now beginning to burn, read all the advertisements on the walls, leaned their faces close against the dirty windows, and tried to look out into the darkness.

If any one chanced to move suddenly, or seemed to listen, in an instant all were listening intently for the train. Distant thunder was the rumbling of the cars, surely.

The ticket agent nodded on his perch, and no one else belonging to the depot was visible. The one lamp grew very dim, and finally went out; we waked up the nodding man and asked for oil to fill it, there was none, "expected some on the next train," and he slept again.

The stove door was opened, and the now blazing wood threw a dim light over the room.

The wind howled dismally, and at times came rushing over the open prairie in sudden gusts, threatening to tear the roof from our little depot, fancy cornice and all. We only shuddered and drew as close as possible to the stove; still no train. The wood at last burned out, and there was no more to be had, at least we knew not where to find it, and again we were about to be left in darkness, when one of the ladies opened her carpet-sack and produced

a long wax candle. Here was a treasure indeed. How did she chance to have it, we inquired, and she replied, "I never travel without matches, candle, soap, and towels, they are often needed, and not always to be had." We blessed her for her thoughtfulness, and resolved to provide ourselves with a supply at the first town we came to, should we ever be so fortunate as to leave our present quarters.

The lady who had furnished the candle was talking in a low tone to some others near her, telling how she came to dread being left without a light. As she was the only one speaking at the time, low as her voice was, we began to listen attentively; gradually her voice became louder and her words distinct; her story was very interesting, and for the next half hour we forgot to listen for the train. The story she told can never interest others as it did us at that time, but I will try to tell it as correctly as I can, and will call it

"A NIGHT IN THE BACKWOODS OF INDIANA."

"When I was a very little girl, not eight years old, my father lived in Indiana. His farm was in the thick, dark woods, about five miles from the town of 'Harrison,' then a small village. There was not a human habitation within a mile of my father's cabin, and but very few within three miles. People here on the prairies talk of the 'heavy timber' on the river bottoms; why, it would not be considered anything more than a hazel thicket by the side of the deep, dark woods of Indiana. We call it 'woods' there, not *timber*, until it is taken to a saw mill. To live in the country, is to live in 'the woods,' and 'tis wonderful how people ever find their way out when once they get fairly into the woods.

"How my father came to select this spot for his home I need not tell; he was quite unused to a country life, having always lived in a city until about six months previous to the time I speak of. When our mother died he took a dislike to his home in the city, and with his family of three girls removed hastily, and as he afterwards said, foolishly to the then far-west, and took up his abode in a rough log cabin, far out in the woods. He wished for solitude, but forgot that his girls must be solitary too. I was the youngest by eight or ten years, the pet and spoiled child of the family.

"How happy I was the first day of our arrival at our new home. I could not think why my sisters cried when father was not present,

and why they tried to conceal their red and swollen eyes. I was delighted, 'twas so funny, the ladder to go up loft on was *so nice*, until I tumbled from it. The wide fire-place was so queer, and the stick chimney charming. Thus I ran on, breaking the silence of our first meal in Indiana.

"I enjoyed the change, I could romp as much as I pleased, and as my best dresses were not put on me now, I had no fear of spoiling my clothes. I lived out of doors most of the day, and at night was sound asleep as soon as I had my supper. What if the house was small and poorly furnished? But my sisters mourned over the great change; not a day passed that they did not shed bitter tears over their sad fate. It was rather hard for young girls of eighteen and twenty, to be taken from society and all that interests accomplished girls of that age, and be buried in the woods, without companions, or interests of any kind, save only their almost worshipped father, for never did children love a parent more than we did this our only one, and he tried to fill the place of both father and mother to his three helpless girls. Yes, helpless enough, for I believe, young as I was, I knew about as much of housekeeping as my sisters did, and we had no help of any kind.

"Father went to work on the farm with a will, but he knew as little about it, as my sisters did of housekeeping. If he was at work near the house I was with him, and if he was only one field distant we watched him constantly, distressed if he was one moment out of sight. He would come in at sundown, tired with his new labor, and I would climb his knee, kiss his blistered hands, and beg him to let me go with him the next day to help him fix the fence and burn brush. He would smooth my tangled and neglected locks, call me his tom-boy, and promise to buy me a pony to ride when his 'store ship came over the sea,' and I was content.

"There was one family living about two miles distant, by the name of Ramey. They had called on my sisters, and seemed inclined to be neighborly. Mr. Ramey had sent his boys over to help father one week, and Mrs. Ramey had often invited my sisters to 'come and see her gala,' two very good-looking girls they were, and very smart, too. We had never visited the Rameys, but had attended 'meeting' there once or twice, as all the preaching we had in the neighborhood was once a month,

when a good old Methodist minister held forth to as many as the two rooms of Ramey's cabin could hold. Ramey's cabin was much more comfortable than ours, being what is called a 'double' one. I had spent a night there once, as it rained after meeting, and my city slippers were unfit for a walk through the wet woods. I remember being particularly delighted with 'the loft,' where I slept, because I could lie in bed and look at the stars through the open logs.

"The paths through the woods were very indistinct, as it was not more than once or twice a week that any one passed from one house to the other, so, lest it should be lost altogether, chips were cut from the trees on either side, at regular distances; these marks are called 'blazes.' My father being told to follow the blazes, and then there could be no danger of losing his way, and not knowing the meaning of the word, had concluded that it must mean trees that had *once* blazed, followed the path as far as he could see it, and then looked out for trees that were blackened by fire, and as these were far apart, and not by any means in a straight line, he lost his way entirely, and didn't find a cabin where he could inquire the way until he had walked full six miles in place of the three he had expected to travel. After that he never attempted to walk a mile without a compass in his pocket.

"We all knew the way to Rameys, however, and my sisters had once walked there alone. They were a little nervous, and expected some wild beast to spring out from every stump, for we had heard wonderful stories of 'wolves and painters.' We often heard the wolves howling at night, but had never caught sight of one. My sisters always became frightened at the howl of a wolf, and drew close to father. He only laughed at their fears, and told them to throw open the door and let the beasts see the light, and they would not come nearer, as all wild beasts dislike fire. For my part, I rather enjoyed their howling; it gave us something new to talk of, and what could harm me if father was near me?

"You will think I am never coming to my story; but you shall have it yet, if the cars don't come. I love to recall those early days, and linger over the strange scenes; it seems like a dream; for we remained but a short time in the country and never again lived 'in the woods,' so that we never became accustomed to the strange life we

were merely introduced to and then left forever.

"One morning father told us at breakfast that he would have to go to Harrison that day, to purchase some farming utensils, and that he would be home by three o'clock in the afternoon. It was so seldom that he left us, that we made as much fuss as if he had been going on a long journey; for how could we pass the long day, and know that father could not hear us if we called? What might not happen to him or to us? I sobbed violently as he bade me good-by, and to dry my tears, he told me that if I learned a good long lesson to recite to him in the evening, he would bring me a pair of gold ear-rings. My sisters looked sad as they handed him hat, cane and *compass*, and we all stood in the door watching him until he entered the thick, dark woods, and we could see him no longer.

"My sisters soon busied themselves clearing away the breakfast things, and chatting pleasantly together, they soon forgot me, and as I was not interested in either their work or conversation, I slipped away, fearing to remain, lest they should seat me at my lesson, and surely there was no hurry for *that*, with such a long, long day before me. So I called my dog, and ran off to a favorite stump, near the front fence, to finish a playhouse I had been decorating for some days with broken china, moss, acorn cups, and various cheap ornaments.

"'Pingo,' my dog, was no beauty, but I loved him dearly, and he was my constant companion—my friend, playmate, and confidant. He was a long, lean, brindle cur, something between a mastiff and hound, faithful, watchful and thankful for the attention I showed him. He always shared in my playhouse suppers, sitting demurely on one side of the log, our table; sometimes my apron was tied about his neck, and sometimes spread over our rough table. He expected every other mouthful, and always got it, and at the close of our meal he cleared off the table by devouring all that remained of the precious scraps I had brought from the house. Strange how much that kind of dog can eat; nothing comes amiss, and they are seldom known to have enough. Many a long story did Pingo silently listen to of the good times I used to have in the city, of the pretty dresses and hats I had worn, of the beautiful carriage I used to ride in with mother, and of the pretty little white dogs I had owned. But I always ended by telling him that I never

had such a good, big, nice dog as my Pingo till I came to the woods. Then he would shake his great long head knowingly, and springing up suddenly, perhaps upset my china, and run barking into the bushes after imaginary squirrels, just to show me he could talk as well as I."

Here the lady paused, and with a smile asked if we were not weary of this childish story. "No, no; go on, please;" "We are thankful to listen;" "We can almost imagine ourselves in the woods, in place of being becalmed on a prairie," &c., &c. One man did get up, open the door, and look out. Some one asked what he was looking for. "The cars," said he; quite seriously, and every one laughed. One gentleman politely remarked that he had quite forgotten what we were waiting for, and he only hoped the train would *not* come to interrupt our story.

"I can end it in five minutes," said the lady; I had no idea of telling a story when I began, but merely a simple incident; but finding we really needed something to pass the time, I have spun it out, and I now feel quite as much interested in it as any one present."

After filling the stove with some chips and wood found in a corner, and settling ourselves in as comfortable seats as we could find, the lady resumed her narrative.

"My playhouse was all fixed to my mind, and I had tied my long-sleeved bib-apron round Pingo's neck, put his black paws carefully through the sleeves, and told him to make believe he was a lady, and I would call upon him, when he set up a loud bark, upset my shelf of dishes, and springing to the fence, placed his front feet on the upper rail with his long nose pointed towards the woods. I fairly screamed with laughter at the comical figure he cut, for the apron was put on like a coat, the band just fitting round his neck, and the long strings brought round and tied in a knot on his back, his tail just lifting the skirt of the apron slightly, as you have seen monkeys' coat skirts looped up, and those huge paws sticking out of the sleeves. What a picture he made!

"My sisters came out at the unusual noise, to inquire the cause; but they could not get an answer from me. The louder I laughed, the louder Pingo barked, and my sisters soon joined in my laugh when they caught sight of Pingo, in his fancy dressing-gown. And just as we were all clapping our hands and laughing our loudest, there appeared on the path leading out of the woods two girls on horse-

back, coming like the wind, as if running a race, and before we could speak they had both sprung from their horses, and standing on the high fence begged us to call in our dog, if *that was* a dog that stood barking at them so furiously. At the sound of their voices Pingo, finding he had no enemies to contend with, sneaked off to a corner of the fence, and began gnawing at his dress, feeling quite unfit to receive visitors in that plight.

"It was the two Miss Rameys; they had rode over in great haste, just as they had been at their work, barefooted, with homespun cotton frocks, blue sunbonnets and rosy cheeks. They had come to invite my sisters to a quilting for that afternoon; they were so sorry they could not come the day before; but 'Pap' was using the 'critters,' and they had so much cooking to do that they had not time to walk over, and Jake was too bashful to come, &c. Yes, and the 'fellows' were to come in the evening, and they would have such fun.

"Now my sisters had been shut up in the woods for months, and had never met with any of the young people. They were really glad to hear of anything that was likely to have any fun in it; but father was gone; what answer could they give? The lively girls would hear of no denial, but insisted on my sisters coming early, and staying all night. 'Better bring Kit with you,' said they, as one of them pulled my curls as she passed me, and the other tried to stroke my face the wrong way, and springing on their long-limbed colts, they started on the full run for home, to resume their work. Such looking 'colts' as they called them, were seldom seen with ladies on their backs, their shaggy manes all festooned with leaves, tails ditto, rope halters in place of bridles, and no saddles. But many a city lady would give something to sit a horse as those girls did. They offered to send over the 'colts' if my sisters would like to ride. But no; my sisters had never been on horseback, except in a riding-school, and this would be a very different method to that they had been taught.

"When the girls were out of sight, my sisters went back into the house, and I called Pingo to take off what little of the apron that remained on him, expecting to receive a scolding about the torn garment. But when I went in, I found my sisters in excellent humor, and so unusually kind. They talked over the amusement they would have at the quilting, watching the 'country folks,' and studying the

manners and customs of their new acquaintances. They asked me if I would like to go, but I said no, at once; I would stay with father, and put in my new ear-rings. They seemed pleased at this, for they did not want the trouble of me, and they were soon engaged in looking over ribbons and laces and party dresses. Then all at once thinking how ridiculous such things would appear in a cabin, they put them all away, and selected plain dark dresses as much more suitable.

"I do wonder if they will wear shoes at the party," said my eldest sister, Bessie. "Oh, what beaux and belles we shall see to-night," said Bell. "But what if father does not come in time?" said I. "Oh, you hush," said both at once, and I sat down to eat my pie, thinking how happy they would be, and wishing I was 'big.'

"I was quite forgotten for the next two hours, but I did not leave the house, for I wanted to hear all that was said and done, so I called Pingo in, fed him, and told him all about the party.

"By two o'clock my sisters became quite impatient for father's return, and very kind and attentive to me. They did not often notice me much, thinking, perhaps, that father noticed me too much, and I seldom talked familiarly with them, as I did to father or Pingo. They did not enter into my feelings, and only laughed at me when I asked questions, or told them any of my strange thoughts. I think older sisters are very apt to act thus with children; they do not often act the part of a mother, and seem to think little girls very much in the way.

"We had no regular dinner cooked that day, and, as it was quite warm, the fire was neglected, and before three o'clock it was quite out, as one of my sisters found, to her great annoyance, when she wished to heat an iron to smooth out a dress that had been long folded. Now matches were unknown in the West at that time, except these little sticks dipped in sulphur, and the tinder-box was then in common use. But my sisters were careless young housekeepers, no tinder was prepared, and the flint was lost. Father was to bring a new one when he came; we had never let the fire go out before.

"Three o'clock, and father had not come; they were very uneasy, and sent me out to the fence to look for him. I did look, and look, until my eyes ached. Pingo knew something was wrong, and went snuffing about in every bush, and at last caught a poor little rabbit,

and laid it half dead at my feet. I had only wanted an excuse to cry, and now I fairly bawled over the wounded rabbit; its large, mournful eyes were wide open, and its poor little quivering mouth looked so pitiful. Pingo was quite ashamed of his work, and came and licked my hand, but I drove him away, and told him I would never, never like him again, and I sent him away looking sorrowful and repentant. I was sorry enough for every cross word I had said to him before that night was over.

"I came down from the fence, and was sitting on the ground with my apron over my face, and the little dying rabbit in my lap. My sisters came to the door and called, but I would not answer. They came to me, took the rabbit softly from me—it was dead now—they led me into the house, and spoke so kindly to me that I cried harder than ever. They began to pet and coax me, and, child as I was, I knew they had some object in doing so, for they had always laughed at my childish griefs.

"I wondered what they wanted, and it soon came out. 'Kit,' said Bell, 'do you care if we start to Ramey's now? Father will soon be here; we will meet him, and tell him to hurry.' And Bessie said, 'Oh yes, Kitty is such a brave girl, she will stay, I know, and we will give her so many pretty things to play with.' 'You must give them to me to keep,' said I, remembering how they had often served me; 'and if you meet father you must not look at my new ear-rings; I want to see them first.' So the bargain was made, and any quantity of old ribbons, pieces of bright silks and prints, and an old bead bag, were given to me to keep.

"With all my treasures spread out on the bed, I told the girls they might go, and they got ready in haste for fear I might change my mind. They kissed me kindly as they said good-by, and calling in Pingo they told me to stay in the house till father came, and, closing the door as they went out, they left me. I listened for a moment, but could not hear their footsteps on the soft grass, so I made Pingo jump on the bed beside me, and was soon interested in looking over my pretty things. Many, many years have passed since that day, and yet I can remember every piece of ribbon, every piece of silk, and the figures of every bit of calico, that lay spread out on that bed. The beads delighted me, and I began to rip them from the bag, and wondered how many strings of beads I could make from it. Pingo was

pleased with his soft bed, and lay stretched at full length, while I tried the effect of my ribbons and laces by spreading them over him, tying up his ears and putting bracelets on his paws. He would sometimes open his eyes and peep at me through lace spectacles, looking so funny that I laughed heartily. I did not feel lonely nor think of being afraid, and many odd fancies and pleasant thoughts came to my mind that afternoon.

"At last the sun went down, and the room became rather dark, so I left the bed, and opening the door sat down with my dog on the doorstep. The day had been warm, but the evening was quite chilly, and as I looked at the wide fireplace I wished for the means to kindle a fire. I even stirred up the ashes with my fingers to see if there was any heat in them; but no, they were quite cold. Then, for the first time since my sisters left me, I began to feel lonesome, and to wonder why my father did not come. As I sat cowering over the cold ashes, Pingo came to my side, and standing on his hind feet looked up the broad chimney, and set up a loud barking. I stood on the back log and looked up to see what he was barking at, and there, on the sticks of which the chimney was built, sat some little birds, quietly roosting for the night. Now, thought I, it must be late, for the birds have gone to bed. Pingo wants his supper. Oh, why don't father come? I left the house and went out to the fence, but somehow I did not like to look at that path leading off into the woods, for all my friends had left me by that very path, so I went back, Pingo close at my heels; he seemed to know he was my only protection now, poor fellow, and kept close by me. A bright thought entered my head, I would set the table and get father's supper ready as well as I could without fire. So I drew out a heavy table from the wall, pulled it about until it would set steady on that uneven, punchin floor, as I had often seen my sisters do, and I felt as important as any young housekeeper could, talked to Pingo, and boxed his ears for pulling the table-cloth half off with his paws in his efforts to assist me. I told him of the nice supper he should have when father came, and put on great airs as I trotted round the table three times to each plate or spoon I placed on it. He only answered by barking up the chimney at the winking birds.

"When I had placed everything in the way of eatables on the table, I bethought me all at once of a jar of precious quince preserves. My

sisters were very choice with them; I had never tasted them but once, and that was when a stranger had chanced to stay to supper. They were on the highest shelf of a very tall cupboard, made of rough boards, and not fastened in any way to the wall. This cupboard had no doors, only sides and back and shelves, so to reach the top shelf I put my head under the long blue curtain hanging in front, placed my feet on the lower shelf, clinging with my hands as high as I could reach, and was going up nicely, ladder-fashion, when the unsteady punchins on which it rested shook, rolled, and down came '*cupboard, baby and all.*'

"Such screams, I think, never came from one cabin containing only a child and dog. How I escaped being killed was a miracle; the cupboard was very rough and heavy, and I was under it, or partly so; but I managed to crawl out with my face and hands cut and bleeding. The broken glass and china covered the floor, and my hair was well soaked with quince preserves. Poor Pingo had his share of bruises too, his foot was bleeding and a piece of glass sticking in his side. He yelled, and so did I. The table was partly broken down by the weight of the cupboard, and it was to the table I owed my escape, as one corner still rested on the broken-down table; not one dish remained whole. A pan of milk was emptied on my dress, and I was shaking with cold and fright. I rushed out of the house, Pingo limping after me, out into the dusky twilight, screaming, 'Father! father! Oh, Bell and Bessie!'

"The dark woods gave back no answer; but the whippoorwill's mournful cry and the hooting of an owl soon drove me back to the cabin door. I looked in at the wreck I had made; there was the cherished china—my mother's it had been—some beautiful cut glass, valued highly by my father, lay broken by the side of an earthen milk-pan. Battered spoons, broken bowls, flattened tinware, and glass jars, lay mingled with mashed pies, preserves, and cake.

"What would father say, was my first thought; I did not care what my sisters thought of it, for I was beginning to feel that they had treated me cruelly by leaving me. Then I cried over my cut hands and my bleeding face. I washed poor Pingo's foot, and he licked my face and hands and whined pitifully. I was wet and cold, and must have been hungry too, but did not think of eating.

"Once more I called, 'Father! father!' then burst out crying again, Pingo barking louder

than ever, and between us we did make 'night hideous.' At least it was so to us, as we sat howling together on the door-step. Owls hooted, whippoorwills joined in the chorus, bats fanned our faces, and the darkness increased; still we sat on the cold stone step. Pingo was the first to move; he would go in as far as the 'wreck,' then limp back, lick my poor bleeding face, and again go in. Soon another howl was heard at a distance, and every hair on the dog's back stood up like bristles. I knew it was the howl of a wolf, and I followed Pingo in, but did not close the door. I looked out only once more, but the path could not be seen now, not even the fence, for it was quite dark. I thought, now what if that wolf meets my father in the dark woods and eats him up. Oh, he will never, never come, I screamed, and threw myself down on the stone hearth with my arms round Pingo's neck. But he was restless, and kept walking to the door and back again, uttering low growls. He wanted me to shut the door, but I did not understand him. The darkness troubled me greatly. Father had said that light would keep off wild beasts. Oh for a light, for just one spark of fire. I sat down on the back log, and tried to see the little birds on the chimney, but I could only hear their low twittering; that was some company for me. I could no longer see my dog, but he came to me at last, and curled down in the ashes beside me, and I drew his head in my lap, and my tears bathed his face as well as my own. I cannot tell how long we sat there, but it seemed an age to me. I cried for a light, I begged father to come and bring a light; and I prayed in my childish way for a light and for a fire. And from that day to this I cannot bear darkness, and always carry matches and candles with me wherever I go. Surely no night was ever *so dark* as that one. When the howl of the wolf sounded nearer, I could feel the coarse hair in Pingo's back raise up under my hand; he would stand up close to me, growl savagely, but he never left my side after I slipped from the back log and sat down with him in the ashes. I never thought of going to bed, I was constantly listening for father, and I heard every sound so distinctly, the birds in the chimney, the crickets in the wall, and those horrid beasts. No prisoner in his dungeon ever longed for light as I did then. I did not think that this darkness could not last, that daylight would come to me; darkness had come

for good, as children say. Oh that dismal darkness!—was it dark everywhere? Were all my friends dead, and in the dark? I crouched down closer to my dog, felt his ears and mouth, and asked him over and over if he could see me.

"Once when a sort of crackling sound was heard, as of feet stepping amongst dry brush, I tried to get up, for I thought it was father; but Pingo was on his feet before me, and stood directly across me, so that I could not move. He did not bark—only gave a low growl, and stood thus, holding me down till the sound ceased. I did not fear the wolves now; I did just once think they might *hurt* Pingo; but I cared for nothing but the darkness. When Pingo laid down again I put my head on his, and sobbing out—'Oh, father, do, do come and bring a light,' I fell asleep. And in this position I was found by my father about seven o'clock the next morning. What was his astonishment as he entered the open door to find me, his youngest child, lying in the ashes, with only the dog in the house. Then the overturned cupboard, the broken table and dishes, the general disorder of the room, and my blood-stained dress and face. What had happened? were my sisters murdered? These were the questions he asked. But I could only cling to him and say—'Oh, father, you did come and bring a light; I thought you would!' and I clapped my hands and laughed. He feared I had lost my senses; and I had, in a measure, for every nerve was quivering.

"Finding he could not learn anything from me, he made a fire, warmed some water, and washing my much-soiled hands, face and head, dressed me in a clean gown and laid me in the bed. I soon slept soundly with my hands in his, and the poor wounded dog was allowed to lie on the bed with me, for he was very unwilling to leave me, even now that another protector had come.

"At ten o'clock my sisters came home, and then all was explained. Father had been delayed by waiting for a neighbor, in whose wagon he rode a part of the way home. It was quite dark when he started on foot the rest of the way, and his compass being of no use in the dark, he as usual, lost his way. After walking miles and miles, he at last gave up and sat down under a tree to wait for daylight. He thought how frightened we would all be, left alone all night; but he never dreamed of the poor forsaken child sitting in

the chimney corner, with only a dog for a companion and protector.

"My sisters sobbed over me half the day. Father could not scold them when he witnessed their sorrow. As to the great 'smash up,' no one seemed to blame me for it in the least, but rejoiced that I had escaped so well.

"When the story of my lonely night got abroad I was quite a curiosity wherever I went. At meeting the good people would gather round me when preaching was over, and ask me questions, and wonder that the 'wolves and painters' had not took me. 'Guess they would if they hadn't smelt the dog,' said an old farmer."

Here the door opened, and in rushed a young man, all out of breath; and making a low bow, he said—"Will you please to walk out to supper?" He was a merry looking youth, with bright laughing eyes and curly hair, and we had observed him leaving sometime before, and wondered at his want of interest in the story.

"Supper?" we exclaimed—"pray where can such a thing be found?"

"First tell me," said he, how that story ended. Did the wolf eat the child up, or did the child hug the dog to death. The fact is, I got so hungry while that young one was setting the table, that I depended on your telling me the rest of it, and determined to hunt up some-

thing to eat, and I did. So just tell me if the girl died, and come on."

"The child survived," solemnly answered an old lady.

"Yes, and is ready to partake of a supper with you," added the narrator of the story.

"But is it far away, and have we to go through this rain?" inquired one.

"Rain!" said our young provider, "why, there is no rain now; the stars are shining brightly, and the only moisture you will find is under foot. So on with your over-shoes, and let us away, or the smart little woman that I left cooking will get out of patience, as all good cooks do if kept waiting."

So, leaving only two or three to take care of the sleeping children, and with a promise to bring back plenty of provision for them, we followed our young guide, and soon found the house of his "smart little woman," where everything was in readiness for a good meal.

Never did a supper give better satisfaction, if it could be called a supper at that hour, between two and three o'clock, A. M. We had just got back to the depot when the long-wished-for train arrived, and bundling the poor sleepy children into the cars, and hushing their cries with the good things brought from the "smart woman's" table, we curled down in our seats, about as comfortable a set of passengers as ever traveled on a railroad.

ALLAN PERCY.

BY PHILA HENRIETTA CASE.

When the sunbeams bright and yellow
Softly called to sleeping June,
With a song as sweet and mellow
As some old remembered tune;
When the bobolinks were singing
Mid the clover, white and red,
And the drowsy bee was swinging
In the locusts overhead,
Allan Percy, by the sea,
Told his precious love to me.

When the summer air was beating
With rich waves of perfume rare,
And the whispering winds were meeting
Coming blossoms, fresh and fair;
When the spicy eve was weeping
Dew-drops on the sloping lea,
And the silvery moonlight sleeping
On the quiet dreamy sea,
Allan Percy at my side
Won me for his own dear bride.

When the autumn sun was turning
Gold and crimson all the leaves,
And the far-off forest burning
In the gorgeous robe she weaves;
When the swallows south were flying,
Gayly bloomed the golden rod,
And the summer flowers were dying
On the fading, leaf-strewn sod,
Allan Percy went to fight
For his country, God, and right.

When the winter rain was weeping
On the meadows brown and bare,
And the sobbing wind was sweeping
Dead leaves through the chilling air;
When our spirits mute were shivering
With a sickening, nameless dread,
And each heart-string, wildly quivering
With its anguish for the dead,
Allan Percy, from the fight
Brought they, cold, and chill, and white.

DICK'S INFATUATION.

BY MISS A. L. MUZZEY.

"You are beside yourself, Dick," I said, as entering our private sitting-room late one morning, I caught him covertly kissing a withered knot of violets, which bore a suspicious resemblance to those adorning the corsage of dainty Laura Miller the previous evening.

"What do you mean by that remark, Miss Caustic?" he asked, hurriedly thrusting the love-token out of sight, and taking up a late Review to cover his confusion.

"You are making a fool of yourself, Dick," I said, unequivocally.

My brother recovered his dignity in a trice.

"There is some redeeming grace, I suppose, in having a strong-minded sister who never indulges in such pastimes," he answered, drily.

"Exactly; and still more in having the ability to appreciate said sister's admirable qualities. But now, in sober earnest, Dick, I warn you that Laura Miller"—

I paused in astonishment at the fiery flush that suffused his handsome face as I spoke that magic name. Who would have believed that my stately, self-possessed brother could have blushed like a very school-girl at mention of her first love?

"Laura Miller is an unmitigated coquette," I concluded, emphatically.

"By what authority do you make such an assertion?" he asked, in an offended tone.

"By the authority of my senses, and, if that is not sufficient, by the universal consent of her dupes and victims. If you doubt the truth of my opinions, go to them for a decision of the matter."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. I am perfectly satisfied to trust my own judgment in the case. I do not consider Miss Miller's rejection of numerous suitors a proof of her heartlessness, but on the contrary, I think it a testimonial of her superior truthfulness and integrity in not bestowing her hand where she could not give her heart."

"Nonsense! No one could wish her to do that. But she leads her admirers to believe the former engaged before the latter is solicited."

"I don't believe it. Vanity may have so

misconstrued her, but I am confident that she never purposely encouraged the attentions of a man she could not love. A more guileless being never existed. I know that she is not a favorite with the majority of her own sex. They imagine her frank, simple, artless manner mere affectation, because they have not themselves that purity of heart which prompts her every action. But I long ago learned to put no faith whatever in one woman's opinions regarding another. I never yet knew her to give a fair and impartial judgment in the case. Good morning!"

And brother Dick threw down the Review which he had made the pretence of reading, and with a very cold bow walked straight out of the room.

Heigho! Was there ever a man who liked to be told he was mistaken in his views upon any subject, more especially if the subject happened to be a woman?

Thereafter Dick devoted himself more assiduously than ever to Laura Miller. In her presence, he was absent to all others. To speak the truth, she was as perfectly irresistible and fascinating a creature as I ever met with, and might have deceived the very elect by one of her bewitching glances, and a half dozen of her melting words.

I should not so much have wondered at Dick's entanglement if he had not known her reputation for coquetry, and if he had not also been a silent looker-on while other noble hearts, lured by deceitful favor, were being offered up to her insatiate vanity. And now that his time had come, and the fair, bewildering will-o-the-wisp had flickered her treacherous light across his way, he followed eagerly, surrendering himself wholly to her guidance, yet in his foolish simplicity fondly cheating himself that he was the wooer, and not the wooed—the captor, and not the captured.

But perhaps, after all, this was not surprising either, for the skilful little lady never conducted two campaigns alike,—by some peculiarity of treatment impressing her dupe that he was without precedent in her regards,—so that the last always fancied himself the favored

man. I think she must have thoroughly studied the heart she proposed to carry captive before laying her plans for a siege, and varied her tactics accordingly, being grave, dignified, and sedate with one; gay, piquant, charming with a second; pensive, tender, and sentimental with a third; learned, witty, brilliant with a fourth, and so on indefinitely, like St. Paul, making herself "all things to all men," though with a different purpose, and wholly irresistible in every phase.

With Dick she was timid, child-like, and confiding, deferring sweetly to his opinion on every occasion, looking at him with worshipful eyes, and listening with the most profound attention when he spoke. She would meet his love-confessing glances with a frank, open gaze, as ingenuous as a little child's; then, as his tender meaning seemed slowly to dawn upon her, the blushes would surge over her beautiful face, and dye even her pearly neck with their crimson stain, and her eyes would fall, and her head droop in the prettiest confusion imaginable, while poor, bewildered Dick looked on as if he thought her the most delicious, enchanting, bewitching, enrapturing, seraphic creature that was ever named woman.

It was at a party given by an intimate friend near the last of the season that, growing weary of the glare, the music, the dancing, and the feasting, I stole away unnoticed to a familiar reading-room, situated in a distant wing of the house, and curling up in a luxurious chair that stood in the curtained recess of one of its windows, surrendered myself to the enjoyment of a few brief moments of quiet and repose. But my selfish pleasure was of short duration, for I presently heard the sound of approaching feet, and a murmur of voices which I instantly recognized as those of Dick and Laura. My first impulse was to retreat and leave them to the solitude they were in search of; but on reflection I resolved to hold my place, justifying myself in the thought that I was not an intentional eavesdropper, though I must own to a womanly curiosity as to the manner in which Laura would receive the confession which some instinct told me was about to be made.

They sauntered slowly into the room, conversing in low, tender, confiding tones, and brushing past me, sat down upon a *tete-a-tete* in such close proximity to my shadowy hiding-place, that I must have been discovered but for their entire absorption in themselves.

They had been more engrossed in each other

than ever that evening, if such a thing were really possible. Every one was remarking upon their wrapt devotion, and meaning smiles were interchanged by those who had good reason for knowing how the affair would end.

I could see in the dim light that Dick's eloquent face was all aglow with passionate tenderness, as he bent low over his timid and expectant companion, and his deep musical voice vibrated with intense feeling as he told his love in brave, honest, manly words; while Laura, amid much blushing and trembling, yielded little by little to his clasping arm, until her siren face lay against his breast, flushed and burning with his idolatrous kisses. Then hurriedly starting from his embrace, as if suddenly smitten with a sense of the impropriety of the whole proceeding, she exclaimed, in tones of consternation and displeasure—

"Mr. Harrington, what do you mean?"

"I love you, Laura," he said, seeking to draw her again to his bosom.

"But you mustn't—indeed you must not!" she cried, shrinking slightly away. "I—I love—the fact is," she continued, with ludicrous distress, "I'm *engaged*, Mr. Harrington."

"Laura!"

"Yes, I supposed you were acquainted with the truth. I'm sure I never dreamed that you felt other than a brotherly regard for me."

"Laura!"

"Please don't look at me in that way, Mr. Harrington. I really had no thought you cared for me, excepting in a hum-drum, stupid brotherly fashion, you know."

"It has not needed to-night's confession to assure you of my love, Laura. You have known it for long, and you never repulsed me."

Hypocrite and dissembler as she was, she could not look in his grave, truthful face and deny his words, and she sat awkwardly twirling her fan, until no longer able to endure his stern, silent regard, she pouted her red lips prettily, and said, half petulantly—

"Come, come, Mr. Harrington, do put off that woful visage, and take me back to the drawing-room. People will begin to remark our absence."

He smiled a little contemptuously, thinking no doubt of the many times she had lingered apart with him, untroubled by any such scruples.

"You have added another to your list of

conquests," he said slowly, "but you have lost in womanly dignity and honor infinitely more than you have gained. I feel more of shame for you this moment than I do of sorrow for the frustration of my own late hopes; for since you have given me this revelation of yourself I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for your rejection of my suit. I pity you, Laura Miller, from my soul I pity you for the miserable, petty ends for which you live."

He rose, and gravely offered her his arm, which she, with steadily averted face, silently accepted, and they passed out of the room, in appearance as little like the pair that had entered there a half hour before as could well be imagined.

"Didst thou clasp a fair woman, Ludwig, Ludwig,
And find her an Elle-maid gay?"

I quoted, as Dick and I sat together the next day, he looking wretched and crestfallen, like a man newly convicted of his error.

He gave me a quick, startled, penetrating glance. I crossed the space between us, and sat down on the ottoman at his feet.

"Dick," I confessed, "I was concealed behind the curtains in the reading-room last night when you entered with Miss Miller, and as I couldn't think of yielding my comfortable position, and was minus any cotton to put in

my ears, I had the pleasure of listening to your proposal to that 'guileless being,' and of witnessing the 'frank, simple, artless manner' in which she received the same."

The blood mounted in a crimson tide to his face, and for a moment he seemed half inclined to be angry.

"It was a pretty farce, was it not?" he asked, recovering.

"Very pretty; I especially admired the winding up of the scene."

"Don't you feel triumphant?" he asked presently.

"I?—why should I, Dick?"

"Why don't you say, woman fashion—I told you so?"

"Now, Dick, don't show your weakness by beginning to jibe at our sex. I would so gladly confess the error of my judgment in the case of Miss Miller if the truth of yours could thereby be established."

"It cannot, unfortunately. It is a matter of ever-increasing wonder to me how I could have been so utterly blinded," he added, after a long pause. "I can see nothing to enchant me now in her who did entice me. I am like a man recovering from a fit of intoxication—perfectly loathing the cause which led to degrade me, and full of self-abhorrence that I could be so weakly seduced."

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Oh, childish days and childish joys,
Can ye return no more?
Yet naught so fair is ever found
Upon this earthly shore.

We wandered in enchanted land,
And Fancy was our guide;
She led us to each lofty mount
And every cool stream's side.

Then sweet the airs that round us blew,
And mild the skies that shone:
Mine eyes are all unchanged in hue,
But where's the glamour gone?

I'm wiser now; but ah! too soon
The bitter lesson's learned;
Wisdom but shows how bare is life,
A fact best undiscerned.

TO ———

When the dissolving breath of May
Shall melt the ice-chains from the earth,
And bid her walk her summer-way
Of harmony, and love, and mirth;

Then over these rejoicing hills
Thy feet beside my own shall press,
My pulses learning gladder thrills
From Nature's new-born perfectness.

Thy garments odorous with the dew,
Swept from the eager lips of flowers,
Which peep the lingering snow-wreaths through,
And hang upon the skirts of showers;

Thy soft hair tossed in dewy waves
By the fresh breath of recent rains;
Thy bosom filled with buds and leaves,
And fingers touched with violet stains.



THE RECTOR MEETS WITH TRIALS IN HIS WORK.

THE TRANSFORMED VILLAGE;

OR, WHAT MAY BE EFFECTED BY PERSEVERANCE AND PRAYER.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

CHAPTER IV.

The following morning, after breakfast, Mr. Mayne was busy in his study, when he was told that James Cooke wanted to see him. He went out, and there stood Cooke with his glazier's tools.

"Quite a slice of luck, the putting in those panes yesterday for Berry brought me, sir," was his greeting to Mr. Mayne. "When I had finished 'em, I came away, taking care to tell Berry I had done it for you, not for him——"

"Which took off much of the graciousness of your act," interrupted the rector.

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Cooke laughed. "Well, sir, when I came away, there stood a stranger who had been watching me. 'You seem to put in glass in a business-like way,' said he. 'I should hope I did,' said I; 'there's not many a better workman at his trade than me, search the country round.' And with that sir, after a bit of talk, he told me he was the contractor to finish those houses beyond the hill, and he would give me the glaziers work if I'd do it well; so I'm off to begin. Now, it's thanks to you, sir, that I've got it, through your putting me up to do that turn for Berry; so I thought I'd just step down here on my way, and tell you."

"Then, Cooke, just repay me by keeping steady to accomplish it. But I would rather say it is your having done that good turn for a helpless neighbor which has brought you a reward. Count it so, and let it be an encouragement to you, to do the like again. Did you take that sixpence home to your wife?"

"Yes, I did," replied Cooke; "and just now I got paid the two shillings owing to me since last week, and I have left that with her. On purpose to keep sober for my job," he added, turning away.

"A good beginning—a very good beginning," called out Mr. Mayne.

"And, oh, I forgot something," resumed Cooke, coming back, "but I must tell it you, sir. Wonders will never cease. Who should come banging into our kitchen half an hour ago, but Berry's wife, offering to do Anne's washing for her, for she's not strong enough herself. 'One good turn deserves another, and he put our windows in,' said she, in her cross way; and there she is, hard at the soap-suds."

"There!" exclaimed the clergyman, more pleased than he could express, "only see what events arise from a little kindness. Be assured, Cooke, that a generous action does bring its own substantial reward."

As Mrs. Robert Berry was out, it was an opportunity not to be missed, to obtain some conversation with her husband; for Mr. Mayne preferred, when he had to give his parishioners advice, to give it when they were alone; at any rate, he could not tell Robert Berry of his faults before his wife, for she would have added five hundred words to his one. He bent his steps thither, and saw the children grubbing in the dirt before the door, as usual. "Children, why are you not at school?"

"Mother wouldn't wash us, and she said we should stop at home just to tease father, and he packed us out here."

Mr. Mayne sighed, and approached the door. But as he was about to enter, he heard the shrill tones of the scolding wife, mingled with Berry's oaths, and she came bursting out, on her way back to Cooke's cottage, nearly upsetting Mr. Mayne. The latter went in, and closing the door, sat down by Robert Berry's low couch, whose bad language suddenly ceased. It should be mentioned that Mr. Mayne had, by dint of much perseverance, won his way, in a degree, to the confidence of this man.

"Berry," he said, breaking the silence which had ensued on his entrance, "there is scarcely a man in the parish gives me so much concern as you. Even Cooke, with all his bad habits, does not afford me more."

Berry looked cross and vexed; vexed especially that the rector should have heard him swearing. Putting aside his evil temper, he was not a bad conducted man: so far as steady habits went, he was far better than some of his neighbors; but that evil temper was his bane.

"How is it possible that you can permit yourself to utter this shocking language?" pursued Mr. Mayne.

"She shouldn't provoke me, sir," was the man's answer. "I just put my leg on that fine flimsy Sunday cap of her'n, and damaged it a bit, and she flew out like a tiger. So I just flew out at her, and crumpled it in my hands, and flung it at her. What business had it on my bed?"

"You would not have put your leg on it in the first place, wilfully to crush it, I suppose?" remarked Mr. Mayne.

"Well, I don't know that I should. No, I shouldn't. I knew nothing as it was on the bed."

"And suppose you had just said so, when she began to complain—'I am sorry, but I did not purposely do it.' Would it have cost you more than your oaths, your unseemly passion? It would have disarmed your wife's anger, and instead of stirring up strife and wickedness between you, would have maintained peace."

"She has got such a awful aggravating tongue, sir! Nobody would believe it, if they didn't hear her."

"And what is yours?" returned Mr. Mayne. But though he spoke in a kind tone, it failed to elicit any response.

"Do you ever try to soothe her 'aggravating tongue,' or do you do everything to provoke it, and upon all occasions? I think, Berry, your conscience must convict you of the latter. I do not believe your wife's temper is naturally bad; yours is; and you have worn out her patience with your aggravations, and so made her irritable. There is nothing but ill-feeling between you; you never give each other a civil word. What a wretched state this is to live in! What a cruel example for your children!"

"I often wish she was dumb, I do," retorted Berry.

"Do you ever think of the time when she will be dumb, and you also—dumb to this world?"

"That's a long way off, sir. One's thoughts don't go so far."

"No; or if they did, it might bring you amendment. But, with regard to its being so far off, that is another problem; and neither you nor I can solve it."

"I'm getting well," quickly observed Berry, as if following what he fancied might be the bent of Mr. Mayne's thoughts.

"I hope you are; if not, the prospect before you would be a terrible one. My friend, what do you suppose will become of you if you die in your present frame of mind? Do you fancy that swearers and blasphemers will be admitted into heaven? or that they who cherish an evil, wicked spirit, will be admitted into it? Where do you expect to go to?"

"As if any of us could tell about that, down here! We must just chance it, and make the best of it when it comes."

The pain from such an avowal shot through Mr. Mayne's heart, although he had met with many similar answers in Westhamlet. He would not take it up, in Berry's present mood.

"You lie here, day by day, and your chief occupation is to curse and swear. You never indulge a pleasant or a benevolent thought. You never speak a civil word. Not only are you bitter with your wife and children, but with all the world."

"Not with all the world, sir, for I am not bitter against you."

"I am glad to hear that, so far; but why should I be an exception?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Berry, musingly. "I think it is that, though you tell me of my faults, you don't tell me in anger, but as if you cared for me."

"I do, in truth, care for you, my poor friend," resumed Mr. Mayne, with deep feeling. "I care for your welfare here; I want to see your home and your heart peaceable; and I doubly care for your welfare hereafter. Not a night passes," he added, dropping his voice, "but I am on my knees, praying for you; for you, by name Robert Berry. I pray my Lord and Master that he would be pleased to change your wretched spirit, and to endow you with the Holy Spirit."

Berry, though evidently affected, sought to excuse himself. "There be many in the parish have more need to be changed than me,

some are drunkards, and I'm not; some are lazy, and I'm not; some are——"

"Not one has more need of it," promptly interposed Mr. Mayne. "I acknowledge that you are industrious and sober; but these good qualities are eclipsed by the wickedness of your spirit. We have all some besetting sin to struggle against; yours is an evil temper, a bitter spirit; it is one of the gravest failings of the human heart, and one of the most difficult of all to cure."

"My temper was born with me," said Berry.

"Just as all our sins are born with us," was the minister's reply. "Had we been born in goodness, this earth would be a Heaven, and there would have been no need of our Saviour's sacrifice. But Christ came that he might teach us how to overcome sin."

"We can't overcome our anger, when provoked, sir."

"We can," replied Mr. Mayne. "There is not a sin in the nature of fallen man but may be overcome by watchfulness and prayer; and overcome we must, ere we die, if we wish to enter Heaven. As you die, so must you remain. 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.'"

"I'm sure there's no peace in life," uttered Berry, fretfully, who did not feel quite easy under the clergyman's words.

"What is it that hinders your life, your home from being one of peace," asked Mr. Mayne. "Come, you can tell me if you will."

"I suppose you are harping still on my temper, sir," said Berry, sullenly; "but it's my wife's aggravations which——"

"Never mind your wife just now; we were speaking of yourself. But I think if you would learn to be peaceful with her she would be peaceful with you. It cannot be done, mind, Berry, without costing you a great effort; but it would be well worth the trial."

"What would it cost me?" asked Berry.

"Self-watchfulness and self-control. You must pray—do you understand me, Berry? pray—to be helped to subdue the evil within you. Will you try? If, even this very day, you only check yourself in one harsh word to your wife or to your children, it will be something gained; it will be a beginning. When your spirit is rising to evil, lift up your heart on

high, and let it breathe the short prayer, 'Lord, help me!' Will you try it?"

"I wont say but I will, sir," was the man's rejoinder.

Berry's wife was hanging the things she had washed across Cooke's palings when Mr. Mayne went out. "It is kind of you to have done that for your sick neighbor," said he.

"I don't choose to be beholden to folks," was her answer. "Cooke put in our winders yesterday."

"I am sure you feel all the happier for having done it."

Mrs. Berry jerked out a child's pinafore with a deal more force than was necessary. "'Taint much I have got in my life to make me happy, with such a fierce, swearing, fault-finding wretch of a husband as mine!"

"Do you not wish he was a kind, loving husband, instead of a fault-finding one?"

"What's the good of wishing that, sir?"

"There may be a great deal of good in it; for, if you sincerely wish it, you might help him to become so. I know that he gives way to his temper; but you provoke him to give way to it more than he would do."

"Sir, he provokes me. He's awful."

"You provoke each other, that is the plain fact. Now, I have been asking him whether you and he could not contrive to make your home a peaceful and pleasant one, instead of what it is, a bear garden. He does not seem indisposed to make an effort towards it; will you do the same?"

"Why, what can I do?"

"Only endeavor to be civil and patient with your husband; that is all I will enjoin upon you yet. Bear in mind that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.'"

Scarcely had Mr. Mayne spoken, when a crowd came looming into view. The noise and confusion were great, and it was difficult at first to make out what was the matter. Two men, Bowen and Simms, had been taken into custody for poaching on the preserves and fish-ponds of Squire Hooper. They were, ostensibly, quarrymen, but of their guilt there was no doubt. Their wives clung to them, weeping bitterly, and loudly abusing the constables. The moment the prisoners saw Mr. Mayne, they besought his interference, and one of the women fell down and clasped his knees.

"Get up, get up," said he, "and tell me quietly what all this is. I do not understand."

The whole crowd responded at once, constables, prisoners, wives and spectators, each with a different version of the tale; and it was a marvel how Mr. Mayne contrived to gather its import. "My men, I have no power to order your release," he said; "you must know that."

"They was took up wrongfully, they was; they hadn't gone a-poaching, and if Squire Hooper's keeper swore to 'em, he swore false," was the statement of the prisoners, backed by a volley of oaths.

"Stay," said Mr. Mayne. "That is not the language of innocent men: it would tell against you: it has already done so in my mind, and it would do so to the magistrates. I suppose you are going before the magistrates now?"

"Right away off, sir," interposed the constable. "They be in the justice-room now, a full bench, a-waiting to hear the case."

"And Squire Hooper among 'em, a-exciting of the others again us," cried Simms. "He'll have us condemned without a hearing; there aint no justice in this here country."

"Squire Hooper wont be on the bench," said one of the constables; "he has hurt his leg or foot, and can't stir out. And if he was on the bench, he is a just man, and a kind one, too, is Squire Hooper."

"Wont you see Squire Hooper for us, sir, and get him to let us off?"

"I will see him, and inquire into the merits of the case," said Mr. Mayne. "But, without passing an opinion on your guilt or innocence, I must remind you that had you been quiet, well-conducted men, this suspicion would not have fallen on you."

"So you wont help us, sir! you'll let us go to a prison, and perhaps the gallows after it."

"I said I would see Squire Hooper; and I will ascertain whether, in justice, anything can be done to help you. Now, go along quietly, for resistance will only make matters look worse."

The constables walked away with their prisoners, their wives following, and crying, and the mob gesticulating. Mr. Mayne proceeded to Squire Hooper's, and found that gentleman in his dressing-room, lying on a couch.

"My fall yesterday did more damage than I thought, and I was obliged to tell Mrs. Hooper," he exclaimed, as Mr. Mayne entered. "I must have strained or twisted my ankle in some way, for it came on to swell last night, and

was most painful. I sent for Jeffs, and he says I shall not walk for a fortnight. I don't relish being a prisoner."

"I came up to speak to you about two other prisoners," returned Mr. Mayne—"Bowen and Simms."

"Oh, they are taken, are they?"

"I met them on their road to the justice-room just now, and half the village at their heels. They seized upon me, crying and praying that I would release them, just as if I had power. All I could promise them was that I would see you. Are they guilty?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hooper. "They have been on my lands often; my gamekeeper has threatened them, and so have I, though in pity to their families I spared them. But when it comes to personal assaults, it is time leniency should be done away with."

"Has it come to that?"

"Yes, the night before last: I wonder you haven't heard of it. Bust surprised them at

their midnight work, and they set upon him, and beat him savagely."

"And yet they protested to me that they were innocent."

"They don't stand at a few oaths, whether true or false ones. Another was with them, but he ran off before the beating began, so I wont touch him. It was your friend, James Cooke."

"No!" uttered Mr. Mayne.

"It was. But I don't believe he ever engaged in unlawful practices before, and I hope he never will again. I had him here, in private, yesterday morning, and gave him a serious talking to; and I promised him that, if he would let it be a warning to him, I would not proclaim his fault abroad. The man seemed grateful: I think there is some good in him."

"I think there is," said Mr. Mayne. And he remembered the red flush which, at the searching glance of Squire Hooper, had dyed Cooke's brow on the preceding day.

[*To be continued.*]

WHEN DO I THINK OF THEE?

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

When, Claudio, when do I think of thee?

I think of thee, whene'er I see

A gnarled branch on a stately tree;

When I see a flower in beauty wreathing,

Yet poison in its odors breathing,

Then, Claudio, then, I think of thee.

I should think of thee if there might be

A gallant bark on a stormy sea,

Freighted with hopes of many a heart,

Yet drifting along without compass or chart

Then, Claudio, then I should think of thee.

When I read the dream of the Holy Seer,

Who saw a colossal image appear,

Fashioned in matchless symmetry,

Yet mingling in its wondrous mould

The coarsest clay with the finest gold,

Then, Claudio, then I think of thee.

Why, Claudio, why should these discords be

In Friendship's thought when she thinks of thee?

If Mind be an Oak of foliage fair,

Why should temper gnarl the bright boughs there?

Not thus, not thus, would I think of thee.

And if Heart be a flower which God has given

To brighten this earth with hues of Heaven,

Why should Falshood tarnish its delicate bloom,

Or Cruelty poison its sweet perfume?

Not thus, not thus would I think of thee.

And if Honor a gallant bark should be,

Steering across Life's perilous sea,

Why wilt thou the compass and chart refuse,

Which Reason and Religion use?

Not thus, not thus, would I think of thee.

And if Genius and Beauty be metals of price,

Why should the polluting clay of Vice,

With their pure preciousness mingled be?

Why not let these "jewels of silver and gold"

Be cast in Virtue's celestial mould?

Thus, Claudio, thus would I think of thee.

Then let not pleasure with pain be inwrought.

Let Good o'er Evil triumphant be;

Untwine these entangled threads of thought,

Let all be bright when I think of thee.

NORAH'S GHOST.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

"Did I ever see a ghost? Well, I can't say that I ever fairly saw one meself, but I was knowin' to a ghost that was seen by a sister's daughter of mine. Will I tell ye about it? Well, troth I will, if yez will aich of you take a knife in yer hand and fly to palin these apples for me. It's mincemate I'm makin' for pies, and if ye will give me a hand at the parin' it will be a great help to me intirely. Shure I think yer father and mother as good as gould, and I'm dotin' on ye all; but yer a fine growin' family, and yer noble aitters, glory be to God, and kapes me tight at the cookin'. Well, I'll sit down here wid yez and pick over the plums, as I try to remimber all about Norah's ghost. Norah was my sister Kitty's daughter, and a purty, nate-lookin' girl she was, wid a skin like the lilies and eyes-like the sloes. Her mother, my sister Kitty, was the ouldst of us all, and a mighty gintale, edicated woman she was, for she was born and reared before my father came to sich loses wid the crops, and she tuck the shine off the whole of uz. Kitty married a man by the name of Terrance Cassidy, a joiner to trade, but a wakely crature, who died five years after, lavin' her wid two childer, Shusey and Norah. She had but little to do wid, but she was a savin' crature and struggled along wonderfully. She had a little place rint free, and tuck to tachin' the farmers' childer round, and one would cut her turf for her and another would haul it home; some would sind potatoes and male, and some butter and eggs, in payment for tachin'; and with one thing and another she managed to rear the childer, for it was but little my poor father could spare her. Well, as I was tellin' ye, Norah turned out to be a fair beauty. Shusey was a good-lookin' girl, but nothin' to compare wid her. Now, ye may be thinkin' to look at me that it's lyin' I am whin I say she was sich a wonder. I niver was to call handsome meself, but I've come through a dale meself, and, bein' light complected, I freckled aisy, so wid one thing and another my own mother wouldn't know me the day. But Norah wasn't my sort, for she had the shape and make and manners of a lady; and it's true I'm tellin' ye, that scarcely a boy in the parish but was tearin' mad in love wid her.

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There was two in particlar above all the rest that was in a great way intirely about her. One was a boy of the name of Tim Connor, whose father had a bit of a farm that Tim and himself managed. But he was a wild sprig of a boy, that would work one day and frolic two, and my sister Kitty gave him the could shoulder. The other was Dan O'Brien, an orphan boy, that was reared by a neighbor man of ours, a steady young chap, that learned to read wid Kitty, and had a good word from iverybody. He went to an ould soger that had recaved a terrible grand eddication in his youth, and he tached him to kape accounts, and lashings of larnin' besides that I know nothin' about. Well, ye see, bein' so steady and strivin' so hard after the larnin', and kapin' himself nate and gintale, Kitty was hand and glove wid him, and always said there was more in his head nor would come out wid combin'.

"Norah had a way wid her ef always bein' smilin' and agreeable wid all, but she was a shy crature, and it was hard to make out who she favored. The two boys wasted no love on one another, for you see aich was afraid the other was luckier nor himself, and it was few words and black looks wid them whenever they met, especially wid Tim Connor, for he was a hard-tempered fellow, and I iverly thought he had a black drop in him.

"One Halloween night there was a gatherin' of us boys and girls at my sister Kitty's, and we all set round the fire tryin' our luck wid burnin' nuts, namin' apple seeds, and havin' great sport intirely.

"'I wonder where is Dan O'Brien,' said Kitty. 'Did any of yez see him the night, boys?'

"'I did,' says Larry Doolan. 'He's up at our house wid his uncle, ould Pether O'Brien, who has come back from Ameriky, and he says it's a fine place intirely, where you have to sarch for trouble and luck looks for you.'

"'Glory to God,' ses Kitty, 'is ould Pether O'Brien in Ireland? I hope he'll come over the length of this, for it's myself will be glad to see him.'

"Well, the words wasn't out ov her mouth tell he opened the door and in he walked, wid

Dan behind him. Kitty rose up, and a warm welcome she gave him.

"'Shusey, stir up the fire,' ses she, 'and, Norah, draw up a chair for Mr. O'Brien. I'm glad ye come over, Dan, and I'm pleased to see your uncle. Many's the time I've thought of ye, Pether, and wondered what on iver had become of ye away in that hathenish place.'

"Well, the discoorse wint on betwixt them, but the boys and girls tuck to their games again. Says Larry Doolan, ses he, 'Here's two nuts that I've named; now watch them, boys, till we see how they'll make out together.' Wid that he laid them in the turf blaze, and they burned paccably till they fell into ashes.

"'Good luck to them, whoever they are,' says Dan O'Brien. 'What names had they, Larry?'

"'Tim Connor and Norah Cassidy, no less,' sed Larry, wid a wicked grin.

"Dan's face darkened; he gave a short laugh, but said nothin'. Norah, whatever got intil her, spakes up, and ses she, 'You've brought me such luck, you must name my apple for me, Larry.'

"'Troth, I will,' ses Larry; 'it's done.'

"Norah counted the seeds. 'We'll marry,' cries she. 'Tell me, Larry, who's the boy?'

"'Whisper wid me,' ses Larry; and puttin' his hand to his mouth he ses, 'Tim Connor,' in a pig's whisper.

"'Hould yer clack, boys,' says Kitty. 'Norah, I'm fashed wid your noise. It's little respit ye have for ould friends, to drive us to roarin' till we're black in the face, in order to hear aich other spake.'

"'Uncle,' says Dan, suddenly, 'I'll go back to Ameriky wid you, my mind's made up—and, boys, if I'm livin' and well, it's there I'll be this night year; so if it's punch your servin', Shusey, I'll take a drop to drink to the future in.'

"Norah's fun seemed over for that night. She made a great show ov throwin' an apple parin' over her shoulder, and tried to laugh when she put her hand into the empty dish three times when she was blindfolded, but the red had left her cheek, and there was a quare frozen look about her when she sed good-night to us all that made me unaisy.

"We had a good job of spinnin' to do that winter, and, my mother bein' wakely, I looked after the males beside; so it was nearly a week before I got over the length of Kitty's again.

Shusey was backwards and forwards wid a drawin' of tay or a scone of oat cake for my mother, and whin I asked after Norah, 'She's bravely,' says she; 'my mother is wearin' herself thinking she's got a faver, and is drenchin' her wid balm tay; but Dan O'Brien's trip to Ameriky is workin' on her more nor a faver, and word from him id be more to her than all the tays my mother'll iver brew.'

"'Shusey,' ses I, 'did she iver tell ye so?'

"'No,' ses Shusey, ses she, 'it's not in her till spake out and say her mind; but I've been watchin' her, and as sure as grass grows and water runs it's that that's sailin' her.'

"'Shusey,' ses I, 'if that bes true, it's me-self wont stand by and see poor Norah's heart broke, for I know the boy's heart's doatin' on her, and nothin' shall part them but ill luck.'

"Well, my mind was made up, you see, and so in the evenin' I wint over to Larry Doolan's mother's, where Dan and his Uncle Pether were stoppin'. 'Good evenin' to yez, and God be wid yez all,' says I, comin' intil the kitchen, where Dan and Larry wid a neighbor boy or two were sittin' round the fire. 'I stepped over for a bit ov a chat, and to thry your new wheel, Mrs. Doolan. Don't stir, boys,' ses I, as they were risin', 'I'll take a sate here in the corner, and I'll look to you, Dan, to see me safe the length ov my own door.'

"Dan set down again, and we began to talk ov his goin' away over to Ameriky.

"'It's a wild tramp, any way,' says Peggy Doolan; 'Pether has had luck, but that's not sayin' that every one will have the same, and sorra a worse wish I have for Dan, more than he'll come back before the year's out continted to take what comes among the people he was born wid.'

"'It's kind and dacint of you, Mrs. Doolan,' says Dan, 'to miss me when I'm gone. It's only addin' another good turn to the many you've done me. But, if there was nothin' else to spur me on, the wish I have to return a little of what I owe you for raisin' me, an orphan lad, would take me to Ameriky (where I hear there is a chance for all) as straight as the wind could blow the sails.'

"'Niver fear, Dan,' says ould Pether, 'there's a chance for you, and a good one, too, and Mrs. Doolan will be the first to call you a sharp-sighted lad for sayin' it.'

"With that I got up, and says I, 'Good-night, and the blessin' of heaven be wid yez all.

If it's convenient, Dan, I'll be behoulden to ye if ye'll convey me home.'

"'Aye will I,' says Dan, and we were soon on the road, talkin' mighty sociable.

"We were just forninst Kitty's door, when I says, 'Will ye wait here abit, Dan, while I ask after poor Norah?'

"'Is she ailin'?' ses he, quite startled.

"'She got a turn on Halloween that left her wakely, and her mother thinks she's takin' the fever,' ses I.

"He seemed staggered; but ses he, 'I'll stop outside, for I'd be sorry to disturb Tim Connor—I suppose he's sittin' wid her.'

"I lost all patience wid him at this, and I ses, 'Are you a fool, Dan O'Brien, that you sarch for briars when there's roses afore ye? Is Tim Connor going to Ameriky, that Norah should grieve for him? You're not worth a tear; and, if I was Norah, sorra a one I'd shed for ye, ye wrong-headed fool boy.'

"The poor fellow caught me by the hand. 'Is it truth you'r spakin', and does Norah think of me?' cried he, laughin' and sobbin' thegother in a very quare way. God bless ye for this night's work, Mary Brady,' ses he. 'May your life be long and swate till ye, and heaven be your bed; but you've made me a happy crature this night.'

"'Will ye come in wid me, Dan,' ses I.

"He didn't spake, but followed me like a daft body, for I niver saw a crature so upset wid hope. When I opened the door the fire was low, and I thought the kitchen was empty, till the blaze shot up and I saw Norah in a corner on a stool, wid her head on her hands. Dan stood in the shadow ov the door, and she only saw me as I came forward.

"'I'm glad of the sight of ye, Aunt Molly,' ses she. 'My mother and Shusey are gone over to the Moloneys wid their wheels, and I'm sittin' idle here, for the thirl of the wheels makes my head ache.'

"'I heard you were wakely,' ses I. 'Has Tim Connor been dancin' wid Biddy Nowland, and are ye jealous?'

"'Oh, Aunt Molly,' ses she, 'if you spake of Tim Connor you'll break my heart that's nearly burst already. If it hadn't been for my fool spach to him it wouldn't be achin' as it does this night!'

"I don't think she would iver have said so much, but that I mintoned Tim, for she looked confused when she let the words slip out. Well, I just pushed Dan forward and stole out

meself, and as I shut the door I heard her startled cry that had more joy than fright in it, and saw him on his knees beside her stool wid his arm about her waist, so I knew I had raison to be satisfied, and wint home feelin' quite aisy.

"'Is Dan O'Brien goin' to Ameriky, Shusey?' says I, as she came intil the kitchen the next mornin' to see my mother.

"'Yes he is, and mother and Norah are in a great way intirely. He was watin' to spake to my mother when we came home from a neighbor's house last night, and he wants Norah to wait for him for two years, and if he is not able to do well for her by that time, it will be because his health and strength has failed him.

"'And will she wait, Shusey?' ses I.

"'Will she? She's clean daft about him. She has scarcely touched her wheel this week past, but it's flyin' to-day, and she's singin' like a lark since she rose this mornin'.'

"My heart was light for Norah, for I niver doubted Dan would do well. He had the spirit of it in him, and he had good sinse and health and stringth to back him in it. In a fortnight more he started with ould Pether for Liverpool, as hopeful a crature as iver drew breath. We all stood in the ould kitchen thegother. Kitty was chargin' him about takin' care of himself, Shusey was jokin' him about the illigent dress she was to have as bridesmaid; Norah was quiet and pale, but she brightened up and looked hopeful wheniver he spoke to her.

"'Here's the jauntin' car wid your uncle and Larry Doolan,' ses I.

"'Kape up your heart, Norah darlint,' whispered Kitty to the poor little thing leanin' white and cold against the ould dresser. 'The blessin' of God be about ye,' cried Kitty, wid her arms around Dan's neck; 'ye were always a son to me, darlint; and whether ye bring an empty purse or a full one, if ye come back wid the same heart and character ye go wid, I'll think ye rich.'

"'Good luck to ye, Dan, and a speedy return,' ses Shusey, and whin he came to me I couldn't spake to him; for, do what I would, I was chokin' wid tears.

"'The blessin' of Heaven light on ye, Mary Brady,' ses he. 'You brought us thegother, and I'll never forget the same till ye. I lave her in your care,' he whispered in my ear. 'It's the greatest trust I can put in a livin' crature.'

"I was afraid Norah would be overcome wid the partin'; but she bore up bravely. She was white and trimblin', but she neither cried

nor fainted, and her words to Dan were as full of hope as a spring mornin'.

"The next year was a wonderful one for changes. First, my father came home one night after a Fair day, and tuck his bed niver to rise. It was near rint day, and he had gone to sell a cow to help to make out what was wantin', but he met wid friends, and when he came the length of home there was little left of the price of the baste. When he was gone we couldn't keep the place, so mother and me wint and stopped wid Kitty, and the rest of uz wint out to sarvice in the farmers' houses 'round about uz.

"It was a hard year, and terrible scrumpin we had to make out at all, at all. In the beginnin' of May, Kitty lay down wid a slow faver, and before June came we had laid her beside my father. Shusey was aillin' whin her mother died, and Norah tuck it nixt. Thim was the dark days, when we watched, the two poor young cratures lying side by side, wid their minds wanderin', sometimes over ould sports and games they'd had, sometimes callin' on their poor mother, so lately laid in the ould churchyard.

"I thank God there's an end to all things, and there was an end to that black time. Shusey rose up, wakely at first, but gainin' every day. Norah wavered a long time, and thin began to mend slowly. She would lie where the sun fell on her, wid Dan's letter clasped to her bosom, and niver spake for a whole day together. Meself couldn't write a word to him, to let him know what had happened, and Norah said she was glad he didn't know it. 'No news is good news Aunt Molly, and he would be only frettin' himself wid thinking it over.'

"One evenin' about this time Tim Connor spoke to my mother about Shusey. I was tuck by surprise when it was mentioned, for I thought Tim had no thought of any one but Norah. Somehow I was glad he hadn't taken her likin' for Dan to heart, and I knew Shusey would make a good wife to him. I was a-scared he might be a bit wild about takin' a dhrop or the like of that; but Shusey was a steady girl, and she was just bound up in him, and had no fear for the future."

"On midsummer day they were married, Shusey lookin' as purty and bloomin' as a June rose, and went home wid Tim to his father's house, as happy and hopeful a crature as I iver laid my eyes on. Norah, poor darlint,

had a droopin' look about her, and didn't rise up out of her sickness, but just hung betwixt it and health in a way that made me unsaisy. 'Norah, darlint,' says I one day after Shusey was gone, 'why don't you get a letter from Dan?—sure, it's a long time since he wrote till ye.'

"As soon as I said it, I saw what was aillin' her. She tried to make me sinsible that he was not to blame, let it be as it would about not writin'; and in the midst of spakin' she broke into sobs, that told how his silence had worn on her heart.

"In the first months of his absence, and till after poor Kitty was gone, he was as regular as the sun wid his letters; but after that he stopped, and all we could hear of him was in a letter a boy called James Branagan, who had learned the saddler's trade in Dublin, and who tuck a notion to go to Ameriky, wrote to his mother, who was a neighbor woman of ours. James had been in our place to bid his mother good-by, and had heard jokin' among the boys about Tim Connor's weddin'. In his letter he had mentioned it, and said he had mit wid an ould spark of Tim Connor's wife's that took the news of the weddin' to heart, and seemed to be quite staggered by it. He then named Dan O'Brien, and said he was doin' well; that his uncle and himself were kapin' a store in New York, and that he wished to be remembered to ould friends.

"When Widow Branagan brought the letter for Norah to read, she said that Dan was mane if he had any thought agin Tim Connor's marryin' Shusey because he had once had an eye on Norah. And as for James sayin' Dan was a spark of Shusey's, she thought he was cuttin' jokes, hopin' to fash Tim whin he heard it. 'It's a quare place intirely, that same Ameriky, and sorra a one of me would belave anything too hard for them that goes there to say or do. I've heard thim that knows say it would change the saints in Paradise if they wint across the sea.'

"Poor Norah felt the maning of her words, but she niver let a word about Dan or his neglect slip through her lips from that day; and the crature had sich a quiet way wid her of bearin' up and askin' nobody's hilp, that I couldn't find words to speak to her about him.

"When the winter was comin' on, we found it hard work to strive through and kape thegether; so whin Tim Conner offered to take my mother home, and give her a place at

his fireside, we thought it for the best to give up the bit and try for service.

"The nixt Halloween saw us scattered—Shusey married and in her own house; my mother no longer wid a hearth of her own, beholden to Tim Connor for the bit and sup; us childer workin' for our bread wid whoever would take us in; my father and Kitty, God rest them, lyin' could and stretched under the early snow that whitened their graves. Norah was stoppin' wid the Widow Branagan, to give her a hand wid her winter's spinning. I was over there chattin' awhile wid her, and she had come out to convoy me a bit of the way home, whin I spoke despondin'-like of the changes and scatterin' that had been amongst us. 'My poor father and your mother, Nora, darlint,' says I—'who would have thought they would be lyin' in their long home the night?'

"'Oh, Aunt Molly, dear,' says she, 'they're blist, for they are at pace and rest, and many's the one here would be glad to change places wid them.'

"Wid that she turned and lift me, and I stood still watchin' her hurry away through the moonlight, wid her head bowed down. My heart was sore for her, for I knew she had trouble in hers; but I could give her no comfort, for as I tould you, she was a shy crature, and would niver spake of her own feelings.

"The spring came round again, and Norah still worked away wid the Widow Branagan. It's wonderful the comfort she tuck out of the wheel. It was flyin' from mornin' till night, and the widdy tould me she niver could take a minute's rest till herself except when she was slapin'.

"Well, you see we niver heard a word from Dan; so, after his first letter, James Branagan niver named him; indade, he niver saw him; for James had gone to New Orleans. I couldn't think Dan a decaver, for I niver knew him to do an ondacent action, and I could only think that Norah had wrote somethin' to him that had given him offense, or maybe wounded his feelings; for he was a terrible high-spirited boy. If meself could have made a stroke wid a pen, it would have been a blissid job for me. Sometimes I thought I would get Shusey to write for me; but the thought of Norah's trouble bein' a laughin' sport for Tim Conner hifd me back.

"My poor white-faced darlint, she made no show of what was wearin' on her heart, but wint round the widdy's kitchen as kind and

beautiful as the breath of summer. It was a happy day for the Widow Branagan that she tuck Norah home, for an own daughter couldn't do more for her. She was up in the mornin' and had her wheel flyin' at the break of day, and whin the widdy rose to her breakfast, there was the little stand on the hearth, wid its white cloth and tay-cup standin' ready for her breakfast. It's toasted white bread and new-laid eggs she would sarve her up, fit for any lady in the land, and whin she was intrated to taste a cup of tay, the poor darlint would say—'Oh, I made out bravely wid the stirabout, and couldn't swally another dhrop.'

"The crature had lost all taste for aitin', you see. It was in the fall of the year. The wind had begun to whistle through the bare hedges, and there was a dhry desarted look in the impty fields and lanes that made the blazin turf-fire the soul of comfort. Five long years were nearly gone since young Dan O'Brien left for Ameriky, and wid the exceptions of the Doolans goin' over to the same place, our own changes were the only ones that had taken place in the town. Everything wint the same. I was livin' wid a farmer's family nearly forinst the Widdy Branagan's, and could see Norah ivery day. I suppose the poor crature had changed. She was as purty as iver in my eyes; but there was something about her that kept the boys from offerin' a word of love to her, no more than if she had been one of the painted saints in the chapel.

"She was a quiet girl, any way, so there was no differ in regard of that; but I'm thinkin' it was a look in her eyes that has said to me many and many's the time, 'it's all over,' as plain as if her tongue spoke it. Well, it was in the fall of the year, I said, whin I threw my apron over my head and run over to the widdy's. I was afeard I would not see Norah, for Shusey was wakely; she had been aillin' for a month or two, and Norah spint ivery minute she could spare attendin' to her and lookin' after the childer.

"Whin I wint in the door, there she sat on a little stool by the fire, just as I had seen her on the night I tuck Dan over wid me. 'Why, Norah, girl,' said I, 'what's come to ye that the wheel's not goin'?—you're surely not restin' yerself?'

"She smiled, and says she—'Dhraw up a sate, and sit down by me, Aunt Molly; I'm not fit to be workin' the night, and I'm glad you're here to be wid me awhile.'

"I sat down, and she leaned her head over on my knees, and turned up her face to look at me. 'What's come over ye, darlint?' says I, and my heart gave a great thump—'have you heard any news?' I trembled as I spoke, for fear of startlin' her; but there was such a change in her face; it just drew the words out of me.

"The ould oppressed look was gone, and in its place was a calm, continted, relaved expression, that went to my heart and made me feel more than iver what there had been before it. 'Aunt Molly,' she says, 'Dan's dead.'

"'Dead!' says I. 'His grace be about us,' says I, 'God forbid!'

"'God be praised,' says she; 'better, far better be dead than decateful! Oh, Aunt Molly, I bliss the hour I knew it; a great stone was rolled away off my heart that has crushed it for years, and worn it into dust, and ivery thought of my soul rose up in thankfulness. I must spake out this night, for ivery passage to my heart, closed and choked up wid doubt and grief so long, is opened. He wrote to me his last precious letter before my poor mother was tuck wid the fever, sayin' how lonely it was and how long to wait, and if he could widout occasionin' great loss to his uncle, he would come home for me before the year was out. He said I would be a help to him and why should we be apart. I read his letter in the spirit of overflowin' love he wrote in, and widout time for thought, I wrote back to him that I would come if he wished it. I knew my mother had Shusey, and I thought my place was wid him. That is what stung me—*he niver answered it!* Oh, when I think of the burnin' fire that thought kindled in my heart, it seems a miracle that it did not conshume it. Slapin' or wakin' it gave me no rest. I had gone too far, and his heart was not big enough to overlook it. Its nearly five years since this burden fell upon me, a double load to bear, for while I reproached myself, I could not respect him. Some can forget, and oh, they are blessed. The whole story was just as plain before my eyes as a painted picture and niver left me. Now, I'll tell you what relaved me,—last night I wint over to Shusey's, and found her wake and tired workin' wid the baby. I tuck it from her, and makin' her a bowl of good gruel, she supped it while I got the childer to bed, and thin she lay down comfortably herself. I promised her I would sit up for Tim, and so I wint into the kitchen and sat down by the fire to hush the baby off to slape.

In a little while it was quiet, and I laid it on my knee and threw my apron round it to wait for Tim, for fear I should waken Shusey if I laid it down. I think I must have fallen into a doze as I sat there thinkin', but a cool strame of air blowin' in half roused me, I opened my eyes and saw the stars shinin' in at the half opened door, and felt the wind raisin' my hair and liftin' the apron off the baby's face. Thin I saw Dan O'Brien standin' beside me, wid a look on his ould white face that crumbled the bitter burden of years into nothin' at all in a moment. Oh, Aunt Molly, all I could wish for but life was in that look. Sure we can't hope for iverything, and there was truth and honor in his love, and let what like have happened I'm at pace. I suppose I was wake and dizzy, for I mind a blind swimmin' feelin' comin' over me, and tryin' to move widout the power; any way when I looked again I was alone, and the wind was blowin' the door backward and forward. I was so dazed that I had no power to rise till Tim came home and tuck the baby from me, wonderin' at the ould kitchen.'

"'I was slapin', I think Tim,' says I 'and let the fire go down.'

"'Yes, and dramin' too,' says he, 'for you look wild.'

"'I've been in a drame all day, but blissed be God, its aisier to bear grief nor doubt and mistrust. I've been cryin' too, Aunt Molly. Oh, no one knows the swate comfort of tears till their heart is too dry to shed them.'

"I rose up, and says I, 'Norah, darlint, God be wid ye. I can't seem to make the sinser of what you've been tellin' me. I'm staggered and confused in the head, and I'll go over till me bed. Whin I'm at me prayers, maybe the rights of it all will come to me.'

"She kissed me, and seemed more like the girl she was before her mother died nor she had been for many a day, and I left her sittin' by the fire, and wint down the road wid my heart in my mouth. I had crossed the wrong lane and was forninst Kitty's ould house, whin I started back—'What's come to me this night?' says I, 'that I lost the road that was plain afore me. Am I daft?' Wid that a man stepped out from under the little window in Norah's ould room and struck against me. I just tuck hould of him to kape my feet, and as I did it he spoke.

"'I ax yer pardin'.'

"'Saints in glory!' cries I, and I kept my

holt, for I felt he was flesh and blood. 'Holy Mother be wid me! Is this Dan O'Brien?'

"'Mary Brady,' says he. 'God bless you and forgive you.'

"Well, wid that a great light seemed to flash on me, and the years that had past since I stood wid him before in the same spot seemed like hours. 'Will ye come wid me, Dan O'Brien, I'm going to ask after Norah,' says I.

"He looked at me; 'Mary Brady,' says he, 'are ye spakin' to me of another man's wife that I saw sittin' wid her child in her arms last night!'

"'Dan,' says I, 'Norah Cassidy's no man's wife. You saw her hould her sister Shusey's child, who is married to Tim Connor.' Well, the hould he tuck of my arm five years before was nothin' to the clutch he gave me thin, and by this and by that, he whirled on his heel and fell in the road, as if I had shot him wid a cooked pistol. Myself and Dan made quare work of it gettin' over the length of Branagan's that night, for whin I tould him his darlint thought him dead he was afeared of frightinin' her, and whin I tould him how her heart was broke for him, he was for flyin' in at the door and waitin' for nothin'. Whin we stood on the stone and I held the latch in my hand, all sinse seemed to lave us both, and I wint in trimblin' like a fool. She was sittin' by the fire as I had left her, and looked up quiet like, wid a half smile—'Are ye back, Aunt Molly,' says she.

"'Yes, darlint,' says I. 'Glory be to God, I'm back.'

"She rose up and made a step forward—

'What's wrong?' says she, trimblin'; 'you look strange, Aunt Molly, dear, what's wrong?'

"'Wrong,' says I, 'nothin's wrong! It's all right it is, right, right, right!' And wid that, do you know, I tuck to screechin' and laughin', and I think it was the blessin' of God I did, for the top seemed risin' off my head, till I relaved myself wid screemin'.

"But I'm tellin' you now I lost somethin', for I niver knew how it was that Dan and Norah met, for whin I came to myself, there they were before me jist as I had left them five years before; her sittin' on the stool, him kneelin' beside her wid his arm about her waist.

"Well, are yez through wid the apples? Sure I hope ye haven't been aitin' thim. I'll have none too many for the mate I've chopped. Is it why didn't Dan write? Sure I thought I tould ye he heard from James Branagan that she was married to Tim Connor, and she niver answered his letters and he made sure it was all over. Well, one thing I forgot to mention to ye. One day I was lookin' over a box I had, and there was poor Kitty's pocket just as she rolled it up the last night she tuck it off. I remembered takin' it for a keepsake. I opened it, and there was an ould letter sealed and folded. 'Norah,' says I, 'did ye iver see this?' She tuck and hild it a minute widout spakin'.

"'Yes, Aunt Molly,' says she, 'this is the letter I sent to Dan. I gave it to my mother whin she was goin' over to Doolan's for Larry to post. It was the day she tuck the faver. Glory be to God, I see it all now!'

AFTER TEN YEARS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Choose now, betwixt us, Margaret."

There was no invitation in the voice which made this ultimatum to the young girl who stood before the speaker in a tumult of fear, and doubt, and conflicting feeling, which drove the color from her cheeks, and sent a cold, sick shudder over her, as she listened to the words which in one way or another must shape all her future.

And there, too, sat this girl's father—a tall, heavily built, somewhat elderly man, his hair thickly sanded with gray, under which were a pair of dark, shrewd eyes, and a stern, reso-

lute face, whose coldest and hardest expression had concentrated itself just now about the mouth. Its sharp, defiant lines told, as no words could, that argument or prayer would be of no avail—that the decision, whatever it was, was irrevocable.

Margaret Phillips did glance up once, with a swift impulse of appeal to her father, with a sudden purpose to reach some spring of pity or tenderness in his soul, but the sight of that hard, iron mouth drove back the words which would have sobbed themselves out. It was of no use, she felt and knew.

She, Margaret, was her father's oldest daughter, just beyond her twenty-second birthday. She had no brothers, and her two sisters were still school-girls in their early teens. Margaret had been in some sense her father's favorite; although he was a stern, undemonstrative man, who never articulated any tenderness that he might feel for his daughters by any fondness of tone or caress.

Still he could not be called a hard parent in the literal sense of that adjective. He would have indignantly and sincerely repelled it, for Richard Phillips made for his motherless girls a luxurious home, and it was the man's honest intention to surround them with every comfort and care which his ample means afforded. For he was at the head of a prosperous commercial house; a man of unblemished business integrity; respected by all men; but having the name among his clerks and employees of a severe and exacting master.

This was his character—had been through life. He loved justice, meant to observe it rigorously in his dealings with all men, but it was that hard and narrow kind into which pity seldom or never entered.

His wife had, in some degree, modified by her influence the dominant, inflexible character of her husband, for, in his way, he had loved her. But it was now more than ten years since she died, and the gentle, delicate, fragile woman had never acquired that subtle, but permanent ascendancy over her husband which could alone have changed the strong currents of his character.

Margaret Phillips was a daughter that any father might justly have been proud of. She had her mother's face, with its rare and delicate outlines, and soft glow of bloom; she had in a great degree her mother's nature, generous, impulsive, tender, of somewhat stronger, stubborn texture, however, which she inherited from her father. He had spared no pains nor money in her mental and social cultivation; and, although he never expressed the feeling, he was certainly prouder of his eldest daughter than of anything in the world.

Mr. Phillips's head bookkeeper had enjoyed, for several years, the confidence of the senior partner, and he was not easily deceived in his estimates concerning men. The young man had been admitted to the elder's house on terms of social equality, and thrown frequently into the society of Margaret.

Stephen Keith was a general favorite, es-

pecially with women. He had all those graces of person, that swift penetration of character, that facile adaptation, and that mastery of words, which is sure to please the fancy of a young, susceptible, and cultivated woman.

Margaret Phillips was all this, and Stephen Keith availed himself of every opportunity, which his relations with her father afforded him, of strengthening the impression which he was keen enough to perceive that he had already made on the young girl. He was ambitious too, and the thought of her father's wealth was the great impelling motive of the young man's purpose to win the heart of Margaret Phillips.

For Stephen Keith had neither sound principle, nor true manliness of character. All his gifts were of that superficial sort, which may have no root in a sound, healthful character—gifts of shrewdness, of rapid perception and adaptation.

Mr. Phillips could not, of course, be so readily blinded as his daughter, and some suspicions at last took possession of his mind concerning the real character of his clerk.

Investigation only proved them well founded. He satisfied himself—the man's stern sense of justice required that he should do that—of the young bookkeeper's total disregard of the truth, and of his dissipated habits, and his unexpected dismissal from his place fell like a thunderbolt upon Stephen Keith.

Margaret's father had no suspicion that his wily clerk had ingratiated himself into the affections of his daughter, until the truth betrayed itself in Margaret's agitation when her father informed her of the dismissal of his bookkeeper. Mr. Phillips was surprised, shocked, indignant. Whatever paternal feeling was aroused in him at this discovery, it manifested itself in its most repellant form. He commanded Margaret never to see, or so much as to think of "that miserable vagabond" again.

Neither of these things was in Margaret's power. Stephen Keith managed to see her the very next day at the house of a mutual acquaintance, and pleaded his cause there, with all the eloquence of which he was master, and that was not a little; and he soon succeeded in convincing Margaret that he was the victim of her father's cruel prejudices and injustice.

A month had transpired since that time, during which the young people had had frequent surreptitious meetings and correspond-

ence. The young man understood and appealed most skilfully to all that was finest and most generous in the nature of the young girl; and Margaret Phillips was at last persuaded into promising her hand to Stephen Keith.

The young girl was not used to deception. Her high, sensitive nature scorned it as mean and unworthy. She could not live under her father's roof with that secret weighing down her heart and conscience, and one night, without even disclosing her intention to her betrothed, she rallied all her courage and told him of her engagement. Mr. Phillips was astounded, really shocked, so deeply that for the moment this feeling gained the mastery of his anger.

He said little that evening to Margaret, and dismissed the girl in great fear and perplexity as to the effect her communication had had on her parent; but the next morning she was left in no doubt on the subject.

During the night Mr. Phillips's indignation had had time to kindle itself, as he revolved the matter over in his mind. He had little fear now of Margaret's persistent disobedience. The fact that she had discovered it to him, was sufficient proof in his mind of her repentance. So, the inexorable man presented his ultimatum to his daughter. And Margaret Phillips went up to her room, and her soul rebelled against her father as it had never done before. If there had been any mother now to come with her tender voice and her loving counsels betwixt the father and daughter, it might all have been different; but there was none. It was natural that the young girl, driven to desperation by her parent, should turn to him for whose sake she would have sacrificed everything but her sense of right.

Stephen Keith was not long in learning the true state of things. Some desire of revenge on his former master certainly stimulated his purpose to make Margaret Phillips his wife. Her father could not have aided the young man's suit in any other way half so efficiently as he had done by his unkindness.

So, Stephen Keith proposed to Margaret, to marry him surreptitiously. He had never dared do this before, and he fortified his appeal with so many specious arguments, he painted with all bright colors of speech, so fair and beautiful a picture of their lives together, when he could shelter her from all fear or harm in the warmth of his heart, by the might of his love; and life away from him looked so bare

and dreary, with no sympathy or tenderness, that Margaret gave her assent—half under her breath—torn by conflicting feelings; and the wrong and the sin lay at the threshold of the cold, stern pride of her father, Richard Phillips.

Stephen Keith did not give her long to wait. There are always rash and impulsive friends to lend their influence to a step like this. Margaret had two of these; and the elopement was easily arranged.

She packed her trunk next day, and once her heart failed her. The old, sweet memories of childhood—all the tender ties and blessed influences of home came over her soul. She bowed down her head and wept; and sitting there by her open trunk, an impulse seized her to relinquish her flight, to wait patiently for years to change her inflexible father. But years look long, and patience is hard for the warm, fervid heart of youth; and then there rose in the path of the girl's doubts and perplexities, the cold, hard voice of her father, "Choose now, betwixt us, Margaret!"

If he had stood there at that moment and reached out his arms and said to her softly, "Come back to me, my daughter," not all her love for Stephen Keith could have drawn Margaret Phillips from her father's door.

But her fair face settled down into a white, deadly resolve now. "I have chosen," muttered the young girl, and that night she went out from her home and became the wife of Stephen Keith.

Great was the surprise and wrath of Mr. Phillips on learning this. He had not entertained the remotest suspicion that his daughter would dare thus defy his authority. If he had, he would probably have acted somewhat differently. But his inflexible pride would not permit him to admit this to himself for one moment. I believe, however, the feeling lay unrecognised under all his exasperation, and stung and gnawed him sometimes. But he was relentless. He would not see his daughter or her husband. He forbade the names of either to be so much as spoken in his presence, and, to all outward observation, Margaret, the eldest and fairest of the daughters of Richard Phillips, was to him as though she had never been.

Ten years had passed. They had made great havoc in the household of Mr. Phillips. One of his daughters had died. The other, the heiress of all the wealth which he had given the prime of his years and the might of his will

to amass, was a confirmed invalid now. She inherited her mother's gentleness without her strength of character.

The years had sanded over Mr. Phillips's hair afresh. The large, stately home, with its great, silent rooms, was in some sense like its owner's heart. The rooms were silent and barren there, too. The old man carried with him, as the years gathered heavier about him, some sense of loss and pain and dreariness. His money was a burden and perplexity to him, and he felt that his life was in any true sense a failure. Of Margaret, his daughter, he had not heard for years. She had married a villain, he knew that well enough, but she had chosen her own lot and must take the consequences.

Still, he did not say this to himself so often as he used to. There were times when the rich, lonely old man had felt the fierce sting of a remorse he crushed down steadily in his soul, for he remembered *that* morning with his motherless daughter. He would not acknowledge it to himself—he would sternly have denied and defied it if another had said it to his face; but he knew in his innermost heart that his own harshness had driven his daughter to that rash marriage.

Margaret Phillips had sowed the whirlwind. In less than a year after her marriage, she discovered the true moral lineaments of the man for whose sake she had sacrificed home and family and fortune.

When Stephen Keith found of a certainty that his wife's father would persist in his displeasure, and that he could count on neither favor nor fortune from the rich man whose child he had wedded, then did he meanly and cowardly wreak his wrath on the helpless girl—woman whom he had sworn to protect and cherish.

Poor Margaret! She clung to him through misfortune and poverty—clung to him after his persistent unkindness and cruelty had robbed her of both tenderness and respect for her husband. She followed him West, where Stephen Keith went in hopes of obtaining employment; and he did so, but he was indolent, prodigal, luxurious in his tastes, and squandered his salary. Two children—a boy and a girl—were born to them, and the delicate, luxuriously-reared and finely-cultivated woman had a long road of hardship, and privation, and bitter trial to walk during those six years of her residence in Wisconsin.

At the end of this time her husband sickened

and died. In his last hours he showed what he seldom or never had in his life, some sense of Margaret's long endurance and forbearance, and some compunctions of conscience for the wrong which he had done her.

There were few pleasant ties or associations in her new home, and Margaret Keith resolved after her husband's death to return East with her two children. She managed to accomplish this, rented a solitary chamber in the city, and obtained copying from several law offices, and so kept her and her children from starvation.

Mr. Phillips was somewhat late that winter's morning on his way to his warehouse. As he was crossing the street, a quick cry of warning from some passer-by arrested his attention, and looking up he saw a frightened horse, which had broken loose from some carriage, rushing with terrible speed down the street. A moment longer and he would have been on Mr. Phillips, but with a spring so sudden that his hat fell from his head, Mr. Phillips just gained the sidewalk before the frightened animal swept by.

"It was a narrow escape, sir," said a gentleman who had seen the whole, and he grasped the old man's arm, for he was white with fright and exertion.

"Yes, sir, the narrowest I ever had. One moment more and I should have been crushed under the animal's hoofs. I have lost my hat!"

"Here it is, sir; it rolled in the gutter, and I picked it up."

The sweet childish voice carried itself timidly along the words; the small, sweet face, with its bright large eyes and its mouth like the deepest tint of some rare sea-shell, looked out from a little plaid hood, very much worn and very neatly patched, as was the short cloak which the little girl wore as she gave the hat into Mr. Phillips's hand.

"Thank you, little girl," struck with the pretty childish face. "I must give you something for this;" and slipping his hand into his pocket, Mr. Phillips drew out a silver dollar. The little fingers in which he placed it were almost too small to hold it.

"Oh, what will mamma and Dickey say?" murmured the child; and her whole face was aglow with amazement and delight.

"Seems to me you are a small girl to be out alone in such a crowded street," said Mr. Phillips, in a tone that was not usual for him.

"Yes sir, I am; but Dicky has a cold, and

mamma must get her writing done before night, so there was nobody but me to carry back the papers." lisped the small mouth.

The old gentleman still retained the child's hand. Somehow the soft warm touch of the little fingers felt very pleasant, as the girl tottled along by his side. Suddenly she looked up in his face, and her expression concentrated into one of wonder, perplexity, astonishment.

"Well, what is it, my child?" said the gentleman, answering the little girl's look with a smile.

"Aren't you grandpa?"

"What makes you think I am grandpa?" interested and amused.

"Because you look so much like the picture in the green velvet case mamma's got at home, and shows to Dicky and me sometimes, and says it's grandpa."

"What is your mother's—what is your name, child?" and a sudden doubt and amazement took possession of the soul of Richard Phillips.

He seemed to know the little face, whose bright blue eyes looked up at him like another pair which long years ago he had laid under the sweet-smelling grasses.

"My mother's name is Margaret Keith, and I am little Maggie, and Dicky is named after grandpa, that we never saw, and papa was buried away out on the prairies, ever so long ago," relating faithfully, as out of a book, these prominent facts of family history.

Richard Phillips knew it all now. This was Margaret's child. That little picture in the green velvet case was his own! He remembered that she had solicited it of him for a birthday present, and how it pleased him at the time, although his daughter never suspected it. She had kept the picture all these years—poor Margaret!

He had reached his warehouse. Mr. Phillips led the little wondering girl up the steps, over the threshold. They were all alone in the room now. He took her in his arms. The long repressed river of his tenderness rose and overflowed its banks. "Child, I am your grandfather," said Richard Phillips, and his tears fell on the fine brown hair.

"Mamma said you were angry with her—that you would not love us nor come to see us," said the child; but it don't seem like you are. Wont you come? Though it's a long way, I can show you."

"Yes, you shall show me," answered Richard Phillips.

The old man and the little girl had mounted the steep staircases at last, and reached the door of the back chamber in the narrow entry. The child burst this open, panting out eagerly her great secret—"Mamma, here's grandpa; he's come to see us."

The scanty furniture told its own story of poverty. Before a round stand drawn up close to the small grate fire, a woman was bending diligently over her writing—a woman with a pale, sad face, still young and remarkably interesting, though the brightness and glow had all faded from it. A boy with darker hair and eyes than Maggie's, and a couple of birthdays more, sat shivering in an old easy chair by the fire, which only mollified the air in its close vicinity, and this boy was Richard, christened for his grandfather.

The lady looked up in startled blank amazement at her child's cry. She saw the old man standing there. He reached out his arms—"Margaret, I am your father!" he said.

With a cry—oh, she did not know what joy and sorrow—what pain and yearning—what a history of those long ten years concentrated themselves in that cry—"My father! my father!" Margaret Keith sprang forwards and was gathered up to his heart.

After this, each had a story to tell—a story that took hours to relate, for it was the history of the long ten years that had sanded the hair of Richard Phillips, and saddened the face of the sweet pale woman by his side.

"I was wrong, father," she said, "I lived to repent bitterly my haste and folly. I lived to learn too, that you were right in your estimate of Stephen's character, although saying this, I must bear witness against the father of my children."

"No, Margaret, you shall not blame yourself," said Richard Phillips. "I did the wrong. It was my strong pride and stubborn will which drove you away from me. But come back, my child. Your lonely sister wants you; the silent old house wants you back—you and the children, to make them warm and bright again, with little faces and laughing voices. And your father wants you back, Margaret, to cheer his old age and smooth his gray hairs sometimes, and gladden his heart always."

And that night "after ten years," Margaret Keith went back with her children to the old home, thanking her Father in Heaven that her days were to take their rest under the old roof where they had first awakened to life.

NOVELTIES FOR MAY.



Name for marking.



Negligé-Robe Capulete. This elegant morning dress is made of silver-gray gros grain, the skirt ornamented with a design worked with fine gray chenille.

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Cloth or French merino dressing-gown, trimmed with bands of velvet, embroidered in white, usually done by the sewing machine.

The garment is quite loose, and ties round the waist by means of a girdle and tassels. Gimp ornaments cross the front.



Summer coat for a child from two to four years old. It may be made of black silk, braided with crimson and bordered with the quilled

ribbon trimming so much used of late, or of brown linen braided with white.



Fichu Eugénie. Nothing of the kind surpasses this fichu in airiness and grace. The waist has a foundation of buckram, over which tulle illusion is puffed, the ends are of illusion lined with silk of a shade to match or contrast tastefully with the dress it is to accompany. It is edged with blond lace, and embellished with a rich application of black lace leaves. A narrow black satin ribbon heads

the edging. When it is desired for special occasions that the dress should match, it is made of some self-colored material—a quilling of the same round the bottom of the skirt, and placed above that a trimming corresponding exactly in design and material with the ends of the fichu; sleeves trimmed with the same, half the width.

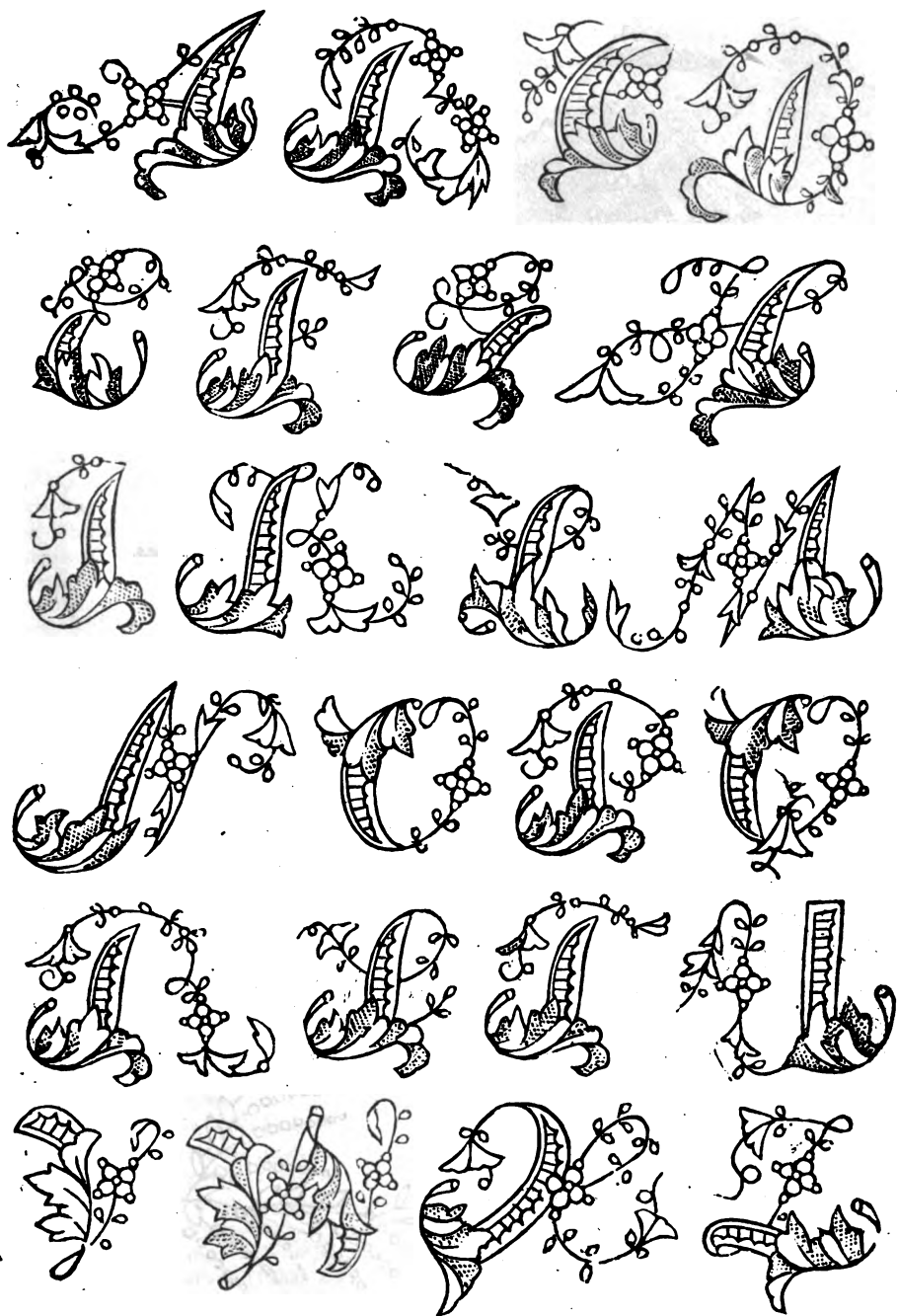


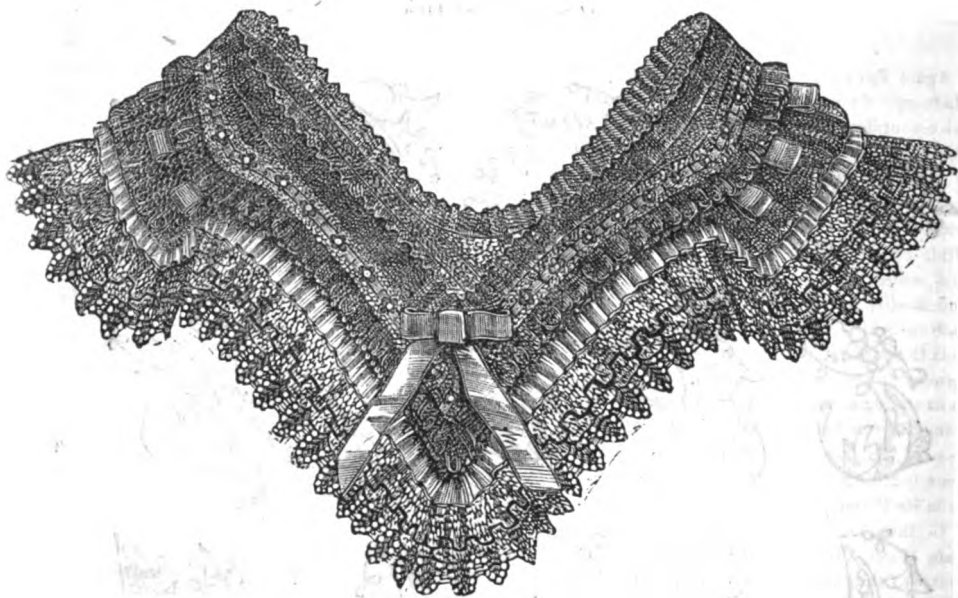
Girdle-sash with the middle à postillion. This is made of heavy black poult de soie, embroidered and richly fringed, and may be worn with any kind of dress.



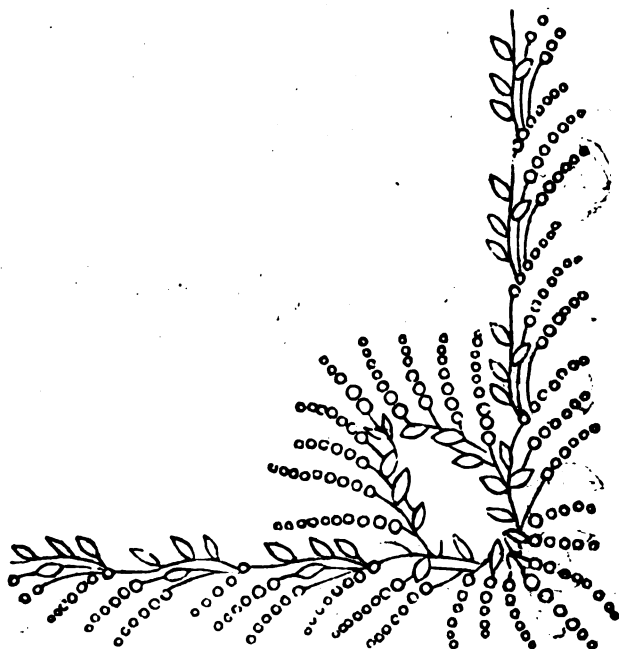
An elegant evening head-dress, consisting of a bandeau of ponceau or cerise velvet, having a bow of the same at the top, and trimmed with garlands of pink and white convolvuluses, and green leaves which have the veins gilt.

WORK-TABLE.





Berthe Cornelia, made of black tulle and black lace, with cherry ribbons.



Corner for hemmed handkerchief.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

MAY, 1864.

Again Spring is here, covering the earth with gladness. Once more her feet are beautiful upon the mountains, her hands are dropping largess of dainty sweets, her presence when we walk abroad is soothing and inspiring as a blessing from God descending upon our heads. Days come when the air is like a draught of heaven's elixir proffered by His own gracious hand. And this while the war rages with unabated fury, and hostile forces are doing their worst to harm each other! The steady beneficence that orders thus the sure-returning seasons, undeterred by any form or amount of human perversity, brings home to us the sense of those beautiful words that burst from the full heart of David—"The loving kindness of the Lord." The greater our undesert, the more touching is the loving kindness that still folds us in its Fatherly embrace.

In the great symbolic picture "Death on the Pale Horse," it is not the ghastly Terror in the centre of the canvas that rivets our eye and holds us spell-bound before the painting while time goes by unheeded. A glance suffices to take in all that; one does not live to maturity without having deeply enough stamped in upon his shuddering consciousness by the realities of life, that hideous saturnalia of the powers of evil; it is the figure of the Redeemer—mild, majestic, all powerful, on which we are never weary of gazing. "The Rider on the White Horse," in the thick of the discord yet wholly apart, moves onward serene as the stars in their courses, yet mighty to conquer till all things shall be put under His feet. Those powers of violence are phantoms only, this the everlasting reality of God's prevailing love.

Such a rest to the spirit from the battle-field of life is the quiet march of the seasons, symbolizing the victory of good over evil, renewing for us continually the primal beauty of the earth, effacing the marks of wrong and outrage, making known to us in manifold sweet messages to eye and ear the will of the Father, not that any should sin and suffer, but that as in heaven so should it be on earth. When Spring unfolds the marvellous convolutions of the leaf-bud, and sends up from the secret recesses of unsightly roots the lovely miracle of the tinted flower; when

"The robin and the blue-bird piping loud,

Fill all the blossoming orchards with their glee,"

our pleasure in these trivial incidents reaches out to infinity. Is it not that we see in all this happy life the joy of obedience which is the joy of heaven? These all do the Master's will; they touch the keynote of creation's harmony, and, caught up with them, our souls for one accordant moment, vibrate responsive to the music of the spheres.

A FEW WORDS ON THE CARE OF THE SICK.

In these days, when hospitals are everywhere, the care of the sick is every woman's business. If it does not come home to her hearthstone, she goes out to seek it, assuming with generous eagerness her share of the common burden. The most selfish pleasure-seeker, however hedged about with luxurious defences, must still breathe the deathly air that has blown over the dreadful battle-field and the fever-tainted hospital. If we do not acknowledge willingly that the human race is one body and Christ its head, we are liable to have the truth forced upon us in some unwelcome way; as the poor woman Carlyle tells of, beset with want in every woful shape, at last infects the neighborhood with typhus, saying thus to the careless gentry who had passed her by on the other side, "You see, I was your sister!"

There is very little of this culpable negligence among us compared with the steady stream of beneficence that goes out to our brave defenders in their helplessness. Multitudes who were at ease in their possessions, and unaccustomed to usefulness, are suddenly found capable of whole-hearted and heroic service. Others have the will but lack the practical ability. The name of Florence Nightingale is synonymous with good nursing—and why? She had good sense and good feeling, and carried out the dictates of both with indomitable faithfulness. How plain and simple seems each requisite for a good nurse, yet how seldom is the highest type of the class met with! A woman who has the sense to know what to do, and the will to do it, is something sublime in her efficiency. When Florence Nightingale passed through the Crimean hospital, a dying soldier turned his feeble head and kissed the pillow on which the shadow of her form had fallen. What had she done that he should feel so? Depend upon it, the lovely flower of saintliness to which he thus did reverence had its root in the homely ground of plain uses. She had not merely wiped his fevered forehead with a perfumed handkerchief, as is the wont of amateur young lady nurses. The most essential services for the sick, those on which the fate of the patient often hangs when life and death tremble in the balance, these services are disagreeable in themselves, are done in the cross, for the love of Christ, and by realizing for him the sweetness of that love minister both to soul and body.

A lady visitor at one of our Philadelphia hospitals, singling out for her special cares one poor fellow whose case seemed hopeless because he would not eat, succeeded at last, by giving to his needs and his tastes the close attention that she would to those of a beloved son, in inducing him to take the nour-

ishment on which his recovery depended. In his delirium he fancied himself her son. He watched and waited for her coming, and when he caught sight of the quaint Quaker bonnet, so beautiful to his longing eye, the aureole about it lighting up the doorway, he cried out eagerly, "Oh, mother, you've come at last!" The mother that bore him stood beside his bed at the time, weeping and wringing her hands that her son did not recognize her. "You're only an old Irish woman," he said; "this is my mother." The true mother-heart, self-denying and devoted, was more to him than the tie of blood.

A nurse has need of the nicest discretion, especially in critical cases. It is her part to sustain the patient's strength with suitable nourishment, and injudicious food may at any time baffle the efforts of the most skilful physician. As to the appetite, the wants that are safe to gratify, that are unsafe to disregard, are those that arise *spontaneously*. Suggesting delicacies to the patient's imagination, or, worse, tempting him with the sight of them, is not the way to find out what he really wants. His weak body, vibrating tremulously between sickness and health, might still be able to choose suitable food if left to itself; but confused with temptation and persuasion, the instinct given as a guide is lost. A physician, leaving directions for the food of his patient, recovering from typhus, said to her attendants on leaving, "Let her have what she *wants*," emphasizing the last word. They brought peaches into her room in the afternoon, and asked her if she would not have one. She felt no desire for them; thought it would hardly be prudent; but they urged the doctor's permission to eat what she wanted, and she was persuaded to eat. In the evening, cantelopes were brought in. She did not think of partaking of them—left to herself such an imprudence would not have occurred to her; but they again urged the doctor's authority, and again she was persuaded. That night the consequences came—diarrhœa followed by hemorrhage of the bowels, and the next morning the poor victim of her own and her nurses' folly breathed her last. And the doctor was blamed! as if when he left directions he was expected to leave also the sense to use them.

SMALL WAISTS.

We had supposed that the notion of remodelling the form of woman, so beautifully as well as fearfully and wonderfully made, was among the exploded falsities—the unreturning shadows of the past. But we were mistaken. It is still afloat. Scattered about among sane people are still a number who imagine, with the arrogant Spaniard, that if they had been present at the creation of the world they could have spared our Maker a few mistakes. In a late number of a leading lady's paper in the British Isles was an article setting forth the beauty

of small waists and their popularity, as proved by the public admiration of the picture of the Empress of Austria in the Exhibition of 1862, concluding with a grave and elaborate recipe for making a waist like hers. It is a British matron who thus gives her opinions and practice:—

"The formation of the waist is not begun early enough. The consequence of this is, that the waist has to be *compressed* into a slender shape after it *has been allowed to swell*; and the stays are therefore made so as to allow for their being laced tighter and tighter. Now I am persuaded that much inconvenience is caused by this practice, which might be entirely avoided by the following simple plan which I have myself tried with my own daughters, and have found to answer admirably. At the age of seven, I had them fitted with stays without much bone, and a flexible busk, and these were made to meet from top to bottom when laced, and so as not to exercise the least pressure round the chest and beneath the waist, and only a very *slight* pressure at the waist, just enough to show off the figure and give it a roundness. To prevent the stays from slipping, easy shoulder-straps were added. In front, extending from the top, more than half way to the waist, were two sets of lace-holes by which the stays could be enlarged round the upper part. As my daughters grew, these permitted of my always preventing any undue pressure; but I always laced the stays so as to meet behind. When new ones were required *they were made exactly the same size at the waist*, but as large round the upper part as the gradual enlargement had made the former pair. They were also, of course, made a little longer, and the position of the shoulder-straps slightly altered. By these means their figures were directed instead of forced into a slender shape, no inconvenience was felt, and my daughters, I am happy to say, are straight and enjoy perfect health, while the waist of the eldest is eighteen inches and that of the youngest seventeen. I am convinced that my plan is the most reasonable one that can be adopted. By its means 'tight lacing' will be abolished, for no tight lacing or compression is required, and the child being accustomed to the stays from an early age does not experience any of the inconveniences which are sometimes felt by those who do not adopt them till twelve or fourteen."

Just so we can fancy a matured feminine of the Celestial Empire imparting with complacent satisfaction the means by which she has secured her daughters' good looks. Her maternal anxiety, she is proud to say, did not allow her to wait till the baby's foot had grown to an unsightly length. From earliest infancy the bandages were applied; the new ones that became necessary allowed of expansion in breadth and height, but a slight pressure, persistently continued, had been sufficient to prevent that length of foot so intolerably vulgar to patrician eyes. And now, behold her daughters! Where among the ladies of the land would you find a shorter shoe than they were wearing?

The Chinese fashion, however, is a venial offence against physiological laws compared with the compression of the vital organs. For a parallel outrage to this, we must go to the Flat Head Indians, who secure the future beauty of their children by binding upon the tender baby's brain a compress of

unyielding wood. Seriously, if the public taste is so perverted, and we admit it to some extent, surely it is our business as rational creatures to correct it. The sober sense of mankind has recognized universally a standard of beauty of which the Venus de Medici and later sculptures, such as the Greek Slave and the Eve of Powers, are types. How they are shaped at the waist it is unnecessary to say. It does appear to be necessary, however, on the principle of line upon line, precept upon precept, to point to the Venus and say, "That is Beauty," and to the wasp-like modern belle, and say, "That is Deformity."

THE ART OF MAKING A HOME.

The sketch in our present number, entitled "Mrs. Jerry June's Fine Original Story," pictures with graphic minuteness and truthful force the disorder that ensues when a woman neglects her domestic duties for what she fancies a more profitable employment of time. We all assent to the paramount importance of those duties, and the impossibility of escaping from them when once they are assumed. Too frequently, however, it is a reluctant assent, coupled with the feeling that if released, something higher, something better might be done. Society might be cultivated, elegance of dress indulged in; this, that, or the other favorite employment pursued; literary work, perhaps, (save the mark!) bestowed upon a thankless public. Too prevalent in our day is the weak and faithless spirit that prefers present ease and pleasure to the infinite rewards of large-hearted service; shrinking from responsibility, because of the wholesome bitter-sweet that mingles with its brimming draught of life and joy. We need to be reminded that the sphere of woman is not the scene of her duties only, but of her choicest pleasures, the gathering-place of the deepest and purest enjoyments; that the kindest smile of God rests upon it, the richest blessings that flow out from His hand are poured into the home of love. Mrs. Stowe, in a late article for the *Atlantic Monthly*, speaks of a true home as "the greatest of all human works of art." We commend to our readers the beautiful ideal she has drawn.

"We have heard much lately of the restricted sphere of woman. We have been told how many spirits among women are of a wider, stronger, more heroic mould than befits the mere routine of house-keeping. It may be true that there are many women far too great, too wise, too high, for mere housekeeping. But where is the woman in any way too great, or too high, or too wise, to spend herself in creating a home? What can any woman make diviner, higher, better? From such homes go forth all heroisms, all inspirations, all great deeds. Such mothers and such homes have made the heroes and martyrs, faithful unto death, who have given their precious lives to us during these three years of our agony!

"Homes are the work of art peculiar to the genius of woman. Man *keeps* in this work, but woman *leads*; the hive is always in confusion without the

queen bee. But what a woman must she be who does this work perfectly! She comprehends all, she balances and arranges all; all different tastes and temperaments find in her their rest, and she can unite at one hearthstone the most discordant elements. In her is order, yet an order ever-veiled and concealed by indulgence. None are checked, reproved, abridged of privileges by her love of system; for she knows that order was made for the family, and not the family for order. Quietly she takes on herself what all others refuse or overlook. What the unwary disarrange she silently rectifies. Everybody in her sphere breathes easy, feels free; and the driest twig begins in her sunshine to put out buds and blossoms. So quiet are her operations and movements that none sees that it is she who holds all things in harmony; only, alas, when she is gone, how many things suddenly appear disordered, inharmonious, neglected! All those threads have been smilingly held in her weak hand. Alas, if that is no longer there!

"Can any woman be such a housekeeper without inspiration? No. In the words of the old church-service, 'Her soul must ever have affiance in God.' The New Jerusalem of a perfect home cometh down from God out of Heaven. But to make such a home is ambition high and worthy enough for any woman, be she what she may.

"One thing more. Right on the threshold of all perfection lies *the cross* to be taken up. No one can go over or around that cross in science or in art. Without labor and self-denial neither Raphael nor Michael Angelo nor Newton was made perfect. Nor can man or woman create a true home who is not willing in the outset to embrace life heroically, to encounter labor and sacrifice. Only to such shall this divinest power be given to create on earth that which is the nearest image of Heaven."

DISHES FOR THE CHILDREN'S TABLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Brown Mush.—Put a quart of water into a saucepan, add a tablespoonful of salt, and when it boils stir in unbolted flour, until it is as thick as common mush. Let it boil five minutes, stirring hard all the time, and it is done. A wholesome supper-dish, eaten with cream or milk and sugar. Many children who cannot eat Indian mush are very fond of this.

Substitute for Pie.—Cover the bottom of your pie-dish with slices of bread and butter. Spread with stewed fruit, not too thickly, and set in the oven ten or twenty minutes. In the winter we use dried fruit. Dried apples and New York plums are the two favorite kinds. Made with peaches it is excellent, eaten warm, with a glass of milk.

Cranberries.—The most wholesome and acceptable way that we have found of preparing these is to stew them soft, and pass them through a colander that will allow all the substance of the fruit, juice, and flesh, and seeds, to pass through, leaving only the indigestible skin, which you throw away. Add sugar to taste. Thus prepared they are fit for delicate children, who could not otherwise partake of them without pain.

Macaroni.—In the first place, procure fresh Italian Macaroni. No other wheat but that grown in

volcanic soil will make it good. This seems to be well ascertained, as skilled manufacturers have been brought over from Italy, and failed in every attempt to make it from American wheat. Boil it in milk and water, half and half, until soft; salt to taste. Serve it hot, with a dish of grated cheese to sprinkle slightly over each plateful. This is a favorite dinner, so much liked that nothing else is desired for the meal.

Rolled Cracker.—Put two or three fresh water crackers on your paste-board, and roll them to a fine powder. Sweeten with sifted white sugar. This is more used in sickness than in health, though it is good to prevent as well as to cure any tendency to diarrhoea. It is invaluable in the summer complaints of children. We have known it apparently save the life of a child two years old, (that lovely, endearing age, which so many influences combine to render a critical one.) The boy was wasting away, his stomach retaining nothing until this was tried. It was administered slowly, a little on the point of a teaspoon, giving no water unless imperatively asked for, as the rolled cracker, taken in a dry state, draws upon the fluids of the body, owing to this, in great part, its restorative efficacy. In cases where liquids are not objectionable, but salutary, as in fevers, lemonade is a very acceptable accompaniment. To many fever patients gruel is disgusting, and the difficulty is to find a safe nourishment. Rolled cracker is equally harmless and more palatable. The common maladies to which children are subject, measles, for instance, are this season, so physicians tell us, apt to be complicated with diarrhoea. Rolled cracker and lemonade, or cold water, if preferred, meet this complication exactly. The selection of a safe and agreeable diet is of the greatest importance, for while the fever must not be fed, it is equally imperative that the patient be nourished.

Lemonade seems indispensable in fevers. If you want to have it in perfection, do not make a pitcherful at a time, unless it can be used immediately, and do not slice the whole lemon, and steep it in water, and call the bitter decoction lemonade. Take one lemon, and roll it under your hand until it is soft; then cut off the end, and squeeze the juice into a tumbler; through a sieve, if the pulp is not liked; if it is, dispense with the sieve, and simply pick out the seeds. A small lemon will make one tumbler full, a large one two. Two or three tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and cold water to fill the tumbler, will make it in delicious perfection, and you can take it to the bedside of your patient with the satisfied feeling that it is the most grateful and beneficial refreshment that could be offered. Hot lemonade is sometimes preferred. This is perhaps the best form in which to take it for rheumatic pains. It seems a curious remedy, but as it is positively stated on high authority to be a specific, it is worth trying.

New Publications.

The Art of Conversation, with Directions for Self-Education, New York: Carleton, Publisher.

At last we have a book of manners based upon the true principle—from the heart outwards. We took it up reluctantly, thinking of the worthless Chatterfieldian publications upon etiquette, deportment, conversation, and all the rest of it, the sale of which can only be accounted for by the fact that the subject is one of great interest, particularly in America, where the old barriers are down, and talent and worth, free to choose the best, are naturally desirous of cultivating the most pleasing and harmonious forms of manifestation. The author of this book, so far as we have noted its contents, never fails to distinguish from its counterfeit that politeness which comes from the heart like rays from the sun; in all his varied suggestions and precepts never losing sight of the truth that the very soul of good breeding is Christian grace and gentleness.

Miss Sedgwick, in one of her best though least pretentious books, remarks that "He who should embody and manifest the virtues taught in Christ's Sermon on the Mount, would, though he had never seen a drawing-room, nor ever heard of the artificial usages of society, commend himself to all nations, the most refined as well as the most simple." The foundation thus laid, we are ready for the beautiful and graceful structure of the finished human being; ready for ornament in every varied changeable shape that the infinite diversities of individual character can present. The finest polish of art, through this divine informing spirit, will be absolutely true to nature; while there can be no idiosyncrasy so eccentric, grotesque, or quaint, but will have its phase of beauty.

From the number of pertinent and useful suggestions in the volume, we quote a passage on the art of conversation. There is a prejudice against considering talking an art, as if it thereby became a set, artificial thing, confusing the ripe accomplishment with its crude and awkward exercise. The great charm of conversation is to be natural, and no culture can be successful that loses sight of this truth.

"It will be readily understood, that people of ability greatly increase that ability, and enable one another to produce great works, not merely by mutually meeting, but by cultivating the art of conversation so that they may give and take knowledge to the greatest possible advantage. As regards the pleasure to be derived from the proper exercise of the power which this art bestows, little need be said. One person, and especially any one accomplished woman, who excels in it, is enough to cast an air of cheerfulness over a whole *soirée*; to sustain for weeks a spirit of gaiety at the dulllest watering-place; to draw together in any society and then draw out the best qualities of every one to

advantage, to unite congenial minds which would otherwise have remained unknown to each other, and in fact to exert a genial influence as of sunshine in all places and at all times. It is usual to attribute such power entirely to 'disposition' or to natural 'gifts.' Much is of course due in these happy instances to ability or to 'advantages,' but I am firmly convinced from observation, that after all it is chiefly owing to the expansion which is given by judicious cultivation of the art of conversation. The world is full of men and women of kindly feelings, and even of excellent educations, who have indeed every requisite to not only achieve social eminence but to elevate others with them—"if they only know how"—that is to say, if they could only impart their thoughts, sentiments or moods, with ease and tact, to others."

Heaven our Home. We Have No Saviour but Jesus, and No Home but Heaven. By the author of "Meet For Heaven." Third edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers, Publishers, 143 Washington St.

Meet for Heaven. A State of Grace upon Earth the only Preparation for a State of Glory in Heaven. By the author of "Heaven is Our Home." Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

That these books are very acceptable reading is proved by the fact as stated by the author, "that within the space of little more than one week the whole of the first edition of 'Heaven Our Home' was sold. Within a few months more sixty successive editions have been called for." The first, "Heaven Our Home," may serve a good purpose in impressing the reality of eternal life; and the second, "Meet for Heaven," a still more useful purpose by combating the mischievous delusion that death can effect any change in the state of our souls; calling attention to the truth that heaven is within us, and that in proportion as we possess it here, will we enter into its joy after death.

William Allair; or, Running Away to Sea. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "The Channings." "The Runaway Match," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut St.

A story for boys—short and unpretending, but still one of the best things its author has written. It is admirably told—with life and feeling. The punishment that poor William Allair draws down upon himself for his disobedient running away to sea, is so terrible, and so vividly and touchingly described, that few could read it without tears. The consequences of his rashness are every day probabilities; but Mrs. Wood has perhaps intentionally given them an impressive depth of coloring, that they may prove an effectual counterpoise to a temptation which is probably more formidable to parents in the British Isles than it is here.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

We do not know who has written the following Hymn, but we like them exceedingly. It is not

often that we find anything more worthy, for wisdom and sweetness, to be treasured in the memory.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing.
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing,
Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the summer's shower pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed carcasses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweeter is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over:
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God, and the gift that He gave.

Miscellaneous Receipts.

A MINCE MADE WITH UNCOOKED MUTTON.—Cut off two pounds from a leg of mutton, and chop it up finely, freeing it first from fat, but adding a slice or two of bacon likewise minced; season it well with pepper and salt, and put it into a saucepan with a teacupful of gravy, six ounces of butter. Cut up very small three young lettuces; add a quart of young peas, an onion chopped small. Stir all these ingredients over a gentle fire until quite hot, then place the saucepan closely covered at the side of the fire, and let it stew gently for at least three hours. Arrange it neatly in the centre of a hot dish, and place round it a wall of well-cooked rice.

NOURISHING SOUP FOR INVALIDS.—Having found the following recipe very useful for invalids, I take the liberty of sending it for the benefit of your numerous readers who may require such a thing. Boil two pounds of lean veal and a quarter pound of pearl barley in a quart of water very slowly, until it becomes of the consistency of cream. Pass it through a fine sieve and salt it to taste. Flavor it with celery seed, if the taste be liked, or use fresh celery, if in season. A very small quantity of the seed would suffice. It should simmer very slowly, as otherwise the barley does not properly

amalgamate with the soup. It is called barley cream, and will not keep more than twenty-four hours. Beef may be used instead of veal, if preferred. E.

A NICE PUDDING.—Boil one and a half pints of new milk with sufficient loaf-sugar to sweeten it, the peel of a fresh lemon, cut thinly, a little cinnamon, mace, and cloves. Boil all these ingredients as if for custard. Beat up nine eggs, omitting the whites of four. Pour the boiling milk, &c., on to these, stirring continually during the operation, then strain the whole through a hair sieve, and let it stand till cold. Take a good-sized pudding mould, butter it well, and line it with spongecakes, cut into thin slices (it will probably require four). Pour the custard into the mould, and tie it close. It will take an hour and a half to boil. It is an improvement, after buttering the mould, and before placing the spongecakes, to arrange some stoned raisins, slices of candied peel, and nutmeg. Serve hot with wine sauce.

HOT CROSS BUNNS.—Two pounds of flour, half a pound of sugar, and a small quantity of grated nutmeg and allspice mixed together. Make a hole in the centre of the flour, and into it put two table-spoonful of yeast, pouring in also half a pint of warm milk. With the latter and the surrounding flour make a thin batter; cover the dish and let it stand before the fire till the leaven begins to ferment. Now add to the whole half a pound of butter, melted, and sufficient milk to make all the flour into a soft paste. Dust it over with flour, and let rise again for half an hour. Make the dough into the shape of bunnus, notch out on each the form of the cross, and lay them separately in rows on buttered tin-plates to rise once more for half an hour; after which, put them into a quick oven, watching them carefully lest the color should be spoilt by overbaking.

Another for bunnus of an extra good quality.—Rub quarter pound of fresh butter into two pounds of fine flour, add quarter pound of moist sugar, and mix these three ingredients well together; after which add a little salt, one pound of well-washed currants, one ounce of candied lemon, the same of citron, both cut into slices, the grated peel of a freshly-gathered lemon; mix them thoroughly with the flour and sugar. Warm one pint of new milk, beat up three eggs and one tablespoonful of yeast, and add these to the other ingredients. Make all up into a light paste, and set it before the fire to rise an hour; rub an oven-tin with butter, drop the bunnus upon it with a spoon, and bake in a moderate oven.

TO MAKE SKELETON LEAVES.—The preparation of these beautiful skeletons is a very simple process. The leaves and seed-pods must be placed in vessels sufficiently deep to allow the water to cover them entirely. They must then be left to macerate for

many days, and the water never changed. Should the temperature be low, they will sometimes require to be for two or three weeks in the water, and the time for this also varies with the species of leaf, and can only be ascertained by experience. If the green portion, or cuticle yields easily to the touch, it is fit for removal, and may be easily taken off, by first dabbing it with a hard stencil brush, and then with a soft camel's hair brush. To do this the leaves must be in a soup plate with water. To bleach them, they must be placed for six or eight hours in a solution of chloride of lime, the strength of which should be about half an ounce to a quart of water. When taken out, they must be placed in clean water (to be changed six or seven times, at least), and dried on blotting paper, after which they will be ready to be made up into groups. As in all other things, a little practice is required, and, at first you must not be discouraged should you meet with many failures. The leaves of the *Magnolia* and *Ficus elastica* require long maceration, usually three or four months.

These directions, or something similar, have already had considerable circulation, but we are sure that to many of our readers the process is not familiar, and it may well bear repetition, as the result, beside being curious, is of singular beauty. Arranged in groups, under glass cases, these snow-white skeleton leaves are the very prettiest things we have seen at Ladies' Fairs. In a room full of splendid and costly things they were the greatest attraction. Any thing more exquisitely delicate and beautiful can hardly be imagined. As a drawing-room ornament they divide admiration with the choicest statuettes and bronzes. Ferns are like the finest lace work; mingled with them, leaves of symmetrical, clear-cut shapes, as the Ivy and Sweet Gum look well, and the seed-vessels of the *Datura Stramonium*, or common Jamestown weed, are especially beautiful.

HOW TO ARRANGE BOWS OF HAIR.—False hair is by no means necessary for the *coiffure* in bows, now so fashionable, but a good length of hair is, of course, indispensable. A small portion of the hair to be used for the back head-dress must be plaited and rolled up so as to form a point of attachment for the bows. These may be made by dividing the hair and frizzing it in the inside of each bow, but as this, if repeated, would injure the hair, the frisettes sold for the purpose may be used. They must be fixed to the small roll of plaited hair to which that part intended for the bows should previously be tied. Having divided the hair into two parts, each must be brought over its own frisette (but not so as to cover it entirely) and fastened in the middle with hair-pins to the plaited roll. Thus the two loops will be formed, and the ends of the hair must then be combed into one and turned across between the loops to imitate the tie of the bow. After this, lightly comb the hair over the frisette, so as to cover it, which will give the bows the desired shape. An ornamental comb may be used as a centre, if preferred.

CLEANING HAIR JEWELLERY.—Of course if there is any gold attached it must be taken off. Get a little pan, and half fill it with cold water, to which add about half a teaspoonful of powdered borax; then put in the hair work. Set it on the fire, and let it remain until the water boils; then remove the hair-work, place it on blotting paper to dry, and when it is dry, it will be "as good as new."

BIRDS IN THEIR NATURAL FEATHERS.—To produce pictures of birds with their natural feathers is a very delightful and instructive employment. Take a thin board or panel of deal and smoothly paste on it two or three layers of white paper. When the paper is quite dry, get any bird you wish to represent, and draw its figure as exactly as possible on the papered panel: then paint what tree or ground-work you intend to set your bird upon, also its bill and legs, leaving the rest of the body to be covered with its own feathers. Next prepare that part to be feathered by laying on thick gum arabic, dissolved in water. Two or three coats of gum are necessary in order to produce a good body on the paper. When your design is so far produced, take the feathers off the bird as you use them, beginning at the tail and points of the wings, and working upwards to the head, observing to cover that part of the draught with the feathers taken from the same part of the bird, letting them fall over one another in the natural order. You must prepare your feathers by cutting off the downy parts that are about their stems, and the large feathers must have the insides of their shafts shaved off with a sharp knife, to make them lie flat; the quills of the wings must have their inner webs clipped off, so that in laying them the gum may hold them by their shafts. When you begin to lay them, take a pair of steel pliers to hold the feathers in, and have some gum-water, not too thin, and a large pencil ready to moisten the ground-work by little and little, as you work it; then lay your feathers on the moistened parts, which must not be waterish, but *only clammy*, to hold the feathers. You must have prepared several leaden weights, which you may form in the shape of sugar-loaves by means of a stick, by casting the lead in sand.

These weights will be necessary to set on the feathers when you have merely laid them on, in order to press them into the gum till they are fixed; but you must be cautious lest the gum comes through and smears the feathers. Be cautious not to have your coat of gum too moist or wet. When you have wholly covered your bird with its feathers, you must, with a little thick gum, stick on a piece of paper, cut round, of the size of an eye, which you must paint like the eye of the bird; glass eyes, however, may be purchased at the naturalists' shops. When the whole is dry, dress the feathers

all round the outline, and rectify defects in every other part. Then lay it on a sheet of clean paper, and a heavy weight, such as a book, to press it; after which it may be preserved in a glass frame and form a very pretty ornament.

KNITTED BABY'S BOOTS.—Baby's boots can be knitted in any stitch, and with any variety of shaping; but I have always thought the simplest pattern most comfortable to the little wearers, as well as most easy to make. Knitting baby's shoes oneself has the advantage to a loving mother or aunt that we can *know* for certain that they are soft and comfortable, and that no uneasy knot can chafe the little tender toes. They may be made, according to the season, of double German lamb's wool, or three-ply fleecy, or of single German wool, in half-ounce skeins.

A Baby's Boot.—Provide three knitting pins, No. 10, and fleecy or double or single German wool, colored and white. Cast on twenty-four stitches with the white wool, and knit a row. Fasten on the colored wool, and knit a row, increasing one stitch by knitting two stitches in one in the last stitch but one (for rounding the heel), and knit back. With the white wool knit a row increasing, for the heel, in the same manner and return. Knit one ridge (two rows) with the colored wool, and one with the white, with the same increase at the heel in both, when there will be twenty-eight stitches on the pin. It is not necessary to cut off the wool at each ridge, only cross the two. Continue to knit alternate ridges with the white and the colored wool, without increasing any more until there are five ridges of each color. Knit a ridge of the white. Knit thirteen stitches with the colored wool, leave the remaining fifteen stitches on their pin, and with the third pin return and knit back the thirteen stitches. An expert knitter might knit the thirteen stitches backwards and forwards without using a third pin, but one not much used to knitting might stretch the corner by doing so. Knit ridges of thirteen stitches, alternate colored and white, until there are four colored ridges and three white. With the white wool knit thirteen stitches, cast on fifteen, and return. Having now again twenty-eight stitches, knit alternate, colored and white ridges, to make this side match the other, decreasing at the heel, one stitch in each of the last four ridges, and cast off. To knit the top of the boot:—with the pin on which the fifteen stitches remain, pick up seven stitches on the instep and the fifteen cast on stitches. With the colored wool knit one row, making a stitch in each of the two corners to prevent a hole. Knit fifteen stitches, knit two together, knit five, knit two together, knit fifteen. Knit one ridge with the colored wool, and then cut it off, fasten on the white wool, and knit the front rows, and purl the back rows until the boot is nearly deep enough for the ankle. Finish it with two ridges of the colored wool, and cast off very loosely.

The top may be knitted in alternate ridges of white and colored wool, like the foot, or in ridges of the white wool only, which makes a more firm top than purling the back rows.

Baby's Boot in Brioché Stitch.—With the same sized pins cast on twenty-four stitches. Bring the wool forward, slip a stitch, knit a stitch; repeat to the end of the row. The stitch for the next and all succeeding rows is:—bring the wool forward, slip a stitch, and knit the loop and stitch together. When there are twenty-eight rows done, knit only a third part of the row for thirty rows, decrease by slipping two slipped stitches together, and knitting two loop stitches together to round the heel, and cast off.

Take half the stitches remaining on the pin upon another pin and knit them to correspond, always keeping to the Brioche stitch.

With the pin which still holds the stitches of the instep, pick up the sixteen stitches at the side of each side bit; take care to begin the row at the right end to make the pattern come right on the instep, and knit three rows. Knit twelve stitches, decrease as before by slipping two stitches together, and knitting two double stitches together, knit the eight stitches of the instep, decrease again, finish the row. Knit three rows. Knit ten stitches, decrease, knit eight, decrease, knit ten. Knit three rows. Knit eight stitches, decrease, knit eight, decrease, knit eight. Knit ten or twelve rows, and cast off.

This is the most comfortable, warm, elastic, clinging little sock I know by far. EMMA W.

TINCTURE OF ROSES.—Take the leaves of the common rose (centifolia), and place, without pressing them, in a common bottle; pour some good spirits of wine upon them, close the bottle, and let it stand till required for use. This tincture will keep for years, and yield a perfume little inferior to attar of roses; a few drops of it will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odor. Common vinegar is greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Dinner-dress.—Hair arranged in treble bandeaux, and head-dress of pink ribbon and black velvet, matching exactly the shade of the dress. Dress of pink glacé silk, trimmed with chenille balls and tassels and black velvet. The bodice is low, and trimmed round the top with a thick chenille twist, with a bow of velvet in the front and on the shoulders. The ends of the shoulder-bows are laid over the silk puffings, and are caught down underneath. A chemisette made quite plain, of black spotted tulle, is worn with the low bodice, and is trimmed with a lace ruche. A new and stylish *corselet*, or band, called in France the "Ceinture Parisienne," is worn round the waist. This ceinture consists of a shaped band for the waist, from which depend two shaped ends on each side, trimmed with chenille tassels and hanging balls, and one end in the centre behind. The ends and band are arranged in one pattern, and the band fastens at the side under the arm. A chenille twist finishes off the top of the band. Made in black velvet, a ceinture of this description might be worn with any dress, and would be found a very useful item for small dinner parties, &c. It might be made to do duty on several occasions, as black velvet does not easily get out of order. The pink skirt

is simply ornamented with a quilling of the same, and a tiny chenille ball on each quilling.

FIG. 2.—Little Girl's Evening Toilet.—Demi-wreath of daisies and green leaves. Hair curled all round. Dress of green silk, cut with bodice and skirt in one, and trimmed with black velvet. The bodice is cut out in front to show the pleated chemisette. This little frock might be made in pink or blue mousseline-de-laine; or the best portion of one of mamma's old evening-dresses might be cut up to advantage for her little girl, and made after this model.

FIG. 3.—Ball-dress.—The hair is very much crimped, and is arranged in treble rolls on each side. A long white feather is fastened in the front, and appears to be secured by a jewelled butterfly. The end of the feather shows on the reverse side to that where it is fastened, and forms a pretty finish just behind the ear, and hides the knot of hair behind. The dress is of white brocaded silk, with a plain tulle skirt looped over it, and a tulle scarf embroidered in gold. The silk skirt is gored, and is made with a train behind; and the tulle skirt is very full, being looped over it with bunches of flowers to match the pattern of the silk. The bodice, which is made of plain white silk, is covered with pleated tulle; and the scarf, tied on the right shoulder, crosses the front and back of the bodice, and is held together at the waist, on the left side, by a bunch of flowers. This dress made up is really elegant, and might be reproduced in black with black tulle.

FIG. 4.—Dress of green silk, the skirt bordered with puffs of tulle, matching in tint. The puffs are fixed at intervals with satin ribbon plaited. A tunic of point d'Alençon falls as low as the puffs. It opens on the left side, showing a large bow, half ribbon, half lace. The corsage is draped, and has a ruffle of point lace at the base of the folds. On the bosom and shoulder are aiguillettes of diamond. The same jewels, similarly arranged, adorn the hair, which is dressed with powder.

FIG. 5.—Robe of rich silk with a white ground. Wide bands of orange-colored velvet are placed upon every seam of the skirt. Corsage low and draped with folds of orange tulle trimmed with fringe. Sleeves of white tulle, and orange bows on the shoulders.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The most popular form for morning dresses is that which is called "Princess." It is straight in front, with a seam at the back, which runs from the neck to the feet, being sloped or cut out in the back so as to fall into the waist; side pieces are added under the arms; they are very small, but they enlarge considerably as they descend. Should the material not be sufficiently wide, a gore is added to give amplitude to the skirt. These robes de chambre are not adjusted to the figure by a sash or waistband, or by any pleat or fulness; still

they fall with much grace by reason of their peculiar cut to the outline of the form. This "Princess" style has been adopted after many attempts at other shapes. Some are made of Magenta cashmere, lined with silk of the same color and trimmed with black lace; others of silver-gray poplin, edged with a mauve taffetas ruche.

As these dresses open down the front, they necessitate a white muslin petticoat, embroidered and trimmed with lace, to be worn underneath. The newest style is a ladder of flat bows of Valenciennes insertion, applied on to the muslin.

The pleats *à la vieille* are also much used, and these will doubtless supersede the quillings upon dresses, and the box-pleatings upon petticoats, which are so inconvenient for washing, whilst the pleats *à la vieille* can be ironed by the most inexperienced hands; they are not fastened down in the centre, but the folds all run the same way. They are small flat pleats, which are stitched down at the top and bottom by a thread which holds them. A deep flounce *à la vieille*, headed with two rows of these narrow pleatings, divided by an embroidered insertion, is a very distinguished style for a white petticoat. These, when gored, should be sewn to bands which fit the figure from the waist downwards, and which should measure at least nine inches in depth. To cut these advantageously, the front of the band should be placed to the selvedge of the material, and be cut in a half circle; by this means there will be a joining of the two selvedges in the centre of the front, and no pleats will be necessary around the waist. There should be four breadths of fine long cloth for an ordinary white petticoat, three breadths to be gored, and one left entire; this latter should be placed in the front of the petticoat. Two cross sides of the gored breadths should then be joined together with a piping for the centre of the back. This piping will prevent it from stretching, and keep the cross-cut calico in shape. After this, join at each side a cross to a straight side until there is a straight selvedge to be joined to the front breadth. As for the frills, they must be made of either cambric or jaconet muslin, provided the petticoat is of long cloth; but for full dress the entire petticoat is frequently made of muslin. Many white petticoats for spring wear have been made with frills, which have a double row of narrow braid—either black or scarlet—upon them; the first row is run upon the hem, and at the top of each frill there is a braided pattern upon the petticoat. If drawers are worn, they should be trimmed with frills and braid to correspond; and if frills are not approved, and insertion is used, it should be edged at each side with braid.

But in case the petticoat has a pattern round the bottom, which is either stamped upon or woven into the material, then the breadths must be gored in a different manner—the pattern must be left entire,

and the breadths must be cut slantwise *at each side to the top*. Care must be taken to gore them gradually, so as to make the seam a good shape, and to prevent it from bulging where it commences. Those who wear gored dresses should also wear gored petticoats, for without the latter the former are unavailing.

In reference to this fashion Madame Demorest remarks:—"Gored skirts are worn abroad a great deal, and are sometimes made here in rich materials, but they do not meet with the same favor as in London and Paris. Possibly it is because our more economical countrywomen turn their rich silks and *moires* to account, in a way that would never be dreamed of by a French or English fine lady, who, if she does not give them, sells them to her maids; and it has been discovered that a gored dress cannot be turned to account."

Black silk dresses are sometimes trimmed with plaid, which is still in favor, arranged in narrow crossway tucks; but the newest style is a series of small rouleaux sewn not straight round the skirt, but slightly waved, and in sets of three. These rouleaux are made of some bright-colored silk, such as green, blue, or violet. Jet is used plentifully; likewise steel trimmings.

A popular style of trimming a bodice this season is with *bretelles* (braces). They are very narrow, are made of velvet, edged with deep lace. These *bretelles* are only worn in front; they cross at the waist, and fall with ends at the sides of the skirt. At the back they form a pointed berthe, edged with deep lace. The bodices are made chiefly with postillion basques at the back, and a point in front.

One of the styles for a bridal dress is to make a white satin tunic, to scallop it out round the edge, and to trim it with white lace. Sometimes the tunic can be simulated by arranging the lace upon the skirt; but if the tunic is real, the under-skirt should be trimmed with a deep box-pleating, lined with either stiff net or muslin. Lace is now abundantly used for trimming brides' dresses, chiefly because last year it was not fashionable so to employ it.

The small Figaro vest is worn with a chemisette, and a very wide sash either in velvet or silk, and of a deeper shade than the skirt.

For evening dresses, young ladies wear striped silk or foulard dresses, with low bodies, and a stomacher of tulle with insertions of lace, or of white pleated muslin, or white capes; the newest shape of these is round, and bound with a wide black velvet ribbon; for less simple toilets they are in white embroidered tulle, trimmed with white and black lace or blond, and are cut out all round in deep scallops.

There are a few novelties in *lingerie*; very pretty bodices for small *reunions* are now made of white muslin, tucked, and cut with a rounded waist.

These bodices are low, with short sleeves; around the shoulders are small puffings of muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes, put on in festoons. With a light silk skirt and a wide *gros grain* sash, these small bodices form very youthful toilettes.

Those who do not wish to appear in low dresses at small evening parties wear Zouave jackets made of white guipure, with a white silk waistcoat underneath, the pockets of which are simulated with fine gimp. The form of this Zouave is new; it is rounded in front, and the back is pointed; occasionally no waistcoat is worn, and then the low dress underneath is visible. This form of Zouave jacket, with a waistcoat underneath, both made in white muslin, is suitable for spring. The *casques* or *basquines* are made shorter than last year.

Paletots are made short, and trimmed with gimp and guipure. Gimp, indeed, is more fashionable than ever, and the designs are so elegant and rich that it is the most beautiful ornament which can be placed upon either a dress or mantle, and by many it is considered more effective than embroidery. Braiding is now chiefly confined to jackets for home wear, to dressing gowns, and to children's dresses. Gimp is costly, but it has the advantage of serving for a second dress, because it can be unpicked entire from the first.

For out-door costumes, the favorite styles are the *Paletot* or mantle with sleeves, and the *Talma* or *Rotonde*. For the colder days of early spring the *Talma*, made in thin plaid cloth, and trimmed with chenille fringe, has a very elegant appearance, and is warm without at the same time being heavy.

Figured *tarlatans* were much used for evening dresses last winter, some embroidered in floss silk, with fuschias and other graceful flowers. This has supplied the idea for the latest style of summer *organdies*. Some of these are too conspicuous for good taste; others are as tasteful and elegant as possible, with small bouquets and rose-buds, and tiny insects.

Morning caps are invariably made round, in the shape of a net, with the trimming very full in front. Those that are worn in the day or the evening are mostly made with the trimming arranged in the *Marie Stuart* shape in front, or a puff of ribbon or flowers on the forehead. The ribbon then goes round the head; and terminates in a bow at the back, to be placed under the back hair. The crown of the cap is formed of a corner-shape or *fanchon* piece of lace, which is thrown over the head, but allows the hair to show a little at the back. This shape is extremely becoming. The *catalane coiffure* is very new and very elegant. It consists of a piece of crimson velvet cut in a long square and fastened on each side by large round-headed jet beads; the lower part of the *catalane* is ornamented with jet beads, united by a chain, also in jet. When put on nicely over the hair, this coiffure is

very graceful; it is also made in blue velvet, with pearl ornaments; in black, with coral; and in violet, with gold.

The half-wreaths, all of one color, are becoming—a cactus in red for example; this is placed in the centre of the forehead, and from it depends a garland of red velvet leaves, terminating with a smaller cactus. This garland of leaves is about twelve inches long, and as it is mounted on a pliable gutta percha stalk, it can be arranged along the top of the roll of hair at the right side, with the smaller cactus fastened amid the hair at the back; or the garland can be twisted round and the cactus be fastened underneath the left ear, which is more coquettish.

Wreaths with grasses intermingled are fashionable, and amid the grasses small pearls are now introduced in a skilful yet simple manner; five or six small pearls are threaded upon thin green wire, and these are mounted with the grasses, and look more delicate though less glistening than the monster dew-drops which have prevailed so long. Any neat-fingered young lady could mount a very inexpensive wreath in this style for herself; green grasses, with the small sprays of pearls threaded on the thinnest green wire, and introduced in fair abundance; a small bouquet of mother-of-pearl pansies, with painted centres at each end; there is no newer style worn, and such a head-dress is lighter than when the wreath is made entirely with mother-of-pearl flowers.

Another novelty is a comb for fastening up the back hair, made of mother-of-pearl; this is highly ornamental, especially at candlelight, when mother-of-pearl has all the effect of opal.

Young ladies wear necklaces and necklets of all descriptions and shapes, with low bodices; gold ones, with pendants all round, have been much affected of late.

Very tasteful neckties are made of bright-colored velvet—cerise, mauve or blue; they are narrow and rounded at the corners, and upon each end there is applied either a Honiton or Brussels lace butterfly or beetle. The lace may be either black or white, according to taste, but the white lace is, of course, the most dressy. Other neckties are made of plaid and self-colored silk, and have small flowers embroidered with jet at the ends; and these are edged with broad black lace—they are equally as narrow as those which are made of velvet.

The new spring bonnets are narrower than ever at the sides of the cheeks—in fact, the wreath at the top, or whatever ornaments the forehead, appears to compose the entire bonnet in front.

Veils are still worn very small and round, either in black lace or white tulle, embroidered in black, and edged with black lace. The loop or voilette, fastened by a ribbon run round the edge, and drawn close to the face, is very generally adopted.



THE END OF THE WORLD

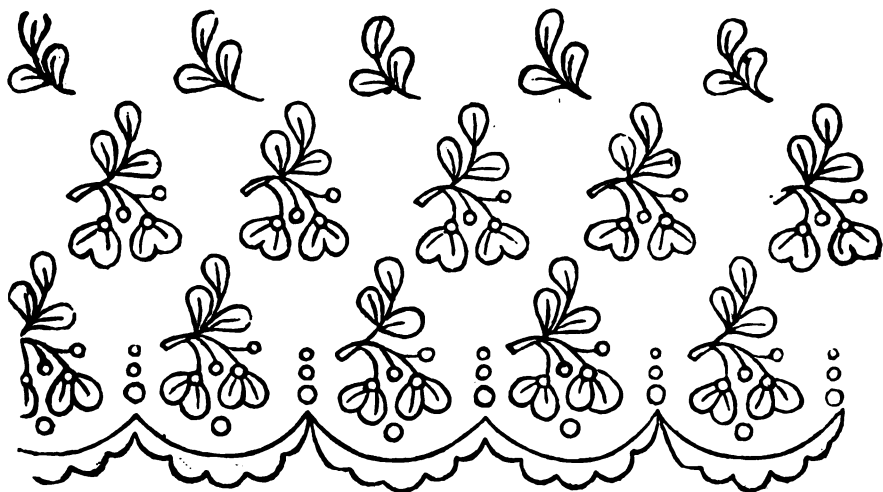




Head-dress composed of a large rosette of tea-rose. Bows and pendants of black satin
black lace, in the midst of which is set a red ribbon.



Net Head-dress with velvet ribbon and chenille.



Embroidery.



Fichu of black spotted talle.



Collar of mull and lace.



Cuff to match.



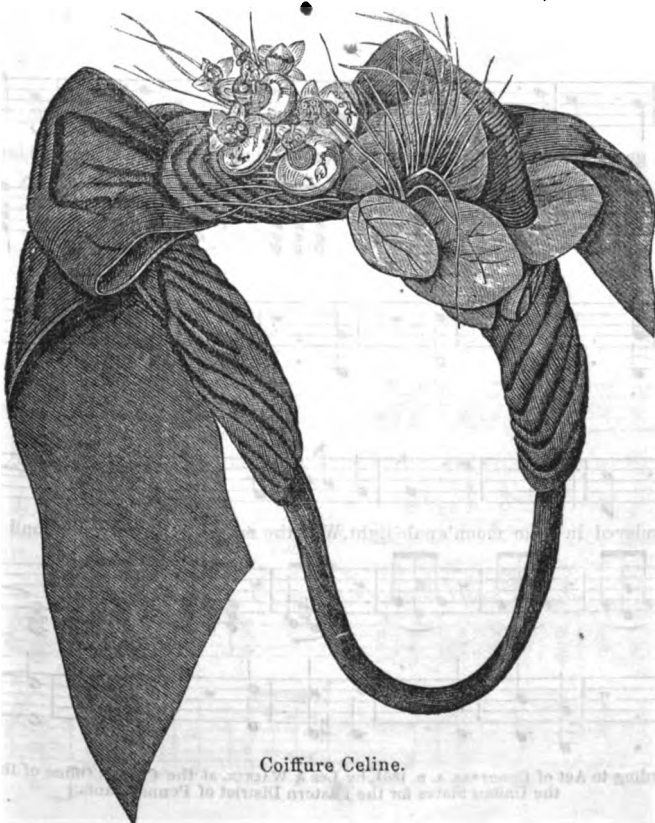
Chemisette and Jacket of white muslin ; the latter edged with a ruffle, and ornamented with black and white wash trimming.



Handkerchief border in application.



A Dressing Jacket made of nainsook muslin and trimmed with deep Valenciennes lace.



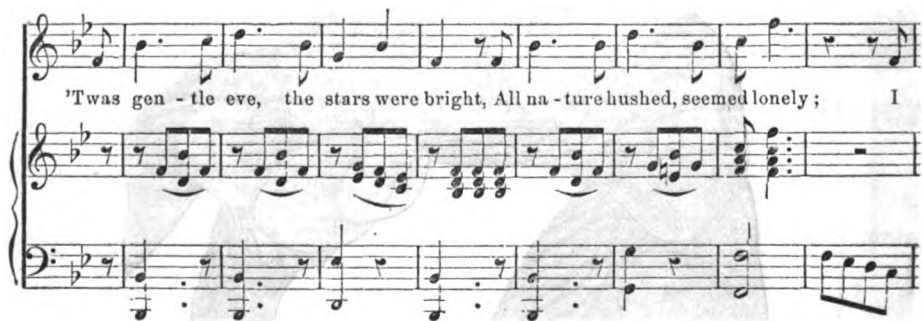
Coiffure Celine.

"WAIT, LOVE, UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER."

Music Adapted by

T. M. TODD.

Furnished for the LADY'S FRIEND, by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1864, by LEE & WALKER, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

vows renewed, our spir - its free, Our hearts with joy ran o-ver; But

ah! a sad smile said to me, "Wait, love, un - til the war is o - - ver."

CHORUS.

SOPRO. 1st ver. Wait, love, wait, love, wait, love, un - til the war is o - ver,

ALTO. 2d. Wait, love, wait, love, wait, love, un - til the war is o - ver,

TENOR. 3d. Hope, love, hope, love, hope, for the war will soon be o - ver,

BASS. 4th. Come, love, come, love, come, love, for now the war is o - ver,

PIANO.

Wait, love, wait, love, wait, love, un - til the war is o - - ver.

Wait, love, wait, love, wait, love, un - til the war is o - - ver.

Hope, love, hope, love, hope, love, the war will soon be o - - ver.

Come, love, come, love, come, love, for now the war is o - - ver.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, folk-like style.

2.

I left my home—Oh! who can tell,
 The anguish felt at parting
 With those whose tears like rain-drops fell
 Upon their boy when starting!
 I longed with ardent hopes to fly
 To her whose prayers still hover
 Around my couch, and, waking, sigh,
 Would, love, that the war were over.
 CHORUS.—Wait, love, &c.

3.

Oh, sad it was to leave the form
 Of her I loved with madness;
 Yet I hastened to the battle storm,
 The foe to meet with gladness.
 And, oh! at night, with heart set free,
 When the day's long fight was over,
 In dreams she seemed to say to me,
 "Hope, love, the war will soon be over."
 CHORUS.—Hope, love, &c.

4.

Sweet joyous peace beams o'er our land,
 Our foes their flight have taken,
 I hasten with a wealth of love
 To the promised one awaiting.
 Her face is bright, from sadness free,
 With radiance beaming over,
 I hear her sweet voice say to me,
 "Come, love, for now the war is over!"
 CHORUS.—Come, love, &c.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1864.

[No. 6.

"MISS MILBURN'S PRIDE."

BY LESLIE WALTER.

"Letter for you, Mr. Singleton."

I turned back to the delivery window to receive something not yet put in my box, and Charley Cobb, the accommodating clerk of our village post-office, who was just sorting the mail, handed me a neat packet, directed in a most beautiful hand, with capitals like an engraver's, on the clearest and thickest of white paper, sealed in gold-mixed wax, with a pretty device, containing two M's in old English text, surmounted by a quantity of emblems. It was a stylish, superb-looking affair, having a character of its own, as every letter has, and suggesting the idea of some very grand personage indeed as the writer. I forgave the red-headed Charley the looks of admiring curiosity with which he eyed the envelope as he transferred it to me slowly, and with obvious reluctance. even venturing to observe afterwards, encouraged by delay—"Remarkable hand-writing that, sir. Seldom see anything so handsome come to this office. Such exquisite up-strokes, look like engraving; we were noticing it as you came in."

"Some correspondent of my wife's," I returned, slipping the object of his admiration into my pocket, after a short survey of the superscription, which indeed bore that honored name, "under care" of my own, and securing it among a bunch of newspapers and plebeian yellow envelopes, went home to read my own share of the mail matter.

Dr. Eskdale overtook me, with his rapid strides, before I had gone half-way down the street—a handsome, silent man of eight or nine and twenty, grave and reserved beyond his years, and with lines of pain, more than of age, about his mouth and on his broad brows. There was no one in Ashbrook whom I re-

spected so much, or of whom I knew so little—of his past, nothing—of the present, only what he chose to give us of his delightful companionship. Though young, he was wonderfully learned, had travelled much and seen a great deal, and when he could be induced to speak of himself, his language was better than poem or story—vivid, descriptive, fascinating, picturesque. Why with his education and talents he had chosen to bury himself in the obscurity of our pretty village, was a mystery we could not explain, any more than the perpetual gloom and sadness that surrounded him; but, thankful for the good the gods had provided us in the society of one so superior, we had assiduously cultivated his friendship, and either the sweet voice of a frolicsome baby, or my wife's cordial kindness to the lonely, solitary man who was elsewhere so indifferent and absorbed, had attracted him to our house, and made him an intimate and frequent visitor, whose coming was welcomed and whose presence desired by all. "I was going down to make a call upon Johnny," he said, as he joined me. "Mrs. Singleton seems anxious about his teeth."

"I believe she is, though I must confess I can see little reason for it. The child is well enough—a hearty, sturdy fellow, but I suppose Providence has ordained that mothers should be always watchful and uneasy about their babies—it is oftentimes the only way to keep the little things in life. We shall be glad of any pretext to bring you to Ashmont again. Your visits have partaken too much of the angelic character latterly, being both 'few and far between.'"

"I have been very busy and riding a great deal."

"I can easily believe it; you look miserably;

(405)

if you were the patient, and I the doctor, you should not escape unprescribed for with that livid, harassed, jaded face, and those dark circles under your eyes. You must let me give you a lunch and a glass of wine when we reach Ashmont; I wish we could do more. I dare say it will be the first thing you have tasted to-day; you neglect yourself shamefully. My wife says you should take a month's holiday, and go home, where you can be properly nursed and cared for, or at least get some rest."

"I have no home," he laconically answered.

"To your friends, then, among those who take an interest in your health."

"I know of no such, unless you will allow me to count yourself and Mrs. Singleton in that capacity. I have none but distant kindred, and no friends—no such ties as you imagine. What I had were all in one; I lost everything in losing that."

I glanced aside at the author of these strange confessions, in momentary doubt if all could be quite right with one so young and so prepossessing, who openly avowed his utter isolation from the rest of the world. His brown cheek had turned whiter, his resolute eyes burned with a brighter fire, his arched lips were more firmly compressed, but his face was all noble and good, and ashamed of my unworthy suspicion, I held out my hand cordially, till conquering his habitual reserve, he had put his into it with a warm clasp that said more than the words of which he was so chary.

A few more steps brought us to the gate of Ashmont cottage, and passing under the green archway of the hedge, we ascended a gentle grassy slope by a little white gravelled path, leading through a wilderness of choice shrubbery, my special pride. With no more pauses than are necessary to enable a rabid horticulturalist to display his latest treasures, we reached the pretty porches, and entering the house sent up a message to my wife from the little breakfast parlor, where we awaited her, sipping our wine and glancing over the pile of papers of which I had relieved my pockets by pouring them upon the table.

Presently the baby appeared in the arms of its fond mamma, duly got up for exhibition, grand in tucked cambric and coral, and rustling with new sleeve-ribbons as he came on parade. He was pleased to recognize his medical friend graciously, and made no difficulty in going to him, but objected strongly to having

his rose-leaf lips forcibly opened and his budding teeth tampered with by any of the persons present. Fearful of a squall at this stage of the examination, I hastily stuffed a handful of unopened letters into his little fists to divert his attention from the conspiracy against his dignity, and had the happiness of seeing the trick successful. The dental question was settled, Master Johnny restored to his mother, and his ruffled plumes smoothed by her magical flattery, before I noticed that the young doctor was deadly pale, and that the hand in which he had lifted the baby's playthings, the crumpled letters, was shaking violently as he laid them on the table. He looked at us a moment with a strange expression of inquiring emotion, his lips opened as if to speak, but he held them resolutely dumb, and moved towards the open window. "What is the matter?" we simultaneously exclaimed.

"Nothing," he answered, with an effort—"I want a little air; I believe I am not quite well."

I sprang to let down another sash, but he had turned back to the table, and taking his cap from it with a few painful words of apology, was hurrying down the gravel walk through the garden.

"What was it?" questioned my wife, meeting me as I returned breathless from a vain pursuit, with his gloves in my hand.

"I can't imagine, my dear Carrie; fatigue and want of sleep must have driven him crazy. He is nearly worn out with overwork, and I dare say is on the verge of a serious illness. He ought to have somebody to look after him, and keep him from throwing his life away under a mistaken sense of duty towards indifferent and unworthy people, who will never thank him for the sacrifice. One's first duty is to one's self in such cases, but he can never be brought to perceive that, unless some one who loves him better than he loves himself, can teach him to care for his life for her sake. I wish he might marry and have a home, but I fancy from something he said that it can never be."

"Poor fellow!" said she, thoughtfully considering the subject, "I suppose there is no one here who is good enough for him. I know of none elsewhere that are, for that matter; except my 'Princess,' as you used to call her, Bonnie Margaret Milburn, and they will never meet!"

"Aha! I thought that intimacy had died out!"

"It has not," she retorted, her face and neck covered with a warm flush of indignation. "Because we do not keep up an incessant correspondence, like two school girls, and scribble out all our feelings upon paper, as you men do, you think we have forgotten each other, and that our friendship is past. You are mistaken. When any great grief or great joy comes to her, Maggie will bring it to me, sure of my sympathy—when I am in any trouble, or need her support, she will give it; meanwhile, we rest secure in possessing each other's love and knowing each other's hearts."

"A very happy arrangement," I laughed, dropping the subject, for Carrie was always tenderly sensitive on the matter of this attachment—a first love that had preceded even mine, and still claimed seniority, if not monopoly, in her constant breast. Jealous of any ridicule of this feminine passion, she remained rather pettish and cold when we re-entered the breakfast-room, and I was obliged to make all manner of humble concessions in favor of the absent idol, on whose integrity my words had cast a slur. She hardly heard me, though, and I was settling to my papers again, when with a radiant face she suddenly stooped, and snatching from the table one of the crumpled pile of letters that had served to amuse Johnny, waved it above her head with many exclamations of triumph and delight. "Do you see that, you scoffer?" Dear old Maggie! she has written to me!"

It was my mysterious letter, the subject of Charley Cobb's compliments, and when I had pacified her by relating them, and commenting respectfully upon the beauty of the handwriting, she condescended to give me a summary of the contents. "She is coming to visit us—she is going to be Johnny's god-mother."

"Coming to visit us?—coming *here*? And what does she know of Johnny?—has he god-fathers and god-mothers then, or do my senses deceive me?"

"Now, John, don't be ridiculous!—she is coming because I asked her. And if Johnny has no god-parents yet, I hope he will have soon. Dr. Eskdale has promised to be one if I really wish it, which I do. As to her knowing of the baby, I wrote to her long ago, when I was so happy about him."

"Ten months since, and she has just answered your letter!"

"She was travelling abroad, and did not re-

ceive it till her return; but you are always unjust to her, John."

"No, my dear, I only wonder that a creature so brilliant and remarkable should deign to descend upon our little house for whatever reason. What shall we do with her? She is a sort of celebrity, even in the city, you know, with her birth, her beauty, and her grandfather's bequest—she will be a world's wonder here. Those mighty dames of Oakland and Gresham and their suite, who condescend so blandly to us now, will besiege our humble dwelling ceaselessly for admittance when it contains so precious a jewel as the sovereign of the court of fashion. Have you thought of all this?"

"You know I don't care for them—but you always love to quiz me."

"And about the association with Dr. Eskdale—is that also accident?"

"Not quite, I confess—I may have had hopes—but it is the merest folly on my part. She has an attachment already I am sure, from something she says here; and I fear an unfortunate one. Listen, while I read it to you:

"I have been very unhappy, dear Carrie, for two years past, and you only can help and advise me, for you only know how hard it is for me to conquer my besetting sin of pride. I have deserved what I suffer, and would be content to endure even more, could I but take upon myself all the consequences of my fault, and bear the burden alone. I have been cruel, wicked, ungrateful—false to every ideal of worth and womanhood we had—and yet, even were it in my power—which it has long ceased to be—to make reparation for the wrong I have done, I could not bend my stiff spirit to ask forgiveness. I need pity, and love, and sympathy, such as you alone can give, and in the hope that your kindness will cheer and comfort me, and your gentleness teach me humility, as nothing in my present surroundings can do, will you let me come and forget my sorrow in your sweet domestic peace, and consent for a short time to receive into the happy home you describe, Your friend,

"MARGARET MILBURN."

"There! don't you pity her now? Is she not a grand creature?" cried Carrie, facing round upon me, her bright eyes full of sympathetic tears.

"People in her position soon get over——" Not waiting to hear the rest of my sober

reply, she flashed out of the room in a transport of zealous indignation; but speedily coming back, put in her fair sweet-tempered face at the door with the official announcement that dinner would be ready in ten minutes, and serenely withdrew. Well might Miss Milburn's pride stoop to learn of her gracious gentleness, and find for a haughty spirit, tempest-tossed in the storm of its own passions, and wrecked on the reefs of the dangerous sea, society, no sweeter haven of peace than Carrie's home, nor brighter beacon light than Carrie's smile.

No extraordinary preparations heralded the coming of our wonderful guest; only a little "chamber in the wall" set apart for the use of visitors, was consecrated anew to this "passionate pilgrim," and swept and garnished to give her entertainment. Little balm for her pride, I thought, could the fair "Princess" find in the plain and simple appointments of the place appropriated to her; but Carrie vowed with energy that she had never known any one who cared less for luxuries, or was more absolutely indifferent on the subject of her surroundings. Her "pride," then, the beast with seven heads and ten horns, of which I had heard so much, did not subsist upon the outward display and grandeur belonging to her position. I was glad to believe this, and when she came, her manner fully confirmed it.

I suppose I must have greatly annoyed the "feminine element" in the house by my continual presence while these improvements were going on; but I had a great deal of leisure upon my hands just then, and knew not upon whom to bestow it; for my chief friend, Dr. Eskdale, had been absent ever since his hurried exit from our house on the occasion of his call upon Johnny. He had finished his round of visits for the day, told his landlady he should be away a week, and departed on the evening train. Nobody knew or had heard anything more of him since, and I was beginning to hope it might be my duty to hunt him up, by advertisement, or otherwise, when he suddenly reappeared one morning, opened his office and visited his patients as usual, promised to look in upon the baby before its bed-time, and, except that a nervous hurry and excitement seemed to possess him, and that his face was, if possible, thinner, darker and sadder than before, seemed little altered by his hasty journey. Coming home absorbed in wondering reflections on this subject, I found the front

parlor brilliantly lighted up in honor of our visitor, who had just arrived, and Carrie hovering about her in a flutter of happiness and welcome, in which even the baby seemed to join.

Miss Milburn had changed very little since I remembered her as bridesmaid at our wedding. Her tall, stately figure showed more majestic in its elegant mourning robes, her dark luxuriant hair was arranged in broad braids on either side of her peach-like cheeks, which had perhaps lost a shade of their rich bloom; but her lips still kept their haughty curve, her lids their disdainful droop, her eyes the steady spark, which betrayed the characteristic temper of her race, and marked the pride that distinguished all of her name, and descended like a legacy from one generation to another. She looked little enough like the writer of the remorseful confession Carrie had received, and still less like a humble penitent, resolved to subdue and govern her inheritance of the family trait. Not even her grandfather's grim visage had expressed more of determined will and resolute pride than the delicate features she compelled to wear a mask of marble rigidity and coldness; and I doubted much if even Carrie's sweet influence would avail to conquer her fair pupil. Only in her friend's society and that of the baby, these indications disappeared; she softened and relaxed, and her beautiful face was bewitching in its happiness and love. Perhaps half an hour had passed in this way, greatly altering my opinion of my wife's friend, when a ring at the door announced another visitor, and dispersed our merry circle.

"It's Eskdale," said I to my wife; "he has just returned, and said he would come up and review the boy."

"I must go," pronounced Miss Milburn, hurriedly and haughtily rising—"I must retire—I cannot see him!"

"Only Dr. Eskdale," explained Carrie, to her friend, "Johnny's god-father that is to be, and just like one of the family. Pray don't go!"

"I will not see him," she repeated again, in tones so stern and determined that Carrie hesitated no longer, but taking up the light, led the way to the back parlor, dropping the curtains that divided it from the other, and which would effectually conceal the young lady till the caller so obnoxious to her had gone. I thought I had never seen anything like Margaret's beautiful, inflexible face, with its

pale anger and proud defiance, as she left the room, or the haughty mien and step with which she moved away; but when after a very brief stay the visitor had departed, my wife found her on the sofa, in an agony of silent tears and distressful contrition, wholly disproportionate to the offence, till, remembering her fatigue and the day's excitements, we declared it nervousness, and sent her to bed.

No more such scenes occurred, for our fair guest denied herself to all casual visitors, and Dr. Eskdale, the only one she would have been likely to meet, had again left the place on one of his mysterious journeys. In the short time I was with him during the interval he had spent at home, I fancied he would have liked to give his confidence to me, or at least ask some advice, but that a sentiment of honor seemed to restrain him, and I did not seek to extort it by questions, being indeed more interested in studying the mysteries of Miss Milburn's character, her grief and her pride, than in the wanderings of my erratic friend.

Either the stimulus of conventional self-control that had formerly sustained her was gone, or some new element of unhappiness had been introduced into her life since coming to us, for she changed greatly from the night of her arrival. She clung closely to the society of Carrie and her baby, and when that pleasure was withdrawn, for ever so short a time, sank into a state of moody apathy, which puzzled and astonished me. Her manner, too, was subject to strange alternations, which we could not explain or prevent. In the morning she was gay, eager, brilliant, her cheeks glowing, her eyes lighting with soft excitement, which deepened to feverish expectancy and fitful restlessness as the day wore on. When night fell and evening slowly advanced, the wistful softness faded out of her face, the hopeful light from her eyes, and she hardened to her old cold, haughty self again. Meantime, she grew thinner and paler; she changed and waned every day, and had the life we lived been in the wildest whirl of dissipation, as it was the quietest embodiment of rural peace, she could not have wasted and worn more rapidly in the conflict of its fierce excitements, than in the fever of her own strange and varying moods. "You remind me of 'Mariana in the moated grange,'" said Carrie to her gayly one day, as she stood in her habitual place at the window, her slender fingers idly drumming on the pane, her large eyes vacantly wandering over the sunny

prospect—"you are always looking for somebody; I'm afraid you are bored to death with us.

"For oh!" said she, "my life is dreary;
He cometh not," she said;
She said—"I am a-weary—wary—
I would that I were dead!"

But her grief and remorse knew no bounds when the proud Miss Milburn, instead of replying with a scornful smile as she had expected, turned her wan and weary face towards her, and dropping helplessly into a chair, answered by a childish burst of tears. There was real misery at the bottom of all these vehement eccentricities, and as I at last began to suspect, something more and later than she had confessed to us; but we were quite incapable of intruding upon her mysterious sorrow while she chose to keep it concealed, and she was dumb as the grave. "She will tell me nothing," cried poor Carrie, whom I questioned on her friend's behalf. "And oh, John! she is growing worse every day!"

It was most true; but she was no longer the spoiled, haughty, impulsive, warm-hearted pet that Carrie had known at school, but a grave, proud reticent woman, whose strange sufferings compelled us to pity, as her wonderful beauty and fascinating qualities induced us to love her.

A sudden attack of illness settled the matter. Carrie was sure that the patient's fluctuations were about to culminate in a brain fever, and I rather favored that opinion myself, as a means of accounting for them—particularly as she refused to lie quietly in her bed, but insisted upon sitting up in a great chair, fully dressed, and declining to allow medical advice to be sent for till she had held a conference with me. I was summoned accordingly, and came.

"It seems," said Carrie, stopping me on the threshold of the sick chamber to whisper in my ear some caution before I entered it—"that she has taken a positive aversion to Dr. Eskdale, without seeing him—she only heard his voice you know, the evening of her arrival, when he came to see Johnny, and she went into the back parlor; but she is perfectly frantic at the idea of having him called in, and I dare not disobey her. But it is so strange. What must we do? Anything but cross her—she would rather die!"

The invalid was supporting her hot forehead on her trembling hand, and striving for self-possession enough to open the conversation.

"Mr. Singleton," she piteously began at last, with an effort to keep back the ready tears which showed how greatly the subject agitated her, and how extreme was the weakness that had occasioned it, "I asked to see you because I hear that you think I should have a physician, and I know you will do as I wish when I request you to get an elderly one. Don't bring a young doctor—I don't like young doctors—there is some old practitioner in the place, I suppose—is there not?"

Certainly; there was Dr. Bonham, a venerable quack, and so I told her.

"Never mind; he will do very well; please bring him if you must have somebody, and promise me at all events to ask no one else."

So I promised. What could I do? The sick girl's eyes were unnaturally large and bright; they seemed to search me through and through; it was impossible to deceive or to refuse her. The thing was distasteful to me; but the pleading of that feeble voice, the trembling of that fevered hand, would have frightened me into more hopeless absurdities, without the urgent appeals of poor Carrie, imploring me tearfully to do everything her friend required, lest she should die. Besides, Eskdale was absent, and the other young doctors were young fools, whom I would not have asked in any case; so I submitted to my fate, and went meekly forth to summon the elderly humbug.

Fortunately for us, his numerous engagements were detaining him somewhere, and he was not to be found at his office; so, thankful for having kept my word to the letter at so little cost, I was retracing my steps, resolving to do without medical assistance, and try some simple remedies for fever, when I suddenly came hard against somebody rushing round the corner. It was Eskdale, just come from the cars—hurried, agitated, breathless, eager, looking like a man who is just about to be tried for his life, and like nothing else that I can think of, unless an excited lover.

"I was just coming to your house!" he cried.

"Very well," I answered, and walked soberly along beside him. I must confess to some inward delight and triumph. I had not broken my promise by inviting him, and it was certainly providential that he should come without—but not in the least my business or my doing. Some faint sense of wonderment might have dawned upon my mind, that he should be speeding to meet me in this enthusiastic man-

ner; but the varied vicissitudes of the past few weeks had educated me into a state of gentle languor, and I strode tranquilly on.

"You don't wonder that I am going there?" he inquired at last, breaking the silence.

"O no!" said I—"not particularly."

"I have looked everywhere else, ever since I knew of her return from the letter at your house that day, you know."

"Yes," said I, thinking him mad, and resolving for the sake of my own personal safety to humor any delusion he might choose to adopt.

"I went to the place from which it was postmarked; she had left it, and I spent a week trying to find where she had gone, quite in vain; no one could tell me. I came back here disappointed, but did not think it right to question you, as she might not wish to have you give information of her whereabouts, and the responsibility of offending her by discovering it ought to be mine alone."

"Of course," I assented, hopelessly mystified.

"I believe I am right at last in looking for her here; my second journey gave me so much of hope. But don't tell me if it be so or not; it would kill me to be mistaken now. Don't deceive me if I am deluding myself."

"Certainly not," I rejoined, quite convinced of it.

My wife met us at the door, with her baby in her arms, and her pretty eyes red with weeping. At the sight of the doctor she started and looked half relieved, but glanced reproachfully at me. "You promised her—oh, John!"

"I didn't bring him," said I, resolving to be free from the accountability to either maniac—"I met him on the road."

"I was coming here, Mrs. Singleton," began Eskdale, to whom Johnny immediately offered the gold vinaigrette, belonging to Miss Milburn, that had been given him to play with, and the aid of which I think our friend really needed, so pale had he become. Without a word more, he turned to go up stairs, and Carrie, seeing his intention, hurried up before him, I following, desperately, to receive my share of the blame.

The door of the dim perfumed chamber was opened; my wife ushering in her guest, tremulously commenced the task of introduction. "Miss Milburn—Dr.——"

She was interrupted; the two we thought

strangers had cried to each other, after a breathless pause—"Harry!"—"Margaret!" And Dr. Eskdale had taken the little hot hand that hung so languidly over the arm of the great chair a moment before, and Margaret

had bent her stately head upon his shoulder, where she was weeping hot tears of bitter repentance from her very heart.

And that was the end of Miss Milburn's Pride.

JUNE.

BY EVELYN M. SIMPSON.

The youngest, fairest daughter of Spring
Gives up the crown and the signet ring,
And with many a deep heart-pang and sigh
Tenderly biddeth the earth "Good-by."
Careless as yet of coming estate,
June leans over the Summer's gate,
Roses crimsoning all her veins,
And her sweet mouth spotted with strawberry stains.
Already the glow of her lustrous eyes
Deepens the blue of the mid-day skies;
Hither and thither among the trees
Flit millions of restless honey bees,
Waiting for her to open up
The honeysuckle's nectared cup,
And the heavily drooping columbine,
With its hundred cellars of amber wine.
I heard the thrush this morning sing
Of the dainty gifts she for him would bring,

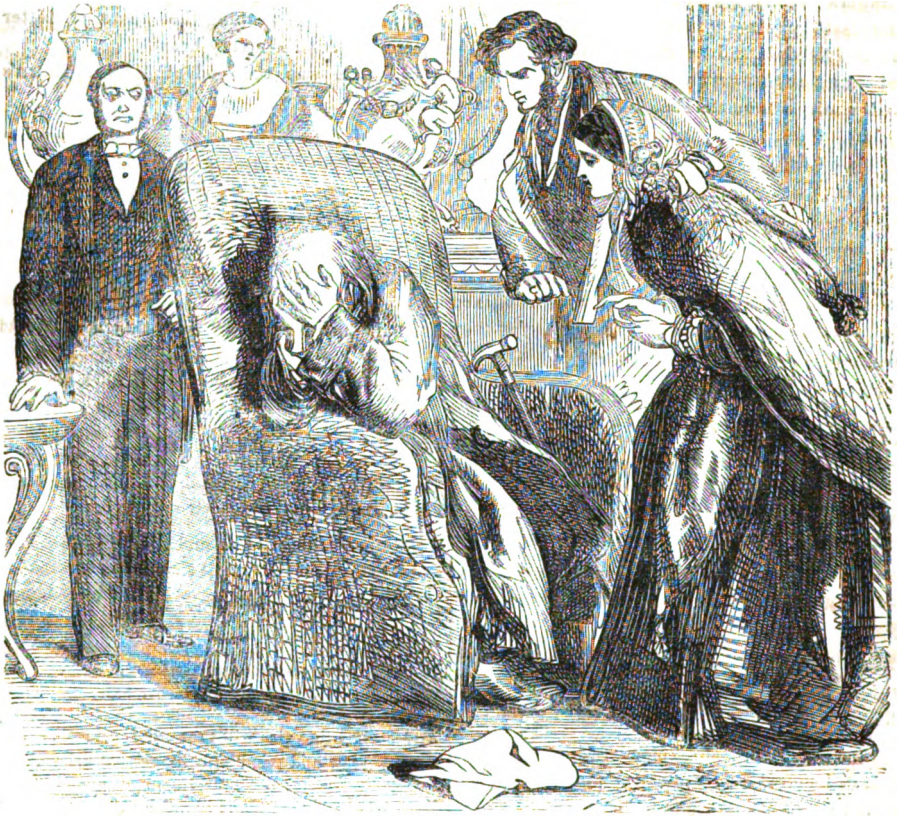
And the humming-birds boast they soon would
sip
From the "Queen of the Meadow's" spicy lip.
Along the borders of garden-beds
Listening carnations bend their heads.
They will welcome her with their blushing bloom,
And bathe her feet with their rare perfume.
Sweet June! she will own no hall of pride,
But down by some little rill's cool side,
Or where purple isles of clover be,
Thick in the meadow's emerald sea,
We will find her seated quietly there,
Wreathing green wheat-ears in her hair,
And her gentle voice will grant us reprieve
From sorrow and pain, and things that grieve.
Each word she speaks, as in legends old,
Changing at once into gems and gold.

MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

Ah! toll the bells—do not ring them,
For a soul is fettered now,
Which ought to be free as the angels,
That sing where the ransomed bow.
A man of the world is the bridegroom,
And "he'll pass in any crowd,"
But the bride is the child of genius—
She had better be in her shroud.
Ay, fold her small hands on her bosom,
Place a white rose on her breast;
By the side of her long-lost mother,
Lay her dear head down to rest.
'Twould be sad to stand by the caasket
Holding one so sweet as she,
But to see her at Hymen's altar
Were a sadder sight to me!

I know that she will not be happy,
That her fetters, though gold, will gall;
She will beat 'gainst the bars of her prison,
And vainly for liberty call,
And the angels will come and whisper
To her in the stillness of night,
And she'll long with a deathless longing
With Asrael to take her flight.
Sandalphon, I hope, will be near her,
"Sandalphon, the angel of prayer,"
For I know that she oft will be wishing
The angel of death could be there.
Then bid me not come to the wedding,
I cannot, I will not behold
The folds tighten round the doomed victim,
And Liberty bartered for Gold.



THE HEIRESS OF NETTLETHORPE.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD MAN AND A YOUNG ONE.

A great many years ago, an old man called Ralph Waldon lived alone in the great house of Nettlethorpe. It did not belong to him by right of descent, but he had purchased it a long time since, of its broken down and impoverished owner, who went abroad and died. He was a friendless old man, whose only known relative was a young nephew, the child of a dead sister, whom he had taken as his son, and who had lived with him as his supposed heir up to the date of his marriage, which his uncle showed his disapproval of by turning him out of doors.

Walter Westerby had endured that sort of aimless existence that naturally fell to his lot as the dependent of a capricious and eccentric old man. Beginning very young, he had by degrees become accustomed to it, so that what

seemed revolting to his manhood and to his truly noble temper, at length lost its sting, and left in the wake of many blighted dreams and thwarted hopes, only the consciousness of a present uselessness and an indefinite longing for freedom.

There was little or no society in the village that suited the taste of old Mr. Waldon, and he certainly made no effort to draw about him friends congenial to his nephew's years. He had spent his youth and manhood in a maze of business care, and had made and lost largely before by a lucky stroke of fortune he secured his present wealth. Almost simultaneously with that fortunate circumstance, his life assumed a monkish austerity, and from being a sharp, bustling, active-minded speculator, he became a changeable, irascible, and sometimes morose hermit.

Walter knew the little bit of romance that

belonged to his uncle's life. Daniel Ray, an old servant, who had in different capacities been the factotum of his life, had told him. There had been a lady in the case, of course, and it had happened when Mr. Waldon was a man of forty, or thereabouts, but young enough in a life of hope or feeling. She was the penniless orphan of a careless rake, whose notes of hand had figured largely among Mr. Waldon's private papers. Dying suddenly in a tavern, with nothing about him by which to be identified except Waldon's address, which happened to be in his pocket-book, the broker, then a fine-looking man in the prime of life, was sent for, and taking charge of the body, carried it home to the shabby lodgings where the deceased had lived, and undertook the funeral out of pity for the desolate orphan, of whose existence he then learned for the first time. Eleanor Wilde during her father's lifetime had scarcely existed. The child of a heartless profligate, she had known neither fondness nor care, and in his death she was a gainer, inasmuch as struck by her youth and beauty, Mr. Waldon became her guardian, and placed her under the care of the lady principal of an elegant school, determining eventually to make her his wife.

He had at this time in his employment a much younger and handsomer man than himself, who had developed such business ability in his master's service as to merit his thorough respect and confidence. He was a young Scotchman named Maxwell, and had so decorous a manner and so modest a bearing, that to him the guardian intrusted his suit as a lover; and many were the visits made by young Maxwell to Eleanor as plenipotentiary for Mr. Waldon.

It was during the intense monetary excitement that preceded the explosion of the South Sea Bubble, and Mr. Waldon had been investing in those delusive bonds to the utmost extent of his means. Daniel Ray had thought that everything he possessed in the way of property had been sold to enlarge the number of these flimsy bits of paper that afterwards dealt such wholesale ruin on all sides: but as it subsequently transpired he had reserved the price of a small, unpromising slip of ground in a rich mining county, which, when the crash came, saved him from utter poverty.

Young Maxwell sped well with the wooing—too well to keep his master in his mind, and Eleanor Wilde, forgetting the gratitude she owed the man who had taken her from

the hopeless wretchedness surrounding her father's grave to comfort and luxury, ran away with his protégé, who thus united with her in outraging the trust and reliance of her benefactor.

A double knowledge dawned at once on the desolate heart of Ralph Waldon. In one day he was a bankrupt in wealth and hope. The Bubble burst, and he was one of thousands to stand bereft; and the same post that brought him the tidings of the avalanche, brought him also a hurried, scarcely legible letter of penitence and supplication for pardon, signed by the two ingrates flying towards Scotland.

The injured broker shut his lips about the past, and never afterwards mentioned Maxwell's name nor that of his deceitful ward. His terrible losses accounted for the gloom that fell upon him, and the aged appearance his whole face and form soon began to assume. But he was not utterly penniless; there was still a property that Daniel Ray could never account for when he told the story. It consisted of some barren land, that in less than a year after his loss, became through the discovery of a coal lead in it, a new source of fortune, which yearly increased, till Ralph Waldon was again a rich, though no longer a happy man.

It was many years after this that young Walter Westerby came to Nettlethorpe, a boy of twelve, fresh from a grammar-school, and newly bereaved of his mother. He had been well educated for a lad of his years, and what had been so well begun was well finished by his uncle, as far as masters brought to the house could accomplish. Amongst other peculiarities of the old man was his aversion to Walter's going to college, or in any wise leaving the Hall. Tutors he could have in abundance; but he was as surely a prisoner in the great house at Nettlethorpe as was Rasselas in the Happy Valley. His pleasures and employments beyond the library, where he spent his evenings, were few and monotonous. To write a few letters at his uncle's dictation to the various business agents with whom his mining interests still connected him, or ride over to meet the postman, or gather news from the neighboring town for his uncle—these were his only recreations.

Thus Walter's life passed till he was two and twenty, and all he ever knew of his relative's former life was the whispered story of Daniel Ray in his early boyhood at Nettlethorpe.

CHAPTER II.

A LOSS AND A BLESSING.

On the road to Allonby, the large town near Nettlethorpe, there was a little hamlet or cluster of cottages, approached by a by-path off the main track. A pleasant little stream, called the Barrack Lynn, ran through the bushes, and made it an enticing stopping-place on a sultry day. But Walter, as he rode backwards and forwards on his uncle's business, scarcely dared to take the respite of a ramble; the impatient old man chided the least delay, and wrathfully demanded the reason for a few moments' lateness in any of these excursions. Thus it befell that the Glen, as it was called, was a sort of unexplored Eden to him, until one day in the early autumn, as he turned his horse homeward from Allonby, and rode slowly along through the still soft air. He was full of thought, and thought with him of late had become sadness. His worthless life, that accomplished nothing from day to day, and his future, that looked dreary and unpromising, weighed on his mind with the burden that inaction lays on high-spirited men. His rein fell loosely on the neck of his horse, and he half forgot the time and place, and whither he was going. The beast he rode started suddenly back, and awoke him from the gloomy dream he was plunged in. He looked down, and saw a young girl, bare-headed, and in a white morning dress, catching at his bridle with one hand, and with the other beseechingly bespeaking his attention. What she said, he could scarcely understand in his surprise; but she pointed him towards the cottage among the trees, and springing from his horse, he followed her thither.

They found an old lady fallen down out of an easy chair in the parlor, in a stony state of insensibility, and Walter hastened to place her on a couch by the window, and do what in his hurry and inexperience he might, to bring her to consciousness. Failing in this, he did what he should have done at once, and mounting his horse, rode back to Allonby for a surgeon, who pronounced the attack a paralysis, from which its victim would never recover.

When the young lady heard this decision, she was plunged in a grief so terrible that its very sight was appalling to Walter, unused as he was to all outbursts of feeling. He had left the cottage without any one to stay with the sick woman and the frightened girl, except one half-grown child he had summoned from

the field; but on his return he found the whole family, consisting of the farmer, his wife, and their two sons, assembled from the fields, and standing in the porch, waiting breathlessly for his return with the surgeon. The woman, who was a kindly being, full of tearful sympathy, followed him to the garden as he left the house when all was over, and the insensible girl had been carried by neighbors into her own chamber. "Do you know when the friends will be here, sir?" she asked, earnestly.

"The friends?" he repeated, in surprise.

"The young lady's relations, sir; or maybe you are going to do everything yourself, sir? You see me and my poor man will be sorely troubled if we are left here alone."

"Has the young lady said nothing of other friends to you?" asked Walter.

"Nothing," answered the farmer's wife; "they come here to board a month ago, and the aunt was failing then, though nothing that would frighten one, you see. But as she got worse, I asked Miss Marion, that's her name, sir, Miss Marion Bruce, if she hadn't better let her folk know that the old lady was growing weak, but she shook her head, and said, 'You see the only one I have on earth to care for me.'"

"I will return this evening, Mrs. Wakeman," said Walter, earnestly; "take care of her tenderly I beg you, till then."

It was the common story of helpless youth and beauty, winning first a young man's sympathy, then his love. Walter, who had until then had nothing to live for, suddenly became alive to a deep sense of duty, and a delightful feeling of interest in the charge he had taken upon himself. In the dreary time before the funeral, he only saw Marion as she lay on good Mrs. Wakeman's shoulder, and heard her story of helplessness, as it was addressed more to the farmer's wife than him.

Her father and mother had been dead so many years that she remembered nothing about them. Mrs. Bruce, her good old aunt, had been all in all to her, until three years ago, when the first stroke of the fell disease that had at last proved fatal, rendered her a care and charge where she had always been the contrary.

Every one at Nettlethorpe, except its old master, knew that the "young gentleman" as he was called, rode daily to farmer Wakeman's to see the poor young orphan; but no one knew or could guess how changed and full of

busy happiness life had become to him since the morning he met the frightened face of Marion Bruce at the roadside.

At length it suggested itself to him that his uncle should be consulted on the subject that now began to press upon his attention, the loneliness and friendlessness of the pretty girl rendering it a duty that he should think of her future; and after much demur and many misgivings, he opened the case to the astounded old man, who received the intimation of his nephew's affections being engaged as intolerantly as he would have done a plan to rob his own house. He had come to look upon all women as impostors, and considered the poor orphan's a particularly suspicious case; he would listen to nothing in the way of explanation or reason, and solemnly insisted on his nephew's instantly abandoning such an idea as a union with an adventuress.

Walter's allegiance to the old man was not proof against the power of his first love, and he left the presence of his uncle to ride directly to the Glen, and there urge Marion to become his wife. When the poor girl, in her ignorance of the world and its ways consented, it is only fair to say that she never for a moment imagined the storm it would raise at Nettlethorpe; and the announcement of old Mr. Waldon's wrath that followed was to her as great a blow as to her husband. But she was the first to rise from under it, for though Walter had dared his fate, when it overtook him in the formal dismission and disinheritation his uncle conveyed to him in a bitter letter of invective against his ingratitude, he quailed for a time before the storm. The pretty, innocent-faced girl, looking more childlike than ever in her black dress, suddenly became a woman in judgment and cheerful strength of mind under the trial, and Marion Westerby seemed likely to prove a better inheritance to her husband than the one he had lost. She had a small income, just enough to insure them from actual poverty, so she looked on the present as secure. It was for the future she planned when they sat in council together, and she strove to make her husband think, and not regret. Of the different paths open to their choice, medicine as a profession seemed to her to be the strong predilection and innate ability of her husband. When study had been his only amusement, he had read largely in the society and under the direction of an old physician, and to him he now turned for advice and aid. So it fell out that Walter and

his wife went to London, and for three long years lived a self-denying life of economy and laborious study. The sale of such articles of luxury and worth as his uncle had indulged him in, helped to defray the expenses of lectures, &c. Marion's means, and the little she could earn in giving a few morning lessons in music did the rest, and their youth and ambition kept them from despair. It seemed a long time to wait and hope, but the effort bore its fruit. Walter's old trick of dreaming and sometimes wavering irresolutely about a decision entirely forsook him, and he became from the ordeal through which he had passed, a man of strength and force of character.

Five years after they had left Allonby, the Westerbys returned there to make it their home. Through the interest of Walter's friend, the old doctor, a practitioner about to leave disposed of his office and patients on easy terms, and a pretty little cottage not far from the Glen was secured, where Marion, still as pretty and lovable as ever, looked to enjoy a perfect haven of peace and happiness. They had one child, a daughter between three and four years old, called Nelly, who inherited all that was charming from both parents, and soon became noted for her loveliness among the Glen people. All Allonby had reason to bless the anger of old Ralph Waldon, that had made his nephew a physician and a useful gentleman, instead of the idle loungeur his favor bid fair to perfect. Wherever there was pain or suffering there was the young doctor, and very often his kind-hearted wife, and not only his benevolence but his skill became widespread, so that the Allonby doctor was often called in consultation on cases of danger with the more eminent country physicians, and always to the benefit of those who trusted his skill.

In fact, he possessed all the necessary qualifications for his art; a delicately innate perception of the feelings of others, acute observation, patient faithfulness, and above all keen sympathy with suffering. So Walter Westerby found a blessing in his poverty that had developed qualities his great prospects only tended to smother.

Ralph Waldon, the implacable uncle, was not mentioned now, he had vowed never to see or hear from them again, and neither ever made the least effort to overcome his determination. For a time he had been often alluded to, kindly in regard to the past and speculatively as to the future, but not lately.

for the past three years he had seemed to die out of their lives and minds.

One day little Nelly astonished them both by acknowledging to having an old friend that neither of them had ever seen. An old man who went by on a horse, the little one said, and who stopped and spoke kindly to her. It was old Daniel Ray as they afterwards discovered, and from the faithful old retainer of Nettlethorpe they heard that his master's days were numbered; he was old, but something more than age preyed on him, and he sat gloomily in the old library in his great easy chair, silent and morose, neither seeing friends or taking aid from any.

CHAPTER III.

A GIFT AND ITS RESERVATION.

It was a still summer night, half a dozen years after the new doctor's advent in Allonby. The little family of three were sitting together in the woodbined porch, watching the sunset and listening to the murmur of Barrack Run away among the bushes. A horse dashed swiftly along the road from Nettlethorpe, and looking up in surprise they saw Daniel Ray, breathless with hard riding, scramble down, and without waiting to fasten his horse, hurry towards them.

"Oh, Mr. Walter, sir, I'm out of breath in the hurry I've made, you see, but will you come to the Hall, sir. Oh, do come to the Hall, the old master's very bad, an' he spoke of you to-night."

"Did my uncle send you for me, Daniel?" asked Walter, changing color and glancing towards his wife.

"Yes, yes," said Daniel, earnestly; "he said would you come, and I said I thought you would, and he said go, and I came."

His wife came up close to him and laid her hand on his arm—"Go at once, Walter, please," she said, earnestly. "You may be able to save him pain, and we know in our own hearts that our motives are pure."

Walter waited for nothing more, but giving orders to his man, his horse was soon brought round saddled, and under the escort of old Daniel he rode away, and passed under the archway of the great gate at Nettlethorpe for the first time in ten long years. He found the old house silent and airless, the closed doors ranged along the hall scarcely opened he felt since he had seen them last. Motioning Daniel to remain below he hurried up the broad stair-

case, knowing well where the room in which he should find his uncle, was. Many a night, when his professional visits kept him late, had he glanced up, sighing as he rode, at the great bay window in the library, where the shaded lamp he knew so well burnt always after dark, and told the favorite room of poor old Ralph Waldon. He was there now, for a weak, broken voice answered his knock, and entering he was astonished to see the change, despite the effort he had made to feel prepared for it, in the bowed form before him.

There was no one else present, and he came at once to his uncle's side with an outstretched hand, and a face that bespoke the reverence and solicitude he felt for the man who for years had been his only friend.

"Uncle Ralph," he cried, earnestly, "are you ill?"

It was really an almost appalling pallor that overspread the face of the old man at the sight of his nephew, and caused the exclamation he uttered. Ralph Waldon, strange and wilful as his life had been, had not survived his heart, for it spoke in the quivering of his lips and the trembling of the hand he raised to shade his face—"No, no," he answered, faintly. "I am not ill, but I am startled to see you, I am weak and old, weak and old," he repeated.

In a failing, disjointed way, that told how ailing and reduced in strength he really was, he told his nephew that with him the past had nearly gone, and that the future must be eternity; that he was losing all memory of wrong and sorrow, that he had forgiven and wished to be forgiven himself, and therefore sent for him at last.

"Daniel Ray has told me since that you have been living in sight of the old house for years; I have thought of you many and many a time, but could not bring myself to recall you, since you never showed any desire to come back." The old man said this, holding fast by his nephew's hand, with all the old affection, that used to be so exacting and difficult to satisfy, shining in his keen blue eyes.

Walter sat down beside him, and told him the story of his life since his marriage, and what the wife for which he had forfeited his home had been to him.

"You left me at the whim of a moment," he said, for it was impossible for him to forget that the old man's wrath might have been his ruin, "without a home or the means of living; it seemed a harsh fate then, but I am convinced

now it was the best gift you could have bestowed on such a vacillating nature as mine then was."

The old man shook his hand, and waved off every mention of Walter's wife with his palsied hand.

"Mad work, boy, mad work for both of us," he said. "We both ran wild in temper that day; let bygones be. There are some things in the past that cannot be changed, and you must forget them."

What he proposed was that Walter should come again to Nettlethorpe as of old, and care for him now that he was failing. Of his family he scarcely spoke, but tacitly admitted them in his plan.

One thing struck Walter strangely; the manner of Mr. Waldon had always before been determined and marked by a force of will that was indicative of his character, now it was hurried, nervous and even tearful—something preyed upon his mind. Walter had always suspected that, but now there was no longer the strength and self-control to conceal it, it burst forth in stifled groans of misery and self-accusation.

Walter was rising to return to the Glen, fearing Marion's anxiety on his account, when he caught him by the arm and forced him to sit again—there was something he must confess, he said, something that had burdened him for years, but now it must be spoken. Walter would return there as heir to Nettlethorpe and all the property; he must know before he came the one bitter thought that had made every additional acre owned a greater weight of trouble to his conscience. The old man nerving himself to his task then began his story, part of which was already known to his hearer. Many a long year had passed since Eleanor Wilde broke faith with him, yet as he told it again Walter could read in his agitation what the storm had been that once had swept his heart. Presently he came to the part unknown to his nephew, the fact that his levitating clerk had left in his hands a certain sum, not a large one, but which, left with him to buy South Sea Bonds, at that time promised to become a fortune. Ralph Waldon had never used it for the purpose for which it was meant; before he had the opportunity, a man with whom he had had business offered him the slip of Cornish land at a low rate, and he had bought it with Maxwell's money, making over in his own mind a certain amount of stock in

the Sea Bubble instead. Maxwell never came to have him account for it; he heard of course of the failure of the scheme, and had no desire to meet the man he had deceived face to face again. So Waldon began life again with nothing of his own except the house he occupied and its furniture, which would scarcely cover his small personal debts, but with the land bought by Maxwell's money that was now a great fortune. This was what preyed on the old man's conscience, that at first he had silenced with the arrangement he had made in his own mind, but which of late years had lost its power of soothing and satisfying him.

"Uncle," said Walter, rising, "we must think quietly before we can speak wisely on such a subject as this. Will you let me bring Marion to see you to-morrow? She and our daughter Nelly will come with me in the morning, if you wish to see them."

"Bring them," said the old man; "oh, yes, bring them if you wish to, but be sure to come yourself, Walter; now that I have seen you, the years I have been without you seem all a blank."

Something of what the old man felt influenced Walter's mind; the time that had past since he had last left Nettlethorpe seemed unreal, in spite of the changes that it had brought, and now that he was reconciled to his uncle, their ever being at enmity was almost forgotten by him.

Marion was waiting for him in his little study, and to her he told briefly the outline of his uncle's story, and the wish he expressed that they should come up to Nettlethorpe as its future possessors. "But it is late now, Marion," he added, "let us rest on it to-night, and to-morrow you shall decide for us. Your first plan was so well chosen that I shall feel glad to leave our fate to your will again."

The sweet, thoughtful face at his side thanked him and looked relieved, and obeying his injunction concerning resting before discussing the future, said nothing more about it till the morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

A RENUNCIATION AND A DISCOVERY.

A small, close carriage from Nettlethorpe was early at the door of the doctor's cottage. Mr. Waldon had desired them to make haste up to the Hall; he was still worse than he had been, and there was no time to lose.

Leaving little Nelly behind them, Walter and Marion dressed hurriedly, and were soon on their way thither, anxiously wondering as to the extent of their uncle's illness.

Daniel Ray was waiting for them, and conducted Marion into the close, dimly-lighted drawing-room. There was a gentleman with Mr. Waldon now, he said, and perhaps the lady had better wait. Walter went up alone, and found it to be the lawyer who had charge of his uncle's business, and who now stood to the right of his uncle's chair, waiting, it would seem, for some order from its silent and ghastly occupant. The night that had passed since Walter had seen his uncle had changed him almost as much as the former years; he could scarcely make himself heard in speaking, and trembled violently at every motion. He brightened up at the sight of his nephew, and took his hand.

"This is my lawyer, Walter, my dear boy," he said, faintly, "he will write according to your dictation—I leave it all to you."

"Leave what!" exclaimed Walter, glancing round in surprise, "I do not understand you."

The lawyer in a few words signified that it was his will Mr. Waldon had allusion to, and again resumed his attitude of waiting.

"Uncle, will you not see my wife, she is waiting without," urged Walter, earnestly, and the old man reluctantly signified his assent, and he hastened to join Marion, who, feeling lost in the great gloomy room where they had left her, was anxiously peering out of the door. "Marion," he whispered, "my uncle is about to have his will made; remember what you sacrifice before you decide, and then tell me in whose favor it shall be drawn up, for my uncle leaves the decision to me."

Without a moment's hesitation, Marion spoke. "It is not ours, and therefore we should not think of it; let us remember how happy we have been in the little that is our own, and we will have no need to. Your uncle bought the property that made his wealth with his clerk's money, and to him or his heirs it all belongs."

"That is enough, Marion, we can now prove our uninfluenced affection for poor lonely Uncle Ralph. I've felt as if we came back with a sinister design until now, and I am glad we can look the world in the eye without shrinking."

They entered the room together, Marion keeping in the background, and Walter said, coming forward—"Uncle Ralph, if you leave the disposal of your property to me, I un-

hesitatingly say, let the wealth, in whatever form it comes, arising from the Cornish property you purchased in the year 1720, go to James Maxwell and his heirs forever."

The old man sat up and leant forward, gazing earnestly at the blushing Marion; and as her husband uttered the last words he fell back with a cry, covering his face with his hands, and trembling from head to foot.

Really distressed at the result of his decision, Walter bent over his uncle in anxiety and dread of the consequences, such emotion on so weak a frame; but to his astonishment, Ralph Waldon, recovering himself, almost rose from the chair, and catching Mrs. Westerby's hand drew her towards him. "Are you not Eleanor Wilde?" he asked, trembling.

She looked from one to the other in surprise, and answered softly, "No;" but still seemed to turn over the words in her mind as having a familiar sound.

The lawyer stepped forward and made a slight motion to bespeak attention. "Have I your permission to speak, Mr. Waldon?" he asked. The old man merely turned his eyes towards him; but not dissenting, the lawyer continued. "Thirteen years ago, during a fit of illness on the part of my client here, he authorized me to search for the family of the Mr. Maxwell named here, and after some time and expense spent in the search, I found that both he and his wife were long since dead, and their four elder children with them; that the youngest, a mere infant of a few months, at the decease of her parents was adopted by a half sister of Mr. Maxwell's, Marion Bruce by name, but that owing to a bitter disagreement that had long existed between her and her brother, she gave the child her own name, and sank its past identity entirely. It was this young lady as you now know to whom Mr. Walter Westerby was united ten years ago."

Ralph Waldon, whose eyes were still fastened on Marion's face, murmured faintly, "Why did I not know this?"

"Because, before I had fully completed my investigations, you forbade any one ever naming the subject in your presence again."

Before any one could recover from the astonishment into which this disclosure had thrown them, Marion stealing closely towards her uncle knelt at his feet. "Will you not forgive me my mother's faithlessness," she whispered, beseechingly, "and let Walter and me strive for all the time that a merciful Heaven spares

you to us to redeem the past from the wrong my kindred have wrought you!"

The white hair of Ralph Waldon presently mingled with the brown locks of his nephew's wife, and the first tears that any one there had ever seen him shed fell on her upturned face. "Thank God," he cried, in an altered voice full of humble gratitude and faith, "thank God for making my duty so easy to me, and giving me these blessings that I have done so little to deserve."

Sometimes joy and peace will arrest the foot-

steps of death where science is powerless. Ralph Waldon lived for three happy years after the old Hall of Nettlethorpe had become the home of the "good doctor" and his sweet-faced wife. Little Nelly Westerby made joyous music in its silent old chambers, and a new life, full of hope and simple pleasures, blest all its dependents long before its old master entered on his better life, with a nature as gentle and freed from all its old carplings and exactions as when he had begun life an innocent boy.

THE CASTLE BESIDE THE SEA.

BY CAROLINE A. BELL.

I built a castle so strong and high
That its turrets reach'd the clouds and sky;
Above it the sky, beside it the sea—
Oh! a fairy thing it was to me.

I hung its walls with tapestry bright,
And eyes of love made its windows light;
I gather'd gems from the earth and sea—
Oh! my castle was all the world to me.

Its floors were of marble, its doors of gold,
And precious stones of price untold;
Tall mirrors flash'd and gleam'd in light,
And with pictur'd forms was my castle bright,

Within and without rare flowers grew,
From every clime, of every hue;
Birds of gay plumage dipp'd their wings
Where waters danc'd from a thousand springs.

Naught droop'd or died in my castle fair,
No shadowy form of death was there;
So all that was bright and dear to me
I placed in my castle beside the sea.

Then I said my castle is strong and high,
And its turrets reach the clouds and sky;
There with my loved will I live for aye,
Where no leaf shall wither, no flower die.

Forevermore this my rest shall be,
In my castle bright beside the sea;
So I slept and dream'd some fairy dream,
And heard not the sound of the mighty stream.

Like a giant strong, with his arms rear'd high,
Came the angry waves 'till they reach'd the sky,
And naught remains but a memory
Of the castle I built beside the sea.

GONE BEFORE.

BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

"Death, thou art infinite—'tis life that's little."

While midnight stars their silent watch are keeping
Within the angel-palaces above,
And tears of dew upon the flow'rets weeping,
I'll walk in shadow for my buried love.

How can I smile, tho' earth with brightness beaming
Shines o'er my way with light divinely fair,
If here, within my heart, no ray or gleaming
Dispels the gloom, or lessens dark despair?

Oh, loved and lost one! when the day departed
Which closed thy eyes upon all earthly show,

It numbered me among the broken-hearted,
Whose souls are mantled in a pall of woe.

Though by thy tomb I bow alone, desponding,
Yet now, unshackled by this mortal clay,
Art with glad spirits through Elysium wand'ring,
From star to star, in bright, unending day.

Ah, love, I'd gladly give earth's dearest treasure
To hear thy voice to-night as oft of yore—
Yet still in dreams will this entrancing pleasure
Be bliss to me till life's sad night is o'er.

MABEL'S MISSION.

Continued from page 351.

CHAPTER XII.

"Tis hard to feel
Such seeming reverence for the claims of duty,—
Could all be bought!"

There was to be a ball at the Ocean House that evening. There had been hops and receptions innumerable, but a ball was a different affair. Both Florence and Mildred had prepared an elegant toilette; for those were days in which it was not considered an evidence of bad taste to dress very much at a watering-place. Florence, with her cloud-like flounces of white lace, and no ornaments save a few natural flowers which fell low in her banded, chestnut hair, did indeed look "too lovely," as Bessie said.

Mildred's beauty was of another order. Diamonds in jet settings flashed from her neck and arms, and the saffron-colored moire antique which fell in such rich folds about her glowed like sunshine underneath the costly bertha and flounces of black lace with which it was trimmed. A wreath of voluptuous-looking gold-colored roses encircled her hair, which now looked black and lustrous.

They entered their private parlor together. Eugene was there waiting for them with his father. So, also, was Mr. Grantley, who, returning with Mabel from her long walk, had accepted her invitation to come in. He sat with his back to the door, and, as the light was turned low, they did not observe him. Lucy and Mabel sat at an open window, for there was very little air from the sea stirring.

"Turn up the light, Eugene," said Florence, "I want you to see how beautiful I look. Isn't this the most becoming dress that you ever saw?"

Eugene laughed and put up the light. Mr. Grantley arose from his chair, and, turning around, stood face to face with Mildred Vane.

Mabel held her breath as she watched them. She saw Mildred's glance of recognition, which left her face deadly pale, save a bright spot on either cheek, as she stooped her head, busying herself with the fastening of her glove.

"Mr. Grantley!" exclaimed Florence. "How unfortunate that I should have betrayed my vanity to you! I know that I have not shocked you though, for I have been reading 'Fern-dale,' and I see that you know all our weak
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points. I think a man ought to be killed who knows so much about women; I do indeed, Mr. Grantley;" and she held up her daintily gloved hand with a pretty menace.

Meantime, Mildred had swept around, and now stood by Lucy with her back towards Mr. Grantley.

"I am glad that Mr. Grantley heard that vain speech," whispered Lucy. "Did you ever know such vanity?"

Mildred made no answer. She longed to escape from the room, but she was too proud to make any such attempt. Mr. Grantley answered Florence's badinage in such a way as to keep up a playful fire, which Eugene and his father every now and then joined in. But Mabel saw that despite the smiling lip and the seeming interest, Mr. Grantley's eyes, which retained their sadness, were frequently cast in the direction where Mildred stood during the time which she remained in the room; and when at Florence's call she turned to join her, Mabel also saw that Philip Grantley seemed to feel the full effect of her magnificent beauty. His eyes followed her with an eager light such as Mabel had never seen in them before, and during the remainder of the evening he seemed abstracted, even gloomy.

That night, as Mabel thought over these incidents, she was quick to imagine that he also deceived himself, and that Mildred was dearer to him than he knew. She remembered the fervent manner in which he had said, "God forbid that she should ever regard me in any other light than as a friend;" but still he would not be the first one who had deceived himself as to the true state of his feelings. It must be so. Oh, they might yet be happy; for if each still loved the other, the time might come when the misunderstanding would be cleared. But what was the nature of this estrangement which Mildred had alluded to, and which Mr. Grantley had told her that she knew very little about? It flashed through her mind that it might be that 'Ferndale' had something to do with it. She tried to recall the incidents; but it was not a sensation novel—there were few incidents to recall. The absorbing interest of the story consisted in the intense individuality of each character, and the wonderful knowledge

of human nature which it displayed. The heroine was an orphan, a proud, ambitious girl, who loved a poor artist—poor in purse but rich in genius. He worshipped her beauty; he worshipped the ideal character with which he endowed her; everything which she touched became hallowed to him; and when at last she broke her vow of betrothal to accept a wealthy suitor, the poor artist in his despair foreswore woman-kind, foreswore his art, which had been to him from boyhood as the air he breathed, and wandered misanthropically over distant countries, a desolate, heart-broken man. This much Mabel recalled. Could this be a record of his life? Impossible. Mr. Grantley would not have so made public his own experience; and yet there is one thing which rises in her memory that seems to confirm instead of dispelling her suspicion. The heroine, after long struggling with her ambitious aims, at the last moment refuses to wed the man for whom she rejected her lover, and writing to the latter her bitter repentance, implores him to forget all which has intervened since the happy days of their betrothal.

Could Mr. Grantley have made use of such a fact so ungenerously? Mabel could not reconcile it with his character. If he could have so far forgotten himself, it was no wonder that Mildred should refuse all intercourse with him. She was right in so doing. A little bitterness of feeling even crept into Mabel's heart towards him. What right had he to betray a woman's tenderness? What justification? Surely nothing but revenge could have induced the cowardly act. Would she, even if she possessed the power, so revenge herself upon the one who had destroyed her bright visions of the future? No, she felt that she could never be guilty of such an act; and certainly Philip Grantley would no less have scorned its meanness. It must have been one of those singular coincidences of which she had read, wherein an author, seemingly with prophetic vision, narrates circumstances which after-years nearly fulfil.

That night, as she lay sleepless upon her bed, there ran through her mind the framework of a story, and she realized how, with no thought of revenge, with no motive but the proper development of the characters with which he had to deal, an author could work up incidents of his own experience. She therefore inclined to the opinion that such had been the case in this instance; but it was a relief to her, neverthe-

less, to ascertain, as she did soon after this, in one of those interviews with Mr. Grantley, which now were of frequent occurrence, that the book had been published first in serials, and that the last chapter had appeared in print before his unfortunate engagement with Mildred Vane had been broken.

George Canning did not call again upon Mabel; but it did seem as though she could not even cross the hall without encountering him. He always spoke to her in an embarrassed manner, if he spoke at all; but more frequently he averted his eyes if he saw her approaching. Mabel, on the contrary, looked perfectly at ease; speaking or not speaking seemed to be all the same to her, and whatever emotion she had to contend with, it was in solitude that the struggle took place.

One morning, at their private breakfast-table, Lucy was severe upon Mr. Canning's neglect of so old a friend as Mabel.

Mabel felt her face flush; but she answered composedly—"His time is so much taken up with the young lady to whom he is engaged, that he has none to spare me."

"Is he engaged to that Miss Cole?" asked Florence. "He looks like too sensible a fellow to be captivated by such a nonentity."

"Why, Florence! how can you speak so slightly of a girl possessing such attractions?" said her husband.

"Attractions!" echoed Florence, "I did not know that she had an attraction—excepting when her back is turned to you—then I acknowledge she has rather a stylish look. She is the vainest creature that I ever came across; and I never saw any one so devoted to dress. She ought to be a peacock."

"There, that will do very well for a lady who has the reputation that you have. Mabel, I must tell you an anecdote about my wife. When we crossed the ocean on our return from Europe, we encountered one of the severest gales that ever a ship lived through. I thought that we should go to the bottom before twenty-four hours went over our heads. Florence lay lashed in her berth, too sick to hold up her head, and I said to her, 'If we were only safe on land, you would be willing to give up all that Paris finery that you have bought, wouldn't you, Florence?' She opened her eyes with such a pitiful look in them, that I felt heartily ashamed of my question; but, after hesitating a moment, she groaned out, 'I might give up the poplins; but oh, Eugene! I don't think that

I could those beautiful ball dresses.' Now what do you think of her for finding fault with Miss Cole for her love of dress after that?"

Mabel exchanged a smile with Florence, and slowly shook her head.

"You don't know what to think I see," continued Eugene, "and I should not either, were it not that I understand Florence better even than she does herself."

Lucy's eyes shot exultant gleams, which became somewhat tempered, and finally died out as her brother continued—"It is not Miss Cole's love of beautiful dress after all that Florence is so severe upon her for, but her love of display. Florence would buy beautiful things if no one saw them but herself, because of her love for the beautiful; while Miss Cole's efforts seem to be solely to get something novel and striking to astound lookers on. Florence wears her favorite dresses day after day—"

Here Florence broke in to say that he was always trying to make her out better than she was; but regardless of the interruption, he continued—"Without taking the trouble to unfold more elaborate patterns, while Miss Cole never appears in the same toilette twice. But then Miss Cole has unquestionable attractions; has she not, sir?" he continued, addressing his father. "She is an only child; and you know something of the house of 'Cole Brothers & Co.,' I think."

"I remember an old Flemish song or rhyme," answered Mr. Vane, "which explains matters—begging pardon of you, Mabel, for comparing your friend to a rat—"

"It was all for the tallow, and not the shining wick,
That the rat with his "moustachios" made love to the
candlestick."

"I suppose she will have half a million some day. I expect Canning thought that would pay better than book-keeping."

"You may well say she has attractions. Why, she has five hundred thousand of them. Who could resist such an army?" said Florence, laughing. "But how came 'papa' ever to give his consent to his daughter's marrying his book-keeper? The old story of threatening to run away without it if he did not, I suppose."

"No; that would never have done with Myron Cole," answered Mr. Vane. "I know him well, and I think it more than probable that it is a match after his own heart. Canning pleased him from the first day of his entrance in the store. I have often heard him speak of his business habits in contrast with

others in his employ, and as the young men of the present day are generally. I have no doubt but that it is very agreeable to him. He has taken him into partnership, you know."

"No, I had not heard of it. Well, that young man was born under a lucky star," said Eugene, emphatically.

"Or an unlucky one. It remains to be seen which, for it is not every man who marries a rich wife that is to be envied," said Florence. "I wonder if he really loves her; and, if he does, whether she is his first love or not."

"Oh, a man never marries his first love, you know," replied Mr. Vane; "that would be contrary to all the usages of society."

"Our case is an exception, which goes to prove the general rule," remarked Florence, complacently; "isn't it, Eugene?"

He seemed slightly embarrassed for an instant, but, forcing a laugh, replied—"No; I loved beefsteak before I loved you; so you must give up that pleasing illusion. Try another bit of this tenderloin, and see if you can have the heart to blame me."

"Oh, you horrid creature, to talk of beefsteak and first love together. Mildred, haven't you anything to say on this subject? Do you think a man generally marries his first love?"

"If they dignify their boyish predilections with that title, I presume they seldom do," answered Mildred, never lifting her eyes from her plate.

"And you, Mabel, what do you think about it?"

"I think it is very fortunate for both that they do not; for I begin to believe that a girl of twenty-five would make a very different choice from that which she would have made at eighteen, and in the same way with a man."

"Well done for Mabel! Now be honest, Mabel—how old are you?" said Eugene.

"I am twenty-two," answered Mabel, entirely unsuspecting of the trap into which she was falling.

"Twenty-two. Then you are more than half way from your old love to your new. Come, Mabel, be equally candid and tell us who the old love was." Eugene was given to teasing.

"George Canning, maybe," said Florence, looking archly at her.

At the same time, Mildred darted a searching look; and Mabel, casting a furtive, frightened glance around the table, encountered the entire battery of eyes levelled at her.

That glance was enough for Florence, who

would have given her entire wardrobe at that moment to have unsaid her last remark; but that was impossible; and entirely for the sake of drawing attention from Mabel, she rattled on faster than ever, scarcely knowing what she was saying. "Whoever the first was, I predict that Mr. Grantley will be the next. Indeed, I know he will, if he is, to have the say. He is desperately in love with you, Mabel—we all know that."

"Oh, how can you?" expostulated Mabel. "Such an idea never entered Mr. Grantley's head. He considers me a child, and calls me one. Oh, I wish that you had not said such a thing. It is too ridiculous!"

"Very well, very well, we shall see," answered Florence, with a knowing toss of the head. "Who was that driving with you on the beach last evening?"

"Mr. Grantley took Lucy and me. He is too kind to me; but as much as I appreciate his kindness and his friendship, I shall not desire its continuance if you are going to take any such fancies into your head."

Florence saw that Mabel looked serious, even displeased, and therefore desisted from further remarks; but Mabel's assertions did not shake her conviction of Mr. Grantley's admiration for her. Indeed, it was evident to all that it was so. Mabel alone was blind.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Friendship above all ties does bind the heart;
And faith in friendship is the noblest part."

EARL OF ORBURY.

"Friendship full oft doth ripen into love."

It was a raw, chilly morning. The fog that crept up from the ocean drifted through the streets in spectral sheets. Now Florence found use for the warm dresses and the camel's hair shawls for which she had gone into the city, ransacking camphor chests and cedar closets before leaving home.

She wrapped Mabel, who had come away without any shawl, in a bright scarlet one, and enveloping herself in another, curled down in a corner of the roomy sofa, and pretended to sleep. But she was only enjoying "one of those delicious reveries in which she imagined all sorts of impossible things." Lucy, wrapped up in a shawl as big as a bed-blanket, sat shivering in the corner most remote from the windows, for the chill air and the fog seemed to penetrate everywhere. Mildred, in a splendid dressing-gown, glowing with warm hues, alone

looked comfortable. She had proposed that Mabel should read aloud to them; but Lucy had objected, on the ground that Mabel never read her anything now-a-days but "Robertson's Sermons," and "Thoughts on Self-culture," and such stupid books. Mabel had cast a reproachful look at her cousin, but said nothing. "I never saw any one so altered as you are, Mabel," grumbled Lucy. "You used to be full of spirits, and always knew what you were about; but now you are so absent-minded that one hasn't any satisfaction in talking to you. I shouldn't think a few weeks could make such a change."

"Perhaps Mabel is in love?" suggested Florence, drowsily opening her eyelids.

"No; I am happy to be able to say that I am not in love," replied Mabel, promptly, "and I hope that I never shall be; for I have made up my mind to be an old maid."

"Good!" cried Lucy, clapping her hands—"then there will be three of us; for Mildred told me once that she was never going to marry. We will keep old maids' hall together, wont we?"

"I don't believe Mabel will be allowed to keep her part of the compact, if she makes one; so she had better not commit herself; and I don't feel sure about Mildred either," said Florence; "besides, if you do not conduct yourself more amiably towards Mabel, she may not feel disposed even to stay her year out."

Lucy, who had warmed up into something like good-humor, now relapsed into her grumbling mood again; but she was out short by the entrance of her father, who brought in letters from the mail. Mabel received hers with a bright smile of pleasure, and glancing at the hand-writing, saw that it was from Bertha. She was disappointed upon breaking the seal to find but a few lines where she had hoped for a well-filled letter; but as her eyes rapidly scanned the contents, it was easy to see by her face that they were of no ordinary nature. "Uncle Richard, when does the next train start for home? I must go at once, for my father is very ill."

"What! your father very ill? I am sorry to hear that." He looked grave, while all regarded Mabel with sympathy. "I do not think that we can get you off before to-morrow," he added.

"Oh, Uncle Richard, couldn't I go around by the way of New York? The boat leaves every

night, you know; and every hour that I remain here will seem an age to me."

"But there would not be much gained by that round about way, though perhaps after all it will be the most convenient, as it would not necessitate your stopping over night on the way. You would get into New York in time to take the cars, and reach home to-morrow night. I must look up some one going, who will take charge of you, for it would be impossible for me to leave to-day."

"But Eugene;" interposed Florence—"certainly he will go with her."

"He would if he were here; but he received a letter by the same mail, which required him to leave at once for Boston. I walked with him to the boat, which he reached just in time to get off."

"Then I am going to follow him. Come, Mabel, wait until to-morrow, and I will go with you. Mildred—Lucy—you are both ready to go—are you not?"

"I am; I was ready to go back the day that we got here," answered Lucy.

Mildred's reply was not so decided. For the last few days she had enjoyed the *eclat* of riding and promenading with the most *distingué* beau of the season. Combining as he did, rank, wealth and a handsome address, it was no wonder that Mildred was flattered with the attentions of the handsome Italian, Prince Venardi. She who had thought herself forever miserable, felt the kindlings of that ambition which had only been smothered. Could she secure him for a husband, then indeed would the humiliating incidents of her life sink into insignificance. She knew that she could never love as she had loved once; but to be a Princess—to have uncounted wealth at her command—to shine at foreign courts—all this would fill the void within, and busy, changing scenes, would chase away all bitter memories. "I suppose that I could make myself ready," she answered; but I think it would be the greatest folly to rush off so suddenly, and perhaps miss Eugene after all, who may return here to-morrow."

"Well, I don't think there would be any folly about it, and if Mabel goes I am going too," answered Lucy. "You and Florence are hardly ever in here, excepting mornings, and I should be left to amuse myself as I could. I am going to-morrow."

"But I cannot wait until to-morrow," persisted Mabel. "Every hour will seem an age to me

until I start; and if I do not leave to-night, I shall not reach home until day after to-morrow. Oh no, no—I must go to-night."

"You shall go to-night," said Florence, soothingly, who saw Mabel's quivering lips, and eyes brim full of tears—"You shall go to-night, if I have to go with you. But did not Mr. Grantley say that he had to go to New York to-night? To be sure he did; and he will take care of you, Mabel. Come into your room, and I will help you pack your things."

Mr. Vane, at the suggestion of Florence, went at once to look up Mr. Grantley, and make the necessary arrangements.

At nightfall they started. The evening proved a glorious one. The moon was at its full, and not a vestige of the heavy fog of the morning remained to obscure its lustre. The surface of the bay was like a sheet of glass, and the lights from the numerous yachts and boats that were anchored there, as well as from the buildings that lined the sloping shores, made the scene picturesque in the extreme. Out through the narrow channel the boat sped on to the broad ocean's heaving breast, and for a time Philip Grantley and Mabel sat side by side upon the deck in silence, gazing on the glory and grandeur of the scene. Then, as he had of late often done, he led her on to tell him of her home and its simple pleasures; and he in return told her of his boyhood—of the mother he had lost, and of many other things as the hours wore on; but not once had he alluded to Mildred Vane.

One by one the groups upon the deck returned to the cabin, until they were left almost by themselves. Mabel arose to follow them. "Will you not stay a little longer with me?" he said.

Mabel, entirely unconscious of the tender look with which he regarded her, replied frankly—"I should rather stay here all night than to go back to that hot state-room. I know that I shall not sleep any to-night. Oh, Mr. Grantley, if I only had wings to fly to my father!"

"Mabel"—he took her hand as he spoke, holding it lightly only to detain her while he said the few words that crowded up to his lips for utterance—"Mabel, when that dear father whom you love so well, is restored to health, I have a great favor to ask of him. If he will give you to me, will you be mine, Mabel?"

She shook like a leaf. So agitated was she, she could not find words to answer. He made

her sit down by him as he continued—"I have done wrong to trouble you, Mabel, when your heart is so full of other things. Forget what I have said; or rather, do not try to answer me. I did intend to wait; but it was hard to see you suffer, and feel that you did not know how dear you are to me, and how much I shared your anxiety."

She covered her face with both hands, but still she did not speak.

"Have I offended you, Mabel? Are you angry with me for loving you so very much that I could not any longer keep it to myself? Speak one word to me, Mabel." His voice was low, and oh, how tender!

He heard the long quivering sob that escaped her, and he longed to hold her in his arms like a tired child, and soothe her excited feelings. "Mabel, you distress me," he continued. "Do try to throw off this nervousness, which I shall never forgive myself for having occasioned. I ought to have known better."

She made the effort, and succeeded in part. "Now we will talk of something else," he said.

"No, no," answered Mabel: "I must say what I have to say now upon the subject. It would be wrong for me not to tell you that although I look up to you above all other men save my father, I do not love you; and I want you to believe me when I tell you that I never dreamed that you could possibly love me."

He answered sadly—"I knew that you did not; but I hoped that the knowledge of my attachment to you would awaken some love in return. I hoped too much."

Neither spoke for a time. Both looked off on the waste of waters that danced and glittered before them in the moonlight, as if marking their sadness. At length Mabel said—"Will you forgive me if I tell you where I think your duty lies? I know it seems presumptuous in me."

"You cannot say anything to me that I shall not regard," he answered sadly.

She spoke timidly at first; but as she became interested, warmed into eagerness. "It seems to me that Miss Vane's letter, in which she sought a renewal of your former relations, should have met with a different reception. Do you not think so yourself? The case which she supposed to me I presume to have been her own; in which the answer to her request for a reconciliation was 'that it was too late.' Now, ought it ever to be too late to do right? And

was it not a sufficiently humiliating thing for a woman to do, to make the advances after an estrangement, without the bitterness of a refusal being added to it? I do not wonder that she persists in not seeing you, although I feel convinced that her love for you is not, and never will be extinguished. I also think that your love for her is stronger than you are aware of; for I saw the influence which she had upon you that one evening that you were thrown together for a few moments. Can you not be to her what you once were? And then I am sure—I know that all will be right between you."

It was almost a groan that escaped him as he answered—"How little hope there is for me when you can plead so for another!—and that other, Mabel, knowing her as I know her now, I would rather never have been born than to call her my wife! How little of truth do you know of our relations."

"Hush! you are speaking too loud; you will be heard," whispered Mabel. "I did not know—indeed, I thought it was different. I am sorry that I should have interfered."

He did not answer. Resting his elbow on the arm of his chair, he shaded his eyes with his hand, seemingly lost in thought. At length he spoke—"Mabel, I ought to have told you more about myself. If you had better understood what had passed between Mildred and me, you would have never thought that we could be anything more to each other than we are now. Never shall I forget the intoxication that her beauty once was to me, blinding me to the defects of character which would have rendered my life miserable, had I not discovered them before it was too late. I was a poor teacher, Mabel, when I first knew Mildred, and I loved her. You have read Mrs. Browning's *Geraldine*?"

Mabel answered—"Over and over; I know every line by heart."

"Then you know, better than I can tell you, how hopeless was my love at first; for she seemed to walk like *Geraldine*,

—"so high above me, she appeared to my abasement
—like an angel clad in wings."

"Bertram's words were constantly on my lips—'What am I that I should love her, save for feeling of the pain?' And so it went on, with the same denouement—literally, Mabel, *the same denouement*. At length, I returned to the North. The separation was agony to me. At first my long letters were answered promptly, by letters as long; but gradually they became

shorter, with longer intervals between. Then came a few cold lines, and I was a rejected lover. I thought that there had been mischief made between us, and I travelled night and day until I reached her; for I give you my word, Mabel, I thought of nothing else. That she had been amusing herself with the poor school-teacher, to cast him aside as a child would a toy, when its novelty was over, never once occurred to me. But it was so. I saw her and heard from her own lips, that she had weighed the privations to which she would be subjected if she became my wife, and that she did not feel herself equal to the self-denial it would require. There was nothing more for me to say. I returned to my pursuits, sadder and wiser than when I left them. I had heard while at the South of Miss Vane's engagement to a wealthy Cuban. After my return I heard of his death. These tidings prepared me for the letter which I soon received from her. She wrote me that she had not understood her feelings towards me—that if I desired it, she was ready to renew our engagement, or words to that effect. Mabel, put yourself in my place—what would have been your answer?"

"I would never have trusted her again," answered Mabel promptly—"never!"

"Shall I go on?" he asked.

"Yes, if you desire to; I should like to hear all. I could not have thought so meanly of any woman—certainly not of Mildred Vane, whom I should have supposed too proud to stoop to such deceit."

"You cannot know the shock that her faithlessness was to me. It came near making a wreck of my life; but instead it proved to be my salvation. Well, to go back; I answered the letter briefly. I told her that I understood my feelings too well to imagine that there could ever be any change in them. I could be a friend to her, but nothing more. There was no malice in the letter—no upbraiding even for the past. I wrote it in a spirit of kindness; but the answer that I received! If ever a pen was dipped in gall and wormwood, that pen was! She denounced me for a hypocrite, assuming the garb of a Christian to cover my exultation over her mortification. I cannot repeat her words—I only give you the sense. She accused me of having raised in her mind the first skeptical thoughts, and that was the only passage in her letter which troubled me. I have told you before that I made an attempt to have an interview with her, that I might

talk with her upon this very subject; that note which you carried for me, merely asked for an interview, saying that there was no reason why we should avoid each other—that if she were willing, I would always be to her a friend. I knew that she was in her cousin's house before I went there, and until that unsuccessful attempt, I did not give up the hope of undoing what mischief I might have done by the skeptical questions which I had discussed with her; but her answer convinced me that I could do nothing.

"It was through her that I knew Mr. Richard Vane, she having given me a letter of introduction when the term of my tutorship expired and I returned to the North. But at the time she requested me to keep the engagement secret, and consequently none of the family knew of it. It was a strange affair from beginning to end; and stranger still that my first book should have had such a shadowing forth of my experience."

"Yes, that was what puzzled me. Sometimes I thought that Miss Vane's animosity to you was occasioned by your having made public what should have been held sacred between you. But I suppose she read the story in the *Serial* in which it first appeared, and therefore knew that it was written before your engagement was broken."

"I wrote anonymously, intending if the work proved successful to give her an agreeable surprise. She could not have known who wrote it, even if she read it, until the public prints announced my name. I made a fortunate escape, Mabel. Think what my life would have been, linked with that of a woman whom I must have ceased to love when her true character became revealed to me. But I will not keep you here any longer. I have one more request to make; do not refuse me. Will you let me go to your home with you, Mabel? Not only that I may take care of you, and see you there in safety; but because it will be so much to me to see you in that home which you have talked to me about, if only for a moment. I could better bear to part with you; for I should know just where to think of you, and you will not ever be long out of my thoughts, Mabel."

The moon shone full upon her face—her calm, sweet, thoughtful face, and as Philip Grantley looked down upon it, and met the glance of her now liquid eyes, he saw in them a light which he had never seen there before. He was content to wait his time.

CHAPTER XIV.

"If my mantle of charity is wide, my Judge knows it is not wider than what I shall need to cover me at the last great day.—Da. Todd.

Lucy persisted in leaving Newport the day following Mabel's departure, to Florence's entire satisfaction, but to Mildred's evident displeasure. She was however not only appeased but highly elated at finding that Prince Venardi, upon the announcement of their intended departure, had made arrangements to accompany them to Boston. Before they separated, Mildred was a third time betrothed.

Mr. Vane and his family reached Woodlands the same evening. Florence's first inquiry was for her husband, fearing that he might remain at their house in town. But no, he had come out to Woodlands the previous night, and had spent the day in the neighborhood. Although not in the house now, the servants were sure that he had not taken his departure.

Florence was surprised to hear this, knowing his dislike of the place. After tea she questioned Mrs. Grant, a former housekeeper of Mr. Vane's, who had come to take charge of the house during their absence. Mrs. Grant knew very little, but she supposed a great deal. "It's my opinion that old Thomas Walters wrote to him to come here; for Ellen's just lying at the point of death, and he told me that Ellen said that if they would send for the young master, she would confess all to him, so that he might get the child's father to provide for it; for you see Thomas is a rough sort of man, and he had threatened to send the child to the poor house if Ellen left him on his hands."

"Oh yes, I shouldn't wonder if Thomas had sent for him; for he told me one day that when Ellen was a child, if he couldn't get her to do anything, a word from 'Master Eugene' would bring her around. Everybody goes with their troubles to Eugene—he is so kind-hearted. Poor Ellen!—and so she is dying! I knew that she must have the consumption."

A sudden impulse fired Florence's face with light—"Oh, Mrs. Grant! she would die easier if she knew that the little boy had a home, and I want a child so much. If you will go with me I will go now—this moment, and tell her that Eugene and I will take him and bring him up just as if he were our own."

"God bless you!" said Mrs. Grant, fervently, her eyes dim with tears. "God bless you! But if——"

"No, no, I will not listen to a word. If you

will not go with me I will go alone. I have money of my own; and if I had not, Eugene would never deny me. I have no one but my husband to account to for what I do. I know what it is to be a motherless child, and if my dear father were alive, I know that he would approve my resolution. No, I will not listen to an objection; Ellen's child shall be mine."

They started together, taking the little path that wound through the woods, the moonlight scarcely penetrating the dense foliage that overshadowed it; but Florence's heart was light with her holy purpose, which, shining serenely through her eyes, made her face look as the face of an angel as at last she reached the cottage, and entered the little room where the dying woman lay. The moon streamed full through the latticed pane upon the snow-white cot. At its foot lay curled a large dog, and the little boy was sleeping beside him, his head pillowed on the dog's shaggy body. A low growl escaped the animal on their entrance; but either the sacredness of the time, or his charge, prevented any farther manifestations other than a slight wagging of his tail. Where the shadows fell the densest in the corner of the room, Florence just discerned the bowed figure of a man, one of Ellen's wan, wasted hands resting on his head. As Florence approached the bed, she also stood in the column of moonlight that poured through the little window.

As Ellen recognized her, her glazing eyes glowed with supernatural lustre, and a slight flush crept over the deadly pallor of her attenuated face. For an instant it seemed to Florence as though a glance of defiance were shot at her; then the lustre and the glow died out together, and the glazing eyes and the white face were turned up pitifully towards her, whilst Florence's low, sweet voice broke the silence, which would have been profound, but for the labored respiration of the dying woman—profound as far as human sounds were concerned, but in the woods without, the katydid and the cricket kept up a ceaseless chirruping—"Ellen, I have come to see if you will give Eugene and me your little boy to bring up as our own? You know me, do you not?"

A groan from the form in the corner smote painfully on Florence's ear, and sent the tears streaming down her cheeks, for it was full of agony.

Ellen Walters sat upright in her bed, and pressing both hands upon her head, cried

out—"Am I dreaming?" then fell back panting upon her pillow.

"No, Ellen, you are not dreaming. It is I—Florence—Eugene's wife. You know we have no child, and yours shall be the same to us as if he were our own. Will you give him to me?"

The poor creature seized Florence's hand in both her own, and turning her wild supplicating eyes full upon her, said in broken, struggling tones—"Will you promise never to turn him off—never to forsake him?"

"I promise to be as a mother to him always," answered Florence, solemnly.

"Oh, may God Almighty bless you!—may God Almighty give you wisdom to train the child aright! May he keep all sorrow and trouble from you!" she prayed, raising her clasped hands to Heaven. Closing her eyes, she lay motionless, save that her lips moved as if still in prayer.

Florence, deeply affected, bent over the dying woman, smoothing her soft brown hair with her gentle touch.

Mrs. Grant, who had been standing behind Florence, deeply impressed by the solemnity of the scene, now said to her—"You have done all that you can do, Mrs. Vane. You had better leave the poor creature with her friends, for they'll be getting worried about you at home if your husband comes in and you are not there."

"You go, Mrs. Grant, and tell Eugene where I am. I won't leave her until it is all over. She has no mother nor sister to stay with her."

They had spoken in whispers, but Ellen Walters had heard them. "No, no; you must not stay here; I want to be alone. Let me look at you *once more*."

Again Florence bent over her, and Ellen smiled feebly as she looked up into the beautiful young face that hung over her. "The angels in Heaven must be like you," she murmured. "I die contented, since God put it into your heart to take care of my boy."

Long, heaving sobs rent the air from the bowed form in the dark shadows beside the bed, and Florence, feeling that she was intruding upon grief that was too sacred to be witnessed, went to the sleeping child, stooped over him and kissed him, and then suffered Mrs. Grant to lead her from the house.

When they reached home, Florence, entirely overcome by the fatigue of travelling and the excitement of the evening, threw herself upon

her bed and gave way to her feelings in bursts of crying.

It was very late when her husband came in, and when he found the excited state that she was in, he endeavored to soothe and quiet her; but she would not take any rest until she had told him all that she had done.

"Do you approve of it, Eugene? Have I promised too much for you?"

He held her to his heart, but remained speechless. She felt his tears dropping upon her face like rain, and knew that his silence came from no disapproval of her course, but from intensity of emotion. She grew calmer then, and, preparing herself for the night, lay down like a tired child, and soon slept as peacefully and as soundly.

Hour after hour her husband walked the room. It was dawn when he lay down beside her. That morning, news was brought of Ellen Walters's death. She had died at midnight.

Florence went with Eugene to get the child. He was not loth to come away, for the solemn silence that reigned through the house was oppressive to the little fellow. All the way home he prattled by their side, light-hearted as the birds that sang above them. He was not shy of strangers, but went through the house from one to another, and from room to room, as if it were no novelty. But when night came on, he cried and begged piteously to be taken to his mother. Florence took him in her arms, but she could not soothe him until she began to sing. The melody of her voice attracted him, and, clinging to her, he lay with his little head pillowed on her bosom, his disordered hair lying in waves about his flushed cheeks, and his large, brilliant eyes fixed steadily but mournfully upon her.

The next night it was the same way; but when the third night came, and he cried for his mother, they took him to the cottage and let him see that she was not there. After that he would occasionally ask for her, but then remembering would correct himself, saying that his mamma had gone to God.

They changed his name from Herbert Walters to Herbert Vane—the name which in the sight of God he had a right to bear; and when one day Eugene, feeling his burden of concealment too great for him to endure longer, humbled himself before his wife, and told her of the sin of which he had been guilty before her pure love had blessed him and led him away from evil paths, he did not meet the reproaches

which he had prepared himself to endure. Instead, Florence threw herself weeping into his arms, and begged him never to allude to it again. So magnanimously can a woman forgive and trust, when the confidence which she deserves is given to her. Who shall say that some suspicion had not crossed her mind and prompted her to the generous act?

CHAPTER XV.

My bride,
My wife, my life! O, we will walk this world
Yok'd in all exercise of noble aim,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. TENNYSON.

August, which was near its close when Mabel reached her home, gave place to September's mellowed skies and softened landscapes. Still, Mabel's father, despite her careful nursing, hung between life and death. Mr. Grantley had left her the same hour in which he had brought her to her home; and in the long days and nights of watching that had followed, she had had ample time to think over all which had passed between them. She had remained constantly in the sick room, her mother's health too feeble to be of much assistance; and Bertha was occupied with preparations for Ralph's departure for college—Ralph himself in doubt whether they could now afford the expense of his going. But Mabel insisted that whatever privations their father's sickness should entail upon them, Ralph's education must not suffer. Her little hoard was drawn from the bank and forced upon Ralph, when the time came around for his departure.

At length Mr. Day so far recovered his strength, after the nervous fever which had prostrated him, as to be able to sit up and walk about the house; but his physician told him that he must not tax his mind, warning him of the consequences.

Letters from Lucy and her father besought Mabel to come to them as soon as possible. They also announced Mildred's return to her home, accompanied by Prince Venardi, to prepare for her approaching marriage with him. There were other letters which Mabel received from time to time, and which she read and re-read, and which were answered timidly at first, breathing of nothing but friendship; but finally Mabel's heart quickened into a fuller life, and betrayed itself whilst seeking to disguise its fervor.

Then Philip Grantley came again to Mabel's

home; and this time he did not plead in vain, for Mabel promised when the spring came round to be his wife.

Mr. Day tried hard not to like him, and called him a Radical, at which Mabel asked what a Radical was, protesting that she did not know what the word meant.

Bertha replied, "One who does not think just as father does."

But Mr. Day came in time to acknowledge that Philip Grantley was not a Radical in any sense of the word as it is used now-a-days, and not only to respect him for the active part which he took in all the great causes of humanity, but almost to revere the independence with which he plead for unpopular truths.

One lovely October afternoon, while Philip was visiting Mabel, they were walking together arm in arm, when they met George Canning and his bride, whom he had brought to his old home for a few days to see his mother and sisters. What happiness beamed from Mabel's face as they passed each other, and how fervent was the silent prayer of thanksgiving that went up from her heart for "the ways" in which God had led her.

"Who was that? Were they not at Newport?" Mr. Grantley asked.

"Yes, they were at Newport. She was a Miss Cole then, now she is the wife of George Canning—my old love, you know."

"Your old fancy, you mean."

"No, my old love. I loved George Canning, or rather what I believed George Canning to be, just as truly as you loved Mildred Vane. By the way, have you heard that she is going to marry that Italian Prince, Victor Venardi."

"Yes; and I think as far as similarity of tastes are concerned it will be an excellent match. In other respects too, for he is made up, if ever a man was; and so is Mildred in these days. I made a discovery at Newport. You know you accused me of being still influenced by her beauty. I know what gave you the impression. I regarded her closely that evening, and I saw that she was mistress of the arts of the toilet. It was my long gaze following her from the room which misled you. Ah, Mabel, we have both made a happy escape."

She clung tighter to his arm. It was her only answer.

Mildred Vane became the wife of Victor Venardi, before discovering him to be an adventurer who made his money at the gaming-

table. Her own fortune was soon squandered; and in the time of desolation and despair which followed, the faith of her early youth returned to her. "There are dispositions which, like Job, must have all things taken from them before they can find all things again in God."

The little household at Mr. Day's worked diligently that winter; and when spring came around, Mabel's neat wedding *trousseau* was completed. She was indebted to her Uncle Richard for much that was tasteful in it. Lucy was sadly disappointed at losing her cousin, to whom she was tenderly attached, despite all her fault-finding. She took desperately to reading the sermons that she had abused by way of an atonement—and who ever read those fervent, earnest words of Robertson's without feeling a love of truth expanding their souls?

Mabel's wedding-day arrived. Her Uncle Richard, with Lucy, Eugene, and Florence, came with Ralph to see her married. Bertha, her twin sister, threatened to put on the bride's dress and take Mabel's place in the ceremony, so great a favorite had Philip Grantley become with her; and no less fond of him were the younger sisters. Ralph thought that he should be very proud to say "my brother-in-law, Mr. Grantley;" and the invalid mother had already learned to look upon him as a son.

Mr. Day, who had recovered his health, told his son-in-law, when the ceremony was over which made him such, that he could not have given Mabel away to any one else so cheerfully; but Philip saw the quivering lip and the tearful eyes, and thought they did not speak of "a cheerful giver."

After a few weeks spent in travelling, Philip and Mabel accepted an invitation from Eugene and Florence to visit them in their cottage at Newport.

Mabel found that Florence, with her new responsibilities and her added cares, had grown more matronly in her ways. Her lovely eyes held in their depths a holier light—the light of the tender sympathy which had led her to look charitably upon the erring, remembering that "God seeth not as men see."

As the years passed on, in fulfilling the duties of a wife and mother, Mabel realized her "mission" to be the highest and holiest that a mortal can fill. Her sisters and brother, stimulated by her example and words of counsel, became all that she could desire them to be; for "every one of us, with God's help, and within the narrow limits of human capability, himself makes his own disposition, character, and permanent condition."

HEART-LONGINGS.

BY CHARLES MUMFORD.

Gliding, gliding, swiftly gliding
Down life's ever deepening tide,
In my shallop frail I'm riding,
Riding at youth's eventide.
Sadly, sadly creep the shadows
O'er the fast receding shore;
Mists are gathering on the meadows,
Where I roamed in days of yore.

Dreary, dreary are the mountains,
Dreary is the swelling stream,
Lonely are the heart's deep fountains,
Scattered is life's fairest dream;
Fled are all the winning graces,
Hushed the softly-whispered vow,
Loosed the clinging arms' embraces,
Cold the lips that pressed my brow.

All companionless I'm sailing,
Sailing with the rushing tide,
None to cheer when strength is failing,
None, when murmurs rise, to chide.

Sorely, sorely I'm repenting
Sins to which I still am prone,
As the current, unrelenting,
Sweeps me on with hollow moan.

Backward, backward I've been turning,
Turning with a tearful eye—
O that years of sore heart-burning
Might prepare me back to fly!
Once again to feel the beating
Of the lost one's loving heart,
Once to hear her tender greeting,
Take her hand in mine and start—

Start anew; entwined together,
Down the stream we'd safely float,
Laughing at the stormy weather—
God would guide our little boat.
But, alas! on this broad river
Backward never turns the tide—
Onward, onward, onward ever,
They who once embark must glide.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

BY PHILA. H. CASE.

It was a day in mid-winter. Not one of those clear bright days, when the earth, wrapped in her flowing garments of fleecy snow, lies quietly asleep in the bosom of Nature; when the air braces one like a pair of strong arms, and the frost crystals have woven a network of marvellous beauty in the pale sunlight. The dismal rain and sleet beat drearily against the window-pane, and went pattering up the slippery street like invisible footsteps. The wind moaned fitfully through the sighing pines, and swept the dead leaves in wild gusts through the yard; where the shrubbery was dripping in the half-frozen rain, and the pavement was all afloat in the wet and splash.

I was tired and discouraged. My life lay before me cold, hard and expressionless as the face of the dead. I saw nothing before me but this bitter, never-ending toil, that was slowly wasting heart and life. It was a low cheerless room where I sat, peering out into the storm. A half-worn rag-carpet covered the floor, a lounge, cushioned with furniture calico, old and faded, two or three low stools, covered with the same material, half a dozen flag-bottomed chairs, a table on which lay my few carefully-treasured books, and my work-stand, completed my surroundings, with the exception of my canary, the only luxury I possessed. The poor bird was chirping a few low, sad notes; he never sang on a day like this. A coal fire burned low in the grate.

The window by which I sat overlooked a long row of tenement houses, blackened and dirty, now doubly desolate, veiled in the blinding mist of rain and sleet. Beyond was a similar row of buildings reaching down to the wharves, where the deep monotonous moan of the waves, plashing up on the beach, made me shudder with a vague nameless dread. Not a field, browned and bare though it might be, rested my eyes—not the soft-flowing outline of a single hill relieved the dreary prospect or brought me the faintest dream of beauty. I was all alone in the great world. There was not one drop in the vast surging ocean of humanity that claimed me as its fellow. Two years before my mother, my patient, tolling mother,

worn out by the hard, bitter life, from which her fine sensibilities revolted, had wrapped the garment of Peace closely about her, and crossed the dark river we call death.

My father I had never known. He went away when only the light of a few April days had smiled through veils of silver rain on my wondering baby eyes, and he never came to us again. He went out in the full strength of his manhood on a voyage to the West Indies. The ship in which he sailed went down in the still calm of tropic waters, and the mocking waves swept over the brave ship, with its precious freight of human life.

For four years I had dwelt in that plain desolate room, with its cheerless surroundings, loving as I did with a perfect passion everything dainty, and rich, and luxurious, toiling early and late for the clothes I wore and the bread I ate.

In my childhood, and until we had come to the city, mother and I had lived with my uncle, on his farm at Woodside, supported by a small annuity he paid her, left by my father; but he had died insolvent a few months before we left the dear home where we had dwelt so long, and we took up the burden of life bravely, going out into the world with stout hearts, never doubting that rest would come in the end—for one of us it had come already. The golden gate had swung open, the white-robed angel had passed through, the still hands would rest forever.

I had formed no new acquaintances; I shrank from contact with the proud, cold world; I could not tolerate the coarse uncultivated people who dwelt in my neighborhood, and thus I was alone, with the hard pain at my heart, the vague, nameless shudder sickening in my soul, and my rebellious nature revolted at the cruel destiny that shut me out of love and happiness—that had barred and bolted the gate that separated me from the fragrance and beauty which lay beyond. What had I ever done, that this blight had come upon my life—that books, music, pictures, for which my soul panted—and more than all, the companionship of the refined and gifted, should be denied me?

Nightly, as I came home from the clothing

bazaar, where I carried my work, I passed tall princely mansions, where marble steps came down to the pavement—where the ruddy glow of gaslights streamed out through curtains of crimson and gold, where I could catch a glimpse of rare, beautiful paintings on the frescoed walls, of statuary, where white marble faces looked so quiet and peaceful, and their mute patience mocked my restless spirit; and where bright, happy beings, clad in the softest of floating robes, flitted amid the warmth and beauty, and low delicious strains of melody floated out to me as I hurried home through the deepening twilight.

Oh, it was so bitter, and I even longed to sleep with my young father on his bed of coral and green sea-weed, where the long streaming banners of dulce would float over me, and the waves would chant a low lullaby above my white face, beneath the tropic skies; or I longed to fold my hands peacefully, as my dead mother had done, and sleep with her in the lonely churchyard. The dismal, pelting rain and sleet would not beat on my cold head as heavily as did the storms of life.

The wind still continued to sob and moan in the tall spectral pines in front of the house—almost the only trees on the street; the dead leaves still rustled mournfully along the pavement, the sleet drifted over the window, and swept in a blinding shower far up the deserted street. I leaned my head wearily on my hand, and the dull ache at my heart overflowed in tears, soothing tears, that were like a cooling lotion to my bruised spirit.

The gray twilight was settling over the earth, the throbbing pulse of the day was growing fainter, and the bleak winter night would soon be down upon the city.

I heard a step—a quick, firm tread beating on the slippery pavement, the click of the gate startled me, and looking up, I saw a man coming up the walk to the door. The rain was dripping from the umbrella he carried, and his boots were soiled with the wet of the street. I had only time to think that my black dress was at least decent, that my linen collar was clean, passing my hand over my hair, which was put smoothly back, and was soft and luxuriant, I arose and opened the door, wondering what Mr. Harland, one of my employers, could want of me that bleak, desolate night. He grasped my hand warmly as he came in, putting down his umbrella at the door. He took a seat by the stove, talking quietly and pleasantly of the

dismal day. He was a fine-looking man, just in the prime of life, with a face that was warm and genial, bringing so much of warmth and light into my humble room. There was a mellow, half sad look in his large meaning eyes, and the smile that played round his lips was like a broad gleam of sunlight. The deepening shadows hid the tear-stains on my cheek, the sorrowful look in my eyes. I sat still a few minutes, then I replenished the coal and lit the lamp.

The heat and light, it might have been from the stove and lamp—it might have been from the warm genial face, seemed to drive away the cold and shadow that clouded my heart, and I talked better and more freely than I had done for years.

I had met Mr. Harland often at the store, where I went to receive my work. He was uniformly kind to me. Often I had seen him looking at me with a kind of wondering pity in his face; a few times he had tried to engage me in conversation. His voice was full and musical, and there was a look I could not understand in his eyes. There had come to me once after one of these interviews an exquisite bouquet of rare flowers, whose rich fragrance had been like a soft thrilling melody—a beautiful poem in my room for many days.

Oh, how pleasant it was to sit there while the storm raved without, and talk of Longfellow and Tennyson—of poetry and music and flowers—everything that my soul loved; and for a moment I yielded myself to the fascination that was stealing over me, and forgot that I was alone, poor and friendless. How noble and strong he looked, sitting in the warm glow, stroking his long glossy beard with a hand soft and delicate as a woman's, and I wondered if the bold proud woman I had seen riding through the city with her admirers, had not loved him when he led her to the altar—if he had been all to blame when, after a few months of stormy wedded life, she had repudiated the solemn vow, and gone back to her father—wondered if he had grieved when the law pronounced him free as before that proud, beautiful head had rested on his bosom.

The little clock on my mantel chimed seven. Mr. Harland got up, crossed the room, and took a seat at my side. "Miss ~~Wesson~~," he said, "will you listen to me a little while? You may wonder at my coming to you on a wild night like this; you may wonder still more at my presumption in what I am going to say;

but since the first time you came to me for work, with unshed tears trembling in your blue eyes, like early dew-drops on spring violets, and the weary, grieved look about your mouth, I have loved you. When you never dreamed that I had noticed you, I was watching your every movement. I saw you weeping over the white, dead face of your mother; I have seen your step grow languid day by day—seen the light fading out of the sad violet eyes, the lines growing deeper round the sweet, patient mouth, until I can endure it no longer; I must take the tired little heart home—home to its rest. I will guard and protect you so carefully from the storms and ills of life that you shall never be sad again—little darling, will you be mine—my own dear wife?"

It was a fearful temptation. The sweet, thrilling words falling on my grieved heart like amber and gold, the earnest, loving eyes looking at me with such melting, beseeching tenderness. There lay the rest, the beauty, the luxury my soul had so craved, and more than all, the devotion of a heart I felt was manly and true as throbbed in mortal bosom. For a moment I faltered. The tie is not binding; he does not love her; in the sight of God and man he is free as though no solemn ritual had bound him to another.

Then the saintly face of my mother seemed looking at me from beyond the dark river, and a sweet voice seemed to whisper, even while the deep magnetic glance was reading my soul, "in all things tempted like as we are, yet without sin," and I was strong. "Mr. Harland," I said, keeping my voice calm and steady by a powerful effort, "it pains me, God only knows how deeply, to tell you this may never be. My path through life has been rough and thorny; my shrinking feet have bled at every step; the future stretches away still darker, the road hedged by sharper thorns; but while another lives to whom you have once pledged your bridal vows, I cannot be your wife."

"Mary," he said, as he took my hand, and caressed it tenderly with his soft magnetic palm—"is this your final answer? God does not ask this sacrifice at our hands. You love me, Mary Wilton—I know it—I feel it. I can read it in your quivering eyelids—in the soft blush crimsoning your cheek. I never loved the woman the world has called my wife, and love alone can make the marriage vow sacred. It was to please a dying father that I

promised to take a woman to my heart whom I did not even respect; yet I would have been a dutiful husband, if not a loving one, had not she herself sundered the tie that bound us. Oh, my darling—my poor, tired, patient little one, recall those words—tell me you will be mine."

His strong arm was around me, and kisses hot and thrilling fell on my brow and lips. Again I faltered. It was so sweet to feel the strong protecting arm pressing me to the dear heart, and know that my poor tired head could rest on the shielding bosom, that no more care, or toil, or sorrow should ever be mine. But it was only for a moment; then I released myself from his embrace and put him from me, telling him it could never, never be—that he must not tempt me from the path of duty. In vain he pleaded; I was immovable; and yet it was a fearful struggle.

And he went away, tenderly bidding me "good-by," and telling me if I ever repented my decision to come to him, for he should love me always—went away with a sad look in his eyes, and lines of suffering about his mouth I had never seen there before. The storm had abated, the heavy dark masses of clouds had rolled away, and the stars were shining calm and beautiful, like white pond lilies on the azure waves of the sky, as his footsteps receded far down the wet, slippery pavement.

It was harder now than ever before to take up the burden of life—to go to my toil again. I could never meet those earnest eyes, looking straight into my soul again; so I changed the time when I went for my work from afternoon to morning. And the pulse of time throbbed wearily, oh, so wearily, and the future was darker, harder, more pitiless than ever.

Out alone in the wild storm, my life-bark drifting listlessly on the sea of time, no rudder, no hope, but the precious faith that one day I should know why I had suffered. God knew I needed all this discipline, to make me the true woman He designed me for. Oh, wicked, rebellious heart! I saw not the green meadows, shadowed only by drifting clouds, that shut out the sunlight. If I was alone, I had never had dear, brave brothers, whose lives were woven into mine thread by thread, who had loved and protected me from my earliest childhood, and who now had gone from my clinging love with the fire of patriotism burning in their souls, following the trail of blood over the broad land until at last they had fallen in the

terrible fight, and stranger hands had heaped the brown earth on their unmarked graves, and no tidings came of the darlings to white anxious faces that watched for them at home. I had no father, or brother, or lover, to send with a fervent "God speed" into the great struggle for liberty. I wished that I had. Oh, I did not know of hot eyeballs, scalded by burning tears, at times crushed down, until the hot drops fell inwardly on the heart, blistering it. I did not see the hand of our all-wise Father leading me, though the path was not of my own choosing.

As I said, the pulse of time throbbed wearily on through the chill winter days, and the blustering winds howled up the street, roaring out of the heart of March, and the monotonous tramp of the waves on the beach and their hollow gurgle as they beat against the wharves, still filled my soul with a frightened, vague unrest.

I met Mr. Harland once or twice after our interview, although I studiously tried to avoid him. There was something so soothing to my restless spirit in his subdued tenderness—something so reproachful in his sad, thoughtful eyes, that I felt my courage failing—felt that duty was an intolerable burden, when it shut me away from the love and rest for which my soul was clamoring so eagerly; and so I carefully chose the hours when I thought he would be absent from the store to carry home my work for awhile; then I determined to go there no more; I must seek employment somewhere else.

The April sunlight was drifting down through mists of silvery rain on the brown, bare earth. For four long years I had dwelt in that great iron-hearted city, sitting in this lonely plain room, sewing, sewing, from morning till night. I knew that at Woodside the pale anemones were waving in the woods, marking the first footprints of the angels, and on the uplands the trailing arbutus was gleaming amid its heavy green leaves like pearls on their beds of green sea-weed, spilling their soft fragrance in the breeze; and in the hollows blue violets were lying dew-bathed and perfume-steeped. How I longed for one more breath of pure country air, and an apronful of the fresh spring blossoms.

One day, when the burden was lying heavier than usual on my spirits, there came a rap at the door, and the post-boy handed me a letter. It was post-marked "Woodside," and before I opened it I seemed to feel the cool breath of

the Woodlands blowing over my hot brow. It was from Helen Leland, only daughter of my dead uncle—sweet cousin Helen. The four years that we had been apart floated out like a dream, and again we were clasped in each other's arms, weeping as we were the day after they laid her father to his last long rest, and we learned that his hardly-accumulated wealth, the toil of all the long years of his life, was swept away by an unlucky investment, and there was nothing before us but toil and privation.

She had taught the village school for two years; then she had married, and now had a pleasant home of her own. "Do come, dear Mollie," she wrote; "I am dying to see you, and I want to have you see my baby, little pearl, lying asleep now in her crib—the dearest little pet, with dainty, tapering fingers, and such soft blue eyes. And besides, I know you must be tired of being cooped up alone in the close, horrid city. I know you are longing for a race through the meadows, to see the broad waves of sunshine flowing over the green valley, and breaking up on the hills. Come, dear, and we will dream that we are children again—forget that life is not all a summer day, whose warp and woof is made up of fragrant flowers and singing birds." Behind the darkest cloud the yellow sunbeams are sleeping, and their warming rays were breaking through the gloom.

I would go to Woodside. How the thought of it thrilled me through and through like a draught of old wine! How exhilarating it was to think of the fresh smell of the earth, the spicy fragrance of the apple blossoms, the song of the bobolink in the clover, the silvery tinkling of sheep-bells on the uplands, and the bright cheery voice of Cousin Helen, talking to me as she used to when we went hand in hand together to the village school.

So I laid aside my sable garments of mourning I had worn since my mother's death, and with my carefully-saved earnings replenished my wardrobe with tasty spring clothing, plain, genteel colors; if not expensive, they were all in good taste, and the middle of May saw me waiting in the depot for the train that was to take me to Woodside. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and looking round, I met the sad eyes of Mr. Harland. I felt the hot blood flush my cheek, and my hand was cold as ice as it met his in a friendly grasp. "Did you know, Miss Wilton, that I have enlisted in the Fiftieth

Regiment. My company starts on the next train, for Washington. Good-by; if I never return, remember one true heart has loved you."

The locomotive screamed; he pressed my hand; I hurriedly stepped into the car; and the train dashed away; I caught a glimpse of him still standing on the platform, and again he waved me a graceful adieu.

It was a fairy bit of a nest where Cousin Nellie lived—a white trellised cottage with climbing roses trailing over it, nestled down in the wide valley, like a china tea-cup in a flower-garden. Oh, the exquisite delight of meeting; the quiet, pleasant chats in her cosy, cheerful parlor; such delightful romps with the baby, the lively *tele-a-teles* over the tea-table, such delicious "*teas*," light snowy biscuits, golden butter, foamy cake, rich cream, and the fragrant tea. And then the long walks through the meadows, while the dew still lay on the grass, and the soft haze trembling along the mountains—the grand, solemn mountains, firm and everlasting as the promises of God; going with Betty to milk the honest, broad-faced cows, chewing their cuds so meekly, their breaths redolent of buttercups and daisies, mingling with the perfume that floated up from the meadows; the afternoon rambles through the woods, when Nellie and I came home loaded with delicate blossoms.

No wonder the old childish light came back to my eyes, a faint tinge stole into my cheeks, and my languid form grew lithe and willowy, and Edward, Nellie's jocund farmer-husband, rallied me constantly on my improving looks. "You will catch a beau, Mollie—nothing surer; by the time the June roses blossom your cheeks will rival their blushes, and then look out for our village beaux! The best of them though have gone to war; but there is enough left to choose a good husband from. But be chary of your smiles, little coz—that is most prized which requires the hardest labor to obtain;" and a light laugh foamed over his finely-curved lips, like the sparkling foam in home-brewed beer.

What a noble, fine-looking man he was, with the sunlight of the heart written in broad characters all over the open, good-natured face, sitting at the close of that May-day in the low doorway, tossing his baby, laughing and cooing with delight, her little hands fluttering up and down and over his face, like the wings of a snowy dove. There was a footfall on the gravel

walk, a low musical whistle, and then a broad-brimmed palm-leaf hat came skimming over his head into the hall. "Having a romp with your baby, eh, Ned?" You may well be proud of her; she is a little angel;" and bending over, he patted the little soft cheek.

I never heard such a voice—so strangely musical. I saw his form distinctly pictured in the doorway—a tall, proud form; a classic head just fitted to the form; a high, full forehead, a dark curling mustache. All this I noted as he stood in the doorway, caressing Nellie's child. "Come in, Fred., the ladies will be glad to see you." Edward led the way to the parlor, carrying the baby lightly on one arm.

He came in, bowing gracefully as Ned introduced me. His manners, his conversation, his whole mien, was that of a cultivated, thorough gentleman. I noticed that his eyes were dark and full of soul, and his mouth, that surest index to character, was firm and decisive, at the first sweeping glance, sitting there so quietly in Nellie's little parlor, the spring wind just stirring the long white curtains, as it came in laden with the heavy odor of the apple blossoms and lilacs through the half-opened window. Where *had* he come from? Could the rustic neighborhood of Woodside produce such a man?

Oh, that delicious evening, so full of dreamy beauty, so magnetized by the rich thrilling tones that talked of everything. I thought of that first evening with Mr. Harland—of the sweet interchange of soul—of the fearful struggle between my feelings and duty, and shuddered. That night, after his departure, I read in the morning paper the death of the proud erring woman Ralph Harland had once called his wife.

The next day Nellie told me all she knew of Fred. Malcome. He had been Ned's classmate at school, where he was considered very talented, but rather eccentric. That he was said to be very wealthy, and the summer before had bought Temple Hill; had had the old mansion, where the bats and owls had lived so long, rebuilt in grand style and furnished splendidly; that the grounds had been repaired, the dead limbs cut from the old trees, and the garden filled with choice flowers; that he had come there to live with his mother and sister; that people called them proud and "stuck up," but that she liked them very much, and that I would no doubt see the beautiful sister canter

past on her coal-black pony, her long habit sweeping nearly to the ground, a snow-white plume waving on her felt hat.

After that, Fred. Malcome came to Nellie's cottage nearly every day, and I learned to watch for his coming, to listen for the ring of his step on the gravel walk, and I was lost without the sound of his voice in the parlor, as I was when the whippoorwills or crickets were silent, as I missed anything that was strangely musical.

Nellie had saved her piano from the wreck of uncle's property. Fred. was a splendid performer; I never heard such music as he threw out by handful from the magic keys, improvising the strangest melodies. He would sweep his hands over the keys, and the wildest, most intoxicating dances would whirl from his fingers, until we could almost see a band of gay gypsies dancing in the wierd moonlight, with their silvery castanets, and jewels gleaming on their dusky brows. Then the strain would change, and we could hear the wind howling over angry waters, the rocking ship, the creaking timbers, the low, despairing wail of the hapless crew as the ship went down, and the sunlight shone calm and placid on the mocking waves that surged over the dead. Then the tones grew soft, and low, and thrilling as the most passionate whisper of love; he struck a few more chords so soft and touching that our eyes grew dim with tears.

Oh, the tropical sweetness of those summer days! He used often to read to me, sitting on the veranda those dreamy afternoons, pouring all the fire of his nature into Mrs. Browning's stirring poems, until it seemed that every nerve of my being tingled with patriotism, echoing her high, heroic strains, and then melting me to tears by her plaintive "Cry of the Children." And then the exquisite music of his voice as he read "Locksley Hall" and "The Lady of Shalott," and the touching pathos of "Evangeline;" Longfellow himself could not have thrown more tenderness and feeling into the rarely beautiful poem.

And I yielded my soul to the spell that was growing around it. I forgot that toil and disappointment lay before me—that this was only a breathing-place in the great score of life; that in a few short weeks I must go back to the old routine; would the old ache come back to my heart? The shadows were slowly drifting away; would they ever again enfold me in their deepening gloom?

Fred. Malcome was strangely fascinating. There was a charm about him that seemed to carry one away from the common, every-day current of feeling, that held every nerve strung to its utmost tension, every chord of my nature at concert pitch. There was something about him that magnetized, intoxicated. Did I love this proud, bewildering man, whose presence was like the torrid heat of a tropic day. Was I not drifting out on the breakers, where my bark would be stranded on the reefs? Did he care for me, this wealthy, talented, fascinating man, and I poor, alone, dependent on my needle for my daily bread? I knew that I possessed natural refinement; that my nature was keenly alive to everything beautiful; and if I was not "handsome," I tried at least to be quiet and lady-like. But what would his aristocratic mother and sister think of one so plebeian?

He had breathed no word of love, and yet his looks and tones, and the thousand little things that women know so well how to interpret, convinced me that I had awakened more than friendly interest. I was restless and impatient when he was away, and yet could I live in an atmosphere so exciting? And why in my dreams did there come to me the image of a high, broad brow, mournful, tender eyes, and a white soft hand carelessly stroking a long, luxuriant, glossy beard, instead of the brilliant fascinating face that haunted my waking hours?

Nellie came to my room one day, where I sat idly dreaming, looking so fresh and radiant in her girlish beauty. I remember she wore a delicate flowing skirt of figured muslin, and the daintiest "Giribaldi," swinging her jaunty little hat by the strings. "Come, Mollie, Ned is in the parlor, accompanied by your very devoted admirer, Mr. Frederic Malcome, of Temple Hill;" and she made a low, sweeping courtesy; "and they are waiting for us to go with them on a pleasure excursion to Connoya lake; and now make yourself lovely as possible while I go down and make love to the gentlemen;" and she tripped gayly down the stairs, lightly humming—"Away to the meadows, away!"

One would hardly have recognized the pale, sad, worn face of two months before, in the picture my mirror showed me. My cheeks were flushed like a pink shell, their contour rounded and full; my eyes were sparkling; my form, always *petite*, lithe and willowy. I put my hair—my only beauty—plainly back

from my forehead, as I usually wore it, winding the rich braids in a heavy mass at the back of my head, and wore a few white camellias, taken from a bouquet Fred. had sent me, amid their folds. Then I dressed myself tastefully as my limited wardrobe would permit, and taking my parasol and "jockey," a present from Edward, I descended to the parlor.

Mr. Malcome received me tenderly, with one of his most fascinating smiles, flashing a thrilling look down into my soul from his dark, beaming eyes. We were soon on our way, wandering slowly along the white, hard road, that would like a huge serpent through fields of waving grain.

How beautiful the lake was, lying willow-fringed and sunlight-bathed in the arms of the grand mountains. How I enjoyed it! How every heart-string vibrated to the wondrous beauty! How we floated lightly as a gull on the ruby-tinged ripples, Fred. improvising a wild boat-song that seemed to waken a band of fairies, and set them dancing and mimicking us in the woods—or, could it have been the echoes? How we strolled out on the headland, where the elms and willows dipped their branches low into the lake; gathering tiny shells in the white sand; and what peals of merry laughter we sent far over the water, up to the hills beyond.

The sun was darting his last golden arrow into the eastern woodlands, and the reapers driving home their last load of golden sheaves, when we returned. Edward and Helen, still a pair of lovers, strolled on before, Mr. Malcome and I loitering behind. Before our dreamy walk was ended, he had told me his tale of passion, asking me, with all the fervor of his nature, to be his wife—telling me of love boundless as immensity. But there came to me as I listened the memory of a strong protecting arm, a pair of eyes melting in their soft tenderness, perhaps now growing dim on the field of battle, and again I dashed the cup overflowing with nectar from my thirsty lips.

The next day I went back to the city. Helen and Edward were indignant; such a proceeding was unheard of; but I kissed the baby for the last time, bid my cousins "good-by" with tears of overflowing gratitude, and went back to the low, dingy room.

Another long, long year of loneliness and toil. There came news of the terrible fight at Antietam. The wounded and dying were arriving

in the city hourly. I had been through the hospital, trying to soothe the despairing hearts of brave men, maimed and helpless for life, bathing hot temples in cooling water, and holding the refreshing liquid to pale, quivering lips.

At the close of the day there came a boy to my door, bringing me a note. A kind of vague chill crept over me as I opened it, and I trembled as I read:—

"Come to me, Mary, at No. 10 ——— Avenue; I am wounded—perhaps dying.

"As ever, RALPH HARLAND."

The twilight was letting down her gray veil over the face of the great city when I stole into the elegant chamber of Mr. Harland. He lay quietly on his couch, a fearful wound in his side, where a fragment of shell had torn through it. The dark hair was pushed carelessly back from the white, pallid forehead, his deep, earnest eyes were dim and bloodshot, and a sad, weary look on his face. I knelt at his bedside, and sobbed bitterly. "Mary, have you come?" How sorrowfully tender his voice was. I arose from my knees and stood beside him, taking his hand in mine. "Little darling, can you love me now? If you cannot, I have nothing to live for, and I shall die. Precious one! How I have loved her!" talking more to himself than to me—"with the full strength of my ripe manhood. Duty cannot keep her from me now—dear little love!"

And I, holding his cold hand in both mine, bent tremblingly, reverently over, and pressed warm kisses on his pale brow, telling him that I *had* loved him since the first day his great, loving eyes had looked so pityingly at me from behind the counter in the bazaar—that there was no barrier between us now, and that I *was* all his own.

I need not tell you, reader mine, that he recovered from the effect of his wound, and that I am very happy as Ralph Harland's petted wife—rest, and love, and peace, showering such joy on my life, as I never dreamed of in my brightest vision.

Oh, patient, tired heart, toiling over the hot, dusty highway of life, bearing your heavy burden, keep steadily on the path of duty and right, waiting patiently for the great happiness that will surely come at last—if not this side of the pearly gate, a far greater bliss lies beyond, where the tired feet shall rest forever.

HOMESICK.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

In vain lays laughing summer her soft hand
Upon my brow; the magic of her touch
Wakes there no joy; alas! that influence bland
But stirs the fount of sadness overmuch.
Now sits dusk eve upon the clouded west,
Smiling across the hills; in vain she smiles;
Home, and the friends my yearning heart loves best,
Lie far beyond those hills, long, long and weary
miles.

This whole drear day, smiles on my face have striven
With tears upon my heart, and bitter pain
To feel my warm impulses rudely driven,
My fresh young thoughts, back to their cells again.
Have they no world beyond this little world
They breathe in, this dull round with care so rife?
My eyes have gazed on fairy land unfurled,
Where their blind, plodding feet tread down the
heart of life.

Yet they are kind; they would not lay a word
In harshness on my ear; I have no hope
They would not grant: why, like a prisoned bird,
Still strive my bruised wings for a larger scope?

Ah! mind will not be quenched; thought seeks its
mate

Where'er it be in all the world of men;
My soul has lost its level in this state,
And leaps unto a reach beyond their little ken.

They do not come, they do not even write,
The friends who to my nature hold the key!
I have no friend here but the solemn night,
To whose cold arms I fly for sympathy;
My yearning soul cries to the moon who sits
Pale in her cloud pavilion, to each star
That o'er the eternal dome of heaven flits;
Cold, yellow beams—alas! they mock me from afar.

"This is homesickness." Thus they would console.
"Brush the white wing of pallor from your cheek,
Unlock the secret chambers of your soul
And let us in." Pshaw! I were mad to speak
All that I think, or they would deem me so,
Whose lives float empty through the hemispheres
Of night and day, while fancy's overflow,
The golden waves of thought, break vainly on
their ears.

MARGARET'S CROSS.

A day in May. A soft, ecstatic murmur in
the greening trees; a tender glory in the sky;
buttercups waving in the meadows; dandelions
set like jewels of gold in the emerald sward of
the roadside; birds singing deliriously; waters
babbling; violets springing; the air full of
sweet, delicious scents.

A day to be glad and to be sorrowful. A day
in which we stand rebuked for the untruth, and
meanness, and vain glory of our little lives;
when without affectation, and without subter-
fuge, we confess to ourselves what we are—
unworthy, weak, evil-seeing, and sin-doing—
yet praise God, with desires and capabilities
for better things, with an ever-sorrowing sense
of our mortal infirmities, an insatiate hunger
and home-sick yearning for the life divine and
altogether perfect.

It was nearing its bounds—this day of which
I write. In the silent depths of the soul con-
fessions of unworthiness had been made, and
supplications for grace voicelessly offered up;
high resolves had been formed, and allegiance
to truth newly sworn—how soon to be broken

in the unforeseen temptations of the future. He
alone, who has measured our weakness and
strength, and who knoweth our days from
beginning to end, could tell.

Three figures came out of the fragrant beech
woods, and, walking slowly across the low
meadow, paused at the orchard bars. The
green grass, starred with the white petals of the
apple blossoms descending in perfumed showers;
the glad, rich notes of the robins—sweetest
at nightfall—dropping dreamily through the
hushed air; the crimson waves of sunset roll-
ing up to the purple zenith; in the far east the
full moon hanging white and lustreless, patient
until her hour to reign should come. The
three gazed silently. The beauty of nature
touches us with sadness. So fair and excellent
our life *might* be—so poor, and vain, and empty,
our life *is*. Margaret had dropped her head
upon the stile, and was crying softly.

"What! does this heavenly day need your
moistening tears to keep it green in memory,
Margaret?"

"Forgive me, Hector—forgive me, Catharine."

The pale, sweet face was lifted up beseechingly—a face that touched the heart of the beholder with a feeling akin to pain. The passionately sad mouth; the low, white forehead, with its faint tracery of care and sorrow; the dark, melancholy, mysterious eyes, misty with unshed tears, looking straight on with an intent, despairing gaze, as if they would fain see beyond this world of strife and tumult to the peaceful Land of Promise, made up a picture whose pathos few were so insensible as not to feel.

"I did not mean to yield to any emotions of sadness," she continued, holding out a hand to each of her companions. "It is ungrateful in me so to cloud your enjoyment. But a day like this unfits me for my lot. For when I am idle I must think, and when I think I am undone. Action is better for me. Constant employment of some nature—positively hard labor, which gives me no opportunity for reflection or self-investigation, suits me best of all. Lift me over the stile, Hector, I'm going home. No, don't come with me; I'd rather you would not. You two love these quiet, peaceful moods of Nature. Stay here, romancing and sentimentalizing to your heart's content. Meantime, perhaps I may find some work in the dairy," she added, with a forced laugh. "If so, I shall be quite myself when you return. Good-by, dears."

Loving eyes watched her until she disappeared from view behind the shrubbery.

"Where is the use of trying to conceal this matter by shutting our lips upon it?" Hector asked, breaking the gloomy silence. "Margaret is very wretched."

"Alas! I fear so."

"Worse than that," he continued. "It is beyond our power to beguile her even momentarily of her misery; out of our hands to do away with the cause of her unhappiness, or to assist her in anywise to bear her heavy cross. Even sympathy we may not offer by word or look, lest by betraying our knowledge of her wretchedness we add another source of pain to the sensitive heart, already strained to breaking. There is no betterment of her unhappy condition excepting in the event of death—hers or another's. Nothing for her but to suffer in silence till the end—nothing for us but to look with stony eyes, seeing as though we saw not, perfectly conscious of her misery, yet appearing not to suspect it; knowing no word of comfort to speak—daring not to speak it if known.

Our poor pet lamb! Our darling of the flock! What evil thing has she ever done to deserve a fate like this? Is God just?"

Some lonesome bird of the night sent up a plaintive wail from the depths of the wood below the hill.

Is God just? Our life is full of turmoil and vexation. Does only so much suffering fall to our lot as comes of our transgression? Is affliction measured to us by the strict law of compensation? If so, why do the young and tender come to grief?

There was *One* who "had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth;" yet was He "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." "But He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

"Hector, I know not how to say rightly what I would," Catharine began, hesitatingly, "but I think we ought not to entertain the cramped and narrow views of life that we do. If nothing were to come after—if death ended all—then, perhaps, we might balance accounts with God in this world. But nothing is complete here. We are but laying the foundations of our house. We sow our days like seeds, but their growth ripens not in this world; their fruit we reap not till eternity. Our life is but planted here; it is rooted in the earth, but the branch and the bloom are in Heaven. And yet we talk as if this world were God's judgment-seat. When trouble comes upon our brother we say, 'Tis the reward of his sins, 'tis the fruit of his evil-doing.' How can we tell? Who but the Shepherd of souls knoweth the soul and its deservings? And God is just, Hector; though I love to think a God delighting even more in mercy than in justice. Which of us, taking into consideration every secret thought and motive of his life, but experiences a feeling of self-condemnation and unworthiness of the good of which he is the partaker? God stoops not to our low human measure; He deals not with men as man with man; and our blessings, come in what guise they may, dark or shining, are not rewards, but free gifts from His hand. I, no more than you, can see justice in the affairs of our poor Margaret's life; I can but think her deserving of a happier lot; I can in nowise discern the secret wisdom of His dealings with her; and yet I doubt not that wisdom, because it is above my comprehension. I know that He

sends no affliction upon His children that is not needed—that He lays no cross upon any soul that is not good for that soul to bear.”

“Ah, Catharine! you are of those of whom the prophet speaks—calling evil good, putting darkness for light, and bitter for sweet. Yours is a blind faith, without reason or proof.”

“Is it so? Do you hear that nighthawk above us?”

“Yes.”

“You do not see it?”

“No.”

“How do you know it is there?”

“What foolish thing are you saying, Catharine?”

“Foolish, indeed. Trying to find an illustration and proof for my faith, which, from its very nature, being an inward ‘evidence of things not seen,’ cannot be testified to by things visible. It is not enough that we have the beautiful old legend of God’s goodness floating down through the dark ages to this present day, which the sun of the millennium tinges with its rising light—but we have more, an inner witness in the rushing, as a river to the sea, of all that is pure and high and noble in us towards Him, the centre and soul of all truth, in whose hands ‘all things work together for good,’ by whose permission evil may exist, but only unto righteous ends.”

“Ah, could you argue so dispassionately if you had Margaret’s woe to bear, Catharine?”

“Could I?” Catharine bent her head thoughtfully, and was silent for a space. “I know not with what grace I should bear a lot like hers; yet *this* I know, the heavy burden could never be lifted until submissively borne. The evil deplored remains an evil until it be accepted as a good.”

“You think there is no peace for Margaret, then, but in submission.”

“What else is left to promise peace? Rebellion against fate brings only heart-burning, and wilder tumult, and greater suffering.”

“Oh, are you sure you feel to the full the hardness of her lot? A pure, high, sensitive spirit, linked for all time in the closest relations to a nature coarse, sordid, and grovelling, with no appreciation of those higher qualities of virtue, goodness, and truth, which are the aim of all living—a glorious soul, with a lofty scorn of all things base and mean, gifted with high aspirations, and moved by all noble impulses to reach the highest possibilities of human life, yet fated to walk side by side with one whose

goal is worldly wealth, and who would sacrifice to low and filthy ends truth, honor, self-respect, all that the reverent soul holds dear, even his heavenly hopes, if he have such, which I sometimes doubt. Not one link of sympathy between them; not one thought in common; every feeling and taste at variance, yet bound together in the closest and most sacred of all human relations—husband and wife. A bird of the air with wings clipped, and fettered to a barnyard fowl! Think of it!”

“I do think of it, and more. For painfully true as these things are, I know there is a sharper pang for the heart of our poor girl in the thought that from all others she chose this man as the impersonation of honor, nobleness, magnanimity, chivalry, and tenderness—kingly qualities which all women admire and most women worship in men, yielding up their own perceptions of right, and submitting in pure devotedness to be ruled by another’s conscience. In her girlish simplicity—in the blindness of a first love—rarely, if ever, the true love, its very sweetness and intoxication rendering discrimination between truth and falsehood next to impossible—she bound herself irrevocably to one who has it not in his nature to make her happy, though he love her never so truly. Self-deceived she certainly was, yet I think Harland’s transfiguration lay not wholly in her eyes, for, touched by the sacred fire of love, he did, for a space, seem other than he was. But nature and habit were strong with the man; and the wooing over, the glow of romance quite dead, he settled back on the old track of living, and brought into daily associations with her fancied hero, a sad awakening inevitably awaited our poor dreamer. God help all those to whom such awakenings do come! They are more than all we know. Useless, worse than useless, are regrets and self-reproaches; harrowing to the soul every backward-glancing thought; dangerous to her peace the seducing visions of a life which ‘might have been.’ The best that remains is to gather what good she may from the life that is, trusting humbly in God for the adjustment of its evil.”

“Ah, but I greatly fear that ‘regrets’ and ‘backward-glancing thoughts,’ and seducing visions of a life once possible, do harrow her soul and endanger her peace. Coming unexpectedly upon her the other day, I found her weeping passionately over ‘Maud Muller,’ and so absorbed in grief that she did not notice my approach. What word could I speak that would

comfort and not wound? I knew none, and I did what I think she could have wished me to do under the circumstances—quietly withdraw without betraying my presence. Taking up the book afterwards, I found the pages of that simple story of disappointed hearts stained and blistered with many tears, seeming to have fallen thicker and faster towards the sorrowful close.”

“Dear heart! Her cross is new. And it is hard to bear. She looks through all the coming years, and knows not how she shall endure her heavy burden till the end, for as yet she has not learned in whom is her strength. She sees no escape but in death, and death is long in coming to the wretched. But light will break anon.”

A whippoorwill at the edge of the wood sent its melancholy cry across the brook meadow. Is the call of that bird really mournful, or do we only come to think it so from some sad association?

“If we could only know the significance of the many strange events of life,” spoke doubting Hector, his eyes bent upon the ground, his face looking dark and troubled in the dusky light.

“Let it content us that there is a significance and a wise one,” was gently answered. “We

may not be God’s interpreters—you and I. Here a little, and there a little, we may gather of His plans in our journey of life; but putting all together at the end we can still ‘know but in part.’ Can we judge of the beauty and fragrance of the perfect flower by one of its petals? or of the vastness of the ocean by a handful of its water? The events of time are but an atom in the great circle of our life. A perfect knowledge of the whole we finite creatures cannot have, but faith answereth for knowledge. Let us trust humbly in God, for with Him are the issues of life.”

The red light had gone quite out in the west, and in its purple heart, the evening star was burning with mild and kindly light. In the east the moon rode like a silver ship on a serene sea. Above was holiness, peace, and eternal calm. Below, the troubled world tossed to and fro in vague unrest, full of doubts, full of pains, full of woes, full of questionings, striving always for some imagined good, seeking ever to praise the mysteries of the Infinite. Above was holiness, peace, eternal calm—below was sin, and tumult, and finite suffering. But there remaineth a rest.

“For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”

ARE YOU WAITING, WILL?

BY S. O. C.

On you distant, shining shore,
Where bright flowers bloom evermore,
Just across the “fearful river,”
Where the golden sunbeams quiver
Through the boughs of life’s fair tree,
Are you waiting there for me?

Are you waiting at the portal
Of the beauteous gate immortal?
Waiting for the love to enter
’Round whom all your hopes did centre?
There, where all is pure and free,
Are you waiting, Will, for me?

Are you kneeling at the throne,
Asking God to bless your own?
Guide her through this starless night
To a purer, holier light?
Lead her to your home so fair?
Are you waiting for me there?

Does the glory of your sphere,
All undimmed by sorrow’s tear,
Chase earth’s lovelight from your view
Like the sun the morning dew?
No, too near akin to Heaven
Is the love to true hearts given.

Can the spirit in its change,
From this world to Heaven’s broad range,
E’er forget the love it bore
For its kin on earthly shore?
No, it cannot, cannot be—
Will is waiting there for me.

Oh, what hope the thought inspires!
Blasted all earth’s fond desires,
I will turn my thoughts to Heaven,
Where love-ties are never risen.
Ever wait, dear Will, for me,
I am coming unto thee.

SOLILOQUY, No. 1.

BY AN ODD STICK.

Cousin Mattie was right when she used to call me an odd stick. I am indeed odd—the very reverse of even; for I belong to nobody and nobody to me, now that Cousin Mattie is married. Yes, Mattie was right—right. Nothing is plainer to be seen than that I am an odd stick. *Nobody* cares for *me*—plenty of people make love to my *money*, or would be glad to. Now that Mattie—Mattie, who was my all—is to be the light of another's home, what is there left for me? This splendid mansion is desolate. I cannot stay in it. It shall be sold to-morrow. I will go to my country-house—to the dear old comfortable homestead. But the graves of my lost ones—of father, mother, sisters and brother are there, and not a living soul to welcome me save old servant Jencks and his wife. No, that will never do; they would have to lay me beside the others in less than six months, and my life possibly may be good for something—for what possible thing I cannot imagine—yet it is none the less my duty to preserve it.

That was a desperate moment in which I learned that my Mattie loved—not me, but *another*. I was tempted to defy fate, circumstance, chance or Providence—to take my life in my own rash hands, and leave this earth that needed me, wanted me not. This very moment the tempter is at my elbow, urging me still to the horrible deed. Satan, avaunt!

Oh, my soul, what if thou art alone—forsaken? Canst thou be sure it would be otherwise in that land of mystery whither thou wouldst rashly flee? Who would welcome thee there? “Mother!—father!” What evil spirit dared to whisper those dear names? Yes, mother—father, ye *are* there, waiting in the spirit land—waiting to welcome your lonely orphan son. Even now I see your pure spirits, redeemed from sin, purified, glorified; but, ye frown upon me. In your shadowy eyes beams a sweet, sad reproach, which is silently saying, “Rash spirit, hasten not hither. Not yet art thou disciplined by life; not yet art thou fitted to enjoy celestial happiness. Full soon will thy summons come. Wait and work; wait and pray!—work for humanity, and God will comfort, God will bless thee!”

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Father, mother, I will wait. Life, I come back to thee! Thy cares, thy sorrows, thy loneliness I will bear. I will work, wait, pray and hope for the—blessing.

But Mattie! Ah, deep wounds cannot heal in a moment. My God, give me strength to bear. I will not murmur at the pain. Yet I am human; I cannot ignore the suffering I endure.

Mattie! How *could* she promise to love me for all time? How could she promise to be mine, and then forsake me?—then love—then marry another? But Mattie was not false—Mattie was not heartless. No, I acquit her of all blame. The fault was mine, to ask her heart too young. She had had no other near friend. I had been her world. I was to her father, mother, sister, brother and friend; for of these she and I had none, save each other. And what was she not to me? Oh, how can I be sane now, and think of it?

She has always loved me—she loves me now; but ah! with how different a feeling from that which she has for him! No, I cannot blame Mattie, though she has torn my heart; she was but true. She believed that she loved me until she met him.

How frank were her words—how wounding from their very tenderness—how free her manner from the young miss-ism that so often in others of her age disgusts me. “I thought, dear cousin, that I loved you with all my heart; in very truth I did, until I met Charley; then I was astonished at myself. I was frightened. I could not believe it possible that my heart had become so wicked as to be false to you. My heart waked up. I knew that I loved you the same as ever—you were the same dear, kind cousin; but, I never began to live till I knew Charley.”

Yes, Mattie, the sin would have been for you to keep your promise to me—that promise from which I so gladly, yet oh, so sorrowfully, release you. And now what remains to me in life?

Womanly love? Yet that persistent whisper breathing in my soul! I know full well that Mattie is not the only jewel in the world. No doubt there are others, as good—as pure; but what is that to me? This little white rose-bush

in my study window is but one—is mine. There are magnificent flowers in many regal parterres; but I have not nursed them with my own hand. They are aliens; they are unknown to me; this has grown up with me; I have watched and cared for it, till it seems almost a part of myself. Thousands of more stately plants could not fill its place in my study window, and in my lonely heart. True emblem of Mattie is this fragrant white rose. Others may outrival her; they are not—Mattie herself.

But, I *must* forget her. I must root up my tender white rose—must give it into the keeping of strangers; shall I plant another in its place? Can it be done? The white rose was not the right one. Perchance there is a damask, or a blush rose, or a wild sweet-brier, waiting somewhere for my kind and careful culture. Shall the right one wait in vain, and fade, and die—alone?

But—oh, these horrifying “buts!”—but, there is my unfortunate fortune! How many beauteous daughters—how many wise mammas have angled for that fish. Were I but poor, I should know who are my friends; now ’tis impossible, unless indeed I become poor.

I would be a soldier—I would give my life for my country; but—another very disagreeable but—I limp. No regiment would admit a cripple like me. Oh, it would be glorious to die in the cause of right, of freedom—to die in battle—to have done with this heavy heart-ache!—patience, my soul—such lot is not for thee!

Ah, now I have it! Life and labor are not all that can aid my country in this time of trial. There is something which even I can sacrifice—my fortune. A fortune I do not need—a competence I can retain, and yet spare some thousands for my country’s aid. But in the world’s eye I will become poor. No one need know what I do with my own. It is easy enough so to manage as to make people think that I have lost my wealth. I will do so—and—I will work. Nothing can do my restless, tossing, unhappy mind so much good as healthy, active, earnest employment. The stimulus which my collegiate studies so late afforded, is gone with the moment of triumphant graduation. Nothing in the world to do since then. What a worthless dreamer have I been! No wonder I have almost gone mad over the loss of Mattie. I must have something to busy my hands and my mind.

SOLILOQUY, No. 2.

That was all well managed. Everybody believes me poor. To my country I have given some thousands of “material aid;” to the world I have given the startling rumor that I, Myself, Esq. has become suddenly poor by the misinvestment of funds in foreign stock. My palace-prison is sold. Mattie gone, it was no longer a home to me; I am working for my daily bread. A fine situation I have—private tutor to two obstreperous boys, with board and a salary of three hundred a year—in the very midst of the aristocratic society, where but a short time ago I was a courted, flattered, lionized “great catch.”

Oh, it is better than a dozen fortunes to have this rare “opening” for the study of human nature. The cold shoulders, the averted faces, the frigid “good mornings” that I meet! How I laugh in my sleeve at the ninnies, the noodles, the fawning, heartless throng of sycophants I once called friends. “He is *poor*,” sneered Miss Bertha Sheen to her cousin, at the reception party below stairs last night.

“What makes you notice him then at all?” inquires her waxy, insipid cousin, Seraphina.

“Oh, I’ll keep him dangling at my elbow awhile; ’twill be fine sport to make him propose, and then be all taken by surprise at his declaration—to tell him I never dreamed of his aspiring to the honor of my hand—never thought his attentions meant anything beyond mere politeness.”

Finely said, Miss Bertha Sheen. Do I not smile at you? Did I not read you, even before I chanced to overhear that charming little innocent confession? I shall aspire to the hand of an heiress—ay, my regal Miss Bertha, an heiress of such untold wealth as thou in thy heartless folly didst never dream of possessing. My beloved shall be undisputed possessor of priceless mines of truth and innocence, exhaustless hoards of tenderness, flawless diamonds of integrity, untold jewels of mental worth and enduring love. If I mistake not, I have *found* my heiress, too. She who once kept in the distant background, hidden by blossoms of more showy growth; she whom I scarcely ever beheld, so timidly did she shrink from my presence; she who once, when others flattered and courted, dared scarcely address me more than the very slightest words of greeting. Lenore, fair but true, poor but lovely, educated but unassuming. By the way, these are very pleasant “buts.” She, Lenore, now some-

times lifts her eyes to mine; she soothes when others slight me; she flashes back resentment and reproof from out her speaking eyes when money-worshippers, who think me now no longer rich, presume to ridicule where once they fawned. Yes, Lenore is good, is lovely, is just and true. Her cheek pales and flashes at my presence. As Mattie loved not me, but Charley, so may not Lenore love me—*even me?* I will see.

SOLILOQUY, No. 3.

How flutteringly she said "yes." She had loved me when I loved Mattie—when she knew that I loved not her. She feared I might think that was unmaidenly; but, she had not sought me; she had looked for no return of love—it had been happiness enough to think of me; had I been linked in life to Mattie, had Mattie made my life a happy one, she could have asked for nothing more.

Nothing more than *to see me happy*, even though with another, and not herself. Oh, the devotion of a true-hearted woman! All man's heroism cannot equal it in grandeur. Lenore, God bless thy noble, tender woman's heart. May I never harden and grow cold beneath the sunshine of thy love. May I never do aught to make thy life other than happy.

A rich surprise I shall have in store for thee, my love. My palace-home shall come back again to my hands. No, I will build another, as fair, and better suited to my taste and thine. The old homestead. I will rebuild that. I will embellish it within, without. I will resume my still sufficient fortune, and this sham, this

artificial world, that has been scorning me, shall by and by, in my own chosen time, have the laugh of derision turned upon itself.

SOLILOQUY, No. 4.

"Home, happy home, man's and woman's dearest blessing, thou art mine at last. How the world has stared and wondered! How it has blushed at its own folly, and apologized! How it has striven to be taken back into favor. After all said and done, he's not poor!"

Oh, a snap for the good or the ill-will of them all. Some few *friends* I have; those friends I prize as the miser prizes gold. Among them all Lenore, my wife, is best, truest, dearest. Mattie and her Charley come next. Poor Mattie, in her fulness of generosity for my giving her up to Charley, would have stripped herself of her own rightful inheritance and given it to me, had I consented. There is nothing false in her or Charley. I do, though, sometimes wonder at myself that I could ever have been so miserable for Mattie, when I knew Lenore. Ah, I did *not* know her in those days. Even yet I do not; at least, most firmly do I believe that I do not know half the depth of tenderness and nobleness that lies hidden in her nature, as buried ore beneath the smiling landscape.

I am happy. My God, I thank Thee. Teach me to look up to Thee now in my hours of joy, so that when time, who robs all mortals of their earthly treasures, shall come to rifle mine, making me old and desolate, or sending me to the tomb, I may find sure consolation and enduring peace in *Thy* eternal love.

STILL TRUE TO ME.

BY GARRIS MYER.

The mists of darkness and of doubt
That lately hung so thick about
My weary soul, from day to day,
Have vanished with the night away.

I come without the pain of fear
To see this summer beauty here;
There is no breath of grief or gloom—
I wander where June roses bloom.

It was not so! He is unchanged!
He could not be from me estranged,
Still true to me! Oh, I am blest,
Amid this light and joy to rest!

Distrust of one so loved and true,
The bitterness my spirit knew,
The wild, wild thoughts with which I've striven—
For this—for all, I am forgiven.



THE RECTOR'S APPEAL TO FARMER HURST.

THE TRANSFORMED VILLAGE;

OR, WHAT MAY BE EFFECTED BY PERSEVERANCE AND PRAYER.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

Continued from page 367.

CHAPTER V.

The time went by. How were matters progressing in the village? On the whole, satisfactorily. With the strenuous exertions of Mr. Mayne, it could not well be otherwise. His whole time and energies were given to his flock; he encouraged them in their worldly labors; he strove to lift them above their cares; he gently persuaded them to good; talking to them of heaven, of its peace, its glory, and its rest—heaven, which was within the reach of all. He never failed, day by day, to shut himself up in his own chamber, alone with himself and with God. There he laid

before the Father his tribulations, discouragements, and doubts; and there he prayed that the Divine blessing might rest upon his labors, and prosper them to bright issues.

And he had cause to believe that they were being blessed, for the village was indeed greatly improved, compared with the state in which he had found it sunk; and that improvement was not at a standstill, but was going gradually on. Of course, it was yet very far from what could be wished; few good things in this world are effected on a sudden; Rome, remember, was not built in a day. As regarded the upper or wealthy classes, but a slight change was per-

ceptible, and in some not any: they were performing very creditably their duties for this world, but they were not preparing for eternity. Their pastor was perplexed as to what should be his course towards them: he saw the danger of the path they were complacently pursuing, but he could not make them see it. He had ventured on some hints and warnings, which were received politely, and that was all. For instance, he had hinted to Squire Hooper, that the month he was laid up with his ankle (for a month it was) might have been a quiet season specially granted him by God, to enable him to indulge that reflection which might lead to repentance; for that such warning seasons are granted to all men there is no doubt. Squire Hooper laughed good-humoredly, and there it ended. And others, too, laughed in the same way. Far rather would the minister have had to combat with open sin; for who are so difficult to arouse as the self-sufficient? As to the school, it was flourishing, and the gentry had come forward with funds, so that a paid mistress was now employed.

The poachers, Bowen and Simms, had been committed by the magistrates for trial at the July assizes; but in July, Bush, the game-keeper and principal witness against them, was dangerously ill, so the trial was postponed till the following March. Squire Hooper, a humane man, was vexed that they should remain so long in prison before their legal punishment commenced, and he almost determined not to appear as prosecutor. Failing that, they would be released. Mr. Mayne hoped it would be so: he had been twice to the assize town to see them in the county prison, and they appeared sincerely penitent. They both told him, with evident emotion, that when released they would henceforth live differently. The chaplain of the prison also gave a good account of them, and said he believed they had profited by his counsels.

Mr. Mayne was standing at his gate one evening, enjoying the beauty of the summer twilight, when Bush came by, walking with a stick, for he was still weak from his recent illness. He and Mr. Mayne fell to talking of the poachers.

"Whether master prosecutes or not, their being took up has been a lesson to the rest of the loose ones here, sir. We have not been troubled much since."

"I hope the loose characters here are better in many ways, Bush," returned Mr. Mayne.

"Master's ill," continued Bush. "Did you know it, sir?"

"Is he? What is the matter with him?"

"Well, sir, I'm afraid it may be through a little imprudence of his own. A day or two ago he was in the fields with the men, and had heated himself very much; a hot perspiration he was in, and he went home and drank a large pull of cider, cold from the cellar. They say it has brought on inward inflammation."

"I wonder I did not hear of his illness. I am truly sorry."

"As to your not hearing, sir, I believe it was not thought serious of till this afternoon. I have come from the house now, and he is in dreadful pain, and Mr. Jeffs has sent off to the town for a physician."

Mr. Mayne went in-doors to tell his wife where he was going, and then bent his steps to the squire's. Here he saw Mrs. Hooper, who came to him in much concern.

"I do trust there is no absolute danger," she said; "but there is little doubt that it is a severe attack of inflammation, caused by the draught of cold cider. Mr. Jeffs thought it might be as well to have further advice, and we are expecting a physician."

"Can I see Squire Hooper?" asked Mr. Mayne.

"Not to-night: he is in too great pain to admit any one. I hope he will be better to-morrow, and then I know he will be very glad to see you."

As Mr. Mayne walked home, he overtook Richard Dean, who seemed to have his hands full, with a basket and other things. "You are out late, Richard. What's that? Eels?"

"They are for that poor bed-ridden body near to us, sir," he explained. "She has been crying out for eels this day or two past, so I went to the pond this evening before sunset to see if I couldn't get her a few, and my wife says she'll cook them."

The words gave Mr. Mayne pleasure. "It is what you would not have done some little time ago," said he: "you would scarcely have taken the trouble then to help a fellow-creature, whether sick or well."

"No, that I should not, sir," was the prompt reply; "and I am truly thankful that you came here to awaken me to the state of selfishness and pride in which I was sunk; and a great many more of us, I fancy, have cause to be thankful to you for the same thing."

"We can only serve God actively by helping

our fellow-men, Richard Dean. Go on, and prosper." And the rector walked home with a heart to the full as thankful as was that of Richard Dean.

The following morning, before it was light, Mr. and Mrs. Mayne were aroused by a shaking of the outer gate, which was only separated from the house by a small paved yard. "It must be some one who cannot find the bell," exclaimed the rector, as he arose and opened the window. In the starlight of the early morning he could discern a man through the bars of the iron gate: it was one of Squire Hooper's servants. "What is it?" asked Mr. Mayne, a thrill of apprehension passing through him.

"Oh, sir, would you make haste up to master? He is dying."

"Dying!" uttered Mr. Mayne.

"Yes, sir, dying. They say he has not above an hour or two to live."

You may be sure Mr. Mayne was not long in dressing himself. As they went along, the servant told what particulars he knew. His master had been in shocking pain all night, and the doctors had applied leeches and hot fomentations; and when the pain grew better all of a sudden, then they said he was dying.

Oh, what a house of confusion and distress it was when Mr. Mayne entered! The whole household was up, and lights were moving about from room to room. The eldest son was absent, being too far off to be sent for. Mrs. Hooper came to conduct Mr. Mayne to the chamber, her face streaming with tears.

"My husband blames me for not sending you to him last evening," she exclaimed: "he says you might then have been in time to afford him consolation. But it would have been all the same, for he did not know that he was dying, and would not have been likely to enter upon topics connected with eternity."

Squire Hooper, from his death-bed, cast his hands and his yearning eyes towards Mr. Mayne, his face a picture of lively anguish. The medical men drew away from the bed to a distance: they could do nothing if they remained near it, and they recognized the functions of the minister. Mr. Mayne took those eager hands in his.

"I am dying!" he panted; "in an hour I shall meet my Maker. Where is my hope?"

Reader! a faithful minister meets with many painful scenes; but there are none so charac-

teristic of distressing embarrassment as those similar to the above. In his humane sympathy he does not like to withhold consolation; but in his faithfulness he knows not how to afford it. Look at the scene before Mr. Mayne. Here was a man who had lived a moral and praiseworthy life, socially speaking, who had enjoyed the esteem and respect of his friends and the love of his family, but who had not lived to serve God, and who had never tried to make a friend of his Saviour. And now the hour was come that earthly ties were being dis severed, and he was summoned to meet the God whom he had neglected! Well might the damp stream from his brow, and his heart be rent with agony unutterable, as he poured forth the question, "Where is my hope?"

"Nay," said Mr. Mayne, in his own distress and embarrassment, "let me hear from yourself where it is."

"I do not feel to have a hope," he whispered, the nervous clasp of his hands tightening. "I seem to have done my duty to my worldly connections, but not to God. I have not thought of Him; I have not worked for Him; I have not loved Him; I have been honest, and just, and kind, a good husband, a good father, a good friend and master, but I have not striven to serve God."

"Oh, that you had!" Mr. Mayne uttered, from the very depths of his sorrowing heart.

"I did not think of it," Squire Hooper continued, panting with excitement. "It was not that I would not serve Him, but I did not think of it: and now the time has gone by! Oh, that I had but a year—a month—a week more time granted me to find my Saviour! Dare I go to him at this the twelfth hour? He pardoned and blessed the thief upon the cross."

But it is not fit that these scenes should be penetrated too closely, and we will leave the minister alone with the dying man. In an hour it was over, and his soul had flown from the world forever.

When Mr. Mayne left the house, the east was bright with the herald of the approaching sun. A lovely day was about to dawn, but Squire Hooper would not see it. Mr. Mayne's heart was heavy, for the death scene he had quitted was but the type of too many similar ones. Raising his eyes, he saw Mr. Hurst advancing towards him—a tall, portly man, with a ruddy countenance. He was a wealthy farmer, and another specimen of the state of Christianity (or the want of it) obtaining at Westhamlet.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayne: have you been to Squire Hooper's? I came along, thinking I might see some of his people, and inquire how he is. Do you know?"

"He is dead."

Mr. Hurst fell back a step, and lifted his hands. "How awfully sudden! I can scarcely believe it. Dead!"

The farmer turned back, and Mr. Mayne walked with him, describing the supposed cause of death, and the course the disorder had taken. They came thus to Mr. Hurst's grounds. What a well-kept fold-yard! what substantial rick-yards! and the farmer proudly pointed out the signs of his wealth, though Mr. Mayne had seen them before. His stock was large and in fine order, his hay was piled up in weather-defying ricks, his corn in capacious barns. "I have been lucky these last few seasons, and have made money fast," he said; "in a little time I shall give up farming, and have nothing to do but enjoy myself."

Mr. Mayne hazarded a remark: "Life was not made for enjoyment alone."

"For me it has not been," was the answer. "The best part of my life has been spent in work, or I should not be the rich man I am. There is not a larger dealer than I am for miles round."

"But why do you seek to acquire so much wealth?"

"The more I gain, the better off I shall be when I retire to live at my ease. I might give up to-morrow if I pleased; but I want to be richer first."

"Mr. Hurst," said the minister, after a pause, "I have long thought of speaking seriously to you, and the death-bed I have now come from impresses more forcibly the obligation upon me. Remember I am your pastor, and in a measure responsible for your spiritual welfare. I fear that your time is occupied with your worldly interests, to the complete exclusion of those pertaining to eternity."

"I have really no time for these sort of things, Mr. Mayne," said the farmer, in a tone of apology. "When I have left my occupation, and settled down into quiet life, then I will attend to them."

"Do you know that numbers upon numbers have said, and are saying, the same thing?" returned the rector. "Their days, their nights I may almost say, are devoted to the acquiring of wealth. If a word of warning is given them that they are neglecting to acquire wealth of

another sort—wealth that will never perish—they reply as you have just done. When their busy days are over, and they have retired with a competency, then they will begin to think about preparing for eternity. But it too often happens that they never do begin to think about it. The other anticipations come to pass, the competency and the retiring, but not the preparing for the everlasting future. They have so long been living in neglect of God, their habits of indifference are so confirmed, have laid such fast hold upon them, that they cannot be broken through. They still put off from day to day, and from year to year. 'I will begin soon,' they repeat over to themselves whenever a merciful twinge of conscience makes itself heard; but that 'soon' never comes, and then death surprises them, and they go, horror-stricken, terror-stricken, into the next world, having only lived for this."

"Ah, that's a true picture, I fear, of many a case," acquiesced the farmer, seriously. "In about two years from this I shall be settling down to comfort and quiet, and I'll take care not to neglect the one thing needful."

"In about two years," slowly repeated the minister. "You assume the future confidently. Is it in your own hands?"

"Why—no," was the somewhat hesitating answer. "But I am a healthy man, and in the prime of life."

"And what was Squire Hooper?"

"Ah! true, true! poor fellow!"

Mr. Mayne gazed at his companion with the utmost concern expressed in his face. "I do fear that the Holy Scriptures are to you almost as a sealed book. Jesus Christ said, 'Take heed and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' You remember the parable which followed?"

"I think I do."

"Think!" echoed Mr. Mayne. "I had better repeat it. 'The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully. And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' Now," added Mr. Mayne, "is not this case almost precisely similar to yours?"

"Just as if it had been written for it," was the assenting answer.

"Then listen to the ending, though I cannot but suppose that I am repeating what you know full well. 'But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided.' So," continued our Saviour, 'is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God.'"

A silence ensued when Mr. Mayne ceased. The farmer plucked some stalks of corn, then ripe for the sickle, for it was a late year, and threw them away again, one by one: he was lost in thought.

"There are your treasures laid up," resumed Mr. Mayne, pointing to the buildings, so rich in their contents, "and all your efforts are spent in adding to them; but not the faintest shadow are you laying up for God. If your soul should be suddenly called—and it may be, as the rich man's was in Christ's parable, nay, as your neighbor's has been within this hour—what will be its fate? Barns heavy with corn,

rick-yards crowded with hay, gold and silver stored up in banks and in securities, purchased houses and lands, home comforts, the luxury of good living—what will these profit when your soul is winging its flight to a land where they avail not? In that hour riches make themselves wings, pleasures and all things that appear most desirable on earth flee away, and leave the soul utterly naked and desolate. The poorest, the most despised man in this world's good, if he has but laid up store for his soul, will be far better off than you."

Farmer Hurst's brow looked heated, and he took out his handkerchief to wipe it. "I fear," said he, "I ought to think of these things."

"Yes, you ought to think of them now, and not wait until your coffers shall be filled. The present is the only time that we can count upon as ours; the future is God's, and it may not be His pleasure ever to give it to us. You can pay all proper and sufficient attention to your treasures here, and yet be laying up treasure for eternity. My dear friend, I pray you think of this."

[To be continued.]

OUR DEAD.

No fitting dream may cross the seal-set eyes;
Nor tidings flush the sweet face with surprise:
In saint-like grace, calm and unmoved, she lies.
No touch may thrill the hand that lies at rest;
Nor joy nor hope throb in the quiet breast:
'Tis wondrous strange—and yet, dear heart, 'tis
best!

She from her soft, warm couch, alas! must go;
Her new bed's coldness she will never know,
Nor if the coverlet be new-fall'n snow.

We lay her down as though a sleeping child,
And hush our grief—it must not be too wild—
Her dead face bears a hope as though she smil'd.
And when the grave shall ope like ripen'd flow'r,
The quicken'd seed on wings of unseen pow'r
Shall rise, and germ, and bud. Then, till that hour,
We patient wait; and though our tears still fall,
A solemn quiet comes to us withal,
That from the grave, the winding-sheet, the pall,
Our living dead shall come.

SLEEP, GENTLE SISTER, SLEEP!

BY A. E. C.

Sleep, gentle sister, sleep! ah, would that I might dare
To press my lips to thine, or stroke thy silken hair!
I wonder why that smile, and what thy dreams may
be,
For though thine eyes are closed, I know they some-
thing see;
It seems an angel's finger had closed each snowy
lid,
Then spread his wings about thee, intrusion to
forbid.

Sleep, gentle sister, sleep! I almost envy now
The settled joy and peace that rests upon thy brow—
That happy, bright young brow! so beautiful, so fair,
The tender temples shaded with waves of shining hair.

How beautiful that sleep! a something holy seems
To hover round thy form, and bring thee gentle
dreams.

Oh, sister! may no weight of grief be ever thine to
bear,
And may thy little rosy lips their happy smile still
wear,
The same unruffled calm and peace be stamped
upon thy brow,
When future years have passed away, that beautify
it now.

And may those eyes, so softly closed, never
awake to weep
The bitter tears of agony. Sleep, gentle sister, sleep!

RICHARD GRAHAM'S LOVE

BY LAURA J. [ARTER] RITTENHOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

A busy, thriving village had sprung up out in the far West, and the daring, pushing thing, crept almost up to the quiet home of old farmer Wayne. You could see the church spires from his door, and hear the musical chime of the car-bells as the trains whizzed over the railroad. Only a long green lane lay between the farmer's gate and the village blacksmith shop. Of dark nights you could see the red sparks flying, and hear the heavy hammer, as it fell on the huge anvil.

Walking up this lane one calm summer evening, was sweet Millicent Wayne, singing a cheery song as she sauntered along, and swinging by the strings her gingham sunbonnet. Richard Graham walked briskly after her, whistling a low tune, and thinking all the while that of all the fair pictures he had ever seen in his life, Millicent Wayne was the brightest and fairest. A sturdy, manly fellow was Richard Graham—not a particle handsome; but he had a great honest soul, that flashed now and then out of his blue eyes, and a noble intellect that expanded daily under his careful training. I would love to have such a man for a friend. I could always rely on his steadfast truth.

Millicent Wayne turned her pretty head and welcomed the young man with a bright smile. His great heart throbbed quickly as he felt all the sunshine of that smile; it diffused itself all over him—changed him from a patient, quiet man, to an impatient, eager one. He wanted to know if Millicent Wayne cared for him; he wanted to take the small hand she extended to receive the scarlet blossoms he gave to her, and kiss it a hundred times over. A greedy man Richard Graham became at sight of Millicent Wayne—a foolish, greedy man. He wanted to clasp her in his arms, and fold her up bodily in his heart, to reign there his idol forever.

Millicent kept on talking to him in her artless, winning way; but Richard was almost rude that evening; he scarcely heard half she said to him, and his face was flushed and thoughtful. Without comprehending her words, her voice sent its music thrillingly to his heart. She was to him a clear-voiced bird—a sweet, timid flower. He longed to have the songster

flutter to his heart—to have the flower live and bloom for him alone. And Richard Graham nerved himself to hear his fate before they reached her home. If she loved him, he would devote all his life, his energy, his love, to making her happy; but if she did not—he could not bear to think of such a result. So he commenced in his straightforward, honest way, blushing and paling like a girl as he spoke. “Millicent Wayne, I love you. Will you marry me?”

The young girl stopped in her amazement, and looked searchingly in his face. She could read nothing but eagerness and truth there. That Richard Graham could love her had never occurred to her for a moment, and the knowledge that he did so, sent the scarlet blood to her face. She had known him for several years, and had always thought him an earnest, noble-souled man; had prided herself that he was her friend, and as such had loved him. But anything nearer or dearer than this he had never been to her. All the sensitiveness and generosity of her soul rose up within her. What should she say to this man, whose few words, with their simple eloquence and depth had laid bare his heart and revealed her image? How could she drag from around him the sweet hopes of years, and rudely replace them with gloom and bitterness? All this while he stood silent and immovable before her, trying to prepare himself to meet his fate bravely, as a man should, and yet feeling that all the happiness of a lifetime must be decided by her words.

At last she spoke, her words almost choked down by her rising tears. “Richard, it wrings my own heart, the fearful knowledge that you love me; because I cannot be your wife; because even before I met you first, my love was given to another.”

She tried to steady her voice; but she could not see the white, agonized look of his face, her eyes were so full of tears. She laid her hand on his arm; he felt the sympathizing touch, but it did not soothe him. It only told him that he could never kiss and call it his own; that she was lost to him forever. He took the slender fingers in his hand, and looked down solemnly into the sweet, upturned face.

Then from afar off he could see the white mists of steam, and hear the flutter and noise of the old saw-mill, and he felt as if at every turn of the glittering wheel his heart must be torn and crushed afresh. He looked up and down the lane with a long, yearning gaze; he took in at a glance all its beauties—the border of white elder blossoms on either side of the grassy path; the birds fluttering among the snowy sprays; the last golden beams of the setting sun, and then his eyes wandered back to the fair, fresh face, and in his utter loneliness and anguish he could not check the groan that came from his pallid lips. Then he stooped down and left a long loving kiss on the smooth brow of the girl; for one moment clasped her in his strong arms, then said fervently—“Peace, and love, and happiness be with you all the days of your life, Milicent Wayne. May the one you love treasure and protect you as I should have done. Do not think of my sorrows. Believe me man enough to strive to go through the world cheerfully, even though I shall not be blessed by having you with me. Good-by, and God bless you!”

Then he turned and walked away slowly, only pausing when he got to the foot of the lane to look again at the motionless form of the woman he loved above all earthly things; to see the girlish face saddened and stained with tears; to drink in with a fond passionate glance the brown, sunny head, and slender graceful form, and then go on vaguely and gloomily in his walk, feeling that every step was a broad chasm between them.

CHAPTER II.

Milicent Wayne sat in the large low kitchen of the old farmhouse one night in early autumn. A bright wood-fire burned on the old-fashioned fireplace, the red light revealing the rows of glittering tin pans and the clean white floor. Milicent was busy paring apples, her small fingers flying rapidly over the red and golden fruit, her face lighted up from the happy fires that glowed within her heart. She wore a brown calico dress, with a little white ruffle close around her slender throat; her cheeks were as rosy as the apples she pared, and her brown hair falling low upon her white forehead, was arranged with charming simplicity, half in curls, half in a heavy coil at the back of her head. She was looking unconsciously pretty that night; so thought Claude Maynard, as he stood silently in the door for a few moments,

drinking in with loving eyes the pretty picture before him, hoarding up this scene in his memory as one more golden grain to be garnered away and brought forth in the future.

An instinct seemed to whisper of his presence, and she looked towards the door where he was standing, not in a startled way, but with a quiet gladness shining from her eyes. She smiled when she saw him, her cheeks glowing a brighter rose-color. “*I felt* that you were near me, Claude.”

“What kind of connecting link has drawn us so closely together that you can tell I am near without seeing me? Is it that our souls are so completely mingled together that neither is perfect without the other?—that nature, feeling a portion of herself withdrawn, sends out tendrils that will cling to nothing but the missing half, and instinct telegraphs that the lost is found?”

“What nonsense are you talking, Claude? I am sure there is nothing strange about it. Somebody has simplified and beautified what you have been saying—

“Two souls with but a single thought—
Two hearts that beat as one.”

“Yes, that is it; you are the best half of my soul—the purest half of my thoughts. Your goodness elevates me to your own standard; your truth and innocence make me better with you than away from you. The better part of my nature goes out to meet you—the evil in me is contracted when I am in your presence. You are the bright star whose steady light can draw me always towards the pure and beautiful. Hide the lustre of the star, and I would grovel in obscure by-paths, overgrown with rank weeds, whose poisonous fibres would choke down every timid flower.”

He stood leaning his head against the high mantelpiece, looking down gravely at Milicent as she went on with her work. She looked up at him in surprise, dropping her knife, and clasping her hands together in a way peculiar to herself—“Now Claude, what is the matter? I am half afraid, you look so serious. How *could* you be any better than you are?”

Her loving tones went to his heart, and taking her face between his hands, he kissed her red lips fondly. “My little brown snow-bird, what a comfort you are to me, when everything else seems dark and gloomy. I ought not to be so discontented while I own your priceless love.”

“Discontented? Oh, Claude! how can you

feel so? Are you not young, and strong, and healthy? Are you not working your way up surely in your profession? Have you not kind friends, a good mother, and me—I who love you always—always?”

“Yes, that is all true, Millicent; but I hate this slow way of working—of dragging out the best and freshest years of my life in this obscure village. I want to go where business is more flourishing—where with a few strides I may gain the wealth I *must* have. Oh, this weary plodding—plodding; it is wearing out my very soul. How many more years do you think I would have to go toiling on at this rate before I could have such a cage as my pet bird should be placed in? Half a lifetime, perhaps, and do you think I could do without my darling so long? Never!”

She arose from her chair, and stood beside him, nestling her head on his bosom. “Nor do I wish you to, Claude. It will not take many years, at the longest, to purchase such a little cottage as we need. Oh, I imagine it all over to myself so often! The cosy little rooms, the neat, new furniture, and we two, the happiest people living.”

He passed his hand slowly over her satiny hair, and she stood looking into the warm fire, her lips parted with a glad smile. “I see it all so plainly. A clear, cool evening like this; a small brown house, glorified by the rain of royal autumn leaves upon its roof; a rose-vine climbing over the latticed portico; dahlias and chrysanthemums blooming in the yard; a snug sitting-room; a round table, covered with white china, and a smoking supper; the thick curtains falling before the windows, and in the door I will stand, watching and waiting till you come, and——”

“Well, what then? What kind of a welcome will my little wife give me?”

She stood on tip-toe and kissed him tenderly, the warm blood rushing in crimson tides over cheek and brow.

He caught her up to him passionately—“My Millicent, my love, my little singing bird! How happy we shall be then! The days will pass too swiftly by; we will want to cling to their golden garments, and clothe ourselves with their roseate memories. I shall live in a pure, unselfish world, beautiful and new to me, when my darling is really my wife—when I see the fair poem of your soul spread out before my eyes, disclosing every day some strange loveliness, some tenderness, some pathos, some self-forgottenness to me unknown.”

“There, there, sir; you are forgetting your promise never to flatter me!” and a little hand, browned with labor, was placed playfully over his mouth. He captured and kissed it, his soft black eyes almost womanly in their tenderness. “If I only had such a home to take you to as you deserve, little girl! I should so love to see my Millicent the mistress of a sumptuous home, her dainty form clad in the richest robes of satin, and silk, and lace.”

“And I should be so uncomfortable and ill at ease in the midst of such elegance, that your friends would pity you for having such an awkward wife. Save me from the unenviable position!”

She shrugged her shoulders in comic horror, and he looked moodily into the fire. “You could never be other than graceful, and I would not give your warm, loving heart, your wise, sensible little head, for a whole bevy of self-possessed, fashionable ladies. I *wish* I could be wealthy, for your sake more than my own. I would not have these dear little hands engaged in harder labor than plucking roses. But I shall be a poor man; sickness may overtake me; poverty may follow closely after, cold winds sweep over our lives, and in the midst of it all, you——”

“I, your little brown snow-bird, will gather up the crumbs cheerfully, chirping all the time of brighter days to come. Because I *am* a snow-bird, I shall not shiver when the cold winds howl over us—I shall flutter up nearer your heart, shielding it from all blasts, warming it with my ever faithful love.”

They were no unmeaning words, falling from her lips, and as she stood with clasped hands and sparkling eyes, Claude Maynard felt how precious was the heart he had won. He kissed her again, whispering softly in her ear—“My darling, when I cease to love you, may every hope of my life be blasted; may every gratified wish become a curse.”

She broke out, singing in a clear, sweet voice, whose rich, expressive tones filled his heart years afterwards—

“Then do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains,
I would not live without thee
For all this world contains.”

He covered his face with his hands, an unaccountable sadness taking possession of him. Was it that the clouds dimming the future fitted for one brief moment over the sunshine of the present, blotting out its warmth and beauty?

ARCHERY FOR LADIES.



Fig. 1.—Stringing the bow.



Fig. 2.—Nocking the arrow.

These engravings illustrate the various positions which lady archers should assume while engaged in shooting. The attitudes are the best for grace and elegance that can be adopted, as they are taken from observation of the most skilled and successful shooters of the day. In the execution of some of these engravings, the feet of the archeress are prominently shown, to give as accurate an idea as possible of the exact manner in which they should be placed while standing in the different positions. It is not necessary, however, nor would it be becoming, to raise the dress so high during the time of shooting.

The first engraving represents a lady stringing her bow. Of course it is an object to accomplish this easily and gracefully, without the straining and tugging which are occasionally seen. The difficulty is only to be overcome by time and perseverance.

It will be seen from the subjoined illustration, how the lower end of the bow should be placed firmly on the ground against the inside

or hollow of the *left* foot; how the bow should be grasped with firmness by the left hand, and how the palm of the right hand should press the bow downwards, and the fingers of that hand be used in slipping the string into the groove in preference to the method usually adopted by gentlemen, namely, that of doing the work with the thumb and forefinger. It is rarely that a lady's hand is strong enough to do that; and, certainly, this plan gives less pain to the fingers, and strains them less, which is a great point gained at the very moment of shooting. After having braced your bow, your next care must be that the string is exactly in the middle of the groove, for should it be at all on one side, your arrows will not cast straight. (See Fig. 1.) "The heels should be about six or eight inches apart The feet must be flat and firm on the ground, both equally inclining outwards from the heels The position of the feet being such that a straight line drawn from it would intersect both heels The knees must be perfectly straight, not bent in the



Fig. 3.—"Holding" and discharging the arrow.



Fig. 4.

slightest degree The weight of the body should be thrown equally on both legs In short, the footing must be firm, yet at the same time easy and springy, and the more natural it is the more likely it is to possess these qualities.

Archeresses will soon discover for themselves that the quicker their bows are strung and unstrung, the easier becomes the process.

"Nocking" is one of the most simple "points of Archery;" at the same time it is one which requires both precision and judgment—precision in always so adjusting the arrow that it rests upon the same part of the string perpendicularly with the bow. A careful archeress will mark the exact nocking-place with a different colored silk to that with which the manufacturer has whipped her string; and as this supplemental piece of silk will wear out in a few days, it must be replaced with regularity, and in the careful manner which a lady should

have fully explained to her when she purchases her equipment, by the bowyer himself. The attitude of the lady whilst "nocking" is both pretty and unaffected. The engraver has correctly portrayed the shooter in the act of adjusting her shaft on the bow-string, with the cock-feather uppermost. It will be seen that the left hand firmly grasps the bow, and that the arrow is placed across the bow, underneath the string, and held with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, whilst the left hand is steadily adjusting the nock upon the string. Easy as all this is, when once acquired, care must be taken that the feathers are not ruffled, and that the string exactly fills the nock of the arrow.

The position which a lady should assume whilst in the act of discharging her arrow, is illustrated by Fig. 3, the correctness of which might have been enhanced by the elbow of the left arm, in which there should not be the slightest bend, being held straighter.



Fig. 5.—Watching the flight.

Fig. 4 shows the same figure whilst shooting from the opposite target. The elegance of these positions speaks for itself.

Any deviation from this attitude is followed by inelegance. However difficult it may be to beginners to commence with such a mode of standing while essaying to shoot, it must nevertheless be done. A child finds it awkward to place two fingers on its pen when learning to write, still, by dint of patient teaching, the end is obtained; and so it is with a perfectly easy standing. An inexperienced practitioner will place her right foot in advance of her left, *because it is easier*; and if this fault is not corrected, her arrows invariably fall to the left of the target. When the error is pointed out, learners should not rush into the opposite extreme by unduly advancing the left foot, which throws the body on one side, and produces that peculiarly ungraceful position which is so noticeable in shooters of mediocre pretensions.



Fig. 6.—After the shoot.

The next illustration (Fig. 5) represents the archeress in one of her most trying and anxious moments. True it is that the practised eye can ascertain with tolerable certainty the precise course which an arrow will take after it has been discharged, but its flight is, nevertheless, watched with feelings of intensified anxiety until both the eye and the ear are satisfied that it has lodged in the target, and in the right ring.

And not the least attractive attitude of a lady archer is that which she assumes in looking, both admiringly and inquisitively, at the neighboring targets. The engraver has succeeded in transferring from the *caric* of a well-known archeress the *pose* thus adopted by a lady after the shoot (Fig. 6).

In reference to the costume suitable for Archery, we subjoin several styles of dressing, the first for warning, not for imitation, as in it performance is sacrificed to appearance. A

good practised shooter knows that there must not be a string, a ribbon, a long curl, or a flying feather in the way of either bow or arrow.

MISTAKES IN COSTUME.

She was extremely pretty. She had lovely light hair; her dress was white tarlatan muslin, spotted with cerise, flounced, and elaborately trimmed with cerise ribbon. To this was added a very ample crinoline. She wore no jacket, but had a sash to correspond with her dress. Her sleeves were very wide: her hat was made of white felt, and had three enormous blue feathers. Her beautiful hair was curled to the top of her head, and fell in profusion round her face, and over her back and shoulders. As a picture, the toilette was very effective: but with the exception of her bow and arrows—all of which she carried in her hands—there was a total absence of all insignia of archery. The day, although fine, had its occasional gusts of wind. Being without any belt, and its *et ceteras* (probably lest she should spoil the effect of her handsome sash), the lady made a pouch of her pocket, from which the arrows were constantly falling. Her distress whilst in the act of shooting was painfully amusing. Her dress, over-crinolined, blew about like a ship in a storm, and caught the end of her bow at the critical moment when she was discharging her arrow; her sash ruffled the feathers of every arrow drawn from its temporary pouch; her capacious sleeves made close acquaintance with her bow string; and almost every time she attempted to shoot, instead of watching the destination of her arrow, which, alas! never reached the target, she had to hold on her hat until the moment of the next discharge, because she preferred to risk the blowing away of her head-gear rather than spoil the effect of her ringlets by wearing an elastic.

A SUITABLE DRESS.

Your dress must, under all circumstances, be suited to the weather. If it should be a lovely warm summer day, nothing can exceed in simplicity and beauty a clear white muslin or tarlatan skirt over a white silk slip, which should not be lined. The dress should be full, and sufficiently long behind to touch, but not to lay upon, the ground. The effect of a full skirt over a small, long-trained crinoline is very graceful. The hem of the skirt, if composed of tarlatan, should be at least four times doubled,

and three inches in width, which will greatly improve the set of the skirt; and the tarlatan should have its stiffness reduced by being ironed. Over this must be worn a closely and exquisitely-fitting jacket. If the slip be of white silk, the jacket should be composed of silk also. Bright grass-green is the prettiest color; but if that be distasteful, a mauve silk jacket, with mauve feathers in the hat, may be worn. A great improvement to the archery equipment, belt, &c., which are generally all of green, is the little crimson acorn used as a grease-box, which contrasts very nicely with the green and white. When this is worn, the ribbon at the top of the bow should also be of scarlet. The white collar finishing the jacket should be as small as possible—simply brooched or fastened with a close narrow tie. (*See illustrations.*)

Let the laws of fashion dictate what they may, bonnets are unsuitable for shooting in, as the strings are always sources of annoyance, and the eyes of the wearers are not sufficiently shaded by them. Hats are preferable at all times, and whatever the prevailing style may be, a hat for shooting should be chosen with a brim at least three or four inches wide, so as to shade without covering the eyes and impeding the vision. It should be of the finest split straw or chip, trimmed with green, and, if feathers are worn, they should be very small ostrich (white and green), to correspond with the dress. A profusion of feathers must be avoided. The greatest neatness must prevail in every minutiae. The gloves—not gauntleted—should be of white kid.

SUMMER RIDING-HABITS.—These are often made of good French merino, either black or very dark invisible green. Body tight to the figure, with two points in front and a long square basque at the back. The sleeves cut with seam at the elbow, slightly frilled in at the shoulder, and gradually tightened to the wrist (a small gigot in fact), no trimming except buttons down the front of bodice, and three or four outside the arm at the wrist. The skirts are worn much shorter now than they were.

A NOVELTY FOR PARTIES.—A cracker containing a little bottle of rose-water, which, when unscrewed and squeezed, emits the tiniest fountain of perfume. The cracker is pulled in the usual manner, and various mottoes are inclosed with the bottle.

WORK-TABLE.



CROCHET CIRCULAR CUSHION APPLIED ON SATIN.—*Materials.*—Eight skeins of spangled wool, or cotton No. 16. Begin with the centre; make a chain of forty-eight stitches, and unite it.

First Round.—Work six double crochet into successive loops; make a chain of twelve stitches; unite the last to the sixth with a stitch of single crochet; turn; five chain; work into the circle one double crochet; five chain; one double crochet; five chain; one double crochet into the same loop as the one of single; then turn; * work into the five chain six double crochet, with three chain between each; repeat from * twice more; then work six double crochet down the stem; repeat from the beginning seven times more, joining the leaves in the third loop of chain in the first division; then work into the third loop of chain in the centre division; three double crochet; fifteen chain, and repeat.

Second Round.—Work seven double crochet into successive loops, beginning on the second loop before the three in last round; two chain; miss one loop; work one long stitch; two chain; miss one loop; work an extra long stitch; two chain; miss one loop; work an extra long stitch into the next; two chain; work another extra long stitch into the same place; two chain; miss one loop; work another extra long stitch into the next; two chain; miss one loop; work a long stitch into the next; two chain; miss one loop, and repeat seven times more.

For the Pine.—Make a chain of sixty stitches; turn; one chain; turn; miss one loop; one double crochet; seven chain; * five double crochet into successive loops, beginning in the loop that the last stitch of double crochet was worked in; seven chain; repeat from * fourteen times more.

Second Round.—Turn * work into the seven chain two double crochet; four long; three chain; four more long and two double crochet all into the same place, the last stitch of double crochet to be worked over the loop of the first, one double crochet into the centre of the five, between the leaves; repeat from * till the end of the last leaf; then one double crochet into the thirteenth of the sixty chain; work in single crochet round the remaining loops, missing every alternate loop; then fasten off.

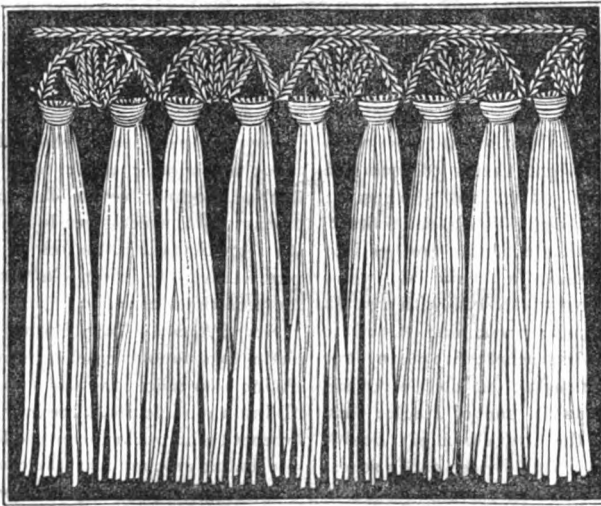
For the Large Leaf.—Make a chain of seven stitches; unite it; seven chain; one double crochet into the circle; seven chain; work another double crochet into the same place; seven chain; one double crochet into the same place; turn; work into the seven chain one double crochet; one long; seventeen extra long stitches; one long and one double crochet; repeat this twice more; then make a chain nine inches long, and work back in double crochet, and sew it as in the engraving.

For the Small Leaf.—Make a chain of twelve stitches; miss five; one single crochet; turn; five chain; one double crochet; five chain; one double crochet; five chain; one single crochet

into the last single stitch; turn; work into the five chain one double crochet; seven long, one double crochet; repeat this twice more; work six double crochet down the stem, and join the end of it to the centre of the double seven crochet stitches in the second round of the centre. Deep maize, spangled with silver, on a rich blue satin, or bright claret on cerise satin, would make a pretty cushion. The work is neatly sewn on the satin with silk of the same color; a border of satin, about two inches wide, is sewn all round, to give the depth of the cushion.

For the Trimming of the Cushion.—With the spangled wool, net on a No. 11 mesh, seven

stitches; continue netting backwards and forwards till you have about two and a-quarter yards done; then crochet two long stitches into every loop for the inside edge, which is sewn to the cushion. For the outer edge, work two long, three chain, and two long in each loop; repeat. On the fourth and sixth rows of the netting darn in a spot with the wool, leaving five plain stitches between each spot. The netting is put on rather full, and the diameter of the cushion is about nineteen inches. A very pretty toilet cushion might be worked in cotton, and made up over a bright-colored silk. We have indicated the proper size to use.



CROCHET FRINGE, FOR ANTIMACASSARS, COUVER-PIEDS, &c.—*Materials*—Cotton No. 10: needle No. 2½.

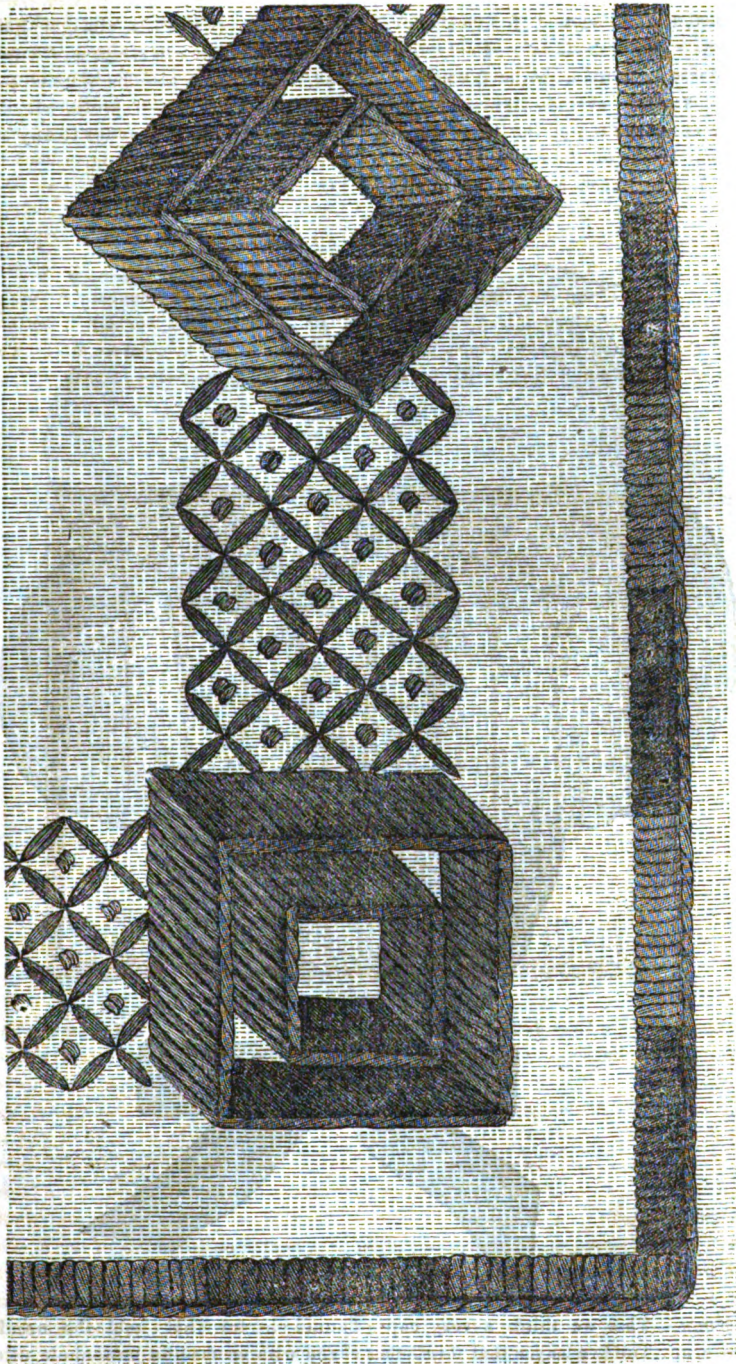
The Heading.—Commence by making a chain the required length.

First Row.—Miss one, two plain crochet stitches, * two chain, miss two and work five treble stitches all in one chain-stitch of the foundation; then two chain, miss two, two plain on the foundation. Repeat from * to the end, and fasten off.

Second Row.—Commence on the second stitch of the first five treble stitches, and work three

single on them, then five chain, miss six and work three single on the centre of the next five treble. Repeat to the end. Fasten off.

The Fringe.—Wind the cotton round a card about two inches wide, then cut it along one side; put the crochet needle into the space formed by the two chain of the foundation, take five threads of the cotton, and double them in the centre on the point of the needle, draw this loop through the space, and, with the needle, bring the ends of the cotton through the loop, drawing them up close to the work; continue the same to the end.

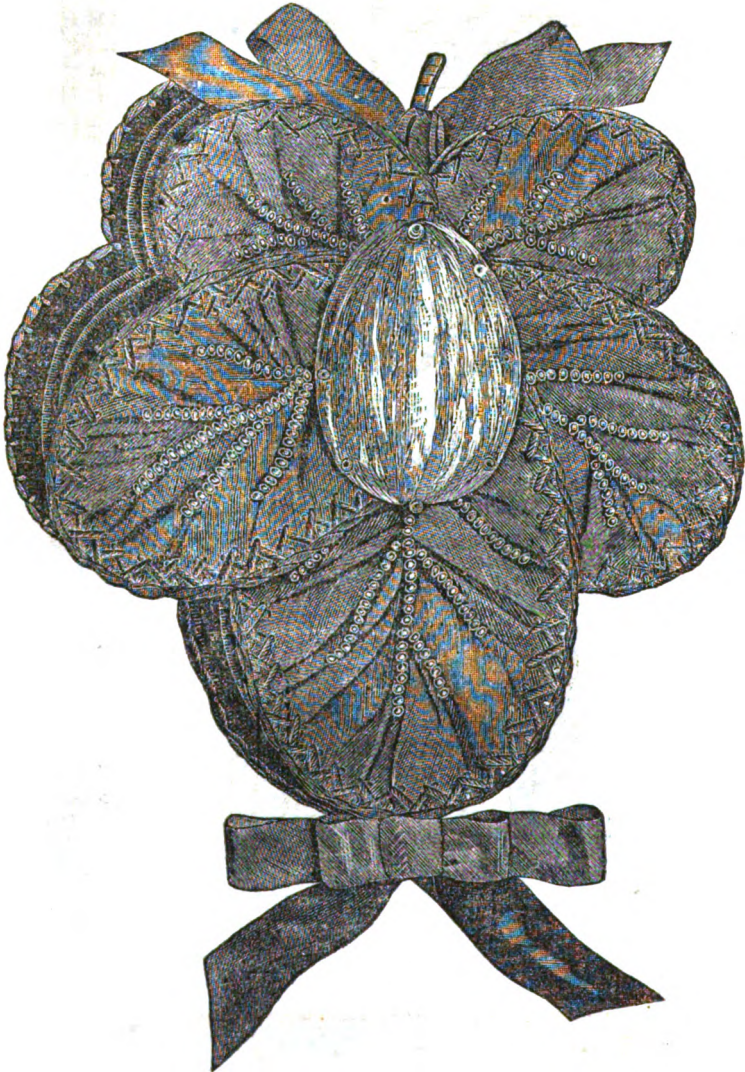


DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERING A BERCEAUNETTE BLANKET.—*Materials.*—Black and four shades of any bright color in single Berlin wool. To work the embroidery, the blanket should be stretched on a piece of card-board or in a small

frame. The pattern represents diamonds in perspective, divided by a sort of network. The regularity of the stitches, and the tasteful choice and arrangement of the different shades of color, make the perspective come out very

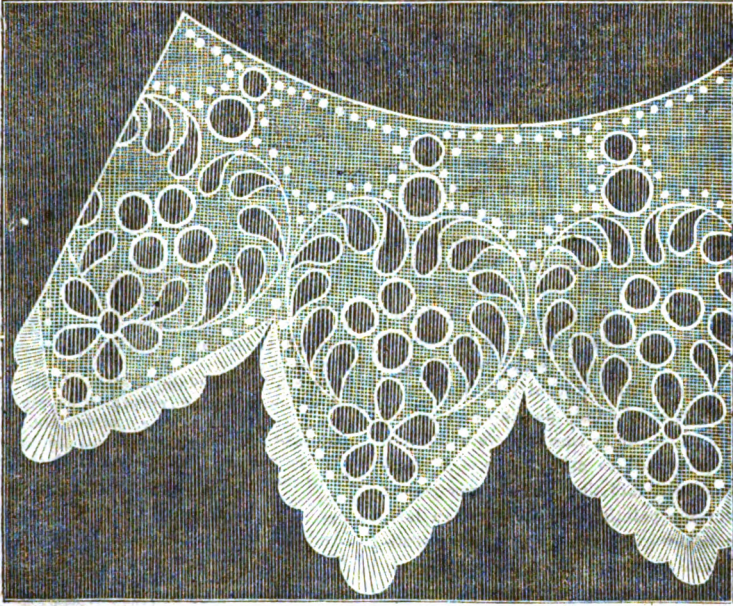
well. Our pattern is worked in five shades of scarlet. The lightest shade is used only for the double stitches in the diamonds of the network, which is black. The over-cast stitches, which are worked along the top of the long stitches, are always of the shade of color next to that in which the long stitches are made. A little

beyond the pattern a straight line of long stitches is worked in strips of different shades; this border may also be worked close to the edge of the blanket if preferred. We recommend scarlet in preference to any other color, as it washes so nicely.



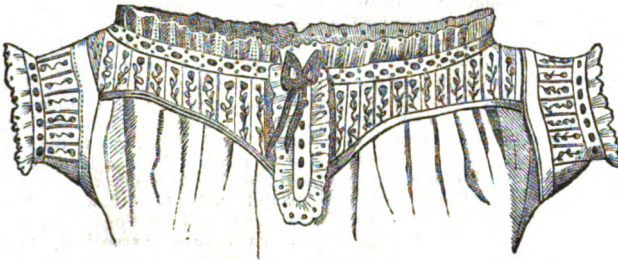
NEEDLE-BOOK.—This we think a very captivating pattern. The five leaves that form one side are covered with green silk, gathered in the centre and veined with gold beads. Each leaf is bordered with a cross-stitching of corn-colored silk, and edged with chain-stitch. It may be lined with crimson, and the white

flannel leaves that hold the needles inside edged with crimson in buttonhole stitch. Over the joining of the leaves is placed the half of an English walnut shell, the perforations necessary for attaching it each covered with a large gold bead. The ribbon bows may be either green or brown.



COLLAR IN BRODERIE A LA MINUTE.—This is a combination of two kinds of work, the regular *Moderie* and the new “*Broderie à la Minute*.” The mixture of the two is more beautiful in effect than either separately. The open part is worked in the usual way, with embroidery cotton, No. 20; but underneath the edging of the *scollops* there must be three or four threads

of No. 14 passed along to raise it, so that the threads may spread out to the outer edge. The little spots which give the name to the new work are embroidery cotton No. 8. They are very quickly done, requiring only three or four single stitches to form the knott, the thread being passed from one to the other on the under side.



A Chemise embroidered in satin-stitch and trimmed with lace. Narrow scarlet velvet ribbon draws the chemise to the figure.



Edging—Satin Stitch.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

DECALCOMANIE.

This new fancy work bids fair to become as popular here as it already is in France and England. The ease and rapidity with which it is done, the almost certainty of success, and the exquisite beauty of the work, combine to make it the most fascinating employment of the kind that has been devised. Without seeing it done, one could hardly believe how simple and easy the process is. A friend called on us the other evening, and in the course of conversation drew from his pocket a small bottle of varnish and some beautiful little paintings, flower groups and other dainty designs, and asking for some plain china cup or vase that we would like ornamented, proceeded to astonish us. A small paint brush, dipped into the varnish, was passed carefully over the painting, which was then laid, varnish side downwards, upon the flat top of a semi-transparent white glass cup. Then with an old soft linen handkerchief, slightly wet, the paper was moistened and deftly drawn away, leaving the bright flower group as firmly set apparently as if it always had been there—the whole operation not occupying five minutes. A coat of varnish on top gives more permanency, but does not seem indispensable, unless it is to be frequently washed. From a late London paper we clip some further observations and more minute directions:—

There are few employments for leisure hours which, for the past eighteen months, have proved either so fashionable or so fascinating as decalcomanie. There has raged a positive mania for the work. We have heard of dinner services, dessert services, chairs, tables, and many other articles of household use and ornament, all being decorated with it, by the fingers of their fair owners, notwithstanding the assurance that in the two former instances their work would prove useless. The heat of the water in which greasy dinner plates and dishes must of necessity be immersed after use, and the acid juices of the fruits which usually constitute a dessert, would inevitably destroy, in a very short time, all the decalcomanie decorations; yet although forewarned of the ultimate fate of their labor, we could cite more than one instance in which the work of decorating both dinner and dessert services has been undertaken, and most successfully carried through. But we have never heard the sequel—how many times these different services were used in their ornamented state we were never told.

This is what we should call the abuse of the work; until we are in possession of the French secret of baking and glazing the china after applying the decalcomanie, it seems to us almost waste of time to apply these decorations to such articles of use, even if they are only brought out on "best occasions," with the certain knowledge that they will not stand the tests which must necessarily be applied to make them again serviceable. It appears that the work is equally as popular in France as it is in this country, but there they are beforehand as regards its permanent utility, as some ingenious

Frenchman has discovered the way of making the decalcomanie a permanent decoration upon articles of porcelain—a most important discovery, because by effecting this it is at once elevated to the rank of Dresden, or any other painted china.

We have never seen any articles which have been treated in this manner, but we are told, upon good authority, that the process is most successful. A patent has been secured for the discovery in France, so we fear we must wait awhile for some ingenious brain to arrive at the same results for us in this country. In the meantime there are many articles to which these decorations may be applied with permanent effect.

For white porcelain dressing-table ornaments, such as pomatum jars, scent bottles, pin-trays, large brush-trays, they are very appropriate. The glove-boxes made with white wood and similarly adorned, the ivory backs of both hair and clothes-brushes, a silk or satin pocket handkerchief-case, all bearing the crest or monogram in decalcomanie, would make a dressing-table complete.

And the process by which these decalcomanie ornaments is applied is by no means a difficult one. Those who object to the stickiness of the varnish, which was at first considered necessary for the work, can avail themselves of what is called the "unvarnished or water decalcomanie," which is a more recent invention. All that is necessary for this process is to select the patterns most suitable for the article in hand, and to arrange beforehand the exact position which each ornament will hold when the decoration is completed; then to float the paper patterns, face upwards, in cold water upon the surface, one at a time. Let them soak until the paper separates from the painted pattern, then slide gently underneath the latter a thin small sheet of glass, being careful that the entire pattern is lifted on the glass, after which slide the pattern on to the article to be decorated, being certain that it is on the exact spot you wish it to remain. Air-bubbles are now the enemies to dread, so with both thumbs smooth the pattern gently but firmly down upon the flat surface of the object in hand, be it plate, *cache-pot*, vase, &c., &c.; then dab it with a soft piece of linen or old cambric handkerchief, and when dry proceed in the same way to the next pattern.

Our illustration is a lamp-shade in opal glass, with decalcomanie decorations of birds and small tasteful garlands of flowers. For conservatories, staircases, and landings, lamp-shades thus ornamented have an exceedingly tasteful effect; the design can, of course, be varied, but the lighter it is the more elegant it will look. Small butterflies, brilliant-winged insects, look well lighting amid the flowers. These decorations stand well the heat of the gas. We have seen a shade of this sort in use for several weeks, without in the slightest degree deteriorating in color or beauty, and also having, during that period of time, been washed more than once carefully in warm (not boiling) water. This shade was decorated with the varnish decalcomanie, which is recommended in preference to the more simple process we have before described as being more lasting.

The brushes used are black or red sable, as the real camel-hair are not stiff enough to spread the varnishes; nor will they form a sufficiently fine point to paint stems of flowers and other delicate lines. They should have a tin mount and wood handle, and the finer one of the two should be kept



for the yellow varnish; the green transferring varnish should only have about half the depth of the brush dipped in, and this is painted on to the color of the design to be operated on very carefully and evenly, not touching the white paper, but covering the painting quite up to it. A side light is most convenient, as then it is easy to ascertain whether every bit is covered; this must be done with rather a slow touch, as sometimes the varnish does not adhere if quickly passed over the design. Ladies who have used gold-leaf for illuminating will understand what is meant by the varnish requiring time enough to become tacky, which happens in a few minutes. To commence with an upright china spill-case is as easy as anything, and an article with many varieties of curve the most difficult to make the paper to fit on to it flat. With butterflies or small birds, perhaps, four may be varnished first, then the first will be about sufficiently ready to apply. The first varnished butterfly being laid face downwards on the china, in the place that had been chosen for it previously, may be pressed with a pocket-handkerchief, on which a little water has been sprinkled. A trifling moistness seems requisite in some cases to make the paper mould itself to the shape of the article, but if freely damped the paper stretches and splits the design before the varnish has set so as to hold it down on the china. By the time the other little designs are applied, the first will be quite hard enough to moisten thoroughly either with a little bit of sponge, or a camel-hair brush (one of the common cheap ones in a quill does very well for this purpose). The water need not be quite cold, as tepid water dissolves the mucilage more surely; when saturated the pattern shows through the paper, and, after a few moments' delay, one corner may be raised and the whole of the white paper steadily stripped up.

MATERIALS EMPLOYED.

A bottle of transfer varnish for fixing the drawings.

A bottle of light varnish, to pass over the drawings when fixed.

A bottle of spirit to clean the brushes, and to remove those pictures which may not be successful.

A piece of flannel about nine inches square.

A paper knife.

Two or three camel-hair brushes.

A basin of water.

A bottle of opaque white varnish.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR DECORATING.

Dip one of the brushes into the transfer varnish, and give the drawing a very light touch with it, taking care not to go beyond the outline; then lay it face downwards on the object to be ornamented, taking care to place it at once where it is to remain, as it would be spoilt by moving. If the varnish, on its first application, is too liquid, allow the picture to remain for about five minutes to set. Moisten the flannel with water, and lay it gently on the drawing, which has been previously laid in its place on the object to be decorated; then rub it over with the paper-knife, so as to cause the print to adhere in every part; this done, remove the flannel, well soak the paper with a camel-hair brush dipped in water, and in a few minutes lift up the paper by one corner, and draw it off. The picture will be left on the object, whilst the paper will come off quite white. Care must be taken that the piece of flannel, without being too wet, is sufficiently so to entirely saturate the paper. The drawing must now be washed with a camel-hair brush, in clean water, to remove the surplus varnish, and then left till quite dry. The next day cover the picture with a light coat of the fixing varnish, to give brilliancy to the colors.

TO ORNAMENT DARK-COLORED OBJECTS.

If the articles to be ornamented are of a dark-color, such as the bindings of books, Russia leather, blotting cases, leather bags, &c., the picture must first be covered with a mixture of opaque white

varnish, taking care not to pass beyond the outline of the design. The next day, proceed according to the instructions given above.

TO ORNAMENT SILK, PAPER, OR ARTICLES WHICH WILL NOT BEAR WETTING.

To transfer a picture to silk, paper, or other similar material, which will not bear wetting, the following directions must be observed:—Varnish the picture with the transfer varnish as above explained, following the outline of the design, then allow it to dry for one or two hours; when quite dry, pass a damp sponge over the entire surface of the sheet, so as to remove the composition which is round the picture, and which may spoil the object. Let the paper dry once more, and varnish the picture again with the transfer varnish; in about ten minutes place it face downwards on the object to be decorated, and rub it with the paper-knife over the whole of its surface. Finally, damp the paper with a wet brush, allow it to soak in for about a quarter of an hour, and then strip the paper off. To remove a spoilt picture from any object, dip a soft rag in the spirit, and rub it over the surface. To ensure a good result, care must be taken to give a very light coating of varnish to the parts to be transferred. When the varnish is first applied, it is very liquid, and must be left to dry, the best condition for transferring being when the varnish is only just sticky, without being too dry. This usually takes about eight or ten minutes.

The varnish-bubbles, which generally will arise, even with the most careful management, are the rocks which most novices of the art split upon. If they are allowed to remain without careful stroking or rolling down, the appearance of the work will, to a great extent, be spoiled. No artistic skill is requisite for the pursuance of this truly fascinating work; patience, delicate manipulation, and good taste, are the principle requisites for a successful worker.

All these materials may be obtained in Chestnut street, and probably many other places.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ERROR.

It is some comfort to that large class of people who cannot get a good photograph to know, that apart from favorable and unfavorable moods which affect the countenance, the art itself is immature, and not to be relied upon for accurate results. A foreign paper thus notices the successful effort of a true artist to conduct the process upon higher principles of art.

To the eye of the artist the rigid sharpness and stark precision of photography (especially when it pervades every part of a photograph) is its greatest artistic defect. It is true that if we regard a photograph merely as a production of optical and chemical science, definiteness of detail throughout is the measure of success. But this is not what persons of artistic feeling want or require in most cases, especially in representations of the face. Nevertheless, photographers persist in giving to portraits a deathlike stillness and a universal distinctness beyond the power of fevered vision to realize. A photographer's grand aim is to get everything into an "artificial focus," which is widely different from that of the human eye—or, rather, eyes, for it is owing to the phenomena of binocular vision that we derive so much softer and more agreeable an impression from Nature than photography gives us. Every one must recollect how charming are some

early photographs, and many by amateurs. Well, this is because of what professional photographers call their "focal distortion," but which the same distortion artists think consonant with certain eternal laws, both of nature and art. It seemed to require that an artist should be the first to work in photography upon such principles as we have indicated. And at last we find that an artist—Mr. Wynfield—has actually produced a set of photographs which are intentionally and confessedly "out of focus." To attempt to describe these photographs we will not; but we must maintain that, if they do not, they *ought* to revolutionize photographic portraiture, if not other branches of the art. The series consists of a set of large bust portraits of popular artists, such as Phillip, Faed, Calderon, &c.; and each artist is dressed after the manner of the subjects of the great portrait-painters, Italian and Flemish. The result is a set of photographs which resemble copies from very choice portraits by Titian, Rembrandt, Vandyke, and other old masters, but which possess greater softness, lifelike animation, apparent power of movement, and breadth of light and shade than any photographic copies of pictures or studies from life we have ever seen.

OUR COLORED FASHIONS.

We think it would be difficult to find anything handsomer in their way than our Double Fashion Plates. For beauty of execution and for value as a reference in questions of costume, we candidly believe them unsurpassed. The most tasteful toilettes are carefully chosen from among the multiform caprices of fashion; and we are sure that the keenly appreciative eyes of our lady friends will find in them what they are instinctively seeking—the combined charm of novelty and beauty. In this particular matter of Fashion Plates, we claim to take the lead of every magazine in America.

New Publications.

Industrial Biography: Iron Workers and Tool-Makers. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," "Brief Biographies," and "Life of George Stephenson." "The true Epic of our time is, not *Arms and the Man*, but *Tools and the Man*,—an infinitely wider kind of Epic."—T. Carlyle. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The author of this book is already very favorably known to the public through previous valuable works, and the present we find superior to them in interest. It is very justly observed, "kings, warriors, and statesmen have heretofore monopolized not only the pages of history, but almost those of biography. Surely some niche ought to be found for the mechanic, without whose skill and labor society, as it is, could not exist. I do not begrudge destructive heroes their fame, but the constructive ones ought not to be forgotten; and there is a heroism of skill and toil belonging to the latter class, worthy of as grateful record—less perilous

and romantic it may be, than that of the other, but not less full of the results of human energy, bravery, and character."

The most striking and curious portions of the book perhaps are the statements in regard to inventions. The merit of the present day it seems, is that of the practical application of mechanical powers; the merit of invention belongs to previous ages.

Counsel and Comfort, spoken from a City Pulpit. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The ministry of the "Country Parson" has been highly acceptable to multitudes of readers, both in England and in this country, as the popularity of each volume has shown. Of the present collection of sermons, we like best the one upon "Thankfulness."

NEW MUSIC.

We have received the following music from W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

| | | |
|--|-------|---------|
| Wandering at Eve Polka, | - - - | 40 cts. |
| Blue-Eyed Jennie; or, Our Household | | |
| Treasure, | - - - | 25 " |
| Dream of the Absent, | - - - | 25 " |
| I am Waiting, | - - - | 25 " |
| Oh! Touch not my Sister's Picture, | - - | 25 " |
| We'll Conquer or Die. Song and Chorus, | | 25 " |

Miscellaneous Receipts.

AN EXCELLENT SAUCE FOR COLD MEAT, CUTLETS, &c.—Procure a pint of fine nasturtium flowers, (good measure pressed down); wash them carefully in a little salt and water so as to free them from insects and soil; dry them thoroughly in a cloth, put them into a jar, and pour over them a quart of cold vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, one ounce of cayenne pepper, and six shalots, slightly bruised. Cover the jar and tie it up closely. Let it remain for one month, shaking the contents daily. At the expiration of the month, strain the sauce, and add four ounces of soy. Bottle it for use. As cold outlets of all descriptions have lately been very popular for supper accompanied with piquant sauces, the above recipe will be found very appetizing for this purpose, or indeed when eaten with either cold roast beef or mutton.

TO COOK PIKE.—For a pike of two pounds weight, chop two small onions, or shalots, if preferred, quite fine; also a good pinch of parsley, add a little grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt. Put one half of these in the fish-pan, which should be rather flat and long, then place the fish, of course

well washed and cleaned, in the pan; sprinkle the other half of the ingredients over it, and add a small tumbler of hock wine. Then put the fish into a moderately heated oven to bake, take care to baste it well occasionally; if required, add a little white stock. When thoroughly done, take it out and place it on the dish, then take a piece of butter the size of a large hen-egg, mix it with two teaspoonsful of flour, incorporate this with the gravy remaining in the pan, stir it well until the butter is dissolved, when it will form a nice sauce. Test it, in case any pepper or salt should require to be added; pour all over the fish, and serve it as hot as possible on the table.

MUSHROOM TOAST.—This forms an appetizing breakfast dish, and is not difficult to prepare. Remove the stems and fur from a pint of freshly-gathered mushrooms, and then peel them. Dissolve a little butter in a stew-pan, throw in the mushrooms, season them with cayenne pepper, and toss them over the fire for about ten minutes; add a teaspoonful of flour, and stir until all is slightly browned. Cut a crust about an inch thick from the under-part of a loaf; scoop it out in the centre, butter it, and grill it over a brisk fire, then place it on a hot dish before the fire. Pour in, by degrees, a teacupful of cream or new milk to the mushrooms; flavor with a few drops of catsup; stew gently for two minutes, and pour them into the crust. Serve hot.

A CHEESE OMELET.—It is necessary to have a very small frying-pan to have good omelets, for if a large one is used, the ingredients will spread over it and become thin; and another rule to observe is, that omelets should be fried only on one side. Use from five to ten eggs, according to the sized dish required; break them up singly and carefully, each one to be well and separately beaten or whisked; add to them grated Parmesan cheese, the quantity must be regulated according to the number of eggs used—three ounces go to four eggs; salt and pepper to the taste. Dissolve in a small, clean frying-pan two or three ounces of butter, pour in the ingredients, and as soon as the omelet is well risen and appears quite firm, slide it carefully on to a hot dish, and do not let it stand before serving. From five to seven minutes will be sufficient to cook it, provided there be a clear, brisk fire.

CHOCOLATE CREAM CUSTARD.—Scrape quarter pound of the best chocolate, pour on it a teacupful of boiling water, and let it stand by the fire until it is all dissolved. Beat eight eggs light, omitting the whites of two; stir them by degrees into a quart of rich milk alternately with the chocolate and three tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Put the mixture into cups and bake ten minutes.

CITRON CAKE.—Beat one pound of butter to a

cream, then weigh one pound of fine flour, one pound of sifted loaf-sugar, half pound of almonds (cut small), quarter pound of candied citron and the same of lemon peel (cut into strips). Beat up eight eggs separately, then mix the above ingredients in the following order. First the butter to a cream, then the eggs, then the flour, and beat these continuously for one hour, then add the other ingredients, flavoring the whole with almond or orange according to taste. Line with paper the tins or dishes in which the cakes are to be baked, and previous to dropping in the mixture beat up into it half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda mixed in a very small quantity of new milk. Bake in a moderate oven. This is an excellent citron or white plum cake.

A RICH PUDDING.—Stir a large tablespoonful of fine flour into a teaspoonful of new milk, then add quarter pound of fresh butter, the well-beaten yolks of five eggs, and sufficient pounded loaf-sugar to sweeten the mixture, flavoring it with either vanilla, lemon, or almond, as desired. Mix these ingredients thoroughly together, and put them into a saucepan at the side of the fire; stir continually, and on no account allow the contents to boil, but only to thicken. Line a dish with puff-paste, and over it place a layer of preserves (apricots, strawberries, or raspberries), according to choice, then pour in the mixture. Whisk the whites of the eggs, so that they may be ready; put the pudding into the oven, and let it set well, then pour on the whites at the top, and sift some loaf-sugar over them. Put the pudding into the oven again, and let it bake for twenty minutes; it should be slightly brown at the top when cooked. It is eaten hot.

TO PROCURE ICE.—Nearly fill a gallon stone bottle with hot spring-water (leaving room for about a pint), and put in two ounces of refined nitre; the bottle must then be stoppered very close, and let down into a deep well. After three or four hours it will be completely frozen, but the bottle must be broken to procure the ice. If the bottle is moved up and down, so as to be sometimes out of the water and sometimes in, the consequent evaporation will hasten the process.

STEEL ORNAMENTS.—The best way of cleaning steel ornaments is to rub them with chalk-powder or violet-powder. If rusty, lay them in violet-powder for a short time, and they will become quite bright.

POT POURRI.—Orris-root, gum Benjamin, storax, nutmegs, cinnamon, cloves, of each one ounce, all bruised in a marble mortar. Lay some bay salt at the bottom of the jar, then a layer of flowers; sprinkle the layer thick with spices and common salt; so continue as long as you put in flowers of pinks and roses (damask are best), orange flowers, sweet brier, lavender, and rosemary flowers as you please. Avoid stirring the pot for the first three

months; keep it well covered under the bed of salt and spices. After the first summer you need only put common salt to every layer of flowers, and stir the pot as much as you please.

TO MAKE A SWEET POT.—One ounce orris-root, one ounce gum Benjamin, one ounce gum storax, three nutmegs (grated), three cloves (bruised), one ounce cinnamon, two and a half pounds bay salt, six ounces lavender flowers and six ounces orange flowers, one and a half pounds damask rose leaves, two ounces bay leaves, quarter ounce lemon thyme, half pound jessamine flowers, quarter pound clove pinks, marjoram musk plant, balm of Gilead Angelica. A handful of each.

These two receipts are both very good as a lasting scent for a country house.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Bridal dress of white tulle; a double volant fluted and with a heading borders the skirt, and upon the volant is arranged a trimming of rich lace with loupes of white satin ribbon. The same trimming is repeated upon the sleeves. These are half tight, and, as can be discerned through the bridal veil, the trimming is continued up to the shoulder. Corsage plain, fastened with buttons of white pearl; point before and behind. Lace collar and undersleeves. White lilacs and orange flowers in the hair, and a very small bouquet of the same at the waist. A long veil of tulle envelopes the figure. White gloves.

FIG. 2.—Robe of green silk—the skirt trimmed with a fluting of green velvet. Sleeves tight, with lace ruffles at the wrist. Hat of white tulle trimmed with rose-colored velvet. Roses of crape, and a white feather.

FIG. 3.—A skirt of gray silk.—A *chinoise* jacket made of red cashmere, lined and quilted with white silk; the sleeves are cut with a seam to the elbow, and are slashed up towards the wrist. The basques form nine points, all of equal size; a small tassel depends from each point. The collar of the jacket forms one point at the back and two in front. There are two pointed pockets in front, and the whole is edged with black silk braid. The waistcoat is made of white piqué, embroidered with small black spots; it is fastened with small black bell-buttons. Embroidered collar and undersleeves. The head-dress, in the Neapolitan style, is composed of a square piece of guipure, ornamented with straw ribbon and ponceau flowers.

FIG. 4.—A white tulle dress trimmed with several small flounces, a tunic falls over these, and is

looped up at one side only with flowers. The bodice is made with folds, and is pointed both at the front and back; the short sleeves are ornamented with bouquets of flowers. A head-dress composed of similar flowers, arranged as a coronet in front, with long sprays at the back.

FIG. 5.—A mauve satin dress, scoloped out around the skirt, the edge being trimmed with a double quilling or box plaiting. A low bodice, with points and double berthes, which are separated by two rows of Alençon lace. The short sleeves are cut to correspond with the style of the bodice, and the undersleeves consist of puffings of white tulle. The head-dress is composed of two white water-lilies, with yellow centres; the hair at the back is fastened with an artistically-shaped gold comb.

Child's dress of white alpaca, ruffled, and braided with blue. The upper skirt is of blue cashmere, rounded at the corners and open to the waist. If desired for warmth it may be wadded and lined with white silk. The *casaque*, similarly rounded in front, is left open, and only comes to the waist. The trimming is formed with application of velvet set with steel beads and braided with black.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Green and blue are decidedly the colors in Paris for spring wear. Those whose complexions and hair prevent them from adopting green (and their name is legion) will wear blue; but the snuff browns, and the cinnamon browns, and the Russian leather or *cuir* browns, with the many other shades of that large family, will be laid aside; for this we should rejoice, for surely last season the browns were done to death. The Parisians laughingly say that, after looking last year like dead leaves in all shades of brown, they will now reappear as living ones in all shades of green. With green dresses, black mantles and white *bonnets* will be worn. There will be many styles of trimming green dresses—with cross-cut bands of white silk, covered with black guipure insertion, and with other shades of green. Sometimes a dress is trimmed with as many as three different shades of the same color.

The white bugle embroidery, or white jet, is a novel trimming composed of opaque white beads of various sizes, which are worked upon velvet, silk, and even upon blonde.

Braiding, although it has become common, still remains a very favorite ornament upon morning dresses; many of the newest self-colored mohairs, camlets, and alpacas are braided. Colored plaid braids have recently been introduced for these purposes; they are about half an inch wide, green and blue, black and white, and green and white. These are placed in either vandykes, or scollops around the skirt, with narrow black or white braid in a scroll pattern at each side, forming altogether a

novel arrangement. For children's frocks these plaid braids are very appropriate.

Morning petticoats are now more costly than morning dresses, which fact can be easily accounted for, as they are more apparent, the skirts being invariably hooked or drawn up over them by means of cords. Braiding and frills are the principal trimmings for these morning petticoats; the braid is usually colored,—scarlet or black.

So far from crinolines being likely to go out of favor, new shapes and improvements are continually appearing in that department. A new sort of steel is now worn; it is round, and far more flexible than that used until now; the circles are fastened by springs, and never get out of shape. Another invention is that of the crinoline half steel and half whalebone. The top is similar to that of an ordinary jupon, with five circles of steel; but under these there is a space in front without any circles, and behind, the crinoline is cut out into long separate strips, each provided with rows of whalebone; at the bottom the crinoline is closed again, and has two circles of steel. The consequence of this novel arrangement is that when a lady stands up, her petticoat sticks out nicely; but when she sits down, she is not at all inconvenienced by it; the crinoline neither bulges out in front nor behind, and one would not think she wore any steel. Besides the circles being interrupted in the middle, a strong spring is fastened at the back, which prevents the jupon coming forward too much.

The new patterns of crinolines are much smaller than formerly, and quite flat in front; they are as narrow as possible at the top, but still of a considerable width round the bottom. For spring and summer they are made white, with a deep flounce buttoned on over the bottom; this not only preserves the crinoline, but adds greatly to the grace and elegance of the *tout ensemble* of the toilet; the flounce being rather longer than the jupon prevents any distance being noticed between that and the bottom of the dress. One white over-petticoat is all that is required to be worn under the dress with a crinoline of this sort. These petticoats are much trimmed with quillings, insertions, and patterns in braiding and embroidery. White waved braid and *point Russe* in fine black wool form a very pretty mixture for such trimmings.

Short-checked circulars are worn; great preference is shown for *groseille* and black, purple and black, violet and white, and, above all, for black and white. The checks have considerably increased of late; last autumn they were small, but now they are doubled, almost quadrupled in size; and they have not increased in beauty by this change. Both *sebres* and checked mantles are made of fine Cashmere, of twilled woollen materials, and of very fine summer cloth. The form of the mantle is a circular, of a moderate length; it is edged with fringes,

and chased silver fastenings in front are usually added. For morning wear, and particularly for travelling, this style of mantle is very suitable.

For young girls the circular is not so general; it is replaced by a garment called the *Bearnaise* which is very graceful in form, and resembles somewhat the mantle worn by the peasants in the Pyrenees. It is cut sloping upon the shoulders, is rounded at the back, and falls in front with two square ends; there is a gypsy hood at the back, ornamented with a large bow.

Either in gray or blue cashmere the *Bearnaise* forms a very simple and suitable covering for young girls. It is edged with a pinked-out flounce, which the bow upon the hood matches. Altogether it has an originality about it, and will be much in vogue at the seaside during the forthcoming bathing season. But the *Bearnaise* can be rendered more dressy by making it in silk and trimming it with lace; either in white silk edged with a white *chicoree* ruche, or in black taffetas, embroidered with black silk and jet beads, and enriched with a flounce of black lace laid upon the taffetas; the hood edged with lace, with a bow of lace and long ends. This pretty pattern can be copied in muslin, and many ladies embroider their mantles for summer wear. As the form is graceful, this mantle, edged with a pleating *à la veille*, or with a puffing through which a blue or pink sarsnet ribbon has been passed, would be very suitable for a dressy toilette; still, if the wearer can embroider tolerably, rows of insertion worked in satin-stitch, alternating with rows of Valenciennes insertion, add much to the beauty of the garment. The hood, when composed entirely of embroidered and lace insertions, is charming; it can be lined, if desired, with a bright-colored taffetas.

The bolero or musquetaire jacket, which is one and the same thing, will be worn this summer, with colored skirts; it is a convenient and very economical style of dress.

Short paletôts, the backs of which fall into the figure, are at present very popular. The summer paletôts will be worn very short. As for basques, we may welcome them as again returned to the list of "what is worn;" but although they are again taken into favor, sashes are not discarded; on the contrary, they are worn above the basque, and even above the paletôt. Sleeves are still made narrow, and gimp epaulettes are much preferred to those made of the same material as the dress. Gimp is also extensively used upon paletôts, but the most elegant style is considered to be a dress and paletôt alike of rich silk, and trimmed with either Chantilly or Monard lace. Trained skirts are as long as ever, but they are looped up from the dust of spring as carefully as they were raised from the mud of winter.

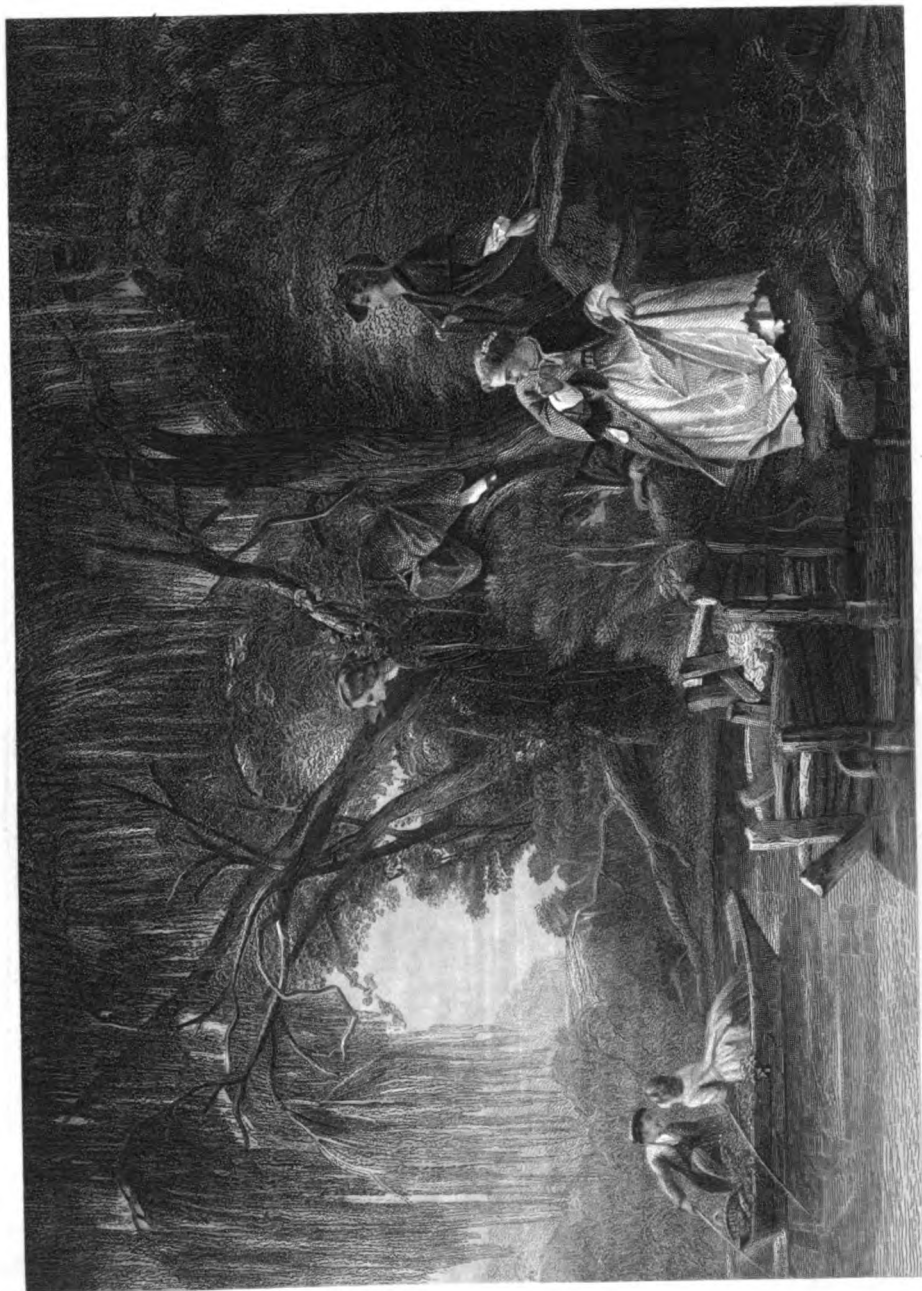
Chatelaine bags for travelling are made of deer

skin, with steel clasps, and suspended upon a waistband, ornamented with steel; others are made in morocco, or in Russian leather, and are strong enough to carry many small necessities when travelling. For silk dresses these bags are made in the same material, and serve then only as ornaments; some ladies make them of black velvet, which renders them available for all dresses.

There is little variation in the shape of bonnets this season, but that the mass of trimming is placed upon the crown, and not at the top of the peak, as heretofore. Straw bonnets have flat trimming round the edges of the front, sometimes a row of fancy plaiting in black straw, sometimes a design worked in black chenille, occasionally a narrow black ribbon-velvet sewn in black chevrons, and edged with black lace; the flowers and bows of ribbons are then arranged a little to the left side at the top of the crown. If flowers are used, it is generally a large one, such as an iris, or water-lily, and the leaves are left to fall gracefully over the crown. Green drawn-silk bonnets are trimmed with either sprays of white lilac or with small black and white curled feathers; strings black and white.

White bonnets are trimmed with tulle scarfs, which are placed around the front, and are tied under the chin. Cap or falling crowns are generally made, and many have fine straw fronts with silk crowns.

For little girls from six to ten years of age, nothing is likely to supersede the sailor-hat which was so popular last year; for elder girls, and especially for riding-hats, the Tyrolese, trimmed with a plume of cock's feathers, still continues in great favor. The sailor's hat, without being dowdy-looking, forms an excellent shade to the face, protecting the complexion from the sun. It is made of Leghorn, of Dunstable, and of white horse-hair. In Leghorn it is usually trimmed with feathers, and bound round the edge with velvet—a long ostrich plume, with a curling tip issuing from a velvet bow, and carried from the left round to the right side, is a very favorite style. The fine straw sailor-hats are trimmed with flowers and ribbon. Instead of being bound around the edge, a colored ruche is placed inside it. In the centre of the front bows, or rather loops of ribbon, are placed (white, Mexican blue, or green, according to taste); and then, on the side of the bow, there is a tuft of flowers—crocuses, primroses, violets and lilies of the valley, are all much used at this season of the year. The ribbon is then twisted carelessly round the crown, and terminates at the back with a bow and very long ends, frequently a smaller tuft of the same flowers to those in front is added at the back. The white *crin* (horsehair) hats are for best occasions, and are lined with colored sarsnet (blue or pink), and trimmed with small feathers of some bright color, arranged in a tuft in the front.







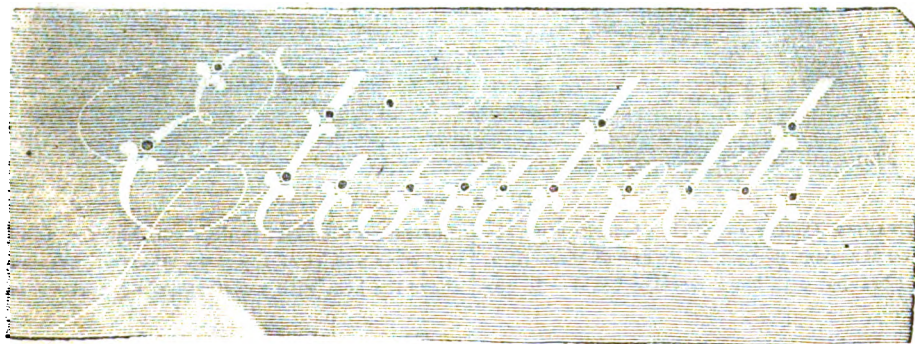
Eugenie, Empress of the French.



Fig. 1.—DRESS OF VIOLET SILK—the vest and | broided in black, and trimmed with chenille
Andalusian jacket of the same material, em- | fringes. Fig. 2.—Suit for a boy of six or eight.



Children's Fashions.



Name for Marking.



(Front view)

SPANISH JACKET.—This is a favorite style the present season, made in white or buff Marseilles, and braided with black worsted braid. In our illustration the skirt is different, but for summer wear a skirt of the same material, braided above the hem with a corresponding pattern, is



(Back view.)

preferred. The braid should be scalded before using, to ensure its washing well. Pour boiling water over the pieces, let them stand till cool, then squeeze them out, and repeat the process two or three times.

GRAND MARCH,

FROM THE OPERA

FAUST.

Arranged by

J. A. GETZE.

Furnished for the LADY'S FRIEND, by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Marziale.

PIANO.

f

ff

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1864, by LEE & WALKER, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

8^{va}

p

mf

8^{va}

f

Musical score for "The Song of the Lark" (Der Larkensang) by Franz Schubert, Op. 147, No. 1. The score is in G major, 3/4 time, and consists of six systems of piano and vocal staves. The piano part features a prominent eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal part includes various ornaments and trills. Dynamics range from piano (p) to fortissimo (ff).

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1864.

[No. 7.

A STORY FOR SISTERS-IN-LAW.

BY EMMA B. RIPLEY.

Mr. Vincent came in with an open letter in his hand. "Here's news for you at last, Nelly," he said. "It's all settled. Mr. Gregory has agreed to George's terms, and the whole family will come on in a few weeks."

"How perfectly delightful!" cried little Mrs. Vincent, in a flutter of excitement. "I am so glad! I was so afraid it would fall through, after all. Now that some of our own relations will be near us, I shall need nothing to make me completely happy!"

Mr. Vincent smiled at her enthusiasm. "I don't know that my anticipations are quite as fervent as that," he said; "but I shall be very glad to have my brother here, and you and Madeline will enjoy being together, no doubt."

"And the children, too!" said Nelly. "You know, John, how much depends on cousins being a good deal together early in life; if they are not, there is very little family feeling when they grow up. I have often felt sad about it; it seemed as if our children would hardly know their relations—an occasional visit doesn't amount to much. But this makes it all right."

"George asks if there is any pleasant house that they can get; if so, he will be glad to have us engage it. I must make inquiries in the course of the day."

"Was there ever anything so fortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent. "I heard only this morning that the Beltons are going to move. The very next house to ours, and just like it; don't you think it will suit them, John? Their family is just the size of ours, and I suppose they will live in much the same style. And then we can have a gate made in the garden fence, and run in and out at any time. I don't know how to wait till they come!"

Just a suspicion crossed Mr. Vincent's mind that perhaps this excessive intimacy and convenience of going to and fro might not prove the best thing in the end, but he would not cloud his wife's enjoyment by any such foreboding. The little lady went on, pleased and busy as a child, planning all sorts of delights, the fruit of the expected arrival.

"Be sure you write this very afternoon, John," she said, "and tell them all about the house—and if it suits them I will speak to Mrs. Boyle at once, and have her ready to begin cleaning as soon as the Beltons move out—they will go next week, I hear. And another thing, will they bring their own stoves?"

"I don't know; I should think not; they are heavy things to transport. Why no, of course they won't; theirs are all for wood, and here they will be obliged to burn coal, as we do."

"Now you see," said Mrs. Vincent, triumphantly, "how nicely it is all coming out! You can tell George about it, and we will buy the stoves and put them up before they get here—we have had experience, and know the best kinds. With the house cleaned and the stoves up the worst of their moving will be over."

"But it will make a good deal of trouble for you."

"Oh, never mind me. I shall just run in once in a while and see how Mrs. Boyle is getting on; besides, what are one's friends good for if they are afraid of a little trouble? I want Madeline's first impression of the place to be pleasant. Of course they will come here at once, and I shall help them as much as I can—they needn't stay in their own house at all till it is settled."

"You are a good little thing, Nelly," re-
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marked her husband, as they went out to dinner.

All that afternoon Mrs. Vincent was in the highest spirits. She imparted the great news to Bridget, wiping the silver and tumblers for her as she did so—she never stood idle-handed. She told Fred and the baby—so called, though nearly two years old—about a dozen times that Aunt Maddy and the little cousins were coming, and they should all be so happy together. Fred entered into the matter with considerable zest, anticipating company in “playing horse” and “training,” but the baby took it stolidly, sucking her thumb through her mother’s liveliest descriptions.

During the week Mrs. Vincent’s sewing machine was unusually active; piles of little aprons and coats were got out of the way, that she might be at liberty to devote herself to her friends’ interests. George’s letter arrived in due season; he would take the house, and his brother was commissioned to buy the stoves, and Madeline did not know how to thank dear Nelly enough for taking so much off her hands; she hardly dreaded the moving now. So Mrs. Boyle was set at work, and the rooms presently shone forth in all the neatness of well-washed paint and clear glass. Nelly had been around, seeing that all was thoroughly done; rubbing a streaky pane now and then till it shone transparent, or calling Mrs. Boyle’s attention to something she had overlooked. Working people always liked Mrs. Vincent; “she was very particular,” they said, “but so very pleasant.” A combination, unhappily, not too frequent.

So the preparations were complete, and one bright afternoon the expected friends arrived. They made a happy party around the tea-table, which Nelly had spread in her best and most bountiful manner—a comely party, too. The two brothers, gentlemanly-looking men—but their appearance did not matter as much; the young wives, neither of whom had seen her twenty-fifth birthday; and the children, rosy and shining-clean, in bright dresses and smooth curls. Nelly was a brunette—trim, tidy, a little too plump, perhaps; but she filled out so nicely every nook of her waist and sleeves, her hands were so dimpled, her wrists so round, that you could hardly find fault with her. Madeline had more elegance of form and manner; her regular features, fair hair and delicate complexion, made the prettiest contrast with Nelly’s glancing eyes and brilliant color.

She was more quiet, too, though not wanting in animation.

After tea there was an excursion to the house next door. The yard, with its trees and shrubs and neat graveled path, received due commendation; within, the arrangement was found to be convenient, the rooms of good size, the closets numerous. “And isn’t this paper on the parlors lovely?” asked Nelly.

Madeline assented, but with an inward reservation. Very pretty it was, but it did not suit their carpets in the least. What a pity that no one had thought of this; she wondered how she could have overlooked it herself. If it had been spoken of perhaps the landlord might have re-papered—though that was hardly likely, as the walls looked so fresh and nice. At any rate she would not speak of it now, for dear Nelly had been so kind that it would be a shame to say anything that implied the least dissatisfaction.

Then the garden was inspected and praised, and the virtues of the little gate expatiated on.

“I think,” said Madeline to her husband, after they had gone up stairs that night, “that we had better begin living in our own house at once. We will content ourselves with simple meals till things are in order.”

“But Nelly expects you to stay here; she will be disappointed.”

“I know; but don’t you see that we must necessarily give her a good deal of trouble—five additional persons in the family; and she takes such pains with her table. I need Margaret’s help at the house, and if I have her there I must have the children too; I can’t burden Bridget with them. I know Nelly is very kind, but we mustn’t allow her to do too much; I am afraid if we stay here a week, going back and forth as we must and with so much confusion, that she will be very glad to see us leave. And that would be a pity. We must not give her a surfeit of our society to begin with.”

George agreed to this, admiring his wife’s thoughtfulness. “But I don’t believe you will get Nelly to consent,” he said. It was indeed a matter of some difficulty, and when accomplished did not relieve her as much as her sister-in-law had wished. She brought in cake, she brought in pies, she insisted on making their bread, she transported potatoes, nicely pared, from her own kitchen to theirs, and spent all the time her multiplied household

labors allowed in putting up curtains, washing china, and doing a hundred things to advance the "settling." Nelly had a perfect genius for all home-duties. When a thing was to be done she saw at once the easiest and quickest way—and did it. Madeline, as willing, was less efficient.

"It is too bad," she said one day, "you will work yourself to death for us, Nelly."

"This looks like it," she answered, pointing to the chubby arm which her rolled-up sleeve displayed. "Don't be alarmed; I shall stand it a while longer."

"What should I ever have done without you!" exclaimed Madeline, fervently.

"Oh, you would have worked through; not quite as soon. Of course I meant to make it easier for you. I would have done a great deal more for the sake of having you here. Hark! is that Freddy crying?" Madeline went to the window.

"No," she said, "they're all playing nicely in the garden—except little Bell here. What a good child she is!"

"Yes," said the mother, jerking away at an obstinate tack which the other family had left in the floor. "I declare," she added, laughing, "I hardly know how the children look. We've been so busy that I have only glanced at them now and then to make sure we had them all yet."

There came a day when everything was accomplished, and Madeline could, as Nelly said, begin to live. But the garden gate was not less frequently in requisition. It swung open many times a day as one or the other sister "ran in" of a morning, or took her sewing over of an afternoon. The children, too, used it freely and played together, for the most part, in harmony.

There was a great dissimilarity in the two young wives; almost as great as the contrast in their looks. Madeline was very intelligent; Nelly could make no pretension to anything more than good plain sense; she read the newspaper, when she had time, and occasionally a story; that was all. On the other hand she was, as has been said, the queen of house-keepers. Madeline could not but notice that Nelly kept no run at all of the new books that came out, and she felt it would be absurd to speak to her of Tennyson's poems or Thackeray's novels. Nor could it escape Nelly's observant eye, when she took a meal in the other house, that the table was by no means

equal to her own. Things were comfortable and fairly put on; but Nelly had a sort of witches-power over everything in the culinary way. At her command, flour and sugar and eggs mingled themselves into the most delicious compounds, meats were done to a turn, and bread came forth from the oven in a state of incomparable brownness and sweetness. Madeline had been known, once or twice in her career, to have a streak as broad as a cambric-needle in her cake, but such an event would have sent Nelly into convulsions. Her silver and cutlery shone as if just brought home, her table-cloths were the heaviest and glossiest that could be found, the folds ran through them straight as a die, and everything was arrayed on their polished surface with mathematical exactness. The same order and glitter went through her whole domain. Each sister was aware of the other's superiority and of her own; each, without arrogance, considered her special gift the more valuable.

For a time all went on in the happiest manner; but as the months wore away and the gloss of novelty with them, some of the delightfulness vanished. Sundry trifling differences of opinion showed themselves. In the first glow of enthusiasm these were of no consequence; either had always been ready to say, "very likely you are right;" or, if firm in her own convictions, to let the subject pass. But when the salutary restraint of ceremony was in some degree dismissed, each began to feel and vindicate her perfect right to hold her own opinion.

Nelly happened to be in the other kitchen one morning while dinner preparations were going on. Among other things coffee was to be made.

"Haven't you an Old Dominion?" she asked. "I don't feel as if I could keep house without it."

"Oh no," said Madeline. "I never boil my coffee."

Now these words look very innocently written; but there is no denying that the tone of them, when spoken, implied a good deal, and caused Nelly to say with much emphasis, "I *always* boil mine."

"I know you do. I can tell boiled coffee whenever I taste it."

"So can I," responded Nelly. Madeline said no more, but both sisters received a disagreeable impression. Of course Nelly reasoned, the thing itself was of no consequence; but then

Madeline's tone, and the idea of teaching *her* how to make coffee! It was really too laughable! but Nelly's amusement was not very pleasant to see. And then her silence at the end was so offensive; a superior manner, as if she had said, "I am not going to quarrel about it!" Madeline did certainly have a very disagreeable way at times!

Meanwhile Mrs. George was saying to herself that Nelly set quite too high a value on her authority; she had things very nice, to be sure, but that was no sign that no one else could do them properly. As for coffee, it *was* a great deal better drawn than boiled; the French always made it so, and they certainly ought to know; and she always *could* tell when it was boiled; there was a taste about it. It was hard if she could not have things in her own house as she liked without giving offence—but Nelly was so quick! Such a temper was a great misfortune to any one.

Another day Madeline went into the parlor next door. "How bright you are here!" she exclaimed, drawing up her eyes with an expression of discomfort.

"We've all of us good sight, fortunately," answered Nelly, lowering the shade to favor the assumed weak vision of the visitor.

"Don't give yourself the trouble," said Madeline; "my eyes are good enough; it is merely a matter of taste."

"I like a room cheerful," observed Nelly.

"So do I," responded Madeline; "but a glare of sunshine is anything but cheerful to me. It always makes my head ache."

"Oh, does it?" said Nelly. "My head is not so easily affected. But you are so accustomed to dark rooms at home, that I suppose you find the light very trying."

Madeline did not answer, and Nelly thought, "She's making a virtue, now, of her forbearance?"

"What an ill-natured pair!" you exclaim—"could they never meet without these little tilts?" Certainly they could. Very many interviews passed off without a word of the kind. But they saw each other too often. Most people have their "moods," times when they are prone to take offence, less disposed to be placable than at others; and they were so frequently together that there was no chance of avoiding any such state of mind. Then, instead of agreeing to differ, they dealt the little side-thrusts I have described. Nelly generally spoke out at once, and was the

sooner over it. Madeline had more dignity; but retained her displeasure longer. She said to herself that it was dreadful to have such a temper, and Nelly thought that *she* could put up with anything but sulkiness.

Madeline's health was not strong, and the cares of housekeeping were heavy for her. After a time, she employed a second girl. Nelly made her own private comments on this proceeding. If it were *her* case, she thought; if her husband were a young man with his way to make, and they had a little family to bring up, she should try to save him all the expense she could. Certainly Madeline's housekeeping was nothing so extraordinary that it need take more time and labor than other people's. There was no management; there was the difficulty. It was none of *her* business, of course; but *she* should keep on with her one girl,* just as she had done. She was partly right in her estimate. Madeline had not her capacity for planning and accomplishing; neither had she the vigorous health which kept up Nelly's strength and spirits.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. George, on the other hand, saw nothing in Nelly's fashions to condemn. For one thing, she thought the table in the other house extravagant. Their butcher's bill must be enormous. Always the best pieces of meat; and things were so high now; and then pies, and cakes, and sweetmeats in such profusion; and if ever there were a nice thing in market, it must be had. It was no affair of *hers*, to be sure, but *she* felt it her duty to economize, and put up with a plain dinner now and then—beginning, as they were. Twenty years hence, if they prospered, she might keep such a table. The children, too, had more spent on them in one year, than hers in two. And how much time it took to make their clothes. Nelly was always complaining that she could not get a minute to read. If she would just give up a little of her unnecessary cooking, and some of those endless embroideries, and tucks, and ruffles, she would find she had as much time as other people. Meanwhile, Nellie pitied poor George, whose wife so seldom got up anything nice for him, and thought the children were too plain, almost, to be respectable. They might look a great deal better, with the same expense, if their mother were not so afraid of her own work. It wouldn't hurt her eyes any more to embroider than to read, and if she just stirred about a little, and spent more time

in her kitchen, maybe her health would improve.

The children, too, gave some trouble, now that there was less readiness to excuse and conciliate. Altogether, the state of feeling, though there had never been a single open dispute, was fast becoming anything but kind.

Meanwhile the brothers were quite unsuspicious, and the neighbors likewise. Both the young wives had too much right feeling to make their troubles the subject of confidential talk out of the family; both thought, too, that it would be a pity to say anything to their husbands, and so make one brother take part against another. But one day George received a little light. "Isn't it a great while since we had Nelly and John to tea?" he said, at dinner. "Suppose you ask them over this afternoon?"

"I couldn't to-day," replied Madeline. "If you can let me have till to-morrow to prepare, I'll do it."

"Nonsense!" said George. "What do we want of preparation with our own brother and sister. Give them just what you happen to have."

"That would never do," said Madeline, earnestly. "The truth is, Nelly is so very particular, that one rather dreads to invite her, lest things should not be nice enough. I'll send in to-morrow; that will give me plenty of time."

"Just as you like; but I call it foolish. Our every-day table is good enough."

"Perhaps your opinion and hers might differ."

"Why, what's the matter, Maddy?" asked George. "Have you two been having any trouble?"

Madeline was discreet; but her husband was shrewd; he found out enough, spite of her guarded answers, to show him where the trouble lay, and he determined to apply the remedy.

Not many days after, Nelly came into the other house. Madeline was feeling very unwell; but she had become aware lately that her sister-in-law had not much sympathy with her ailments; so she said nothing about it, but talked of current topics, as usual. Nelly presently remarked that she had hoped Bridget would be back this morning. She was very anxious to go into M—— and do some shopping, but she couldn't leave the children. Madeline understood perfectly the drift of this, but she did not feel able to bear the noise which Bell and Fred. and her own two would make if

they got together; her head was so hot and heavy, with such sharp pain now and then. She wanted to say as much, promising to take them to-morrow, if she were better, as she hoped to be; but hesitated; she remembered a look she had seen once or twice on Nelly's face when her health was spoken of. The subject dropped, and was not again alluded to.

"You spoke of going to M—— this afternoon," said John, at dinner. "I have engaged a horse and buggy, and will come up for you as soon as you can be ready."

"I did want very much to go; the children need their things; but Bridget has not come back, and I cannot leave Fred. and Bell."

"Why not ask Madeline to see to them?"

"I shall not do that, if I never go," said Nelly with spirit. "I was in there this morning, and told her just how it was. I thought I wouldn't ask her outright; but she understood it just as well as if I had; but she never said a word."

"I am surprised," said John, his face clouding.

"I'm not, very much," answered Nelly. "But I know one thing: if I was so very much afraid of *doing* a favor, I shouldn't be quite so ready to accept them."

"That's true," said John, who could not bear a slight to his wife—"only think how much you did for her when they came! I feel really hurt. I shouldn't have thought it of Madeline. But perhaps she wasn't well," he added, a bright thought striking him.

"She didn't say so, and she's generally willing enough to speak if anything ails her," said Nelly, who was thoroughly out of patience. "I thought she looked rather dull myself; but she's got so into that way of fancying herself an invalid, that you never can tell."

"No, I think you're wrong there," said John, candidly. "I don't believe it's fancy. She looks ill. I noticed it when we were there at tea. Come, Nelly, cheer up; I don't wonder you feel annoyed; but I dare say there's some good excuse if you only knew it. Bridget will be back to-night, at any rate, and a single day won't make much difference in the shopping."

Nelly acknowledged that; it was the spirit of the thing that angered her. How she had worked for Madeline, and thought nothing of it—been glad to do it. And now she would not do even such a little thing as to look after the children for one afternoon. She felt injured as well as vexed; it was ungrateful, unkind, un-

sisterly. She thought of it all the afternoon, and the more she thought the worse it looked. She made up her mind that if Madeline came in she should be very cool. She had always been fond of her, spite of their troubles; but if the regard was to be all on one side, it might as well end first as last.

However, she was not put to the test. Madeline did not come that day or the next morning. Nelly wondered at this, but thought, "Let her wait as long as she likes; I shall not go after her." And Bridget having returned, she set about her shopping in the afternoon. But she took rather a sore heart around with her, and could not enter with the usual zest into the choice between mousseline and merino plaids and figures. When she reached home, Bridget met her with a face of serious import. "And it's meself that's glad to see ye back, mem; they're full of troubles next door. Mrs. George is down with a fever. She'd been aillin' like a day or two, and she lay down after dinner for a nap; and she woke up clear out of her head, and never spoke a word of sinse afther. And the doctor's there, and Mr. George said would I send ye in the minute ye got home."

Poor Nelly! Fifty accusing angels took a firm grip of her conscience as she heard these words. Five minutes afterwards she was in the other house, devoting all her energies to the case of the sufferer.

Madeline just lived. There were many hours when her recovery was despaired of. Nelly found out then how much she really cared for her. How pitiable, how wicked seemed their little jealousies, in the presence of this great danger. She made many good resolves in those long nights of anxious watching. Madeline, too, had ample time for reflection during her slow convalescence, and ample cause for gratitude. She owed her life, under Heaven, to Nelly's care. It was Nelly who still nursed her with untiring devotion. How could she ever have forgotten all that former kindness, ever suffered

herself to be petulant or exacting to one who had done so much for her? It could never be so again—never!

George saw with delight the renewed affection of the sisters, and laid his plans to insure its permanence. One day, when Maddy felt unusually bright, he had a piece of news for her. Did she remember that pretty house across the river? They had often admired it. Well, it had been offered to him at a very reasonable rate, and he had purchased it.

Madeline was greatly pleased. It was just such a home as she could have wished for. They could keep a horse and cow, and the children would have plenty of space, and the grounds were so tasteful, the house so pretty. There was only one drawback; but that was a great one; it would take them so far from John and his family. "Just as I've learned anew how to value you," she said, with an affectionate look at Nelly.

"You will not really be separated," said George. "It is only two miles away; nothing if you drive, and you might walk it on a pleasant day, if you felt well."

Then he descanted on the beauty of the place—its orchards and berries; the treat it would be to Nelly's children to spend the day there; how they should keep a gentle horse, and Madeline and Nelly could drive out together; what pitchers of cream they should send over, etc., etc. All became convinced that it was a very nice arrangement, spite of the drawback.

When Madeline was thoroughly restored, there was another moving, in which Nelly made herself if possible more useful than before. The plan worked admirably. The sisters had received a salutary lesson, and their partial separation prevented the collisions that might have effaced its memory. Their regard grew with years, and you could hardly persuade them now that they had ever experienced the heartburnings which were so frequent when they lived too near each other.

POETRY.

Absolute novelty in a poem, even if it could be procured, the reader does not care about; what delights him is the setting of a familiar thought in a new light, the discovery of subtle links and relationships existing between things with which he is acquainted, but which he was in the habit of considering disconnected and remote.

I live—I love—I am happy—I am wretched
—I was once young—I must die, are extremely
simple and commonplace ideas, which no one
can claim as exclusive property, yet out of
these have flowed all the poetry the world
knows, and all that it ever will know.

MY SPIRIT-BRIDE.

BY S. C. CUSHMAN.

Sad and lonely I am sitting
'Neath the moonb-am's glimmering light,
For before my mind are flitting
Spirits of the past, to-night;
Memories sweet of joy and gladness,
Now alas! forever flown,
Leaving naught but bitter sadness,
For I'm *all alone*.

All alone! The friends I've cherished
Scattered are like autumn leaves;
Joys, like flowers, but bloom to perish—
Love the trusting heart deceives,
Yet not *all* alone; for Heaven,
Wishing some kind gift to send
To my troubled soul, has given
Me an angel-friend.

And in hours of quiet dreaming,
'Mid the stillness of the night,
Comes that beauteous angel beaming
On my love-enraptured sight;
Comes to cheer me with her presence,
Soothe me with her gentle love—
Comes to teach me holy lessons,
From her home above.

When my heart is faint and weary,
Sinking 'neath its heavy load;
When the world looks dark and dreary,
Life a rough and rugged road;

When my faltering footsteps totter
Wearied ere they reach the goal,
And Despair's dark, murky water
Overwhelms my soul.

Then that angel form, approaching,
Smiles a soul-inspiring smile,
And her fairy hand mine touching,
Thrills my every nerve the while;
And I hear an angel whisper,
Soft and gentle, by my side—
Sweet and soothing as a Vesper-
Bell at eventide.

Breathing words of import holy,
Chiding my rebellious woe,
Telling of the Saviour lowly—
Of his sufferings here below.
Then my fainting soul grows stronger,
My despairing eyes look up,
And my heart, cast down no longer,
Beats with new-born hope.

Oh! this life were dark and gloomy,
But for her, my angel-love,
Bearing peace and comfort to me,
From her home of light above.
Now no worldly care comes near me,
Comes not near affliction's tide,
While I have each hour to cheer me.
Her—my Spirit-Bride.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

Voyager upon life's river,
Though your downward course seems slow,
Though the morning sun shines brightly,
Shun the falls that lie below;
Stem the current, stem the current,
Lest you reach the rocks below.

Storms may rise and sweep you onward,
Dark clouds may the sun obscure,
And a fearful ruin woo you,
When your dreams are most secure;
Stem the current, stem the current,
Lest all prove not so secure.

Say not it is easier floating,
That your oars you need not use,
Swiftly onward flows the river,
You shall not a moment lose;
Stem the current, stem the current,
Lest you all forever lose. \

As you near the falls' deep murmur,
Faster flows the current on,
Feebler grows your arm for rowing,
Strength of soul seems almost gone;
Stem the current, stem the current,
Lest it should indeed be gone.

Yonder lies a quiet haven,
Where your bark can anchor safe,
Where you need no longer battle
With the storm, and wind, and wave;
Stem the current, stem the current,
Lest you reach that downward wave.

If rest seem not so inviting,
Purest pleasures there they know,
And if these fail, still remember
Those dark falls that lie below;
Stem the current, stem the current,
Lest you reach the rocks below.



"MISTRESS AND MAID."

A carriage, with two large travelling trunks strapped up behind, dashed into a handsome street, fronting on a square in the Western part of the city. The house before which it paused was an elegant one, not very large or imposing, but finely finished and prettily furnished, too, if one might judge from the glimpse of the inside afforded by the open hall door. A stout and rather portentous-looking manservant leisurely descended the steps as the carriage-door opened, and acknowledging the kindly salutation of a young gentleman who sprang out and offered his hand to assist a young lady, slowly commenced to extricate the

luggage, and lend the hackman a hand in removing it into the house. The promise of the hall was realized in the tasteful beauty of the parlors, and the whole house and its appointments, was a sort of dowry from the uncle, with whom Mrs. Henry Edwards, just returned with her husband from a bridal tour, had passed her orphan life.

Uncle Burton was a widower, with three sons at college, and when his pretty niece's affections turned on a promising young doctor, with nothing but his profession to look to, he neither approved of the choice nor favored its progress. Still, being simply a wise, and not

at all a cruel man, he yielded his consent when he saw they would get married without it, and so far aided in the setting them up for life as the purchase and fitting up of the handsome house they had just returned to was concerned. The deed was made out in Alice Edwards' name, and she given to understand that she stood possessed in it of her share in her uncle's property, whatever its extent might be. "Your future husband's practice must do the rest," said Uncle Burton bluntly. "You've preferred an unpretending lot, you say, and I hope you'll get along well in it."

With this parting exordium, he gave her the papers, her wedding-dress and veil, together with a small but well-filled purse. Her outfit had been provided long before; so there was nothing left for her to do but to thank him in tears, and drive off with her husband to the depot. That inevitable exile following on a wedding was accomplished, and exceedingly glad to get home out of hotel life, Alice ran up stairs to her chamber, to change her travelling dress, and be down in time for tea. Her establishment was but sparsely furnished with servants, in comparison to its size. A woman who came strongly recommended by her uncle's housekeeper, and the extremely respectable-looking male functionary who was to attend the young doctor's study and wait on the hall door, completed that department; but Alice, knowing nothing whatever about such matters, was entirely easy on the subject.

"I wonder when we shall have tea?" remarked her young lord, who despite the admiration which his face expressed for his pretty wife's home toilet, was earthly enough to be conscious at the same time of the pangs of hunger.

"Oh, I suppose she'll be ready with it presently, Harry; she's new yet, you know, and we must be patient."

"Have you seen her yet, darling?—does she know what time you expect her to be ready?"

"Why should I, dear? You know she knows what to do, and I don't know what to tell her. I'll have to learn housekeeping, because I'm lamentably ignorant; but there's plenty of time; isn't there, Harry?"

"Certainly," said her husband, but he said it a little gravely, listening meantime for the sound of a bell, to warn them to the dining-room. "Alice," he added, thoughtfully, "pray don't let Catharine know your entire

dependence on her; she will give you some trouble if you do, I'm afraid."

Alice opened wide her fine blue eyes, and regarded her husband with astonishment—"Why, Harry, what an idea!" she said. "I may as well let her know first as last; she'll be sure to find it out."

To pass the interval of waiting, she sat down to her own piano, that had been removed there from Uncle Burton's, in her absence. "Doesn't it sound natural, Harry? I'm as glad to see it again as I should be to meet an old friend. What shall I play for you, dear?"

"Do you suppose Catharine knows we're ready for tea?" asked her husband, by way of reply. "There, forgive me for being inattentive about the music; but I'm really hungry, and there's a terrible uncertainty about our having a meal served."

Alice arose, and giving her husband a glance that, mild as it was, approached nearer to anger than any other look he had ever received from her, swept out of the room and through the back hall towards the kitchen regions. The feeling of slight annoyance at her husband which had sustained her courage thus far, deserted her there, and she glanced at the door at the foot of the dining-room stairs with some perturbation.

Mrs. Rogers, her uncle's housekeeper, was a stern, implacable dealer with servants, and Alice, in her holidays at home from the fashionable school where she was taught music, French, painting on velvet and satin, and the other accomplishments belonging to a thorough education, knew nothing of those indispensable members of society except through the medium of that remarkable woman.

Catharine O'Bourke had been a protégé of hers, and as Mrs. Rogers said, was just the person for a small family, and in fact a perfect gem; so Alice had come to the conclusion that no more need be said or thought on the subject, it certainly being the duty of a perfect gem to get tea without any difficulty.

In a timid kind of desperation she opened the kitchen door and stepped in. It was a comfortable room, with every appurtenance to complete housewifery, and lighted up and made cheerful by a glowing range. In front of the bright fire sat a large-framed, sturdy looking woman, with a broad face and a heavy lowering brow, shading a keen, cunning pair of eyes. This female rose as Mrs. Edwards entered, and making a short courtesy, hailed her with—

"Well, how are ye, ma'am. I was telling Thomas, Mr. Edwards's man, that I was looking for ye to come down and see me about the tay, but I suppose ye're not mindin' what ye sit these times."

There was an easy, sociable tone to this person that struck the bride offensively, so she assumed as much dignity as she could command, and said—"We were waiting for the bell to ring for tea. I had hoped it was prepared by this time."

"Oh, ma'am," said Catharine, decidedly, "ye couldn't be expectin' me to know ye're wishes widout yer spakin' thim. Sure I know garls is thought to be able for amost anythin', but I would niver undertake to find out the manin' of a body unless they tould me thim-selves."

Somewhat staggered by this course of reasoning, Mrs. Edwards begged that tea might be got ready in a rather humble manner, and Catharine responded, obligingly, "Yes, ma'am, to be sure, ma'am; and what will ye have?"

"Why, make some tea, and"—the young lady paused—an array of viands such as she had seen at her uncle's table passed before her, but anything available or appropriate for an evening meal seemed to resolutely elude her thought. She remembered her husband's avowal of hunger, and felt the necessity of satisfying it, but feared to name a dish so out of the course of custom as to destroy her servant's reliance on her knowledge. Catharine's eyes rested on her mistress knowingly, and a look of satisfaction dawned on her face.

"Sure ye have to lave it to me, ma'am, ye may as well say so, for I see ye're jist bothered intirely."

Utterly unable to preserve an appearance of wisdom in housekeeping, Alice resigned the attempt, and anxious that the meal should be prepared, said—"Yes, yes, just get what you think right," and ignominiously retired before her handmaiden's superior skill.

She found her husband in the parlor flattening his nose against the window panes, and gazing out into the square full of leafless trees and gathering darkness.

"I was just giving orders," she remarked in reply to his hopelessly inquiring glance, "tea will be ready presently." This was a joyful hearing apparently for Dr. Edwards, and the restored calm of demeanor almost repaid his wife for the inward misgiving she had as to the entire correctness of the statement she

had made. By and by the bell and ring, and with the utmost alacrity he sprang up from the sofa where he had thrown himself to hand his wife out to the dining-room, where a really tempting meal repaid the pause.

Catharine herself was not in waiting, but the pot of tea and the urn of hot water stood ready on the tray, while a dish of buttered toast, a small platter of nicely broiled steak, and some preserves and sponge-cake, completed the entertainment. Dr. Edwards looked around approvingly.

"Why, Alice, this looks promising, doesn't it? I shall begin to think Mrs. Rogers's opinions infallible, for she assured us she was a paragon, you know."

"I think," said Alice, faintly, "that she may turn out an excellent girl."

"May!" said her husband, enthusiastically, with his mouth full of steak, "why she *is*; and now that we're talking of it, darling, I must say that it is a weakness of mine to esteem home comforts most highly, and to think that unless these household duties are well performed and comfortably ordered, there is really very little satisfaction in anything else."

"What a frightfully material view to take of things," said Mrs. Edwards. "Really, I used to think you romantic and poetical, but I'm sure you dont seem so now."

The doctor helped himself to another slice of toast, and handed over his cup for hot tea.

"Alice," he said, impressively, "there is a mysterious connection between the soul and the stomach. I shant trouble you by discussing the subtle link, but while I still profess myself an ardent admirer of the poetic and beautiful, I plead guilty to being fond of a good fire, good light, good furniture and a well furnished table—if you think that being too material."

"No," said his wife, slowly. "I suppose it's all perfectly proper; but do you know, Harry, I think it's a great pity, it gives women so much trouble."

In fact, a new idea of her responsibility dawned on the young wife's mind, and made her feel anything but comfortable. Now that supper was over breakfast stared her in the face, and that would no sooner be disposed of than another meal, like the hydra's head, would spring in its place. Catharine O'Rourke she felt would be amply able to attend to anything they would need done, but her manner was

intimidating to Alice whose moral courage was not the strongest point in her character.

The next morning, the first in their new home, she was up betimes, and down in the kitchen to propitiate its presiding genius on the subject of breakfast; and so potent was her smiling, agreeable presence, that light muffins and well-cooked chops made the fragrant coffee an accompaniment to a good breakfast.

"Come into my study a little while, Alice," said the doctor, rising from the table, after commending the excellent style in which she had begun her housekeeping. You know we must decide on a regular plan of expenditure, and study economy in it too, I'm sorry to say, darling."

Alice knew well that her husband was the salaried assistant of one of the first physicians in the State, and that his private practice over and above that was a mere nothing; but when, after he had opened the case, by telling her the amount of his income, and his ideas of careful expenditure, and the comfort that could be maintained economically by avoiding waste, her heart sank within her, for she felt the task was one in which neither her knowledge of French nor music would aid her, nor into which she could introduce the theory of painting in oil or water colors. Being therefore completely unprepared by education, her spirit quailed at the thought, and it only needed his closing words to finish the blow. "And above all things, Alice, be mistress in your own house, a mild and gentle rule, you understand, but still a decided rule."

Alice assented to all he said, but in her own mind its accomplishment seemed almost impossible.

"Knowledge is power," she thought, "and Catharine O'Rourke knows all about it, while I'm as ignorant as an owl."

But although she thought this, she made no mention of her misgivings to her husband; he had avowed himself an intense admirer of housewifery, and to acknowledge herself wanting would be, she feared, to forfeit a portion of his regard.

"I must try to learn very fast, and when I thoroughly understand all these things, then I'll surprise him by telling him how little I once knew," was her inward resolution.

"Come down here, ma'am, and make up yer mind what ye'll have for dinner!" cried Catharine from the foot of the dining-room stairs, when her mistress sat with a small blank

book before her, headed "Household Accounts," and a loose pile of cash at her side. The tone was one of familiar good humor, and when she added, "Make haste now, and don't be kapin' me back in my work, will ye?" poor Mrs. Edwards glanced round apprehensively, for fear of her husband being within hearing.

"Yes, Catharine," she said, faintly, "I'll come presently."

"Oorra now; jist dhrop what yer at, and come now, ma'am, for I can't be foolin' me time when there's so much to do. It is not as if ye had three garruls as the house would nade if it got its dues, but jist meself to wrastle through wid the whole of the work."

Alice closed the book and thrust the change into a purse—and hurrying down breathlessly at this last exordium—"Well, Catharine," she said, conciliatingly, "you know we are only two, and I mean to dust and arrange the furniture myself. Dr. Edwards says Thomas will do the marketing, and as he is very fond of mutton I think I had best order some for dinner to-day."

"Faith, then, ye'll not be able to have it this day, ma'am," said Catharine, decidedly, putting her arms akimbo and holding her head sideways.

"Why not, Catharine, when I prefer it," asked her mistress, mildly.

"Oh, yis, ma'am, ye can if ye will, sure what am I but yer cook. Yer the mistress, an' if it was a pelykin of the wilderness ye wanted sthewed I'd do it to plase ye; but if ye would put the vegetables ye have on the table wid mutton maybe yer husband would like thim, maybe not."

"Oh, must you have any particular kind of vegetables with different meats?" asked Mrs. Edwards, in surprise.

"Of coorse ye must if ye want to have a dacint table, ma'am; but that's jist as ye think about it, ye know."

"Oh, but I do, Catharine," said Alice, earnestly. "I do want to have evverything in keeping. I am a little inexperienced to begin with, but I shall soon understand all these things quite well."

"To be sure ye will," said her attendant encouragingly. "Niver bother yer purty little head about it, but jist go away up to yer pianny an' amuse yourself at it, an' lave the work to me."

Alice stood irresolute—her husband's words, be mistress of your own house! rang in her ears, and then the utter inability she felt to

assume the control rose in conflict. The struggle was only for a moment. she turned and walked meekly away, and was soon wrapt in her old songs and sonatas, to the extinction of every culinary interest. By and by the bell rang, and Thomas ushered in some visitors; call succeeded call until within an hour of dinner time, which was little enough to give to dressing and deciding on what Harry would be most charmed with in the way of a head-dress.

Punctual to the moment the dinner bell rang, and perfectly delighted with his wife's success, Dr. Edwards could not compliment her too highly on its arrangement.

"What a sly little puss you were to pretend ignorance and have me quite lecture you on these matters; the redoubtable Mrs. Rogers herself couldn't manage a girl better."

The feeling that her husband accredited to modesty was not an enviable one, and as her cheeks flushed painfully, he redoubled his commendations to set her fully at ease. But Catharine O'Rourke flourished in the family of Edwards; everything was well arranged, and nothing was ever needed to complete their comfort. But one appalling circumstance struck misery to her heart, it was this—that Catharine's accounts and her husband's allowance varied painfully, and that her own little purse was in requisition every week to make up the deficit.

"Still," as she said to herself daily, "what was she to do." To remonstrate, she tried that. "Catharine," she said, gently, one morning, when the butcher's account came in, and the baker and vegetable man had both to be settled with, "Catharine, don't you think we might economize a little: just to begin with let some particularly expensive dish go, and retrench a little in some way."

Thomas, the "offish man," as Catharine called him, was just leaving the kitchen with his master's shaving water, when the conversation opened in this wise, and not being above the feeling of curiosity, he paused to hear how it should terminate, with an interested smile on his provokingly respectable countenance.

Catharine O'Rourke was busy at the range making an omelet for breakfast; she paused, and turning an astonished look on her mistress repeated her words—"Is it acynomise or retrench; well, ma'am, I would like to know yer maning; do ye accuse me of wastin' yer livin' and ruinin' ye? If ye do I'll be willin'

to right meself before iver a justice of the pace in the country. Here's yer bills, rade thim for yer sif, an' ask yer butcher if they're right or wrong."

In her excited and indignant virtue, she turned round, pan in hand, and gesticulated fiercely. Alice hastened to soothe her wounded handmaid's feelings. "Why, Catharine, I implore you don't be so loud. Thomas, be good enough to carry up Dr. Edwards's things and shut the door; really I never thought of you as the cause of the waste—it was only because I hoped we could avoid it I spoke."

"Waste! there ye are agin wid yer abuse, ma'am; who wastes? I swear on the book, by this and by that, nobody but meself would stand such talk."

Here the faithful creature gave way to tears, and rattled the things about with a fury that threatened damage to the ironmongery. Alice strove to explain her meaning more clearly, but she rejected every overture, and insisted on being injured, so, that the breakfast being ready and her husband's step heard above stairs before any understanding was arrived at, she was fain to leave the ruffled Catharine, and hasten to preside at the head of the table.

Dr. Edwards was more than usually cheerful, and satisfied with his household jurisdiction on that particular morning than ever. "And do you know, love," he said, after various encomiums on the style of things, "that I cannot help feeling proud of you, so young and unused to these things as you are. The more particularly too, as I happen to have met with a half dozen fellows from Harvard, who are in town now and will be for the next month, and I mean to have them up sociably to dinner quite often. Nothing splendid you know—an extra dish or so will do splendidly, but if you did not understand your business, as one may say, I should not have dared to think of it in our poor way."

Now Mrs. Edwards had inwardly determined to have a quiet understanding with Catharine, and insist; cost what it might, upon giving her own orders; but the bare mention of the possible dinner company, put these wise resolutions to flight. "I dare not offend her," she thought, "while these gentlemen are coming—things must go on as they have done for a while;" and with many qualms, her mind recurring to the diminishing purse, her Uncle Benton's last gift, she sighed and gave herself up to fate.

But not entirely; that very day she went to

a book store intent on making a really useful purchase, and returning thence triumphant gave herself up all forenoon to its study. It was a "Complete Cookery Book," and feeling assured that it held the clue whereby to unravel all her difficulties, she applied her mind to receive its truths with devotion. After a two hours earnest reading she was interrupted by company calling, but that evening again, her husband having an engagement, she resumed the task.

What became of Catharine O'Rourke after their early tea Alice never knew. Never needing her services she had never summoned her, and she had never appeared. Nearly one-third of her evenings since she had entered the house a bride had been passed at parties given in her honor, or at tea drinkings with her friends, and at the recurrence of these invitations Catharine had always shown especial interest and pleasure.

Now she determined to consult her, and it was with no slight glow of satisfaction at being able to do so, as mistress for the first time. She had in fact learned by heart the process of making a "good plain pudding," which was no small task, as it contained at least a score of ingredients.

She meant to go down easily, as a matter of course, you know, rub her hands a little, look round her and say, as if she had just thought of it, "Oh, Catharine, let us have a good plain pudding to-morrow for dinner." She supposed then that Catharine would say, rather contemptuously, "and how do ye make that, ma'am." That was to be the signal for her triumphant disclosure, for she would then immediately begin—"Separate ten eggs the yolks from the whites, and beat separately one hour each; then take a pint of cream, two ounces of citron, six of currants, a spoonful of lemon, one nutmeg, &c., &c., &c." Whereat Catharine, awed and subdued, was to fall back at this, and the idea that her mistress knew something more than she had thought, was to dawn upon her from that moment. Descending the stairs revolving this in her thoughts, Alice became aware of the sound of voices in the region of the kitchen. There was Catharine's and Thomas's too, and others besides; rather surprised at this, she paused and listened, but being unable to decide about it went on and opened the door.

The large table, generally used for ironing, but capable of being turned over in the form of

a settle, was spread in the centre of the kitchen, and on it was laid a substantial supper of boiled ham and roast mutton, with such little delicacies in relief as could be found in the shape of a dish of cold apple fritters, a plate of small tarts, a pound cake, and a few apples of fine quality. Around this hospitable board were gathered what appeared to Alice to be an old woman, her two sons and three daughters, but who might have all been utter strangers to each other except for that resemblance in style of face and figure that marks the lower order of any country. These were Irish of the most pugnacious and aggressive type, and as the astonished mistress of the house stood transfixed, they partly rose and regarded her with an uncertain wavering between impudence and confusion.

"These is a few of me frinds, ma'am," said Catharine, stepping forward and putting a bold face on the entertainment; "ye know a body would fale lost away down here, wid nothing but workin' and slavin', if it wasn't for the kindness of thim to come in and kape me company."

"Yis, ma'am, she may well say that, ma'am," quoth the elderly Hibernian, coming to the rescue, "and it wouldn't be the likes of you that would say a word agin it. Sure she's jist worth her weight in goold to ye. Ye'd niver be able to kape things going if it wasn't for the contrivin' way she has; and she'll niver forsake ye, for she's tould me agin and agin that she'll stick to ye through iverthing."

"Catharine," said Alice, firmly, after a strong inward struggle, "I beg when your friends go away that this will be the last party you give in this house. It is both impertinent and dishonest in you to do so without my knowledge."

In a moment Catharine was in arms, and flourishing both fists in the air like a prize-fighter, she began—"Do ye thin, do ye ma'am? Troth thin I'll tell ye what I think—if it was'n't for me ye'd be in a purty way wid yer big house and yer fine airs. Aint I a slave to ye above and below, clainin' yer rooms like a chambermaid and contrivin' yer males like a Frinch cook. But I'll lave ye now, and ye'll see what ye'll do. Faith, ye'll rue it, flying up at me bekase I set a bite or sup before a frind that comes in to kape me in spirits."

Before this torrent of wrath Alice retired silently, and in the loneliness of her large parlors gave vent to her agitation. What would she do—what *should* she do under the circum-

stances? She had no good mamma to run to for advice. Mrs. Rogers she dreaded to meet with complaints against her favorite, and her husband she knew would never really understand the faults of a woman who cooked so divinely. "Beside," she thought with many qualms of conscience, "I would have to tell him how expensive she is, and he would think I had deceived him." Her eye fell on the "Cookery Book," and she took it up again, hoping to have some light thrown on the case by it. Not an idea. There were unlimited directions in the matter of carving, and every dish, however simple, demanded an amount of ingredients that were confusing to think of, but not one word could she glean at all likely to lessen her perplexity.

A short, defiant sort of knock at the door seemed to settle the matter. Alice thrust it under the sofa cushion, and Miss O'Rourke entered. "I'm bound to give ye a wake's warnin', ma'am, so ye can take it from to-night. If it hadn't been for me frinds pursuadin' me, I'd be lavin' ye this blissed night, and the bit wages ye owe me might jist go, for I wouldn't stand the affront ye put on me."

A strong resolution, born of desperation, fired Alice's breast. "There, Catharine, that will do; you can go down stairs, and when your week is up we'll settle," she said, calmly and quietly.

Catharine had evidently expected anything but this, so she redoubled her excitement. "Orra, thin, but I'm well paid for me slavin' for yez," she cried, with a thin, loud laugh. "I might have known what ye were; sure, I'm a fool that I stirred a hand for ye, when ye don't know one thing from another about house-keeping."

Trembling a good deal, Alice rose and pointed to the door without speaking. Catharine, surprised at the dignity of her mistress's manner, obeyed the motion, growling all the way through the hall and down the kitchen stairs that the ingratitude of "sich hard-hearted craytures" was a crying out shame.

Her head ached terribly when her husband arrived late in the evening, and she made that the excuse for her pale, distressed face, when his solicitude was aroused by her appearance.

"I feel anxious when I see this dear, cheerful face clouded," he said, fondly. "If my Alice were like those fretful women who bore their unfortunate husbands with constant complaints and fumings about household mishaps,

it would make me a most unsympathetic husband I'm afraid."

The words that were forming on her lips died out, and she inwardly resolved to fight out her kitchen battle single handed. The next morning saw her early dressed and abroad with three advertisements which she had cut from the daily papers relative to the whereabouts of young people in want of domestic situations, and dinner time saw her return weary and disappointed, with a wider knowledge of the subject and a less hopeful view of its promises. Some of the advertisers had no practical knowledge of anything, and those that had expected such large auxiliary aid that Alice retired in confusion. Meantime, Catharine, though sulky and sometimes openly abusive, outdid herself in the perfection of her art.

Day after day went by with like results, until at last, on the one before her avowed departure, Mrs. Edwards, in pursuing her search for a cook, inquired at a small house in a court in the lower part of the town, and found a girl who was not very confident about her abilities, but who appeared both anxious and willing to suit.

Now Alice had been in the kitchen more during this last week of Catharine's reign than she had ever been before, and having a quick eye and an apt mind, she had gleaned quite a knowledge of the art and mystery of that person's proceedings. This was a faint hope in her path of gloom, and trusting to her new maid's willingness and her own newly-acquired skill, she called Catharine into her presence on the day she had determined to leave and laid her money in her hand. "And now, Catharine," she said, "you can go whenever you're ready."

A perfect avalanche of wrath followed in the wake of these words from the lips of the insulted Catharine, and then it became plain to her mistress that going under any circumstance was the last thing in her mind. One month before, it would have been an easy thing to soothe the young housekeeper into entire forgetfulness of the former feud, but now it had become a fixed determination to rid herself at any hazard of the positive thralldom in which she lived, so she listened quietly to all Catharine's invective eloquence, and then repeated her dismissal.

About a half hour afterwards, when Alice, thinking her gone, was waiting for the new girl's ring, she reappeared in a different guise, being thoroughly good-humored and genial.

"Sure, ma'am, yer not going to be minding a bit of timper more or less from one like me. Jist look over it, and I'll warrant ye I'll be like the flowers in May wid agraebility in future."

But on Alice remaining firm to her conclusion, she changed her tune once more, and relapsed into the opprobrious. After the excitement had subsided, and Catharine was indeed gone, she flew down to the kitchen, and took a hasty inventory of its appointments and accessories before the new girl arrived. Mary Roberts was just the antipodes of her predecessor—mild, unassuming, and respectful, almost incapable of proceeding without direction. Tea was the first meal the united efforts of mistress and maid produced, and Alice had the satisfaction of knowing that everything was so carefully ordered that her observant lord did not become aware of Catharine's absence. It involved a perfect slavery for the young wife to keep up the establishment on its former footing at about half its former expense, particularly as the Harvard fellows fell to the lot of the timid Mary to cook for, rather than the redoubtable Catharine.

Late and early Alice was busy at work, sometimes below stairs directing her new maid in the ways of her old one, sometimes in devising dishes out of the perplexing Cookery Book, that never turned out as expected, but always in a nervously distressed fear of failing and meeting her husband's rebuke. At length she became more assured of her own powers, and more alive to the laziness of Thomas, and his adapta-

bility to many a piece of work poor Mary had to leave her range to perform.

One day, as the doctor crossing the hall heard her issue orders to this very much improved gentleman concerning the polishing of the stair-rods, he smiled approvingly, and at dinner remarked—"What a little manager you have become, Alice; you make that lazy fellow really brighten up industriously and make himself useful, which I've never been able to do since I've had him."

"We keep so few servants, you know, Harry," said his wife, "that it's necessary that they should do the work between them."

"Yes, to be sure," assented her husband, "and my little wife is autocrat as she should be in her own house. She might have made a mistake, and had oceans of trouble, and pestered me with it, and all that, but she began at once, and now it all goes well, doesn't it?"

Alice sighed slightly, but, remembering how much easier her burden grew every day as she learnt more and more, smiled pleasantly.

"But, Harry," she said, "you mustn't think because I don't bother you that I've no troubles. There's nothing can be done in a kitchen, in my opinion, that don't involve plenty of it."

"That's true," said her husband, "but, darling, that is not confined to the regions below stairs; there are distresses and disappointments in every part of the house where duty lies, and they are none the less when dwelt upon, or I might have confided a few to you myself."

BRING FLOWERS.

BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Bring flowers to wreathe for that lovely brow,
As fair as the Parian marble now;
She cherished them well in girlhood's days,
And strewed them around her in pleasant maze;
'Tis meet when we bear her away to the tomb
That flowers should lighten the sombre gloom.

Bring flowers—sweet flowers.

Bring roses, white roses, with waxen leaves,
And hearts as golden as harvest sheaves;
We'll twine them for a brow as fair
As their pearl-like petals; upon the hair
Of midnight darkness let them shed
Their sweetest odors o'er the dead.

Bring roses—white roses.

Bring roses, whose cheeks are with crimson dyed
As bright as a maiden's where blushes hide;
Their velvet sweetness cannot trace
More beauty than once adorned this face.
Death's cruel frost hath nipped our flower,
And withered its beauty in an hour.

Bring roses—red roses.

Bring violets, in whose eyes of blue
There linger the crystal tears of dew—
Sweet emblems of a faithful love,
We'll wreathe for her who hath gone above;
Go gather them fresh from the woodland dell,
Where the Fairy Queen and her subjects dwell.

Bring violets—blue violets.

EDNA'S FAITH.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

CHAPTER I.

Alone at nightfall in the heart of a great city. Darkness gathering in the corners as the glimmering twilight went out, and crouching low over the half-dying embers were the orphan sisters, Edna and Meltha Grant. The last kindly but humble friend had gone to attend to the wants of her own household; the last tear of sympathy had been shed, the word of consolation spoken, and they were alone, from henceforth alone. Alone, when there was light and love and warmth and mirth all about them. But who thought or cared as the hearse with its solitary carriage passed pleasant, happy homes, that it contained all that was mortal of a fond mother, and that the heart-broken children who moaned in the anguish of bereavement were alone.

There was a plaintive dirge upon the air, plumes waved and nodded above the unconscious dead. A long row of carriages filed past, many empty, or filled with hollow-hearted mourners, without a single sorrow or regret for him who was gone. Eager faces looked from the long, low windows, or filled the doorways, to watch the imposing procession as it moved slowly past. But the peaceful sleepers were equals now—the strong man, the frail woman—where there is no caste, no distinction, between rich and poor, in the narrow home appointed to all the living. The pomp and show with which the rich man was laid to his rest availed him no more than the quiet, humble burial in the “free lot,” where there were prayers and tears of affection and love.

Back from the lowly grave the weeping children had gone to take up the burden of life again, with no fond hand to guide or kind voice to counsel—no visible presence near them; but there was a hand more gentle than the fondest mother's to keep their feet from falling and lead them in the right way—a still, small voice to whisper peace.

With one arm clasped about her little sister, Edna rocked back and forth in the gathering darkness. She was not weeping—the gloom and despair were too deep, too agonizing for tears. Her face was pale, her eyes filled with a sadness it was touching to behold, her simple

mourning-dress adding to the sad, desolate look. She was beautiful in the dim firelight glow, and strangely out of place in that second story back room of the old, tumble-down house.

“Oh, Meltha, little sister, we are all the world to each other now! Poor mamma! poor dear mamma!”

And closer still was the little form pressed to Edna's heart, and faster the motion of the low rocker before the hearth. The rain was pattering slowly and evenly against the window pane and upon the time-worn roof. Edna thought its lonely pattering upon the dead leaves in the little hollows, and upon the long, narrow mounds, would be a sweet lullaby. Somehow it accorded better with her spirit than the cold, calm light of the moon and stars, that had always been to her like the smiles of the great Father, but to-night so far off. The child wound her arms about Edna's neck, but she did not seem to be clinging there for protection. She laid her head against her cheek with a mute sympathy, as if she felt how much harder was the stroke for Edna than herself.

“What will we do, sister, all alone?” There was a bitter despair in the soft tones.

“We are not all alone, Edna dear, God is here. He will take care of us; don't you know He will?”

There was the least possible quiver in Meltha's voice, as if it was a little hard to comprehend how He would do it. But it was a child's faith and trust, which it were well could we always feel.

“I thought this afternoon when the minister was telling us about God's pity, and how He wept at the grave of Lazarus, if that only He could come here, and I could go out and meet Him as Martha did, and tell Him how we two were left all alone, and could have Him take me in His arms and bless me, how glad I should be. He is a dear, kind Father, Edna, and will take care of us, because you know how mamma always trusted in Him, and she could die so happy leaving us in His care.”

The child's words were low, and she lifted her eyes upward as if expecting to see her guardian angel hovering over the desolate room.

It was there, little Meltha, though you could not see it, encircled by a halo of light; but before it lay darkness and danger, and almost despair. Light will come to you soonest, even the light which the Lord God giveth.

There came a sound of footsteps upon the stairs, and Edna almost held her breath to listen. She was hardly timid, but there passed over her a feeling almost akin to fear when the door was pushed unceremoniously open, and the figure of a man was discernible through the darkness. Meltha caught her sister's hand, and pressed it in both hers, and her heart gave a sudden throb when the figure advanced to the fire, and drawing a seat to her sister's side, addressed her in abrupt tones—"So it is all over, my little girl?"

"Yes, sir," was Edna's only reply. She released Meltha's hand, and arose to light the lamp, which was soon breaking up the gloomy shadows that had lingered about the room. Before she resumed her seat, she drew her chair to the farthest corner of the fireplace, and again pressed Meltha to her side, as if in her lay her chief protection. Almost any companion, in the silence and loneliness of the night, would have been welcome, and Edna was not wholly sorry that there was some one to whom she might turn for a little sympathy. But something held her back from too free intercourse with the man who had thus sought the companionship of two unprotected girls.

"Now that is not friendly," spoke the man, in a familiar way. "I come here to offer you my poor sympathy, and you are as shy of me as if I was a stranger."

"Indeed, you are kind, Mr. Brennan, and if ever two poor children stood in need of a friend, it is Meltha and I; and I cannot think any one could have fallen so low as to wilfully wrong us, even in thought."

Edna gazed fixedly into the man's face as she uttered these words, and she did not fail to observe how suddenly he turned away his head to hide the flush that crept up into his forehead.

He was not a bad-looking man, but there was a worldly-wise look upon his dark face, as if the years that had a little more than numbered their thirty-five, had taught him to distrust all human goodness. It is possible he judged the world by himself; at any rate, his heart was black enough. His embarrassment was only momentary. He was too great an adept in the art of concealment to let the pre-

sence of two such girls affect him. But Edna's words had fallen suddenly and with such touching sadness and sincerity, villain that he was, he could not be wholly insensible to the wrong he was doing.

"What do you propose to do?" he asked, breaking the silence, that grew oppressive.

"The same as we did when mamma was living, if you will be pleased to still let us have work?"

"What! two such children as you?" moving his chair a little nearer Edna, and trying to draw Meltha towards him.

"I am sixteen, sir, and Meltha ten. We have been taught to work by our good mother, and I think we can support ourselves very comfortably." Edna's tones were cold, and her manner distant.

"Your slender fingers are not fitted for such coarse work. You are of too dainty make to labor for your bread. You would make a lady, Edna."

"I hope to make one, sir, in every sense of the word. Perhaps I can never be what the world calls a lady;" and a little spasm of pain or regret passed over her face; "but I will keep my heart pure and right in the sight of God, and if my hands become wrinkled with toil, my limbs bent, and my face wrinkled and careworn, there will be a consciousness within me that I am not beneath the title affixed to the most lovely and beautiful of my sex. It is not the labor that degrades one; I can be just as noble here in my humble little room, toiling over my coarse work for our daily bread—yes, far more so than if surrounded by luxuries in some palace home; for I shall be doing a part of the work in life wisely assigned me. Papa's death seemed a blind Providence; and then that our beautiful home should be snatched away upon the plea of an old mortgage, which we did not dream existed; that sickness should swallow up our little remaining, and we should come to this strange city, to leave dear mamma in that desolate grave. It is beyond our comprehension; but I thank God for the faith that enables me to say, 'it is all right.' 'God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts.'"

Edna had forgotten for the moment all her grief, as the high, pure thoughts swayed to and fro in her mind. Her face kindled into a warm glow; her eyes sparkled with feeling, and the man gazed upon her in admiration and astonishment.

"You talk like a philosopher," he said, in a half-jesting tone, a low laugh breaking over his lips.

"I hope I am a philosopher, so far as taking up my burden cheerfully, meekly, and doing my duty with a willing heart, is concerned."

"You get away beyond my depth, Miss Edna," said the man, rising, and taking his hat from the table. His manner was changed to one of deference to the young girl.

"I surely ought not, sir; your age must more than double mine."

"But have you no anxiety for the future?" coming a little nearer her.

The look that came back to Edna's face was almost the old despairing one, and she clasped her hands together with a sudden pressure. "I cannot answer you truthfully, and say I do not. Our little supply of money is nearly gone, and it is hard, sir, very hard, to go on without the love and care that has sheltered us."

"And yet you refuse to trust me. I would provide you with a better home, and make your happiness my care. I did not think you would repulse me after she was gone. I fancied it was her influence that made you treat me with such chilling frigidity. It is ungenerous of you, to say the least, after all I have done for you."

Edna's eyes filled with tears. "I wish we had never received the least kind attention at your hands; that not one cent of your money had become ours, if for the kindness done a poor dying fellow creature you would drag her child down to perdition." Edna sank back into her seat, and covered her face with her hands.

"Edna, Edna Grant, do you know what you are saying?" The man drew the trembling fingers away from her tearful face. "Do you not remember you are still dependent upon me for work—for bread? You will hardly be able to find employment in the city at any price, and certainly not at the double price I have long been paying you. So do not be uncivil, little miss!"

A sudden impulse seized Edna to tell him she would not be dependent upon him longer; that he should never again cross the threshold of her humble home. But there was a pile of unfinished work in the bureau drawer that would keep them in comfort for many days. Little Meltha, she must not be left to suffer hunger and cry for bread; for herself, Edna would have done it.

"Forgive me, sir," she said, in softer tones, "I am afraid I am very proud. I know but too well how far below you I am in the social scale; that not for worlds would you have it known that you made friends of two poor working-girls, and——"

Edna paused. "I will take the work so long as you will give it me; but only at the prices you pay others. I shall be ready to go on with it to-morrow."

"I will come and take it. You shall not be troubled with coming to the shop." The merchant laid his hand upon Edna's shoulder, and stooping, pressed a kiss upon Meltha's cheek. "Good-night, little ones," he said; "I shall come and see you often," and he went out.

"Oh, sister, I wish he would not come any more!" were Meltha's eager words, the moment the door closed upon his retreating form; and with her small hand she commenced rubbing the red, burning cheek upon which he had left the familiar kiss. "I wonder if it's all off?" holding up her glowing face to Edna's. "Don't let him come again."

"But he has been kind to us, Meltha. You know he gave us work when we came here as strangers. He sent a good physician to mamma, and would pay all expense. I am afraid I treated him ungenerously; but when he is here I cannot help my heart from turning against him, hard as steel. Your words quieted me a little while ago, sweet sister. I will fasten the doors; we will say our evening prayers and go to sleep, with God's care over us."

And in the dismal darkness of the chamber, with arms clasped about each other, the orphans slept safe in the care of Him "who never slumbers nor sleeps."

And while the girls were slumbering upon their pillow, and the mother lying in her dreamless sleep, up and down the long parlor of a pleasant house, close by the sea-shore, an old man paced with heavy strides.

His face was pale and wrinkled, his hair silvery white, his limbs shrivelled by disease and wasted with remorse. He rubbed his hands together, thoughtfully, and gazed with fixed eyes into the vacant space.

"Sold myself, soul and body, for a little paltry, worthless gold. What demon possessed me to hunt up that old mortgage, and bring it to a poor, heart-broken widow, too bowed down with grief, to urge her lawful claims. I wonder if she can be dead? Her sad, mournful eyes

seem fixed on me to-night. Well, I am an old man, and shall go myself soon, but may the feeble spark of life hold out till I can find them."

CHAPTER II.

Edna's room was not altogether cheerless. There were many articles of use and comfort about it. The worn carpet was always neatly swept, the broken hearth washed clean, her bed white and tidy, not a particle of dust upon anything. And Edna sat all day at her work by the small window, where the sun looked in upon the short winter afternoons, glimmering through the few choice branches of heliotrope and geranium that shed their soft, sweet fragrance through the room. All day her nimble fingers drew the thread in and out the seams, or basted simple work for Meltha, who sat upon a low seat at her side, and occasionally a stray waif of song would burst over her lips, or a pleasant story to amuse the child. Meltha had her lessons too, and there was a pile of books upon the table that both girls studied when their work was dull, and Edna secretly resolved that Meltha should be a scholar, that her hands should earn enough to do without her help another year, and let her spend her time among her books, where her heart always seemed to be.

Edna's patience and perseverance were truly wonderful in one so young, and her employer looked in vain for that weariness by which he hoped to overcome her proud independence. It must not be supposed there were no dark hours, that she toiled without fatigue, lived upon faith and hope alone. There were times when her hands were weary, her heart faint, and the eye of faith dim. Many bitter tears fell over her work, or wet her humble pillow before she slept.

The attentions of the merchant became more and more annoying as the time passed on. He came often to their home, though Edna left him no excuse, as she always hastened the work to the shop the moment it was completed; and many a night, when his footsteps sounded upon the stairs, all was darkness in the chamber, and Edna and her sister shivered in the small closet beyond till he was weary of waiting and was gone.

Edna had gone one morning, when her mother had been dead near six months; to bring home some work that was promised, and Meltha was left to learn her lesson while she was away. It was Monday morning, and the

monthly rent was due, and the good woman from whom they hired their room, came up to Meltha with the sum which she was to pay the landlord if he called while she was gone to market. Meltha dropped the money into a box upon the table and went on with her task, till a tap upon the door aroused her.

She opened it to admit a young man of such prepossessing appearance, that with the quick intuition of a child, she felt that she liked him, and from such a frank, open, manly face, she had nothing to fear.

"Are you the presiding fairy of this little home?" asked the young man, with a pleasant smile and a look of admiration at the beautiful child. "Good Dame Prescott told me I would find a little girl here who would pay me the rent."

"Oh, you are the landlord, then?" Meltha skipped across the room and drew the money from its hiding place.

"Not exactly, little one, but I am the landlord's son, which is about the same thing. You do not live here alone?"

The young man had dropped into a seat and picked up the book the child had been studying. He evidently wished to cultivate her acquaintance.

"Oh no, sister Edna has just now gone to get some work from the shop, and left me to keep house. We two live alone."

"And is sister Edna as pretty as you?" asked the gentleman, drawing the child to him and brushing back the curls from her full, clear brow.

"Oh, a great deal prettier!" was the quick answer, and then her eyes fell. "But, please, sir, I do not think she would like you to say that."

"And why?" The young man smiled at the mature words and ways of the child.

"She is always angry if Mr. Brennan pays us any compliments, and we do not want him to come here. But I do not think you are like him."

"Is it Mr. Brennan, the clothing merchant over in the Row for whom she works?"

"Yes, sir."

"God forbid that I should be like him. Does he come here often?"

"Yes, sir, very often. Sometimes we fasten the door, and sometimes we put out the light and hide in the closet, and sometimes we have to let him come in, because Edna must work evenings."

"What does he say to you?"

"Not much to me, for I think he does not like me very well. But I think he wants to marry sister Edna. He is always telling her what a fine house he will give her, and how happy she shall be and not have to work."

"Marry, child! Why Mr. Brennan has been married these ten years. You shall not be left to that villain."

The young man started up from his seat and walked to the window, apparently to examine the few plants that budded and blossomed in the close atmosphere, but more to make an excuse for remaining till her sister returned, that he might utter a warning in her ear against her employer's intentions. He had not been thus occupied but a moment when the door burst suddenly open, and Edna, with pale face and wild, eager eyes came into the room, and falling upon her knees clasped her arms about her sister, exclaiming in piteous tones—

"Oh, Meltha, little sister, it is all over. We must starve, *starve!* He has taken away the work, and I do not know where to go to get any more."

She paused at Meltha's low, soft hush, and turned her eyes for the first time upon Rodney James. She rose to her feet with instinctive grace, as the gentleman advanced to meet her. There was something in the kindly expression that drew her to him as quickly as Meltha had been, and she did not resist the friendly clasp of his hand, but said, in trembling tones—"Pardon me, sir, I was not aware of your presence, but, indeed, it is a dreadful blow."

She sat down before the fire and buried her face in her hands, just as she had done on an evening six months before, when she felt hardly more desolate and broken-hearted than now.

"I do not wish to intrude upon your grief, Miss Grant, but I must remain to say a word to you. I am the son of Mr. James. I think you may have heard his name, and I desire to do something to befriend you, and not in the way of that villain either. If he has turned you away from his employ be thankful, for he is not a fit companion and adviser of two such children as you. Do you not know he is married?"

"I know it now," gasped Edna, and a shudder crept over her, and she clasped her cloak tightly in her fingers and pressed it to her as if to seek more warmth.

"Do not despair," urged the youth, kindly. "You shall have plenty of work, and I will defend you from whatever insult or injury you may fear from that bold, bad man."

"God bless you, sir," was Edna's feeble answer. "I believe you will be our friend."

He shook her hand kindly, and when his hand clasped Meltha's, he gave a quiet shake of his head, and a glance betokening silence towards Edna, and when the child withdrew her hand, the money she had given him remained in her palm.

"I would rather have worked for it, Meltha dear," Edna said, when Mr. James was gone, "but you shall keep it, as he gave it to you, to buy you books."

Kind Mrs. Prescott came in after a little while with some nice warm dinner for the girls, for though she was a poor, hard-working woman, and had little time to expend upon them, there were many kind attentions that drew their hearts together. She praised the landlord's son, and told Edna how glad she was that he had seen her, for he was a rich man's son, a gentleman and a scholar, and how much he had interested himself in her. But Edna sighed, and for a moment her little room looked bare and cheerless. She could not feel then that it was preferable to a palace, try hard as she might to fulfil her duty.

There was no more hard, coarse work for little fingers, for Rodney James had no need to furnish the hardest and coarsest to weary her out and make her yield to his wishes. It was plain, but fine and delicate, just suited to Edna, and she received more than double the sum which Mr. Brennan had paid, so that when Mr. James came in at evening she could afford to throw aside her work at his request, and listen while he interested himself in Meltha's lessons, or read to her in his deep, rich tones; or, better, told her of the wide, pleasant world, which to her had always been so narrow.

He had driven the girls into the country upon several summer afternoons, and to Edna's cheeks came back fresh roses, but Meltha's grew paler every day, and her breath came quick upon the least exertion, and Edna and her companion watched her with growing solicitude. Every thought of Edna's heart had always been for Meltha. She was to be beautiful and accomplished. Ah, yes, and so she was, but with a spiritual beauty, and with angel teachers to outvie the most learned student upon earth.

But Edna could not believe that Meltha would

die—that God would see best to rob her of all. Without her gentle, almost superhuman trust and faith, she would have faltered when the blow seemed most severe. With Meltha's failing health came a sorrow almost as deep as the giving up her sister's life. It was the uprooting of a love that fastened itself deep in her heart, in secret and unwittingly. With only Rodney James for a companion, it was hardly strange that both girls had learned to love him—Meltha, to be sure, with a fervent sisterly love; and Edna had hoped that was all she gave him. But when his visits grew so few and far between, she knew it was not. He was kinder even than before in sending presents of what he believed they needed most. There were always choice bouquets filling the room with fragrance—a new picture or poem to make the low, dingy room seem cheerful.

At length he never came; and when the light had gone out from Meltha's eyes, and the breath almost left the body spiritless, she called his name in vain, and Edna now felt alone, tenfold more alone than ever before. With her own hands she closed the beautiful blue eyes that had once looked so lovingly into hers, and twined the golden curls about her fingers, and this time she was the only mourner at the humble burial, and the whisper of hope and faith seemed silent in her soul.

Rodney James came to the old house once more; but it was too late. He came up the creaking staircase with a slow step, and a sad, almost guilty feeling at his heart. He tapped upon the door. No answer. He pushed it open and looked in; all was darkness, except where the moon shone in at the two small windows and made little squares upon the floor.

"Edna, dear Edna," he said, softly, "are you here? I have come back to tell you what my foolish pride would not let me a month ago."

There was no answer. The breeze came in at the open window, and swayed the branches of the heliotrope back and forth, sending out an almost sickening perfume into the desolate chamber. The young man glanced about the room, and, dim as the light was, he took all in at the glance. Edna was gone. The pictures, the books, all she prized most, were taken away, and that which Rodney James prized more than his own life was taken away also. He went down the staircase, and without pausing to knock at Mrs. Prescott's door, threw it open, and with a pale face dropped into a seat at her side.

"Where is she, Mrs. Prescott?" he asked, with quivering lip.

"I do not know," was the half indignant answer. Mrs. Prescott felt that the young man was suffering, and he deserved it.

"Has she gone?" he asked, with an eagerness that touched the woman's heart with a shadow of pity, for her grief at the loss of the children was deep.

"Yes, sir; she did not come back after the funeral. She said it would kill her if she did."

"And do you not know where she is gone?"

"No, sir; she said she should leave the city. She left a package in her room for you, and wished me to tell you Meltha's last word was your name."

The kind-hearted woman broke into a flood of tears at this, and Rodney James, catching the lamp from the table, went back to the deserted room. There was little change since she had been there beside him, and Meltha upon his knee. He could hardly realize that death had been there, and the child whom he had loved was among angels. And Edna—a hundred thoughts and fears crossed his mind—at any rate she was lost to him forever. What a coward he had been to fear the scoffs of the world, and leave an orphan girl to bury her sister alone. He paced up and down the room; he hung over every object she had loved and tended, and at length picking up the bundle that bore his address, he went from the room and from the house.

A quarter of an hour later he stood within the door of a pleasant apartment—half library, half sitting-room—where his father was reading by the light of an astral lamp, and throwing the package upon the table, and himself into a chair, exclaimed in hollow tones—"Well, father, it is all over. I have proved myself a coward and a wretch. I wish I had been struck dead before I had listened to your words of worldly prudence."

"My son, what is the matter?" The elder James started to his feet and placed his hand upon his son's pale brow.

"It is remorse, father. It is the sure, inevitable result of fostering a wicked, sinful pride. You remember more than one month ago you warned me against awakening an interest in Edna Grant, or becoming interested in her myself, and gave me a list of contemptuous speeches which had come to your ears regarding my intercourse with a sewing girl, which aroused my pride, and made me for the

time believe I cared nothing for her. Since then I have scarce seen her. To-night I heard the little Meltha was dead, and knew that Edna was all alone, and in my sorrow and remorse I awakened to the knowledge that I loved her fondly, truly—that I could give up pride, worldly honor, everything, for her. But, father, it was too late. Little Meltha is in her grave, and Edna gone, no one knows where."

Mr. James had been in the world too long to have quite so tender a heart as his son, but all the romance had not died out of his nature, nor all the kindness either. He brushed his hand across his eyes and coughed twice before he could answer.

"My son, I am sorry, sorry," he said at length. "Poor children, I am afraid I did not do my duty by them. But do not give up so, my boy; it will all come out right. You are young yet. You would not have felt like marrying the girl with your education and brilliant prospects."

"Father, Edna Grant was as far above me as yonder moon is above our earth, and if we live ten years, and hear of her, we shall find that she is. Not another word now, father, I cannot bear it."

And Edna looked out from the narrow arched window upon the moon-lit earth with a sad, overpowering weight upon her heart—not alone for Meltha. She was quietly sleeping, and would never have to take the weary stitches to earn her bread, and sigh and cast longing glances towards the forbidden book till her task was ended. It was better for Meltha—but for herself, where was she going? What would be the end of her journey?

Joy and happiness and peace!—if only Meltha had lived.

CHAPTER III.

Half the number of years which Rodney James had given Edna Grant to make her name in the world had passed over her head, and she sat in the shadow of a vine-covered porch in a pleasant house looking towards the sea, holding in her hand a new volume in a neat, substantial binding. She was not reading, she just glanced over the leaves as if they were familiar and very pleasant to her. And indeed they were, though her swift pen had traced the lines, many in weariness and with heart-aching remembrances that had wound themselves in and out the touching story, which had already interested

many hearts. And far away into the night she had written, till the loved and lost seemed standing beside her, bending over her, and she had stolen away to her sleep and dream of love.

"I wonder if *he* will ever read it?" she said to herself, watching with those clear, beautiful eyes the white sails drifting up and down the calm surface of the summer sea. The doors and windows of the pleasant house stood open. It was very quiet about it, only the soft hum of voices in the servants' kitchen, and the loud, sonorous breathing of an aged man taking his siesta upon the oaken settle in the hall. Edna seemed infected by the silence, for she leaned back in her chair and tapped her fingers lightly upon the covers of her book, trilling a soft, low melody, which was scarce rivalled by a woodland linnet, that had chosen the thick boughs of a Norway spruce half way down the walk for its home, and gave a sweet, clear warble as it went for food for the unfledged birdlings in the nest.

The reader has doubtless divined that this is Edna's home, and the aged man asleep is he who once walked up and down the parlor floor, and prayed that he might live to restore the home to those he had so cruelly defrauded. He had lived to see Edna come back to her native village, to seek among the old tried friends a place where she might earn her daily bread, and he without one struggle had given back her home and all he had beside. Edna had begged that he would stay and share her changed fortune and be a parent to her, and the old man and the young girl had been happy. She had studied much those five years; and her guardian, as she called him, had taken her to many places where she could learn the ways and customs of the world, though there was little need, for Edna's pure heart taught her true gentility and politeness. So she sang and read and wrote, and *thought* more than either. Time had toned down the sorrow of her youth, and now, in her twenty-second summer, she was perhaps living the most quiet, happy life that had ever fallen to her lot, and every day she thanked God that the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places.

Unconsciously her eyes had been following a small sail-boat that floated idly along in the afternoon breeze, and she did not remove her eyes when it came up just below the garden fence, and the boatman made it fast to the shore. He dropped lazily from the boat upon the beach, followed by a lad of some fifteen years. Both

of these Edna had often seen strolling up and down the shore, or rowing the small skiff; but the stranger who came after them she did not remember, and yet there was something familiar in his form and movement. She was too far away to see his face distinctly, or hear the words addressed to the boy as he stood admiring the pleasant spot she called her home.

"Who owns this charming place?" he asked the lad who stood by his side, dangling a line through the salt water that was rolling in as the tide came up the sands.

"Miss Grant," was the hasty reply. The boy did not pause in his sport till the young man repeated the question, then he turned and gazed into his face with eager curiosity.

"How long has she lived here?"

"Always, for what I know. I have been here most five years, and she was here before I came." The boy threw a bundle of fishing rods over his shoulder, and took his way up the sandy road that led off from the beach.

"It cannot be Edna!" The young man dropped his eyes in a meditative way. Edna thought he was watching the tide come in. He walked slowly along the beach till he passed from her sight, and ascending a little hill, smooth and green, he came to a small grove where a marble shaft had attracted his attention. There was a simple paling about the small enclosure, overgrown with ivy and running roses. The gate stood open and the gentleman passed through it, listlessly, for the name of Edna Grant had awakened unpleasant memories.

"Father and mother," were the only words upon the marble, but beside it was the kneeling figure of a female, with her face bowed in an attitude of despairing grief, and above her a beautiful child-angel, pointing with one finger to the calm, clear sky and the Heaven above. The face was so life-like in expression, and chiselled with such startling accuracy, that Rodney James almost expected to hear the words of faith break over the smiling, half parted lips.

"Meltha! I did not need the name to tell me it was you." He threw himself back into a seat that had been placed beneath a weeping willow, and let his eyes rest upon the little mound of earth that was covered with simple flowers, emblems of the purity of her who slept beneath. The very atmosphere, the perfume of the flowers, the quiet itself, spoke to

him of Edna. She was coming slowly down the little path that her feet had worn across the green. Still holding the book between her fingers, and humming to herself in a low musical voice—

"Till I think some things there be,
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!"

The young man heard the soft melody, the rustle of garments near him. He had expected to find her sad, heart-broken, and when he lifted his eyes to her face, all aglow with life and animation, in that sad spot too, he could hardly believe it was Edna, the pale, sorrowful child he had known and loved.

He held out his hand, without attempting to rise. "Edna. You have not forgotten me? if indeed this can be the little Edna I used to know."

She put her hand in his calmly, and but for the quick tremor that passed over her, he would have thought her unmoved.

"Indeed, Mr. James, I could not forget you, my best, truest friend." She sat down beside him with a child-like freedom that was pleasant. He did not want to think she had grown into a cold, proud woman.

"I have almost hoped you would come to me in trouble, sometime, so I could help you, and show you how deep and fervent is my gratitude for all you have done for me and ——" Edna pointed to the little grave.

"I have come back to you in trouble, Edna. I have been in trouble for five years. Ever since I went to that ruinous old house to find you gone."

"You did come then?" Edna's face lighted with a sudden glow.

"Yes, the night after you were gone, and the anguish I suffered you can never know, and all for my wicked pride. Did you know, Edna, what kept me away?"

"I did not then, for I knew so little of the world. But I learned it since, and I do not know as I blame you, Rodney."

"Bless your dear, generous heart. I was a wretch, but if five years repentance can atone for the wrong of a month, you must forgive me, and promise to love me just a little in return for all I have suffered on your account. Will you?"

"Of course I will, Rodney. I always believed you would find me sometime. It was the old faith that Meltha taught me, but it has never failed."

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

The dark wave whitens round her way,
The blithe ship breasts the foam.
Oh, welcome, welcome, bonny bark!
You bring my sailor home.

For all the wealth old Ocean hides,
Could it your freightage be,
I would not give a single smile
Of him you bear to me.

Oh, now with care I'll robe myself,
I'll braid my flowing hair,
I'll deck me with the gems he gave,
And loved to see me wear.

Like these fair pearls, his bridal boon,
Did tears at parting flow,
And sparkling like these diamonds sheen,
Our meeting smiles shall glow.

Ah! honest glass—you tell to me
A tale o'er true, I fear;
Three long, long years of lonely wee
Have left their traces here.

Yes, Time and Grief along my brow
Have marked their mournful range,
But left untouched the faithful heart;
They knew it *could not* change.

Then hush ye, hush ye, fountless fears,
Nor cloud this blissful day,
For joy will give me back the bloom
That sorrow stole away.

And fairly, fairly gentle gales,
Blow westward o'er the foam,
And speed ye, speed ye, bonny bark!
And bring my sailor home.

RICHARD GRAHAM'S LOVE.

BY LAURA J. [ARTER] RITTENHOUSE.

Concluded from page 452.

CHAPTER III.

An October evening. The leaves were dropping from the trees continually, making a pleasant sound, like falling rain—some of them crisp and brown, rustled beneath the feet, others fluttered in the air like bright-winged birds; and higher up, clinging to the half-naked trees, swung the wild grape-vines, heavy with their burden of clustered fruit.

Squirrels chattered over their feasts of nuts and acorns, and in the distant corn-fields could be heard the sound of men's voices; as they threw the golden ears into the heaped-up wagons. Millicent and Claude were gathering hazel-nuts, laughing and talking as none but lovers can, as they went on with their pleasant work. After awhile, when the sun began to retreat behind the gorgeous clouds ready to hide it, they turned towards home. Millicent was unusually gay—Claude lively and gloomy by turns. Something was weighing heavily on his mind, but Millicent in her joyous mood had not yet perceived it. She ran on before him,

stooping every little while, to add a crimson or golden leaf to the collection in her apron. She soon came back to him, though, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing with healthy exercise. She looked into his face, and with woman's quick instinct, detected the gloom he was trying to hide from her.

She clasped one of his hands in hers with a childish frankness and grace, the merry tones of her voice dropping down to notes of sympathy. "What is it, Claude? Something troubles you!"

He tried to smile; but the deceit dried on his lips. "My soul is bruised with the hard struggle I have passed through for the last week, Millicent, and this evening the conflict has been fiercer than ever. But it must be done."

He looked far on ahead of them, sadly and steadily. Her eyes followed his glance, and rested on the long white road, the forest dimly lighted with fading sunbeams on one side; on the other, a field of corn, with here and there a yellow pumpkin gleaming up from the

ground, or a thrifty bean-vine climbing up the sturdy, corn-stalks. There were some kind of bushes growing in the fence corners covered with scarlet leaves. Millicent thought they looked like flames of fire, almost burning the gray lint from the rough rails. She said to herself that it would be so always—that all through their lives, light and beauty, and plenty should surround them. She looked back in his face after awhile, inquiringly and earnestly. “*What must be done, Claude? I do not understand you.*”

She commenced weaving the leaves she carried into a chaplet as she spoke, the bright colors contrasting prettily with her hands.

“I must leave this place; I must go to the city, where I can plunge into the ocean of busy life. Perhaps the wheel of fortune may gather me up and carry me into a high position in the world; or it *may* crush me down lower than I have ever been. At any rate, it will be a change, and I crave a more active life. All I dread, all I care to leave behind me, is you. Existence anywhere without you would be dull and lonely—almost wretched.”

“Then do not go, Claude. Do not leave me here so lonely and dreary. So long as we are rich in each other’s love, we can afford to wait contentedly for worldly wealth.”

“You do not know what you are talking about, Millicent.” Then noticing the pained expression that flitted over her face as she listened to his stern, almost angry words, he continued more gently—

“I am not contented here; I never shall be. I feel so tied down; so bound hand and foot. I want more room—a larger breathing place. I want to grapple with intellects superior to mine; to feel that I must use all the nerve and mind I have, or sink into early oblivion. I am what you, with your peaceful, contented heart, cannot comprehend; I am ambitious. I long for fame. I yearn for the world’s applause and approbation. I want to be known; to live so that when I die I shall be remembered.”

A proud defiance filled tone and look—a feeling of conscious strength.

Millicent looked up timidly yet admiringly into the handsome face; but her words were few. “I am very sorry!”

“Sorry? You surely do not regret that I want to improve myself; that I want to cut loose from all the weights and clogs by which my progress is now impeded, and strike out boldly for myself.”

“No and yes both. I want you to improve yourself; and yet I am sorry about so many things. I fear you will become hardened in your contact with the world; I fear that your very ambition will cause you to do things from which your better nature would recoil with a shudder. Oh, Claude, you pride yourself on your strength, and yet you are weak. You will forget everything else in your struggle for wealth; you will crush down everything that rises in your pathway, even if that should be the hearts of those who love you!”

“Only this, and nothing more!” You are a complete little raven this evening. You have set the doleful words ringing in my heart, ‘Nevermore!’ Where has my cheerful snow-bird flown?”

“It is here, Claude, but you cannot expect it to sing, when a relentless hand has pierced it with an arrow.”

Tears ran slowly down her face, and her lips were quivering.

“Now this will never do in the world, Millicent. Is this the way you treat me. I ask for smiles, and you give me tears; for words of cheer, and you croak ominously. Foolish little heart—dear little girl, you know that whatever else may happen, I shall never forget, never cast aside my allegiance to you.”

He wiped away her tears, feeling almost gay, now that he had broken the news to her, quite glad that she had not broken down in a storm of sobs and entreaties. He took from her listless fingers the crown of leaves and placed it upon her head, pausing to note how very lovely she appeared in it; and as she felt, rather than saw, his proud, loving glance, her heart bounded into sunshine again. Surely, as he had said, let whatever else happen that night, he would always be true to her. So they walked on slowly; the first pale moonbeams falling over the yard and silencing the long lane leading to the village, as they entered the gate. Millicent could scarcely tell why, but there flashed over her at that moment a thought of Richard Graham; of his sad, lonely life; of his hopeless love for her.

CHAPTER IV.

A year and more had passed. It was Millicent’s nineteenth birthday. Early in the morning, a package had been left for her, containing two elegant and beautiful volumes of poems. She *knew* Richard Graham had sent them, although with his usual want of ostenta-

tion, no name had accompanied them. It was so like Richard, to extend all kindnesses silently. He seemed to guess intuitively what would best please a friend, and at the proper time the act would be performed. He never seemed to forget anything, and so Milicent was remembered on her birthday. She said to herself, when the gift was placed in her hands, "This is just like Richard."

She did not know how naturally those words rose to her lips whenever she heard of any good or noble act. "That is just like Richard." But to-day her heart was heavy, even though she had cause to be thankful for the nineteen fleet, happy years that had composed her life. The last one of the number had not been so full of joy as the eighteen that had preceded it. Claude had been absent; she missed him continually, and of late she had begun to fear, that she missed the same fervor and sincerity that characterized his first letters to her. Something was wrong—not really a lack of affectionate words, but an almost imperceptible want of feeling. Then his letters were growing farther and farther between, but she could excuse that, for he said business occupied almost every moment, and he did not have time to write as often as she, with her hungry, unsatisfied heart, wished him to do. But to-day she expected a letter. She was sure there would be some little greeting, some word to tell her that her birthday was not forgotten. She could scarcely wait for the mail to come in, and her heart leaped up violently as she heard the hoarse whistle of the evening train.

Thin flakes of snow had been falling since morning, and they came down silently and rapidly, as Milicent started on her way to the post office. Her spirits rose to exuberance; she saw plainly, in imagination, the letter awaiting her. She knew just what kind of an envelope it would be in; she could see the peculiar flourish of the M's beginning her name, and the graceful outlines of the W's. She never thought her name was half so pretty as when Claude had written it. She smiled as she reached out her hand to catch the white snow—she did not feel the cold; she forgot that the wind came whistling sharply in her face. She came to the village at last—a moment later and she was in the post office, the coveted letter in her hand. She hurried out into the open air again, her joyous heart pencilling happy lines all over her face. She

broke open the seal, eager to drink in the tender words awaiting her. Suddenly a white hopelessness—a kind of vacant misery, seemed to have taken possession of her. At that moment she met Richard Graham. He bowed and smiled, but she did not seem to recognize him. She had the appearance of looking at something beyond him; a pained, bewildered expression, that made Richard pause and look wonderingly and pityingly after her. She read the letter over again, trying to make herself believe she had not read arightly at first.

"I feel that there is no real congeniality between us. I am ambitious, and selfish, and proud; you are a quiet little dove, only fitted to coo in your native woods. You are not capable of a selfish thought, and there is no pride in your nature. As well might you try to mate the lamb and the tiger, and I know you will see this some day, Milicent, if you have not already seen it. A year ago I could not have brought myself to believe I should ever feel as I do now. I did not know myself then, as well as you knew me. The world has hardened me, as you feared it would. I am no longer fit to move in the pure sphere in which you dwell. You will mourn for awhile over my spiritual fall, but I pray you, Milicent Wayne, to forget me in all things; to forget that we ever had a past. I do not say that I no longer love you, but I know that as my wife you could not be happy; that my wife, whoever she may be, must be a brilliant woman of fashion; one who can add to my worldly position. To all the dreams we once built up together, I have said farewell; Milicent herself I have given up; what has been, can be again 'Nevermore.' Forgive CLAUDE."

Milicent walked along till she came to a little road leading into the woods; the one she had gone with Claude the afternoon they gathered hazel-nuts. She remembered it all so plainly, and she longed to wander once again where they had been together; to stand in the road at the same spot where he had placed the crown of leaves upon her head. She felt as though it *must* be a dream; that by revisiting the familiar places he loved, she would awaken herself to life and happiness again.

It was growing almost dark now, and the snow came down steadily. She began to feel cold and chilly—her hands and feet were numb. In her entire forgetfulness, she lost the

way, trying in vain to discover some familiar bush or tree. It did not frighten her; she only felt chilled and weary, as if she should like to lie down and rest. At any other time she would not have given up so soon, but now she crouched down at the root of a tree, feeling that life was at best a burden. A thousand memories flitted over her brain; thoughts of Claude, of days when no clouds had hung between them; thoughts of her childhood; and, last of all, as she felt herself sinking into a dull stupor, she thought she stood at the window in the sitting-room, watching the little brown birds as they fluttered amongst the vines of the woodbine, listening to the clear notes of a robin as he hopped over the ground, his red feathers gleaming up from the white snow like a crimson blossom.

Then there was a short space of insensibility, and then strong arms gathered her up tenderly and carefully, and she felt a kind of rest and reliance; a feeling that comfort and protection had come. She opened her eyes at last—Richard Graham's face was almost touching her own. She wondered even then how he came there, and he seemed to read the look of silent inquiry.

"I saw you coming out here alone after you left the village. I feared you would get lost, and followed you, but missed you somehow or other, and only found you a moment ago. Oh! Millicent, what if I had not come?"

"You are so thoughtful, Richard. I wish every one were so good."

Then she paused, a spasm of bitterness crossing her face. She clutched the letter, which she had never relinquished, tighter in her hand, and Richard noticing the look of pain, said gently—"Whatever may be troubling you, Millicent, rest assured that you have my earnest sympathy."

She smiled gratefully. "Thank you, Richard. I believe you—I am sure I can always trust you."

And there arose before her mind the souls of the two men, Richard Graham and Claude Maynard, and the spirit of the former seemed still more bright and beautiful, compared with the selfish darkness of the other.

"I can walk now, Richard." This was said after they had passed through the gate, just before they came to the wide porch in front of the house.

He placed her gently on the ground, feeling all the while as if he could never give her up

again, yet hiding all the yearning love in his heart under calm, kind words.

"You must not venture out again, during this cold weather. If you will only allow me, I shall be glad to carry your letters over from the village."

"If you please—you are so kind, Richard."

Then, as they paused at the door, she took his hand in her little cold one, and said, earnestly—"You must not mention what has happened to-night to my parents. It would only frighten them unnecessarily. And, Richard, try to forget it yourself, will you?"

"I will try." But he knew how useless the effort would be. Could he forget the white, despairing look he had seen on her face? Could he ever forget the sweet moments when he had found her in the dark woods, a poor little frozen lily; when he had taken her up out of the cold snow, and her head had rested confidently upon his heart?

CHAPTER V.

Millicent received a letter from a wealthy aunt who resided in Chicago, requesting her to come and spend the spring and summer months with her. She accepted the invitation gladly. She longed for some change; something to make her partly forget the blight that had fallen upon her. Richard was gone too, and she felt his absence a new source of loneliness.

She was on her way to the city now. She was a neat, lady-like little creature, in her travelling dress of gray, and her white straw hat trimmed with a simple band of velvet ribbon, and more than one fellow-traveller glanced admiringly into the pretty, pale face.

She had written to her aunt when she would be there, so that her uncle could meet her at the depot, but by some kind of accident the letter had been delayed. So at the end of a day and night, she found herself at her journey's end, in a crowded, noisy depot, with not a familiar face to greet her longing sight. She stood hoping every moment that she would see her uncle, her heart fluttering, half in fear and half in bewilderment; jostled by the crowd, stared at by the impertinent, till she felt as if she should sink into the floor. She had never been in a large city alone before, and she was confused and bewildered beyond measure.

As she stood scared and perplexed, a gentleman and lady passed her. She gave one glance at the gentleman, and recognized Claude Maynard. All his coldness and cruelty were alike,

forgotten—she remembered only that she was alone among strangers; that she knew and loved him. She sprang forward with a glad cry to meet him. He pretended not to see her extended hand, bowed coldly, and the lady hanging on his arm swept her magnificent robes against Millicent's meek travelling dress, gave her a haughty glance, and she was alone again, in the midst of the surging throng. She could scarcely realize it at first, then as the cruel truth crept over her, she forgot where she was, forgot everything in the world but Claude Maynard's heartlessness, and burst into bitter, passionate tears.

There was a hand laid gently upon her arm, and a voice said—"You seem to be in trouble. Is there anything I can do for you, ma'am?"

She raised her tear-stained face at sound of the familiar voice. "Oh! Richard, Richard, I am so glad you are here!"

"Millicent! Is it possible?"

Then he drew her arm in his own, hurrying her away from the curious crowd, asking her no questions till they were seated in a comfortable carriage, her trunk taken care of, and directions given to the driver. He turned to her then, taking both her hands in his.

"How did this all happen, Millicent?"

Through her sobs she told him everything, her bruised spirit longing for the sympathy she was sure of receiving. His lips turned white as she told him. Had Claude Maynard been there then, he felt that he could have crushed out his cowardly life, spurned him with his very feet, for inflicting such a blow on the sensitive girl beside him. His voice was husky.

"Forget him, Millicent; he is not worthy of having you mention his name."

"What he has been to me he can never be again. He has fallen—fallen so low that I shall never go down to find him."

No more words were spoken; and when she was set down at her aunt's elegant home on the lake shore, she told Richard good-by. He was on his way to Philadelphia then, where he expected to remain for years, if not forever, and his heart ached as he gazed for the last time upon the beloved features.

Millicent travelled with her aunt during the summer months. They visited the White Mountains, and her thirsty soul drank in all the beauty of the Falls. At Saratoga she met Claude Maynard. He was there with his sister and the lady Millicent had met him with. Claude felt a cowardly inclination to run away

when he found Millicent was there. He feared a scene—tears and reproaches; but Millicent had too much pride for the one and too much good sense for the other. The first time they met they were in the ball-room. She was leaning on the arm of a young senator, promenading in the midst of the gay throng—looking unconsciously lovely in her fresh beauty, her graceful form clad in a rich lace dress, her brown hair adorned with pearls—when she came suddenly face to face with Claude. Millicent bowed slightly, was calmly indifferent, and went on with her conversation without even a flush on her face.

After that they met frequently. She never seemed to avoid him, yet she gave him to understand, without using words, that his presence was disagreeable to her. Her very indifference stung him as no words could have done. He would have given everything he possessed to know that she loved him again; but he felt in his own soul that a woman capable of the pure affection she had once given him, could feel nothing but contempt for him now. He wondered how he could ever have thrown away such a treasure. There was a quiet ease and grace about her, a look of refinement and purity in her face, that drew many around her who appreciated her as she deserved. So Claude Maynard sipped bitter dregs from the cup of self-reproach, every day, dull and wretched.

So the season passed away, and Millicent returned home again, the same charming simplicity and sweetness in her manner; but her heart had thrown off forever the bonds that had drawn her to Claude Maynard.

CHAPTER VI.

'Round and around flew the wheels; faster and faster the engine sped over the railway. Sleepy passengers yawned and settled themselves for a comfortable nap; the conductor passed through, flashing the light of his lantern before him, chatting now and then to some communicative or inquisitive traveller. The train was half an hour behind time, and was running at a fearfully rapid rate to make connection with the Illinois Central.

Richard Graham sat wide awake, looking out of the window and humming "Annie Laurie." He was thinking of Farmer Wayne's old homestead and of Millicent. They were almost at the village; by leaning out of the window he could see the lights flash through the trees, and just beyond the blacksmith shop, he knew the

old lane stretched itself, although he could not see it for the darkness. Perhaps Milicent was sleeping quietly beneath the old farm-house roof; only a few more hours and he should see her. There was a sudden jostling and rocking of the cars, a sharp pain, and amid shrieks of fright and anguish Richard Graham became unconscious. The train had come in collision with a freight train going north, and lay a perfect wreck just beyond the blacksmith's door.

When Richard became conscious again, he felt a soft hand bathing his aching head, and a sense of quiet and happiness stole over him—a vague feeling that he was near those who loved him and whom he loved. He wanted to stretch forth his hand and clasp the soft one now soothing him, but he uttered a groan of pain as he attempted to do so, for his arm was broken. A low, pitying voice greeted him.

"Poor Richard!"

All the love in his soul burst forth anew as he heard the words. He opened his eyes eagerly, as if the low tones had given him new life. "Milicent, Milicent, are you there? Let me look into your face once more. Oh! I could die happily now, gazing into your eyes and hearing your dear voice. But I forget myself—forgive me for using such words to you now. Am I severely injured, Milicent?—will I die? If I *should* die, would you shed a tear for me? Would it grieve you to know that my aimless, weary life was ended?"

"You must not talk of dying, Richard—your friends are not ready to part with you yet. We will soon have you as healthy and strong as ever. You must go to sleep now—the physician positively forbids any conversation."

She bathed his head tenderly and soothingly again, and sweetly and contentedly he dropped off into a sound sleep.

Two more months. How swiftly they had glided past! Richard Graham had passed them beneath the roof of Farmer Wayne. They were

the sweetest moments of his life—every hour was a priceless jewel, because it found him near Milicent. He had recovered now though, and there was no excuse for lingering.

Up the lane Milicent wandered slowly, her face a shade paler than it had been five years before. The white mists of steam from the mill rose dreamily over the tree-tops; the wild cherry-trees hung down their delicate clusters of blossoms, and the flutter of bird-wings could be heard overhead. Down by the brook the one wild rose-bush held up its fragrant, dainty blossoms enticingly, and Milicent thought she would gather some of its brightest, freshest buds for her room. Some one came up behind her so quietly and suddenly that she uttered a little cry of fright, and a treacherous thorn amongst the roses pierced her hand and sent the red blood in a little stream from her white fingers.

"Let me get the roses for you, Milicent. How sweet and fresh they are! Poor little hand, it is bleeding, and I caused it. I am very sorry!" Richard Graham paused as if in pain and doubt. Suddenly he went on again. "Milicent, my life for the last two months has been a blissful dream. You know *why* it has been so—you *know* I have never ceased to love you. I stand before you again to-day as I did five years ago, with the same plea on my lips. Milicent, shall I go out into the wide world again a lonely, wretched wanderer, or shall I take you with me to a home that your presence will make an earthly paradise?"

She looked up into his face, the bright blushes burning on either cheek. "Dear Richard, best and noblest of men, such as I am take me. I shall be happy and content so long as I am with you. 'Whithersoever thou goest will I go.'"

He drew her to him tenderly, thanking God for so rich a blessing; and the old mill puffed away merrily, and the birds in the elder-bushes trilled their sweetest songs, as they walked slowly up the long, green lane.

In literature, the *how* a thing is said is of more importance than the thing itself. A thought, no more than a human being, is independent of this. Thought, if left to itself, will dissipate and die. Style preserves it, as balsams preserve Pharaoh. Fine phrases are, after all, the most valuable things. Epigrams are our most unquestionable antiques. Out of the *débris*

of the early world we have raked a few poetical images, and they are as fresh now as on the day on which they were first uttered. The enamel of style is the only thing that can defy the work of time. In virtue of his style Homer lives, just as Addison and Jeremy Taylor live in virtue of theirs.

LIFE IS GOOD.

BY ANNIE F. KENT.

They have learned not the secret who tell us that
life

Is a stormy and desolate way—

That saddened with trial and sickened with strife,

We must grope through the darkness to-day.

It is true, there is care for the gayest to bear,

It is true, there are clouds in the sky—

But to work with a courage, that will not des-
pair,

Is better by far than to die.

The spring is around us, with blossom and bee—

The streamlet is dancing along,

The flowers are blooming, the birds in the tree

Are singing their merriest song.

The blue sky looks down, with a tender delight,

On the farmer who scatters the seed.

Oh, the heart that perceives not the beautiful sight,

Is a heart that is shadowed indeed.

What, though we are poor, with no dower but health,

And a hand that can toil for our bread,

What though we are rich, and the cares of that
wealth,

Press heavy on heart and on head;

There are good gifts around us, for great and for
small,

For nature is prodigal still,

And the choicest she gives, are free unto all,

That he may be happy who will.

FIRST AND LAST.

BY M. C. P.

CHAPTER I.

"I will paint her as I see her:

Twelve times have the lilies blown

Since she looked upon the sun."

E. B. BROWNING.

"Christina!" called a woman's voice from the wide porch running along the front of a shady, comfortable-looking Pennsylvania farmhouse. It was a sharp voice, and sharpness and "faculty" were in every line of the thin, erect, compactly dressed figure that stood before the door, shading her eyes with her hand from the bright morning sunshine as she looked out over the meadow, the garden, and the cow-pasture for the missing one. "Christina!" No answer yet, and the disappointed caller turned towards the great kitchen again, remarking to herself—"I'll have to tie that child if I'm to find her about the house when she's wanted; little gadaway!"

Christina, unconscious or forgetful of Aunt Martha's need of her little handmaid's quick feet and ready hands to assist in the tasks of "little baking day," lay luxuriously in the hay-mow of the great stone barn. She had started on her usual daily task of collecting the newly-laid eggs, and this place was always a temptation to delay. The heaps of scented russet-green hay fashioned themselves into the

most delightful of couches. No queen's velvet cushions so soft and fragrant. From the high gable window behind her streamed down a broad band of sunlight, sharply defined on the dusky, mote-laden air, palpable and solid-looking. Christina thought she could almost have trodden its upward slope. Fairies could walk on such a road as that, she was sure, or angels—if angels came into barns. There was something she remembered in that old book about Paradise, that sounded so grand, but had so many hard words in it, about an angel sliding down to earth on a sunbeam; and there was something in another book she had looked into at Squire Somers's, that she thought prettier than that, how

"The child of Heaven, with winged feet,

Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn."

But Mercury was not an angel; she knew that from the classical dictionary she had found in the loft the other day. Just suppose now, up there, a shining shape should grow out of the air, and come pacing downward with still, white feet. Would she fear her mother if she came with shining robes and crown and white wings? She started violently as a flit of wings beat the air close above her head. It was only a swallow. There they sailed, back and forth,

darting through the sunbeam into the outer air, back again into the dusky scented precincts of the barn—twitter, twitter, tweet. O, the pretty creatures! their nests crowned almost every cornice and arched rafter. There they clung, and swayed, and balanced, on the edges of the nests, while little heads peeping over the rims of their clay houses showed that the mother birds were staying at home to keep house. There must be eggs there, Christina was confident, and sprang up to see if she could not climb to that one on the nearest rafter, just to see what color the eggs were, and how many. Eggs—O the eggs! the hen's eggs! The recollection of her unfinished task came back with a rush. "O, I've been here in the mow ever so long! I wonder if aunty has been waiting for the eggs for the custards? Hurry, hurry!" and with a slide down the side of the hay, and a jump to the barn floor—the jar scarcely felt by her vigorous and elastic childish frame—Christina addressed herself with great despatch to finishing her search, and soon, with her basket filled with large white eggs, was running up the path to the house, expecting a scolding for her tardiness, but not fearing it with too morbid a sensitiveness; for Aunt Martha's scolding was, though sharp, not savage, but done with an idea of doing her duty towards the motherless child who must thus be kept in the right way. "She was just exactly the same as her own child," she said; for Mrs. Foster had no children of her own, and was not aware that her kindness and sense of duty towards her little niece differed widely from the tenderness of a mother, which is joy, not duty. Tenderness Christina had never known since her mother's loving eyes had closed, and her fondly caressing hands had met in everlasting stillness on her cold breast three years ago—irreparable loss, not understood or felt in its fulness by the childish heart that suffered it.

Most mercifully are children's sensibilities adjusted to sustain the griefs and losses that, if felt then as such afflictions are in later years, would crush and darken all their young lives. A young infant looks a soft and fragile thing. Inexperienced masculines profess to fear to touch one for fear it should break. In fact, its softness is its very defence. Those little bones are almost cartilaginous, and will bend before they will break. There is immense elasticity and resiliency in childish natures, physical and mental. A merciful Father has implanted in them a force which is sufficient to overrule cir-

cumstance and external influence. These may modify their life, but neither wholly make nor wholly mar.

So Christina was neither an unnatural nor a cold-hearted child, that she so soon reverted from her first passionate grief for her mother to her natural high spirits and hearty exuberant life. The change from a narrow city home to the large, free country life, was one of unmixed pleasure to her. Nature almost replaced to her the mother she had lost. It was good, too, in drawing her out from the unchildlike habitudes into which her avidity for books and her widowed mother's quiet and secluded life were allowing her to grow. It may be, too, that her aunt's sharp, common-sense business habits were what at the time were most needed for Christina, to discipline, by the enforcement of the routine of household tasks, her emotional nature, alternately immersed in a book like the veriest hermit scholar, romping wild as a gypsy, or as indolently dreamy as an oriental lotus-eater.

CHAPTER II.

"The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord, this arch of Thine,
My censor's breath the forest airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers."

MOORE.

The sun began to slope from its mid-day June heat, and Christina, sitting in the open door of the "sitting-room," while she waited for her aunt to arrange her afternoon task of sewing, cast longing glances over the green sloping meadow before the house to the woods beyond, standing green and beautiful in the full glory of their summer leafiness. "Aunty," said she, in her most softly coaxing tones, "Aunty, wouldn't it be nice to have some strawberries for tea to-night?—or, wouldn't you like some to preserve? David says he shouldn't wonder if they were ripe in the old sedge-field by this time."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Foster, as she held up and inspected a shirt of Mr. Foster's which was beginning to "go in the back," proclaiming the need of a large patch, which was to be adjusted in readiness for Christina's needle—"Humph! I suppose that means you'd like to race over there. It isn't much you care for the berries, I guess. However—well—I don't know that I care much if you go, if you keep on your bonnet all the time, and don't tear your frock to bits the way you did last time you went to the woods."

As "I don't know that I care much" was as near to a direct permission as Mrs. Foster was ever known to come, Christina accepted it as such, and lost no time in tying on her pink sunbonnet and swinging a little tin kettle on her arm, with a smaller cup within, more convenient to fill than the large one, making a musical clinking accompaniment to the joyous dance of her feet down the meadow slope to the wood, through which ran the path to the old field. This old field, thrifty John Foster's eye-sore, and Christina's delight, adjoined the woodland of the former, but belonged to a far different kind of farmer, who being, as his neighbor said, "a poor, shackling do-nothing, with neither gumption nor pushingness," had allowed this patch of land to remain uncultivated, covered with long sedge-grass and little cedar bushes, and in June reddened by a plentiful crop of wild strawberries, which being claimed by no one in particular, were gathered by people in general, as there was enough of the fruit to supply all in the neighborhood who would take the trouble of picking them.

A pleasant, broad path led through the wood towards the strawberry field, marked with ruts from the wheels of the ox-wagon, but green and shaded. The birds, that made the trees vocal in the freshness of morning, were silent now, except the clear mellow note of a wood-robin, sounding far away from the depths of the wood, suggesting dark green dells and gurgling water courses. The only other sound came from the bell swinging round the neck of a cow who had gained admission in some way, and who was grazing in the path a little before the child, the bell giving a drowsy tinkle as she moved on step by step; cropping the lush green grass. Farther on, a fence and stile barred the road, and beyond this the path narrowed, and turning towards the deeper wood, dipped down to a clear little brook, crossed by a mossy log foot-bridge. Here Christina lingered, watching the little minnows darting to and fro in a pool where the water rested before it gurgled off down the stones, as if it declared that now it was really about to begin the business of life in good earnest. Groups of fern and bunches of Solomon's seal drooped over the water, and one bush of white honeysuckle or azalea, later in bloom than its sisters, flaunted its bright blossoms just where the pool cast back the best reflection of their rosy petals. Interlacing branches met above, and soft flecks of sunlight sifted through upon the

thick green moss, and struck bright shafts through the clear water to its depths.

Christina stood breathing soft and deep as she drank in through every sense the beauty about her. Some ineffable sense of the infinite beauty that breathes through material forms, and shapes them in accordance with spiritual life, penetrated her heart, unshaped in thought, but felt as a real presence. It was with a long delicious sigh that she moved at last into the path again.

Something rustled and fluttered in the bushes before her, and out bristled a pheasant, ruffling and erecting its barred black and brown wings and tail like a miniature turkey-cock. If she had known it, there was probably a brood of downy little ones couched close to the earth, within a few inches of her; but she saw nothing, and half startled at the threatening boldness of the bird, she ran on as it plunged into the thicket again, and mounting a closely-wooded ascent without further pause, came out into the sunny brightness of the old sedge field. Strawberries were ripe, truly. On every side they glowed ruby-red among their green leaves, shining out from the yellow sedge. The field was tenantless, and there was no sign that any gatherer of the strawberry harvest had preceded Christina.

With delighted ardor she addressed herself to the task of stripping the stalks of their blushing burden. An hour's diligent labor had almost filled her pail, without any intrusion upon her proprietorship of the domain, except once when a bird flew up almost from under her hand, leaving a little nest and four speckled treasures exposed to the child's delighted and reverent survey.

It was with a different feeling that she saw a slender snake slip rapidly away from beneath a small shrub beside her, and with a little scream she sprang to her feet with the instinctive, if unreasonable aversion, felt by almost every one at the sight of this creature, marked out by our feelings from all the other beasts of the field.

A hoarse chuckle answered her cry. "Laws, honey! It's only a little garter-snake. It wouldn't hurt you a mite!" said an old negro, bent and gray, who, engaged in a similar task to Christina's, had come noiselessly to within a few paces of her.

Startled at first by the suddenness with which she became aware of his presence, she soon recognized him as a harmless old basket-maker, who was accustomed to go from house

to house and neighborhood to neighborhood, weaving his wares and disposing of them—a kindly, merry, garrulous old man, interlarding his talk with chuckles and broad negro-laugh; industrious enough in his own way, but fond of frequent change of place and variety of labor. Such characters are, or at least were not uncommon in the rural districts of Eastern Pennsylvania. They were nearly always fugitive slaves, who had ceased to fear all chance of pursuit and recapture, as advancing age and its infirmities made them no longer desirable to a master; and their friendly and grotesque freedom of manner and their indisposition to hard or steady work, were excused and tolerated as something peculiar to their exceptional position. This old man, Hanse by name, had worked awhile as a “half-hand” for Mr. Foster the year before, but became tired of so settled a life, and wandered off again. Christina greeted him cordially. “Why, Uncle Hanse,” said she, you frightened me at first, but I’m glad to see you now. Are you coming round with baskets again? I heard Aunt Foster say she wanted a new clothes-basket only the other day.”

“Yes, Miss Chrissy, chile, I’ll bring baskets roun’ to the missus right soon now. But I’s *livin’* now, honey; I’s set up a maneryfac’ry in a house o’ my own. Did you know ole Hanse had a house now, like other folks?”

“Why no, Uncle Hanse,” said Christina, laughing, “have you come into your fortune, as you used to say you would? Where is your house, and where’s your manufactory?”

“Come an’ see, honey. It’s right by hyur. See dat paf over dere, goin’ into de woods? Dat’s my road.”

“My kettle is full now, and I should like very much to see your house, if it’s not far off. But is it in the woods there? I didn’t know there was any house anywhere about here.”

“Nebber min’ till you see, honey. It’s a nice house, I tell you,” said the old man, chuckling; and he plodded along the path into the wood, with the child skipping beside him. About a hundred yards within the wood was a smooth little piece of naturally cleared ground, backed by a rocky and precipitous bank, and at the foot stood a real Robinson Crusoe lodge. A natural hollow in the cliff had been enlarged into a shallow cave, and in front of this old Hanse had erected a wigwam-like structure of logs bedaubed with clay. Before the triangu-

lar door smouldered some embers, with a kettle over them, hanging from a pole laid on two croched sticks, and basket-making materials were scattered all around, and a pile of baskets of different sizes was heaped in a little wigwam adjoining the large one.

“Oh! how delightful!” cried Christina, with enthusiasm, as old Hanse stopped and indicated with a gesture full of pride that his domain was before them. “Oh! Uncle Hanse! I didn’t expect to see anything as nice as this! Why, it’s just like Robinson Crusoe! You didn’t make it yourself, did you?”

“Yes, honey,” said the old man with proud delight, “made it all myself, I did; toted the logs, an’ all. Rolled ’em, an’ den heaved on ’em up. An’ Ise improv’in’ tings, ebery day. See dis table,” showing a place near the fire where two saplings had been cut smoothly off, and a board nailed across their stumps. “An’ mebbe I’ll make a bench, dough dis stump’s good to sit on to eat my wittals off de table.”

“And what’s inside the house?” said Christina, peeping in at the door. “A ham for one thing. And where do you sleep? I don’t see the bed.”

“De fac is, honey, I habn’t got much furniture yet,” said the old man, scratching his head and laughing, “so I slep on de leaves in de corner; but tudder night it rained so hard it runned in my house, an’ I had to stand up all night. Yah, yah! Stood on one foot an’ den de udder all night, like a chicken. Ise thinkin’ to ask your aunty to lemme hab dat old straw bed out in de wagon-house. Miss Somers, she gimme de ham an’ some bread to set up house wib; an’ Mas’r Somers he gimme an ole axe an’ spade to make de house.”

The old man continued the display of his treasures with the delight of a child with a new toy, but Christina looked on with a more doubtful air than at first.

“After all,” said she, “I don’t think I should like it here, if it was cold and rainy; and it must be lonesome at nights. You’ll not stay here very long. I don’t believe, Uncle Hanse. You’ll want to talk to somebody.”

“I’ll be out ebery day to sell my baskets, missy; an’ dis feels like my bery own hynr. I’tend to stay. When de cole comes, I mobe my fire inside. Don’t you see de hole I lef in de roof for de smoke to go out at?”

“You told me once that you had a right nice little cabin down South, Uncle Hanse; and you said you had good times there sometimes.

Don't you ever feel as if you wish you were there again?"

The old man's face clouded. "I's my own man hyur, missy," he said, briefly.

"But you left your own people there, didn't you?"

"'Spose I'd a been to lef my own people anyhow," said old Hanse, almost gruffly; "see hyur, missy; when de trader comes to Mars's house, we know'd who he was, right well we did; and Mar's called me into de room for somfun, and never let on, but I know'd right well it was *me* the trader was to hab. Mas'r tole me to wait awhile out in de piaz', an' I watched, an' by an' by I saw Mas'r bring out papers an tings. Den I slipped roun' de corner, and jest made tracks right for de swamp. I hid dere a week, an' I come to de Norf. Dat's de way ob it."

"What did you do in the swamp that week?" said Christina, after a short silence.

"Jus kep hidin' roun', honey. I picked all de berries I could, and I foun' a lot o' walnuts, but laws I couldn't crack em fast enough to keep de hunger down," said the old man, with his unflinching laugh.

"Didn't they come after you?" said Christina, in a half whisper.

"Spec dey might; but I nebber see sight nor soun' of 'em after I cut for de swamp. One day I knocked over a wild turkey wib a club. Dat was a queer ting. Tell you, chile, I didn't stop to cook *dat* meat; no, nor to pick it neiver. Jus ripped it up an' eat it *so*. An' 'twas good too. Yah, yah."

Christina shuddered a little at this agreeable reminiscence.

"Well," said she, "I hope you'll have things better than that here in your little house. I'll tell aunty all about it, and I guess she'll have something for you when you come round with the baskets. I must go now. Does this path down the hill join the other one that I came up?"

"Yes, dat's de right road for you, missy: an' you better run along right smart, for 'pears to me dere's a storm a comin'. Seems to look mighty brack up dere. Good for old Hanse he got de floor heaped up an' dreened now, so's to lay high an' dry."

"Good-by, then," said Christina, looking up in some trepidation at the gathering clouds, unnoticed till now. And she hastened off down the hill, as a low muttering of thunder gave warning that the storm was really coming on.

CHAPTER III.

"As soon as e'er his face I see,
I know the man my friend must be."

Crossing the log bridge at the foot of the hill, Christina left the path she had trodden before, and turning to the left took a cross-cut that soon brought her to the high road, more inviting now than the shadow of the thick wood. The distant thunder muttered more continuously, and as she entered the highway a few large drops were splashing the dust, increasing in a few minutes more to a pouring rain, which made the child look about for some shelter.

Just before her a low stone bridge or culvert spanned a little stream, the same which she had made friends with in the wood that afternoon, and under its low arch she took shelter, finding foothold on the pebbly margin of the brook. A large stone divided the current, and upon this she perched herself, feeling no discomfort in the delightful sense of novelty and romantic adventure.

"My house is nicer than old Hanse's," she said to herself, "if the floor were not so damp," and she sat hearing the dash of the rain in the water without, and listening to the heavy peals of thunder with a delightful feeling of snug security.

A whir of wings from beside her called her attention after awhile to a peewee's nest plastered against the side of the arch near by. Four callow nestlings raised a feeble and impatient chirping as the mother bird fitted in again. With eager and absorbed attention the child watched the process of appeasing the ever-renewing appetite of the little brood. The brief summer shower abated till the last drop dimpled the swollen stream without, the heavy fringe of clouds rolled eastward, and a gleam of sunshine struck level from the west through dripping green foliage, before she observed that she was free to leave her cave.

The smart stroke of a horse's hoofs aroused her. They came on, not across the bridge above her, but by the fording path below, and stopping in the stream the rider loosed the rein and allowed the horse to drink. Christina sat still as a mouse, but the horseman, carelessly leaning on the horse's neck, caught sight of the hem of her lilac calico.

"In the name of all gnomes and kobolds, who is a resident here?" said he, swinging himself so as to bring his glance on a level with the little cavern.

Christina reluctantly, with rather shame-faced look, emerged from her retreat, and with a grave and would-be-dignified little inclination of the head, stepped lightly across the stepping-stones, in nearer proximity to the gray horse and its rider than she at all relished, and quickly took up her line of march for Mr. Foster's. To her discomfort, the hoof-treads sounded immediately behind her, and as they reached her side, the gentleman dismounted and walked beside her, holding the rein loosely over his arm. "I fairly unearthed you, I think, little damsel," said he, "and now I mean to see whether you are going to dive into this hillside instead of walking up it, or whether you have a fancy to dislodge the dryad from this old chestnut tree. Is that cavern from which I dislodged you your palace in ordinary, or merely your summer retreat?"

"I went in there to keep out of the rain, and I live in the brick house at the top of the hill, sir," answered Christina, with intense gravity and matter-of-fact demureness.

Her companion saw the distaste with which she received his jesting address, and said in a graver tone, kind and gentle—"I thought that when I saw you, and thinking so, took the liberty of an old acquaintance with you. I speak to Mrs. Haviland's little daughter, do I not?"

"My name is Christina Haviland, but I think I do not know you at all, sir," said the little girl, looking shyly but observantly at the tall figure beside her, and thinking him secretly an odd-looking man, oldish and not a bit pretty, yet somehow nice and pleasant in the face. She was sure he was not one of Uncle John's farmer friends and visitors; certainly she had never seen him before, or she would know him again.

"The acquaintance dates five—six years ago," said the stranger, looking down at her with a smile. "You were, I suppose, about half as old and half as large as you are now, and I suppose your memory was smaller then, too, as it has not kept a place for me. You are greatly altered, yet I remembered your eyes as soon as you brought them from under the shadow of the bridge."

"How did you know me, then, sir?" said Christina, perplexed, "for I did not live with Uncle John that long ago."

"Your mother brought you there to pass the heat of summer the year after your father died, and you had an attack of fever there that

we all thought would prove fatal. I was a student with Dr. Lord then, and came with him to see you one day, and took the liberty of differing with him in his opinion of your case. As it happened, my view proved correct; and after that I saw you every day for many weeks. So you see I have an acquaintance with you, though it seems it is not mutual. You were the first patient with whose case I had anything to do, and I have always felt a sort of claim upon you. Dr. Lord always called you 'James's little girl' when he spoke of you. Don't you remember anything of all that?"

Christina meditated, and looking back through her short past seemed to see one scene, as if clouds rolled back and showed it. Herself lying on a little bed by an open window, her mother's fond face stooping over her, her tearful voice saying—"My darling! must you go too!" A group around the bed—she could not see the other faces. Then her memory seemed to drift away into the clouds and darkness again. She shook her head. "No, I do not remember; but I do believe you were good and did me good;" and she looked steadily and trustingly into his face, unlovely in tint and form, but in which her quick childish perception felt the refinement of a gentleman and the strength of a true and reliable goodness and benevolence.

He smiled, and kindly touched the dark wavy hair, from which her little gingham hood had fallen back. "You are my little patient, truly enough. You have the very look in your face yet. I scarcely expected you to have kept it thus long."

They had reached the gate of the lane that led to Mr. Foster's house, and as he loosed the wooden latch and held the gate for her to pass, Christina said hesitatingly, with a vivid blush on her childish cheek—"Have you so many little girls now that you never look after the first of them? You don't come to Uncle John's ever, do you?"

"I shall not lose sight of my 'first little girl' for so long again, I am certain—especially as I have not many friends, little or great, in this neighborhood yet. Mr. and Mrs. Foster were my good friends years ago, and I think I will take this very opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with them. You can introduce me if they have forgotten me, you know. My name is Allen James," he added, answering the question in her eyes, which he saw she hesitated to ask—"Dr. James, by way of a title."

With secret joyfulness of heart, Christina passed through the great gate with her new-found friend, with the gray horse quietly following them. Recollecting that Mrs. Foster's "help" had taken holiday that afternoon, she looked with some apprehension over the low hedge of cedar bushes that separated the lane from the shady yard where the six cows stood chewing the cud and flicking the flies from their sleek sides, and rejoiced greatly to see Nancy occupying her milking-stool beside old brindle.

"Aunt Martha wont be vexed because I wasn't home at milking time, that's one comfort," said she to herself, as she passed into the house yard, and on to the door where her aunt awaited her, while her companion paused to fasten his horse to the post by the gate.

"Christina! why in the world couldn't you see the gust coming in time to get home before the rain?" cried Mrs. Foster's sharp voice. "You are one dreadful heedless child! Wet through now, I dare say! Were you in the old field all this time, or where have you been?"

"I'm not a bit wet, aunty. I waited under shelter," said Christina, in a low voice. "But there's company out there. A gentleman came up when I did. Here he is."

A smile of unusual cordiality brightened Mrs. Foster's face as she greeted the visitor—"Why, Dr. James! the sight of you's good for sore eyes! or for any other trouble, I guess. Do come in. John's just coming in from the truck patch, and will be glad enough to see you, I know. Such a stranger as you are."

"Thank you, Mrs. Foster," said Dr. James, shaking hands in a cordial, friendly way; "it makes me feel at home to have you welcome me in this way. I shall soon strike root in the neighborhood if old friends take up the acquaintance so kindly."

"And you've come back to this neighborhood for good and all now, haven't you?" said Mrs. Foster, leading the way to the sitting-room. "I've heard you were to come."

"Yes; Dr. Lord wishes to withdraw from practice now, and so, as you have heard I suppose, I have established myself here to see whether I shall be acceptable as his successor."

"Little fear of that, I guess, Doctor. Dr. Lord's a nice old man, but he is old, that's certain. And the folks round here thought a heap of you that year you went round with

him when there was so much fever. Oh, you remember sister Haviland's little girl that was so sick here that summer, don't you? Christina! come in, child. This is her. She lives with me since she lost her mother. Speak to Dr. James, Christina."

"I remember Christina distinctly," said the Doctor, taking her hand in his, with his pleasant, kindly smile, "and am glad to meet her again. You know I always had a special interest in my little patient, Mrs. Foster."

"Here's husband," said Mrs. Foster, as John Foster's stalwart form appeared on the porch, warm and flushed, in his shirt sleeves, with his coat over his arm. "Husband, here's the young doctor."

"Why, so it is," said Mr. Foster, shaking hands heartily. "How d'ye do, sir? glad to see you back in these parts. Sit down, sit down. Now let me have your horse put away and stay with us to-night."

"No, thank you, Mr. Foster. My horse does well where he is, and I cannot stay very long. How are you? You work as hard as ever, I see."

"Ay; I've been taking a spell among the vegetables since the rain," said the farmer, seating himself, ponderously. "Wonderful fine growing weather, isn't it? I never saw the crops more forward than they are this year."

Mrs. Foster beckoned Christina from the room, on hospitable thoughts intent. "Let's see your strawberries, Chrissy. A pretty nice lot you've got. We'll have some hulled for tea right away; and some of that new cream cheese. But run down to the spring-house first, and get the cream and butter. Nancy'll have a load without them."

Christina took the plate and pitcher and tripped quickly across the lane, and down the hill to the spring-house—

"The cool retreat, where the clear current flows,
Among the milk-pans duly ranged in rows."

Nancy was still in the milking-yard, so she looked among the pans of milk for those most proper for attack, and began carefully to remove the rich, smooth cream from their surface. Nancy entered while she was so busied. "Sure, Miss Chrissy," said she, setting down her two kettles of white frothing milk, "an' wasn't that the young doctor ye brought home wid yez? I thought I knew the look uv him."

"I didn't bring the gentleman, Nancy," said Christina, laughing, as she began on a fresh pan; "he came himself. He is a doctor,

but I don't know why you call him the young doctor. He looks quite oldish, I think."

"We call him the young doctor bekase he used to go about wid old Dr. Lord, Miss Chrissy. You think he's old bekase he's not so purty to look at as some. But it's himself has the purty heart, so it's small matter for the face uv him."

"I think his face is good to look at," said Christina, draining the last skimmerful of cream into her pitcher; "but it looks somehow strange; all seamy."

"Ah? sure, that's the small-pox marks. An' it was my own cousin, Michael Riley's childer, that was down wid it, an' they no mother, an' he as good as doctor, an' nurse, an' all to them. That was over beyant the river. Michael told me the good man he was to thim all. An' then the sickness took himself, sorrow to it; an' it's near dying he was. They say the young doctor's comin' to live here now, an' all the poor folks in the country side will be glad of that, I'm thinkin'."

"I must go, Nancy," said Christina; and she lifted her plate of butter and pitcher of cream, and passed out of the spring-house without further reply.

"I'll be glad too," said she to herself; "and I'm glad I was his first little girl. I knew he was good and kind by the look of his eyes, if his face is rough and dark."

Very tempting was Mrs. Foster's tea-table, with its array of snowy bread and biscuits, thin slices of rosy ham, the fresh cream cheese, and above all, the glass dish heaped with strawberries.

"Out this afternoon berrying, were you, Chrissy?" said her uncle, looking across at the crimson pyramid of fruit. "It's a wonder you didn't get caught in the rain. Monstrous heavy gust a little to the south of us, Doctor. I expect the clover is lodged badly. Haying begins next week too."

Dr. James glanced at Christina with a smile as her uncle referred to her escape from the rain, but made no remark about the shelter she had found or his encounter with her there, to her relief. So the conversation flowed on, principally upon the business topics in which good John Foster was most interested. The Doctor asked if Mr. Foster could put him in the way of purchasing another horse, as his gray would hardly endure constant riding or driving, and the farmer desired that he would call in a day or two to inspect a certain "bay colt,

rising four years," of his own raising. It was in the meadow now, he said, but should be stabled after to-day.

After tea, Dr. James and Mr. Foster adjourned to the gate to examine the points of a new pair of oxen, which were being unyoked in the lane, and which were the latter's especial pride, as the finest pair to be found, he averred, in the county.

Dr. James, returning to the house, while his host was giving some directions to one of the farm hands, found Christina on the porch. "I must go now, Tiny," said he, in his pleasant, cheerful voice, as he held out his hand to her. She colored, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"How do you know to call me that name?" said she, her voice trembling a little.

"Don't you like it, my child? I think it sounds pretty as a name for you. I heard you always called that—by your sick bed you know."

"I like it—yes. But no one has called me so for so long. I have never heard it since mother went away, you know." Two large bright tears fell on a branch of honeysuckle that the child drew before her face as she spoke.

"I shall always call you Tiny then, if I may," said her new friend, smoothing her hair with his soft, kind touch; "and we shall be all the better friends. And I shall like to be good friends with you, Tiny. I have no near friends; not even a little sister, unless I can make one of you. Mrs. Foster," he continued, as that notable matron emerged from the house, where she had been holding colloquy with Nancy, "I have been making friends with your little niece on the strength of our old acquaintance. I think I ought to have her to keep house for me in the stone cottage. I suspect my bachelor's hall there will be a little lonely."

"Why, Doctor, I don't believe it will be so very hard for you to find a better grown housekeeper," said Mrs. Foster, laughing quite genially. "There's plenty of smart girls up the valley."

"And pretty ones too," said Mr. Foster, with a chuckle, as he joined them, "though Martha don't think so much of that."

The Doctor laughed, but a little constrainedly, and shook his head. "My figure-head, as Captain Gwinn calls it, is a warning to me not to get such ideas as that into it. But I am quite content with old friends and old friendships, if they are continued to me. So good

night, friends, with thanks for your kindness."

"I wouldn't a' thought," said Mrs. Foster, looking after the Doctor as he rode off, after receiving her and her husband's cordial adieux and invitations for him to repeat his visit soon, "I wouldn't a' thought the young Doctor would care so much about being scarred up the way he is. But he does look badly, don't he?"

"Well, he never was to say a beauty," said Mr. Foster.

"Yes, but he didn't look as he does now; though I pretended not to notice any difference in him. But he's a good tall figure of a man, for all."

"And a clever one," said Mr. Foster; "I wouldn't want to know a cleverer man than Dr. James. Come, let's go in."

(To be continued.)

EXISTENCE.

BY AUGUST BELL.

The joy of merely *being* is intense,

Just to keep still and hear the green grass grow,
To draw delight through every quickened sense,
And feel the warm life in us thrill and flow.

I lie beneath the chestnut's ample shade,
Hearing its green leaves murmur their soft strains,
Watching its rare white clusters fall and fade,
Its creamy blossoms dashed with crimson stains.

The clouds, the sky that bends above us all,
Stir strange, sad longings in my eager heart,—
And that brown wren that sings upon the wall,
So clear and sweet, makes all my pulses start.

Down steals the sunshine past the chestnut bough,
The bright hot sunshine, and I close my eyes
Resisting not;—I know not why nor how,
But yet I dream I am in Paradise.

Oh! it is beautiful to linger here
And quaff the cup of pleasure nature fills,—
Her sweet low whispers everywhere to hear,
And to grow purer mid the woods and hills.

While just to breathe, to see, to hear, to feel,
Bathes my whole soul in seas of tranced delight,
Alas! why must to-morrow come and steal
Me from this peace unto its restless fight!

THE MAIDEN'S ANSWER.

BY MRS. L. D. SHEARS.

Long I've listened at the lattice,
By the arbor's trailing vine,
For the footsteps of my Willie,
My beloved, only mine.

Willie, Willie, are you never,
Never coming more to me?

ANSWER.

Yes, I come in haste to meet you,
Neath our dear old trysting tree.

QUESTION.

Haste, say you? Methinks there's sorrow
Where a smile should only play
Round thy lips; you know to-morrow
Is to be our wedding day.

ANSWER.

Borrow? Yes, there's news of battle,
On old Chickamauga's shore;
There my brave and daring brother
Lies, with many a hundred more.

QUESTION.

Dead?

ANSWER.

Ay, dead! his blood is crying
Unto me from out the ground;
Shall I follow to avenge him
At the tocsin's signal sound?

Shall I forward to the Rescue
Of our country? darling, speak!
What! methinks I see a tear-drop
Stealing softly down your cheek.

ANSWER.

Forward! yes, nor lag nor falter
Till the rebels you subdue;
If I weep, it is from sorrow,
That I'm not a soldier too.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY HARRIET W. STILLMAN.

"My child, my only child—I cannot give you up. God is merciless, is unjust, cruel—thus to bereave my widowed heart."

These rebellious words were followed by an outburst of passionate weeping over the cold clay of the beauteous infant. Long did the stricken mother wail and sob, till at last she sank down in utter exhaustion by the bier of her dead child and slept. As she slept she dreamed of her child.

In the midst of a dreary waste of snow she discovered a prostrate, shelterless form—the form of a fair and youthful female. She hastened to raise the body and strive to bring it back to life; but as she lifted she found it cold, soulless, bloody with cruel bruises, while the snow beneath her was stained with the purple tide that issued from its ghastly wounds. She parted the wildly dishevelled hair and wiped the crimson snow from the face of the dead. It was her own daughter; she had grown to womanhood, had become the wife of one who loved his wine cup better than her he had promised to cherish and protect. He had cruelly beaten her slender form till the life blood issued from the wounds, and then cast her out into the pitiless storm to die alone.

Again she dreamed. She saw a fair artless girl in the blushing spring-time of beauty. Then a lover—fascinating, false. Then the youthful victim—blighted, crushed, forsaken, dying of shame and a broken heart.

Once more the scene changed. She saw a happy, loving wife and mother, surrounded by prattling children. Beauty, joy, sat gracefully upon her, but the canker-worm, consumption, was at her heart. Slowly, surely, it did its merciless work. The beauteous matron was struck down in the very bloom of life; the hapless children were left comfortless—motherless.

With a cry of anguish the dreamer awoke. "Oh, God, thou art just, thou art merciful," she cried. "Here, by my dead infant's bier, I bend in humble submission to Thy righteous will. Thou hast done all things well. I know thou hast snatched this tender lamb from the storms of this earthly wilderness to shelter it forever in Thy heavenly fold. Thou hast given; Thou hast but taken what is thine own, and blessed be Thy holy name. Father, forgive, and teach my rebellious soul to say, 'Thy will—Thy will be done.'"

A FRAGMENT.

You came to me, dear friend, last night,
When on the hearth the fire burned low,
And on the wall, the fading glow
Blended the darkness with the light.
I could not see your features fair,
But knew the pressure of the hand,
Whose feeling grasp, in any land,
I still should know, no matter where.
Five years ago your good ship sailed,
Five years ago, it seems to me

More like unto a century,
And yet its coming is not hailed.
The world has said, an ocean bed
Received your being—but I know,
Deep in my soul, it is not so,
To me at least, you are not dead.
For you have sat my chair beside,
And smiling looked into mine eyes,
And asked me with a sad surprise
Of one who in your absence died.

THE RALLYING.

BY SARAH A DYER.

There's a bustle and hum in the crowded street,
The busy tread of hurrying feet,
Brave men march on as the bugle calls,
A waving shadow above them falls;
For the nation's flag—red, white, and blue—
Streams proudly forth, o'er the tried and true.
Eyes grow dim, as they meet its stars,
Reviled and scorned by the traitor bars.

Hands are clenched, and hearts beat fast,
As the cannon's echoes thunder past.
Lips are white, for they may not stay,
Whom God and Country call away.
A tender prayer for the dear, dear ones—
A proud "Amen," from the deep-voiced guns,—
Then wild and clear the freemen's shout
For Law and Liberty rings out!

(517)



THE PENITENT POACHERS WELCOMED ON THEIR RETURN BY THEIR OLD COMRADES.

THE TRANSFORMED VILLAGE;

OR, WHAT MAY BE EFFECTED BY PERSEVERANCE AND PRAYER.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

CHAPTER VI.

Further and numerous examples could be adduced of the evils and apathy prevailing in Westhamlet, but it will not be necessary to give more. The progress towards good will be less easy to state; it was so gradual, almost imperceptible, that it was only by looking back, and remembering what had been, that any change was apparent; at least, this applies to the first years of Mr. Mayne's ministry.

In March, the two poachers returned to the village. Squire Hooper had remembered them in his dying hour: "Charge my son not to

prosecute," he said; "the temptations of the poor are great; I see them forcibly now. Tell him to help them to work when they are released; tell him to help all who may want it to honest work, so far as he can." Consequently, when the March assizes came on, and Bowen and Simms were arraigned before the judge, there was no prosecutor, and they were accordingly discharged.

Now, strange as it may appear to some, these men, bold and reckless though they had formerly been, actually felt ashamed at reappearing amongst their friends and comrades, and they timed their arrival so that the darkness

of night was over Westhamlet when they entered it. It was the hour of prayer at the rectory, and Mr. Mayne had just assembled his family, and taken the Bible in his hand, when there came a very quiet ring to the outer gate. The minister laid down the book until it had been answered.

"It's two poor men, sir," said the servant, reappearing; "they are asking to see you." Mr. Mayne, always considerate of the time of the poor, would not keep them waiting, but went to the gate.

There stood Bowen and Simms. They were hanging back in a sheepish manner, doubtful of their reception. But Mr. Mayne heartily took their hands in his. "My friends, I am glad to see you! Welcome home again!"

The men burst into tears. Depressed, repentant, footsore, hungry, and weary—for they had walked, without food, from the county town—their feelings were overpowered by the kindness of Mr. Mayne's greeting. Mr. Mayne waited a few minutes, talked cheerfully with them, and then took them in. "Your departure from the village was accompanied by bad language and bad feelings," he said; "I should wish your return to it to be hailed with something different. I was about to have prayers with my family, and cannot talk to you, or offer you refreshment until they are over, but I should like you to join us. Will you?"

They assented, and in a manner that pleased Mr. Mayne. He accordingly led them to the parlor, and pointed out their places. He also liked their demeanor during the worship; whether they should relapse or not, they were evidently wishing then to do well. Mr. Mayne made part of his prayer specially applicable to them, and as soon as it was over he went up and took their hands again. "May it be blessed to you," he whispered, "and a herald of the future you are about to commence!" Then Mrs. Mayne had some supper brought in for them, and they all conversed together.

"We think we shant be able to abear the place now, sir," Bowen said. "They'll look cold now upon such as me—pretty nigh a year in prison!"

"Do not fear that," said Mr. Mayne. "You will find the hand of friendship extended to you as readily as mine was."

"It will seem a'most harder to bear than coldness," said Simms, his eyes filling again.

"And why should they look coldly upon you?" returned Mr. Mayne. "Many of your

comrades went out at night as well as you."

"Ay, sir, they did; but they were luckier than we, and didn't get dropped upon. It's the prison that'll do for us."

"No, it is not; and so you will find."

"Be we looked for, sir?"

"Yes; but not until to-morrow. It was known you would be released, but the trial was not expected to come on till Tuesday. Your wives have been holding a grand scrubbing of their houses to-day, in honor of your arrival."

"However has they and our children managed to live?" asked Bowen, in a tone that told of regret and shame.

"Well," said Mr. Mayne, "I think they have lived quite as well as when you were at home to help them. You only worked by fits and starts, but your wives have had regular work at washing and charring ever since you left, for the ladies on the hill have employed them."

"I'm afeared we shall never get work again, sir," said one, as Mr. Mayne went with them to the gate. "We'd do it now steady, and be thankful for it."

"Oh yes, you will. Young Squire Hooper will take you on in his quarry again. His father did not forget you on his death-bed.

"He was always good to us, was the squire," whispered Simms. "Many a time have he forgave us for being on his grounds, when he might have took us. If the young squire will but give us work, we'll serve him better."

"I know he will give it you," said Mr. Mayne; "and I hope you will prove that you deserve it, and persevere in a good course. Will you strive to do so?"

"Yes, sir, please God."

On the following morning Mr. Mayne accompanied these two men to the quarry, for he had resolved to give them his countenance when they first appeared at it. Their arrival had not transpired; and when they came in view, Mr. Mayne walking with them, the body of workmen threw down their implements of labor, and there was such a hand-shaking as the quarry's sides had never before witnessed. Twelve months ago the welcome would have been widely different; then shouts of triumph, defiant of the laws, and of everybody but themselves, mingled with oaths, would have been the mode; now, there was no noise, no bad language, no rebellion; but there was

sympathetic feeling and a genuine welcome, not less hearty because it was subdued in tone. Simms and Bowen thought their old comrades must be strangely altered. And so they were: the mode of welcome proved it, without need of other evidence.

Before it was over, and work resumed, young Mr. Hooper rode up. He, also, was surprised to see the arrivals, but he bent down from his horse, and gave them a greeting in which was no reproach. He was a fine young man, much resembling his late father, not only in person, but in disposition. Bowen and Simms stood before him like culprits, attempting to stammer forth an apology for their former conduct.

"Never mind that now; it is over," he interrupted, good-naturedly. "We will let by-gones be by-gones."

And so the two poor ex-prisoners went to work comfortably, and resumed their abode in their native village with every encouragement.

The most difficult battle of all which Mr. Mayne had to fight, was that of getting the poor to Sunday worship. Every ingenious excuse was offered against it, even when they had, in many other ways, reformed: the true foundation of the dislike probably being that having so long absented themselves from church, they felt a sort of shame and a diffidence at being seen there. In the row of cottages where Cooke and Berry lived, a few doors lower down, lived a couple of the name of Mason, and these Mr. Mayne had never yet been able to get to church. Cooke now went, and Berry went, and their families, but not Mason and his wife, although in other respects their conduct was much better than it used to be. One Saturday evening, two or three months subsequent to the return of the poachers, as Mr. Mayne was passing, he saw Mason and his wife at their door. "Will you let me once more invite you to come there to-morrow?" said he, pointing to the church spire. And Mason and his wife promised faithfully that they would attend. But so they had promised before.

When Mr. Mayne came up, Berry was at his door, nursing a child, and talking to it affectionately—a thing he had never done in days gone by. "I wish you would call in at Mason's to-morrow, and bring them to church with you, Berry. I must get them there, and they will like coming with you better than alone."

"To be sure, sir," answered the man, readily; "I'll try what I can do." Berry's wife put her head out at the door, and dropped a courtesy, seeing it was the rector. She was in the midst of cleaning, but her clothes were tidy, and her face was good-humored. A change had taken place in that household as well as in others.

The Sabbath morning rose, and Mason and his wife sat at breakfast both repenting of their promise. "I don't like to go among them grand folk," said Mason. "One a-staring and a-saying, 'Why, here's Joe Mason at church; what's he come for?' And another a-staring and a-saying, 'Why, what fit's took Joe Mason, as he's here?' I wont go, and that's flat." And Mrs. Joe Mason was not at all sorry to hear the decision, though she had not chosen to speak up first on her own account.

"Taint but what one might like to go when one had got used to it," continued Mason; "but it's the getting into it I can't stand. I'll just clean myself and step out for a walk, and there'll be an end on't."

Accordingly, that was what Mr. Joe Mason did. He "cleaned" himself, and went out, taking a path which led from the church. It conducted him to the river by the mill, and there he found two of the miller's men, who were preparing to solace themselves with a row up the stream, in the miller's small boat.

"Come along with us, Mason," said they.

Now Joe Mason had repeatedly heard Mr. Mayne's warnings against Sabbath breaking; and Joe's own heart had assented to them, and was echoing them now. To be rowing on the water for pleasure, at the time set apart for the worship of God, was Sabbath breaking, and Joe felt it to be so. And at that very moment the bells rang out their call to worship. "No, thank ye," said he to the men, "I'd rather not."

"Why?" returned they, who were civil and not bad-conducted men; only, like their friend Joe, they could not be got to church. "You bain't a going back to church, be you?"

"Oh no," said Joe, hastily, "I'm a going for a walk, that's all."

"Come along into the boat. A row'll be lovely this fine day, and we have got an odd pipe here as you can smoke. We brought it for Farr, but he has sent word as he can't come."

The pipe did the business. Drowning the voice of conscience, drowning the admonition

of his pastor, drowning the words of the Holy Scriptures, certain passages of which floated across his mind, Joe Mason stepped into the boat. He made himself comfortable at the stern, lighted the pipe, the men took the oars, lighted their pipes, and made themselves comfortable, too, and away they went up the stream.

It was a beautiful row; the miller's men thought so; and Joe Mason would have thought so, but for his conscience, which was stinging him. He could not divest himself of that; the more he strove to drive it away from him, the more it stung him. He hoped Mr. Mayne would not hear of it; he hoped nobody would see him, and go and tell; but a hot flush flew into his face as he thought that there was One looking at him then, from whom nothing can be hid. He began nervously to wish himself out of the boat.

"Isn't it time to turn?" asked he. "I want to be in home afore the folks come out of church."

The men thought it must be about twelve, so they turned; but they would go down the river much quicker than they had come up, because they had the current with them. Smoothly and rapidly glided they until they reached the starting-point; and then, in the turning of the boat to moor it, one of the men fouled his oar. It caused the skiff to lurch, and Mason, not used to boats, was alarmed, started violently to the side of the boat, tilted it over, and the next moment all three were in the water.

The two men were not long righting themselves; such mishaps were nothing to them; but Mason had then sunk twice, and was drifting with the current towards the mill-wheel—certain destruction.

"He's drifting fast on to the wheel!" shrieked the man who first recovered himself sufficiently to see Mason's danger. "Make haste, or we can't save him."

How they did save him they never knew; their fright was too great to render things clear. They tore along the bank, to get before Mason, and then one of them threw himself into the river, crying aloud to God for help.

They were helped, and Mason was got out and laid on the ground; but he was perfectly lifeless. A little boy came out of the miller's house, the only inmate it contained, for the miller and the rest of his family were at church. "Run along, Charley, as hard as

you can splash, and bring Dr. Jeffs," quoth one of the men to the child. "I couldn't go as fast as you, with these wet things a-clinging round me."

"Is he dead?" asked the lad, looking at Mason as he lay.

"I'm afeard he may be. Run along, while we rub him; never mind your cap. And, I say, you're a'most sure to find him in church; don't go pelting up the hill to his house afore you look in there.

Mr. Mayne's sermon was drawing towards its conclusion, when the silence was alarmingly interrupted. The church-door was pushed violently open, and in came the breathless boy, his hair and himself looking wild. He said something, in his excitement, but what it was, could not be distinguished. That something was amiss, was only too plain, and Mr. Mayne momentarily stopped his discourse. The beadle was scandalized; he thought the boy had come in for mischief. "What on earth d'ye mean by this?" growled he, under his breath, as he approached the lad.

"Is Dr. Jeffs here? I'm come for him. Joe Mason's drowned."

The beadle went up the church at the pace of a steam-engine, his stick before him, and his coat-capes, ornamented with scarlet, flying out behind him. "You're fetched, sir," said he to Mr. Jeffs; "Joe Mason's drowned," in a tone that was audible to half the church.

Mr. Jeffs hastened out, and the miller followed him, having been alarmed at the boy's appearance; and at the conclusion of the service a great portion of the congregation also flocked towards the scene. Mrs. Mason, with her children, was then standing at her house-door, looking out for her husband, and wondering where he had got to, when the crowd went looming by the corner of the road.

"Why, what can they be after?" cried she, in astonishment. "I should think somebody's stacks must be on fire. I'll just ask Brown," she said, when she had come up with the runners. "Where be you all a-rushing to?"

"You'd better rush also, missus," was Brown's reply: "your husband's drowned." And, uttering shriek upon shriek in her wild despair when she had gathered in the news, the woman tore along in the wake of the crowd. Mr. Mayne likewise hurried thither.

Mason had been taken into the miller's house by the two men, and was lying on a rug

before the large kitchen fire, stripped, and wrapped in blankets. The men, looking curious objects themselves in their wet and clinging clothes, had known pretty well what to do, and by the time the surgeon appeared they thought they were beginning to feel in him a little warmth.

"Is he dead?" asked Mr. Mayne, when he joined them.

"No," replied Mr. Jeffs; "we shall bring him round."

The miller kindly lent a bed-room, and in due time Mason was placed in it, not to be moved home until the following day. Late in the evening, Mr. Mayne went up again; Mason appeared tolerably recovered then, and his wife, overflowing with joy, sat by his bed, reading the Bible to him by the light of a lamp.

"Oh, sir, how merciful God has been to me!" he burst forth, as soon as he saw Mr. Mayne.

"He has indeed been very merciful: you must feel it keenly."

"When I think, sir, how near I have been to death, and what would have been the state of my soul, dying in the act of disobedience to Him, breaking one of His commandments, I feel

as if I could not have enough life left to be thankful in. To stay away from church to go a-pleasuring! Oh, I do feel my wickedness!"

"I was no better than he was, sir," sobbed the wife. "I was no more willing to go than him."

"But you will come in future," said Mr. Mayne; "this may have been sent to you as a warning, and you must take it. Had you been at church to-day, you would not have placed yourself in the way of temptation."

"Yes, I'll keep the Sabbath for the future," fervently uttered the man, "God helping me."

"And be assured that you will find your reward in doing so, even here," said Mr. Mayne. "For what does God Himself say, in the book of Isaiah: 'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'"

(To be continued.)

THE FUTURE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Speak out, dim future, speak to me,
As shells speak to the sighing sea.
And then I bowed my eager ear,
And hushed my heart, that I might hear.
His tones were sad, and soft, and low,
As the soft whispers of the snow,
And fell upon my heart as flakes
Fall on the heaving waves of lakes.

A chill crept through my trembling frame,
And turned to ice my blood of flame;
Like moonlight on a marble vase
Was the cold smile that lit his face.

And then came cold words, clear and slow,
As though a statue spoke in snow;
And this is what he said to me,
As shells speak to the sighing sea:

"In vain you bow the eager ear,
The future will not let you hear
The story of your coming fate;
Be strong to toil—have faith to wait."
And this is all his tale revealed;
I looked, and lo! his lips were sealed;
The future would not speak to me
As shells speak to the sighing sea.

"Come to the Better Land, where angels grow;
They walk in glory, shining as they go!
The King in all His beauty takes the least
To sit beside Him at the eternal feast."
Thus sing the voice that calls me night and day.

"This is a weary world,
Come, come, come away!
Ah! 'tis a dreary world,
Come, come, come away!"

A WOMAN'S PRIDE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It was a fair sunny day in August. They were out on the cliffs, fathoms above the sea, at play. She a dark-eyed, haughty-faced young beauty of thirteen; he a tall, stalwart boy a year her junior. There was a wide difference in their stations in life. You had only to note the richness of her silken robes, the coarseness and threadbare scantiness of his, to feel assured of that. No gentleman's son wore a blue blouse and a tattered cap like Duke Rutherford's.

The children were gathering mosses from the rocks and chatting gayly together, forgetful of rank or station. They had met often thus for the last six years.

Duke's father was a day laborer on the estate of Hortense Delmaine's high-bred mother. Their humble cottage was but a little distance from the Hall, and the children, in search of amusement, wandered out often to the cliffs, and whiled away sunny afternoons in juvenile sports. Duke gathered for his fair playfellow the brightest tinted shells, thrown up from the heart of the ocean by the stormy billows; and, in return, she brought him musty old books of romance and chivalry from the great library at the Hall, which he read and re-read, until his soul was filled with dreams and aspirations, vague and sweet and unreal, as the visions of an opium-eater.

The Rutherfords had not always been hirelings. Generations back there were titled noblemen in the family, but political differences had taken the title out of the name; and, early in life, Hugh Rutherford, Duke's father, had emigrated to this country, and married, soon afterwards, the blooming daughter of a small farmer. The young couple had nothing but health and true love; and after a few years even this last sweet boon was taken away. Mrs. Rutherford died, and her husband had only his six months' old boy to toil for.

No restraint was put upon the intercourse between Duke Rutherford and Hortense Delmaine by the proud lady mother of the young heiress. If she thought of the matter at all, she trusted to the inborn pride of her daughter, and to the cold contempt she had tried so faithfully to imbue her with—contempt of all that was low or ill-bred. Mrs. Delmaine would

never have thought of looking for a princely heart beneath the rough jacket of a common laborer's boy.

The sea breezes gave a beautiful bloom to the cheek of Hortense; and the sports she shared with Duke rounded her limbs and gave grace and vigor to her step. Mrs. Delmaine read her favorite novels, entertained her chosen company, and reigned queen at the Hall; and Hortense enjoyed the wild freedom of the cliffs.

The young girl was almost reckless in her daring at times. This afternoon she was in her most dangerous mood. A cluster of purple flowers, growing in a cleft of the rock below the surface of the cliffs, attracted her attention. She sprang towards them. Duke waved her back.

"It is perilous, Miss Delmaine," he said, hurriedly. "Look at the black rocks beneath. A single misstep and—"

"I am no coward," she laughed, defiantly; "if you are pale, I am not; and I am going to carry these bright things home to mamma."

Before he could prevent her, she had swung herself over the precipice; and resting one foot on a narrow shelf of rock, her left hand clinging to a frail shrub that had taken root in the sparse earth at the top, with the other she grasped the coveted blossoms.

Duke, white and rigid, stood above her looking down. She shook the flowers above her head. "See! I dare do what a boy trembles at seeing done!"

She stopped hastily in the gay, taunting speech she was making. The treacherous rock under her feet crumbled and fell—there was only that little swaying shrub to hold her back from eternity.

Duke threw himself upon his face, reached over, caught her uplifted hands in his, and drew her up slowly, laboriously—for she was nearly his own weight, and he realized too well how much hung on the result to be hasty or reckless of his strength. He rose to his feet, lifting her up with him. For one moment, breathless and overcome by the thought of what she had escaped, she leaned against him, then turning coldly away she seated herself on a rock.

"Well," she said, haughtily, "you have saved my life, I suppose. What is it worth? My mother will—"

She stopped abruptly. Duke's face had grown crimson; his lips were compressed; she understood him, and forebore the insulting speech she was about to make. Her voice was softer when next she spoke, for, being proud herself, she respected the pride of others.

"Forgive me, Duke. What shall I give you to show how grateful I am?" and she began to detach the heavy gold chain she wore at her girdle. He put it back when she offered it.

"Give me the bunch of heliotrope in your hair."

She pulled it out and laid it in his hand.

"You will throw it away to-morrow when it is withered," she said.

"The fragrance will outlast the flower itself. The scent will remain when even the ashes of the blossoms have perished. No, I shall never throw it away!"

She tied the blue ribbons of her hat.

"Good-by, Duke, I am going home. I may not see you again. To-morrow I am going away to Wilbraham to school. Don't you wish you could go to school?"

How the boy's great dark eyes flashed! and what a beautiful glow broke through the swart sunbeam on his cheek! He did not speak. He only turned away slowly, and stood gazing out upon the cold gray sea.

The day was setting in steel-blue clouds, great banks of them obscured the westering sun, and from the troubled sea vast masses of drenching fog swept up the rocky coast and settled heavily down on the land.

That night Mr. Rutherford called Duke into his bed-chamber, where he kept his private desk and his meagre store of books. He took from an ebony casket a ring set with a diamond *orbitone*.

"There, my son," he said, "is the only thing I have on earth to show that noble blood flows in my veins. That ring belonged to my great grandfather, the Duke of Somerset. It cost five thousand dollars. It will bring readily more than half that sum. I bequeath it to you. Will you keep it to show the world that your ancestors were nobles—or—" He paused and looked eagerly into the face of the boy.

"Or what, father?" Duke's face was eager, hopeful; already he had half divined his father's meaning.

"You love books. I had thought you might

desire an education. The proceeds of that ring will defray your expenses at school—maybe through college. But you can keep it if you choose. Which shall it be?"

"Oh, father! knowledge before anything else in this world! What care I if my body starve, so that my soul be fed?"

So it was decided, and a fortnight afterwards Duke left Romney and entered the preparatory school at C—.

Six years passed. Duke had been six months in college, and was home on a brief vacation.

Miss Delmaine had just graduated at a fashionable finishing school, and returned to the Hall, a wonderfully beautiful and accomplished young lady, followed by a train of obsequious admirers.

One still July night she stole away from the revelry at the Hall, and went, as of old, to the cliffs. Duke was there before her, sitting silent in the moonlight, looking out to the sea. He heard her step—perhaps the thrill at his heart told him who was coming. The heliotrope had lain there all these six years. He rose and turned towards her, waiting her pleasure. She might recognize him or not, just as she chose.

She passed him with a haughty glance. He did not flinch, but stood with folded arms—his tall, manly figure outlined against the purple sky, his face lit up by the young moon. A faint flush rose to her white forehead.

"Is it Duke Rutherford?"

"Miss Delmaine? Allow me to welcome you home."

She gave him her hand. After all, old memories held still their sway in her heart.

Some secret audacity moved him to say it. He bent over her and whispered—"I have the heliotrope yet, Hortense."

Her eyes blazed; she snatched her hand from his as if his touch stung her. "Remember to whom you are speaking!" she said, sharply.

"I do remember."

"I have other business than listening to the silly talk of a love-sick boy! So, good-night."

Duke struck his breast as she hastened away.

"The time may come," he muttered, "yes, it may happen that she will be glad to unsay those words! I can wait!"

Six years passed again. Duke Rutherford had a name in the land. On his graduation he had studied law, been admitted to the bar in due time, and after two years' successful prac-

tice his talent had won him the appointment of judge for the district.

Wealth came to him slowly, but fame was not chary. Already he ranked high as a poet in his own country, and critics across the sea were beginning to speak of him with favor. His father was dead. There was no tie, save memory, to bind him to the old place at Romney. So he travelled, when he could do so with benefit.

One day, late in November, he found himself on board an ocean steamer, bound to New York. He had been on a business tour to Europe, and was returning home. There was a gay party of ladies and gentlemen among the passengers, wealthy aristocrats, who had been "doing" the wonders of the old land.

The second day of the voyage they were all on deck at sunset—promenading, laughing, chatting—enjoying the fresh breezes. Duke was there also. He met Hortense Delmaine face to face—a proud, beautiful woman now. Her youth had not made false prophecies of the glory of her womanhood. He had heard of her fame in the gay Parisian capital; and, looking at her now, he was freed to confess that she had not worn undeserved laurels.

Her wealth of dark hair rippled away from her broad white forehead, and was gathered into a massive coil at the back of her head; her eyes were deep and fathomless as some woodland spring into which the sunshine never looks; her lips red ripe, perfect; her whole air and bearing full of haughty grace.

She was leaning on the arm of a tall, Spanish-looking man; but, though she smiled at his soft nothings, she was gazing out, over and beyond him and his range of thought, to the sea stretching so darkly blue and boundless to meet the twilight glory.

Duke Rutherford stopped before her just as she disengaged herself from her companion.

"It is the same old ocean upon which we used to look from the cliffs, Miss Delmaine," he said, quietly.

She was leaning over the side of the vessel, looking down at the water. She lifted her eyes, shuddered slightly, and drew up her shawl. Duke assisted her.

"Mr. Rutherford, you turn up once in six years, it seems."

He smiled to himself. So she remembered how long it was since she had seen him!

"It is like going back to my lost boyhood to see you, Miss Delmaine. I—"

He did not finish the sentence. Her late companion approached, and drew her arm within his. She mentioned the gentlemen's names to each other—"Mr. Trevanon, Mr. Rutherford."

They bowed coldly. They would never be any better acquainted. There was nothing in their natures which would assimilate.

Afterwards, Miss Delmaine and Duke never met alone; sometimes surrounded by her friends she came upon him, and acknowledged him by a distant bow—but there was nothing more between them.

The voyage was drawing to a close. They were nearing the harbor. A great storm arose; the vessel was driven out of her track, and drifted down to the capes. One dark, direful night, in spite of skill and frenzied effort, the ship struck the rocks of a lee shore, and parted!

A little moment to realize the dread horror of their situation, only, was left those on board. Miss Delmaine, pale, but calm, was holding the arm of Mr. Trevanon; her friends, shrieking and terrified, stood near. She was not looking at the threatening destruction before her, but over her shoulder with a hungry, wistful something in her eyes, as if she forgot what she saw not. The expression died out as Duke Rutherford appeared; for an instant their eyes met!

Then!—the ship lurched violently—there was a dull plunge, a wild shriek of agony, and the water swarmed with struggling human beings! The world had grown dark to Hortense, but she felt herself borne up by some power beyond her own strength—upward and onward through the billows, till her feet touched the firm shore of the cape. Then, into the light and warmth of a fisher's cottage, and when they had laid her down on the rude settle she opened her eyes, and saw—Duke Rutherford.

"You saved me?" she asked.

"I had that honor."

The door opened, and Mr. Trevanon appeared. Whatever Hortense might have said, by way of thanks, was checked by his entrance, and directly afterwards, Duke went out. Three weeks passed before they met again, and then it was in the old place on the cliffs, at Romney.

Mrs. Delmaine was dead; Hortense had been to visit her grave, and on her return, sat, for a moment, on the gray, familiar rock to look out

on the wintry sea. Her eyes were still wet; she had been weeping over the dead.

Duke found her thus, and seating himself beside her, drew her head down on his shoulder.

"Hortense," he said, "I love you. I defy your contempt. I dare repeat it to you. I love you!"

For a moment, it seemed to him that she clung to him, then cast him away, and rose to her feet. And when she spoke, her voice was cold and unmoved. "On new year's eve, I am to be married to Eugene Trevanon."

Duke started up—seemed about to make some impetuous speech, checked himself, bowed, and left her.

And she threw herself down where he had stood, moaning out—"Oh, pride! pride! it will be my death!"

* * * It is the last day of the old year.

Duke Rutherford, a stern and gloomy man, was about to bid adieu to his native land, for a long season.

He did not wish to breathe the air of the same continent with Hortense, and she the wife of another! People are different, you know. Some keep their disappointments ever at heart, others put them eternally out of their reach, in the past. Duke wished to free himself from memory. He had destroyed everything but the heliotrope, and even that should be sacrificed, he said, when the ocean rolled between it and the soil which had nourished it!

It was a dark, moonless night, with prophecies of snow in the air. He shut the door of the cottage where his father had died, and went out for a walk. He avoided the path to the cliffs; he had closed his heart to all dreams of tenderness.

Almost unconsciously, he turned his steps towards Delmaine Hall. It rose up, a gloomy, massive pile, lighted only by the red firelight, at a single window. To-morrow night, it would

blaze with the lamps lit to shine upon her bridal.

He paused to turn back, but something led him on. Through the deserted gardens, up to the broad door, which stood ajar. All was quiet within. The guests were in bed. Only some tardy servant was up—it would do no harm to glance within.

He stepped to the door of the room where he had seen the light, and pushed it softly open. He saw no one. Still he went on, and sat down in a great lounging chair before the warm blaze.

Some one rose up from a sofa at the other end of the fire-place. He started up, an apology on his lips, for his audacious intrusion. She—it was Hortense—clad, not in bridal robes, but in sable vestments, and destitute of ornament, came towards him, looked up into his eyes, and let her white hands rest upon his shoulders. "Duke," she said, at last, her eyelids dropping, her cheeks crimson, "have I offended past forgiveness?"

He did not answer. Only looked at her. She went on, persistently. "I will let the truth speak, Duke Rutherford. I love you! I have loved you all along! But pride came nigh to being my ruin! Thank God! at last, I have clean hands and a pure heart! I have dismissed Eugene Trevanon, and true to myself, true to you, I cast aside all womanly modesty and shame, and tell you that I love you!"

"Hortense," he said, "is this thing true? Are you done with that man?"

"I have done with him," she said, softly.

He gathered her into his arms. "And whose are you now?"

"Yours, if you will take me."

And Duke Rutherford forgot his animosity to America, and did not sail for Europe, which was sensible.

RAIN.

BY HELEN M. PRATT.

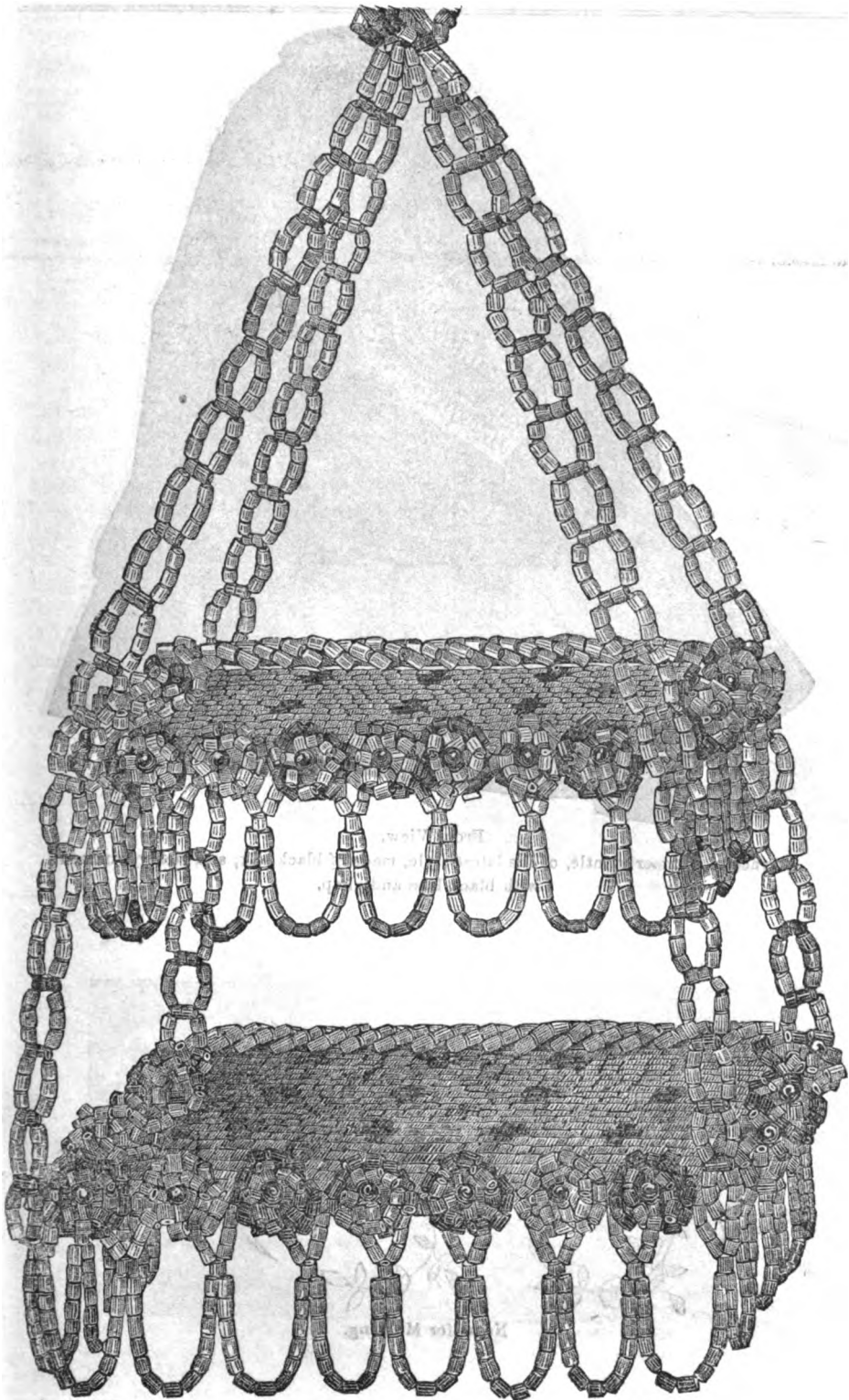
The scene is curtained with soft tangling clouds,
Whose tender glooms obscure the smiling sky;
Cool, ceaseless rain-drops fall in hurrying crowds,
Or, misty fine, in gusty sheets sweep by.

In noisy conclave, 'mid yon topmost boughs,
The cheery blackbirds chatter by the swamp,

Exchanging merry compliments and vows;
Their eager glee no chill misfortunes damp.

The silent robins flit from tree to tree,
Enduring patiently the weary storm;
For chill and cheerless though the present be,
Yet hope and love will keep the true heart warm.

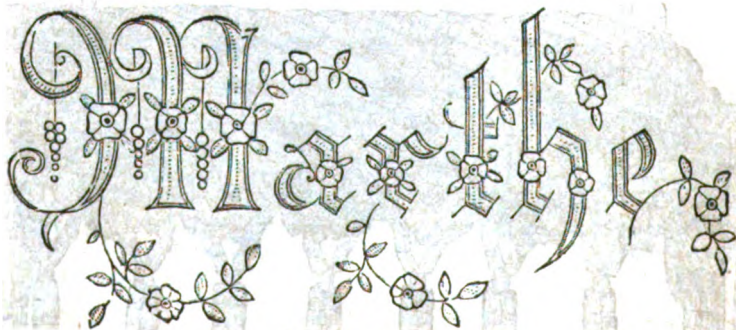
WORK-TABLE.





Front View.

A graceful summer mantle, of the latest style, made of black silk, and richly trimmed with black lace and gimp.



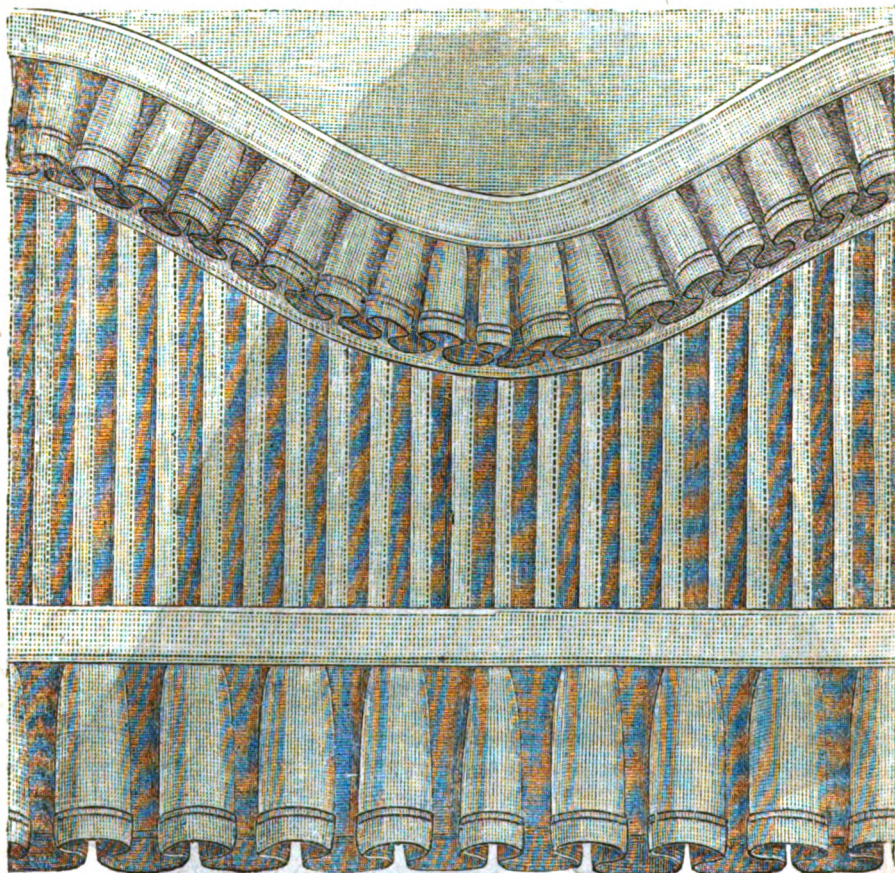
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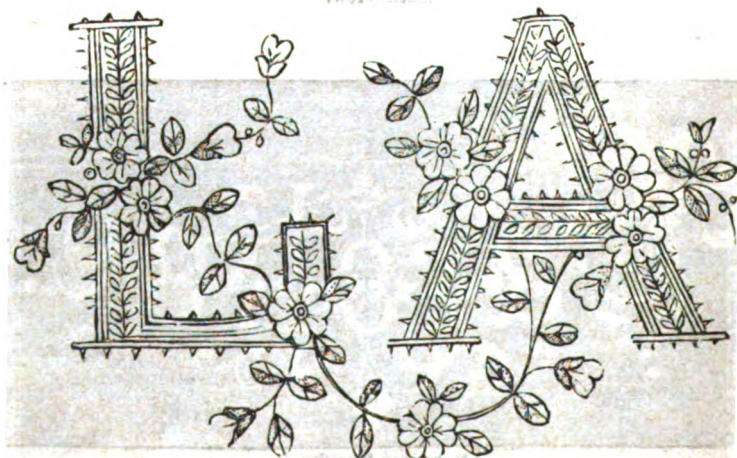
Back View.



Name for Marking.



Trimming for White Petticoat.



For Marking Pillow-Case.



BOUDOIR BASKET, IN BEADS AND VELVET.

The "Englishwoman's Magazine," from which we take this art, says:—"There are many little articles in a lady's apartment necessary for daily use, and often elegant in themselves, that, when scattered about, much impair the neatness of arrangement, and yet cannot be hidden out of the way in drawers and closets. It is for the reception of such as these that the boudoir basket is expressly intended.

"The foundation of the basket is in cardboard, the bottom being an octagon, and the sides formed of eight pieces cut exactly to fit the several sides, according to our illustration. These are to be covered on each side with silk, satin or velvet; the last-named being the richest, produces the best effect. On the bottom a little wreath of forget-me-not is worked in beads, the flowers being blue, with a white bead in each centre, and the leaves green. All the parts are then to be sewn together, taking a white chalk bead on the needle at every stitch, and putting them as close together as possible, and with as much regularity. All this being done, the basket is now ready for the bead fringe, which is its greatest ornament,

This is put on in loops all round, taking first a large bead, then three small ones; so completing the loop, and repeating the same till the circuit has been made. The second row is made by commencing at the large bead of the last row, threading three small beads, taking up one large one, then four small; then one large; then six small; one large; one small; then back through the last large (this forms the lowest point of the fringe); then six small, and pass the needle through the next large bead. Repeat this again, or even three times, if you wish to have a rich finish to your fringe. Then thread four small beads, and pass the needle through the large one, which forms the centre row of diamonds; thread three small beads; pass the needle through the large bead, which completes the diamond, and so continue all round.

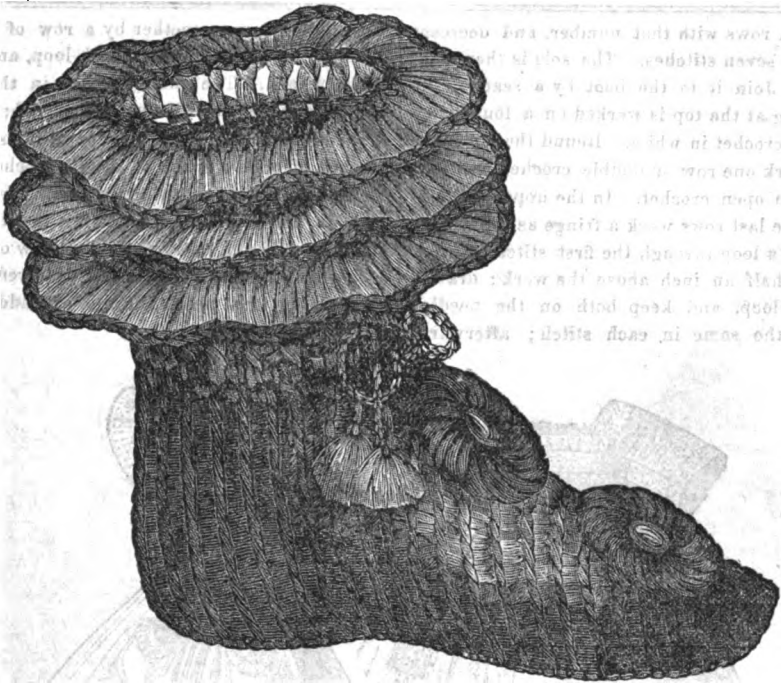
"A slight strip of whalebone, covered with ribbon and crossed with beads, makes a very suitable handle. Set it on with a bow of ribbon; or it may be ornamented with any pretty slight device in the beads."



Handkerchief Corner.



Name for Marking.



INFANT'S CROCHET BOOT.—*Materials* (for one pair).—Eight skeins of white single Berlin wool, four skeins of black, and two skeins of red. The elegance and grace of this little boot amply repay for the trouble of making it. Round the ankle it is very light, being worked in open crochet. The whole of the boot is made in close double crochet, always worked on the right side, so that the wool must be out at the end of every row. Make a chain of nine stitches with black wool, and work two rows with the same number of stitches; in the third row begin to increase by working three stitches in the middle stitch; continue to increase in the centre stitch of every row; in the fourth row work the three middle stitches in red, for which take a piece of red wool four yards twelve inches long, and begin in the middle of it, leaving the ends to hang down on each side, to go on with the small red border in the middle of the black; in the fifth row the three middle stitches are white, with one red stitch on each side and the rest black. The same arrangement of colors is to be continued in the following rows. There must always be the same number of black stitches, with one red stitch on each side; the white part alone increases. When you have worked ten rows with white, work four rows, missing in each one stitch on each side, but you must also bring the red

stitches nearer, so that the number of black stitches remains the same. At the thirteenth row, with white, divide the two parts round the foot, working on each side, and leaving the middle stitch free. Work on each side in the following manner, beginning in the middle:—

First row.—Ten white stitches, one red, five black.

Second row.—Nine white, one red, five black.

Third row.—Eight white, one red, five black (from this place do not miss any more stitches at the ends).

Fourth row.—Then eight more white, one red, five black.

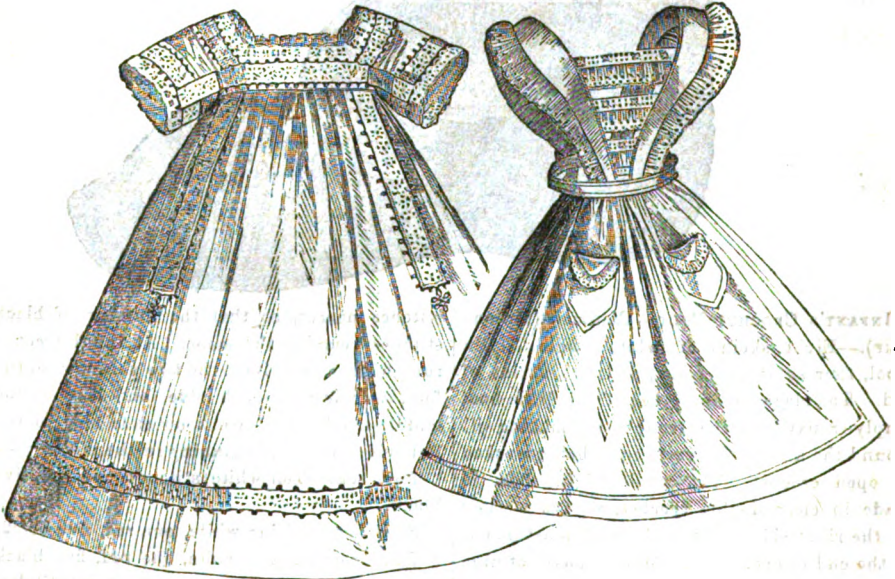
Fifth row.—Nine red, five black.

Work eight more rows, entirely black, without increasing or decreasing. Complete the opposite side in the same manner, and sew the edges together. The sole is worked with white wool, backwards and forwards, very tightly, and always inserting the needle through both parts of the stitches. Begin at the point of the foot, make a chain of eight stitches, and work three rows with the same number; then increase one stitch at the end of each row until you have thirteen stitches; afterwards work fourteen rows without increasing, and then decrease in the same proportion until you have only eight stitches left; after working two rows with eight stitches increase to eleven stitches,

work six rows with that number, and decrease again to seven stitches. The sole is then completed. Join it to the boot by a seam. The trimming at the top is worked on a foundation of open crochet in white. Round the top of the shoe work one row of double crochet and four of treble open crochet. In the upper chain of the three last rows work a fringe as follows:—

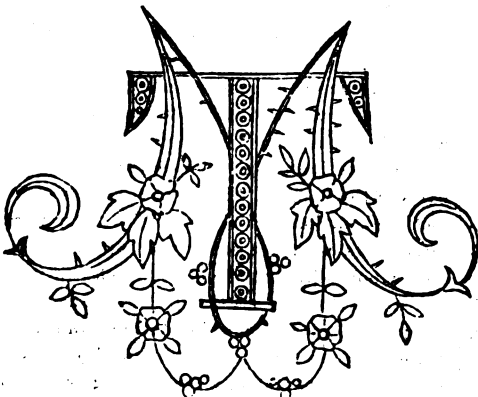
Draw a loop through the first stitch; pull it out to half an inch above the work; draw a second loop, and keep both on the needle; repeat the same in each stitch; afterwards

join all the loops together by a row of chain stitches; work one chain in each loop, and two between each. The chain stitches in the first and third rows must be worked in red; those of the second, in black. The top of the shoe is finished off with a stitch of double crochet into each long stitch, with three chain between each in black. A plaited string in red and black wool, is run through the first row of open crochet, and the two small rosettes in red wool, ornamented with pearl buttons, are added on the front of the shoe.

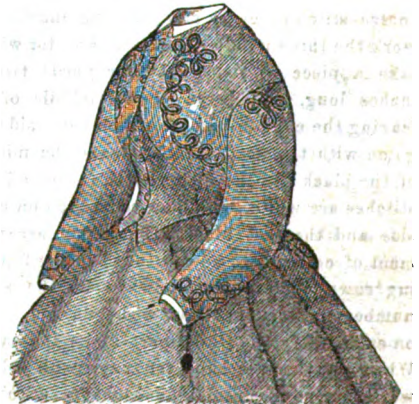


Infant's Robe, of White Piqué, Braided with Black.

White Dress-Apron, for a little girl.



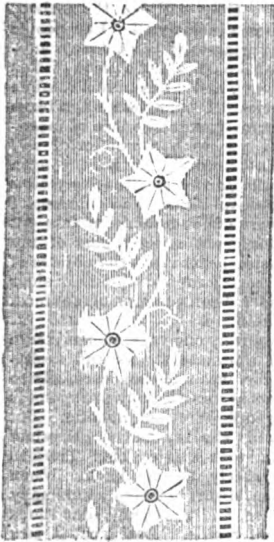
Initials for Marking.



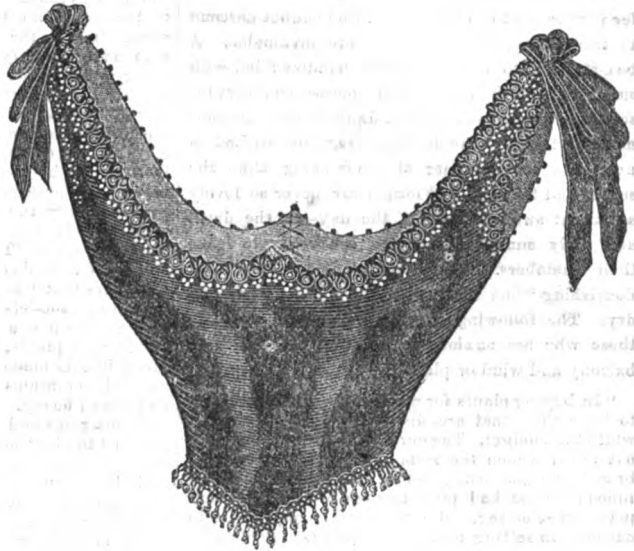
Braided Jacket and Double-Pointed Vest.



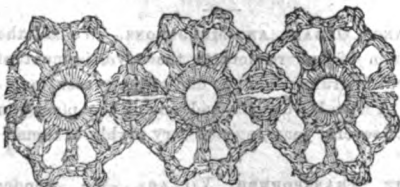
Edging.



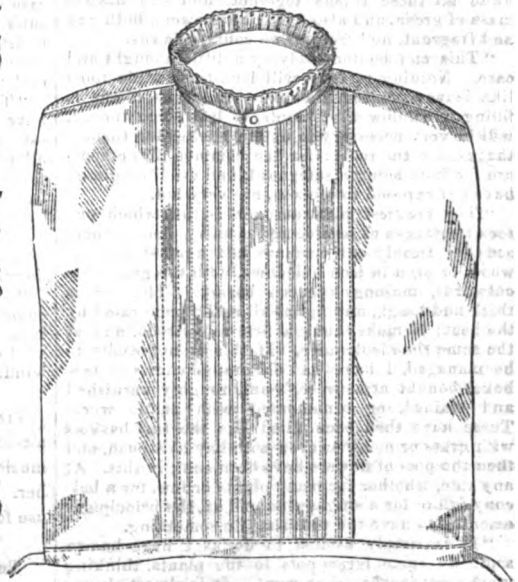
Inserting.



Swiss Body.



Crochet Edging and Inserting.



Boy's Chemiset.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

BALCONY PLANTS.

For people who must live in town all summer, or for invalids in town or country, who cannot descend to the garden, window plants are invaluable. A box attached to a dressing-room window filled with small pots of the flowers that please you best for scent and color, would be a daily delight at your morning toilette—the delicious fragrance wafted in upon the cool summer air, refreshing alike the senses and the spirit. Flowers are never so lovely as at that sweetest hour of the day—at the dawn and early sunrise, when few are ready to leave their chambers. The difficulty is to keep them flourishing when thus raised in the air, high and dry. The following hints will be found useful to those who are anxious to maintain the health of balcony and window plants:—

“In buying plants for windows, it is always better to have those that are disposed to grow rather in width than height. The geraniums should be putting out low down on the stem; stocks also should be branchy; or, at least, disposed to become so; and, indeed it is no bad plan to discard at once all tall plants in selecting. But there are many things to consider in setting up summer flowers. Some people want a gay window, and others care more for sweet scent, so that the air should blow in fragrant with the flowers; others again like green things, and care less for the flowers than for the green edging; and some who will fill a balcony, will unite all these things together, and will have a mass of green, and also a cloud of flowers, both gay and fragrant, and fresh as on country lawns.

“This can be done only by a little thought and care. Nothing in town will look fresh while roots like leaves are scorched up. And thus, if one is filling a window with plants, to last some time, it will be very necessary to obtain shelter for them—that is, for the roots; for the common flower-pots are far from being a safeguard, and even the glazed boxes, if exposed to the sun, are very hot.

“The prettiest plan, perhaps, is that which one sees sometimes at seaside and country places, where sods of freshly-cut turf are laid against bars of wood, or even in iron balconies, with the grass side outwards, making a green basket. The sod is thick and tough, and not at all easily penetrated by the heat; it makes thus a first-rate screen, and at the same time looks nice. If this is not easily to be managed, I have had old orange-chests or tea-boxes bought at a grocer's and roughly varnished and stained, or ornamented with rustic work. These have then been filled like the turf-baskets with grass or moss, or even with hay at a push, and then the pots of flowers have been sunk in this. At any rate, whether for many plants or few, for a balcony full or for a single window-box, the principle is essential to have the pots sunk in something.

“It is simply useless to do as I have known some do—give large pots to the plants, thinking more room is what they want. It is almost always the case that small pots for a window-garden answer better than do the large, because the plants are kept stumper, and they flower more freely than if they

had more root room; but putting all this aside, to give a large pot is useless in the idea of protecting the roots, because in every case the roots will run to the side, and there they will fix themselves, sucker-like, to the porous inside wall. For people who have magnifying glasses, I can't fancy anything prettier than to take off a little piece of this beautiful cobweb of roots, and to examine it while still all fresh and moist. I once tore off a large piece that was like the most exquisite lace of inconceivable fineness, and yet with a wonderful soft look, given by the fine rounding of all the open mouths. After seeing that, and seeing the dry yellow patches where the beautiful fabric had dried up, I certainly felt more aware of the mischief plants get from exposure. Though not strictly part of my subject, I may also mention here that the objects of all others that I have seen wrapped up on all sides with these rootlets have been the bits of charcoal put into the pots as drainage.

“For the plants, however, one very nice mixture for a box is made of alternate stocks and sweet-scented geraniums; the latter chosen carefully to be low and bushy. Another excessively pretty set is of China roses and large-flowered mignonette. But perhaps the best of all is the ivy-leaved geranium in front of a wide box, with scarlet Tom Thumbs and heliotropes alternately at the back. When these go out of blossom, dwarf German asters may take their place, the rose, and white, and lilac kinds being most charming for this. Last year I saw some of these flowers transplanted while in full blossom. A threatening of frost had come, and they were just taken up and potted, and they lasted on unflaggingly for many weeks from that time.

“The only thing I have found necessary in the case of these window gardens is to have the pots sunk in something, and to keep that something well moistened. The roots may grow down through or out over the pots, but this is all allowable, as in the orchard-houses.

“The few plants I have named are those that I have found on the whole to look best and last longest; but red and white geraniums, nasturtiums—of all colors—lobelias and pansies; even pinks and roses will do well in some cases, and can, of course, be tried. *Viola purpurea*, too, or Scarborough lilies, are splendid crimson flowers for bloom in July and August. Mixed with pale blue iris, they look uncommonly well, and they are quite town flowers.

“I may just remark here that the flowers in balconies have very great advantages in being raised from the ground and placed in a purer air, so long as they are protected from the drying sun and wind. E. A. M.”

PIANOS, ORGANS, AND MELODEONS.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of musical instruments at the end of the present number. A friend, who has had one of the pianos in use for several years, speaks very highly of them.

THE TRANSFORMED VILLAGE.—We wonder whether our readers have any idea who is the author of this excellent story? We intend informing them before we conclude it.

New Publications.

Mainstone's Housekeeper. By Eliza Meteyard. "Silverpen." Loring, Publisher, Boston.

An attractive novel, with plenty of the usual interest of fiction, mystery and love. What we like best in it is its able delineation of the triumph of character over brute strength and low cunning selfishness. We quote a portion, illustrating the same sort of conflict that forms the staple of a story in our present issue—"Mistress and Maid,"—except that "*Mainstone's Housekeeper*," having stronger and baser material to deal with, has much the harder battle.

"Some rooms, which were formerly used as a laundry, have been prepared for you, Mrs. Jack, and thither I wish you to remove at once. Your act of last night, in invading my sitting-room by means of the front stairs—the complaints which Mr. Radnor frequently makes to Elisha, that his rest is unaccountably disturbed—your plan of coming home at all hours of the night, and your reception of persons here without my consent, and of whom I know nothing—"

"You know nothing?" she interrupted, insolently; 'of course not. But they're as good as you.'

"Come, mistress," spoke the policeman, firmly, 'don't insult the lady. You know that girl there, pointing to Sarah, 'doesn't bear a very good name in Welton. So send her off and remove your things, it will be best for you to do both peaceably.'

"I won't," she said, hoarsely and fiercely; 'Mr. Radnor has never yet dismissed me, and I am his servant and housekeeper still. These are my rooms, and I'll keep them, and do as I like in them.'

"And I am equally resolved, Mrs. Jack, that you *shall* leave them. Do not press me too hard—Amos, the tailor, in Welton, as well as Beckbury, the postmaster, are ready to give evidence against you at any moment; indeed, are anxious to do so. But for Mr. Radnor's as well as your own sake, I have hitherto repressed this earnest wish—still, do not tempt me too far.'

"You're excessively kind," said the incubus, with mock gravity, as she dropped a low courtesy: 'you're very kind. So you would prosecute, as well as dismiss me, if you could or dared? But he daren't, if you do.'

"Your threats against Mr. Radnor are as disregarded as I know them to be powerless. This I am not come here to discuss with you, but simply to desire you to remove now, and at once, to the rooms prepared for you. As mistress of Mr. Radnor's household, I am responsible for its respectability.'

"You are, are you? You're so very respectable yourself, are you? Well, we shall see. But where's your authority?"

"You shall soon see it. Daniel! fetch a strip of paper and pens and ink from my writing-table."

"The old man obeyed, and the policeman and Elisha could but admire the lady's quiet and resolved demeanor, and the courage with which she kept her ground."

"Miss Eliot wrote thus, and dispatched it by the same hand:—

"The housekeeper wishes to learn if she has Mr. Radnor's authority to act as her judgment thinks fit in a matter involving the respectability of his household and the honor of his name."

"The old man came back as quickly as he had gone, with this, written in an unusually firm, large and intelligible hand:—

"Whatever Mr. Radnor's housekeeper considers right to do, will undoubtedly be so. She has his *full authority* for acting in whatever way she considers necessary."

"Miss Eliot read this, and then held the paper for Mrs. Jack's inspection, if she would. But the woman—who had turned deadly pale—pushed it away with tremulous fingers. She was fully conscious now that her power was gone, her reign over, her threats comparatively uncared for—though she affixed to still retain some secret of weighty import."

"Of course; I knew how it would be—this has been all managed beforehand, for he is such an old fool that a child might lead him. But he shall yet rue the day that he turned an old and faithful servant from his door."

"Mrs. Jack," said Miss Eliot, 'I await your decision. My time this morning is valuable. For your own sake I trust you will now hasten and go in peace.'

"Yes, I'll go; and in peace, too, as you call it—I'd go to-day for good, but I haven't yet got a home. The rooms below will do just as well as rooms above; for I shall be here no longer—than to do what I've got to do. As to removing, that is soon done. As everything is claimed—well, let it be so. I'll take nothing but the rags, I think few'll dispute the ownership, for I go away a beggar; though, when I came, I left as good a home in Welton as a body need."

"Saying this, and calling the girl to her aid, she passed quickly to and fro; and thrusting divers articles of wearing apparel into two old boxes, locked them, and bid Daniel carry them 'to the place the missis had ordered.' Then with a great show of virtuous indignation she swept from the room, without deigning to turn even a parting glance on those who stood there. Once below, she surveyed the place allotted to her; which, to say the truth, was much too good, and much too nicely arranged—hurriedly as it had been done—for one so utterly worthless; and then locking the door, and taking the key, she went her way across the fields towards Mainstone church. As those left behind, especially Elisha, shrewdly suspected, the assumed indignation only covered real chagrin, and the best of Mrs. Jack's worldly goods had been already removed. The surmise was correct. Piccemeal, through the fortnight the housekeeper had been there, goods of various kinds had been clandestinely removed; for Mrs. Jack foresaw the probability of a hasty dismissal from the upstairs chambers, seeing that the conduct she determined to pursue could but be followed by one indignant result. Her chagrin now was, that this change of place had occurred some hours too soon for her purpose. That very night the porcelain and pictures were to have been removed; but, though thus saved for their rightful owner and original place, the loss otherwise was great; and it was not till long after, when Mr. Radnor and his housekeeper conferred thereon, that it was known to its full extent."

"In the course of a few hours, the rooms were dismantled of all but their largest articles of furniture, cleaned and locked up; and, to make all sure, Daniel and Elisha secured the casements from within, and nailed up the door at the foot of the back stairs. The upper rooms were thus safe from clandestine ingress, and so remained till the autumn brought its changes."

"As the hours wore on, the spirit of a blessed peace seemed to have fallen on the old sunny parsonage. Peggy hummed at her work, as she cooked

and scrubbed, and went to and fro; the old men-servants, as they mowed the lawn and trimmed the flower-borders, chatted merrily; a poor old tabby cat, a favorite of its master, but which, through the days of Mrs. Jack's plenitude of rule, was rarely known to face the kitchen, now came stealing in there with a tribe of well-grown kittens in her train. Even poor timid Fleckie peeped, and stepped into the hall; and the very peacocks, always self-satisfied and full of their own pompous glory, seemed on this day to have no feather unlooked at by the sun."

Notes of Hospital Life. From November, 1861, to August, 1863. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

These notes have greatly interested us. The writer has a peculiar fitness for her task in many ways. To quote from Bishop Potter's Introduction, "She sees with exquisite relish the picturesque in character and incident; she has an eye, too, for the deep wealth of affection and generous sympathy that lie embedded in the roughest natures—for the flashes of merriment and drollery which lighten up the darkest scenes—for the delicate tastes and noble sentiments that often possess those whose hands have been hardened by toil, and whose minds (in the judgment of too many) must needs have been debased by habitual contact with vulgar pursuits."

It is self-evident that the feeling which can sustain, for any length of time, the wear and tear of hospital life, must be deep and true; any false-ness, especially that of sickly sentimentality for "our poor suffering soldiers," would be sure to succumb to the inexorable logic of facts. The author of these notes sees the men as they are, bad and good, and gives her influence in the one case to help from out the slough of sin, and in the other to cheer with sympathy—the genuine missionary spirit, bearing heaven's own light and warmth and solace to human suffering.

Home. By the author of "Redwood," "Hope Leslie," &c.

This little book has some peculiar associations to us that set it apart from others. It happened to fall into our hands at the age of fifteen, and the impression it made can never be forgotten. Plain and simple as it is, it was yet a picture of life that filled out for us the full measure of desire, and all the eager hopes, the radiant formless visions of enthusiastic youth gathered about it, crying, Eureka! Eureka! That tumultuous delight indeed subsided, but never, in all the years that have followed, has any brighter picture displaced from its post of honor in our aspirations or moved from its firm hold upon our affections that beautiful ideal of a perfect home. The details of household management; the small economies and contrivances, the faults of children and their treatment, each and all as giving life-like truth to what might else have seemed too good to be true, were inexpressibly satisfying. It is essentially an American home; its simplicity and refinement are alike republican—a fair and noble

type of such a life as our country makes possible for all her children.

But the charm that keeps it a pure and fragrant ideal forever is the beauty of holiness. It is a Christian home—as true an image of Heaven as this earth can offer. Often as it was read, until got by heart, to use the common expressive phrase, the death of Charles Barclay always started tears; but they were tears of emotion only, succeeded by the very fullness of content; for the passing away of that lovely spirit in cloudless faith and hope, realized for us how close and how smoothly gliding one into the other, like successive notes of one and the same strain of music, is the earthly to the heavenly home. The summing up is a worthy conclusion:—

"We have seen Mr. Barclay's home at its first consecration; we have seen it when the tender lights of blissful infancy fell upon it; when it was filled with the life, activity and hope of joyous youth; when the poor and the orphan were gathered under the wing of its succoring charities; when pecuniary losses were met with tranquility and dignity; when social pleasures clustered round its hearth-stone; when sons and daughters were given in happy marriage; but never have we seen an hour so blessed as that which bore the assurance that death hath no sting, the grave no victory in the home of the Christian."

Miscellaneous Receipts.

WHITE STEWED FISH.—Salmon, haddocks, soles, plaice, gurnets, and mackerel, are very good cooked in the following manner and eaten cold. The following ingredients would be sufficient for two or three plaice, or three or four pairs of soles, or six slices of salmon. Any two or three kinds of fish may be stewed together if preferred. Cut up four or six large onions, put them into the stewpan with a tablespoonful of sweet oil, and simmer them until they assume a light brown color, shaking constantly; then take them out of the pan and put in nearly half a pint of vinegar with a little ground ginger, nutmeg, half teaspoonful of pepper and a little cayenne, also a very small quantity of powdered mace. Dry the fish and place it in a stewpan; strew over it part of the onions; when all boils, put in balls made of soaked bread, chopped parsley, a little fish—or fish livers will do better (they must previously be soaked in boiling water)—the remaining portion of the onions and spice as above, omitting the mace and adding half a teaspoonful of salt and two or three whites of eggs. All the ingredients must be very finely chopped and gently mixed; a little flour may be added if they are not stiff enough, but they must be quite soft. Put them in the saucepan with a spoon; simmer gently for half an hour, until the balls are

firm, then put them into a basin, and the fish on a strainer. Then mix well in a basin four yolks of eggs (or more, if the quantity of fish be large,) with the juice of four or six lemons; stir in gradually a little dried saffron, a little nutmeg and pepper; mix this gradually with the liquor in which the fish was stewed, and boil for two minutes, stirring continuously to prevent curdling. Part of the liquor must be poured over the fish, and part served in a sauceboat. The fish, when cold, should be covered up, and only placed on a dish immediately before sending to table. A little chopped parsley, steeped in boiling water, may be thrown over it. If the fish be of a very firm kind, such as salmon or haddock, a little water may be used instead of all vinegar.

FRIED SALSIFY.—Dressed in the following manner it forms a delicious, delicate *entremet*:—Wash the roots clean in spring water, and scrape away the dark outer skin, throwing each as it is finished into cold water, to preserve the color. Cut them up and put them into a saucepan of boiling water, adding a little salt and the juice of a lemon. Drain them when they have been boiled tender, which will take nearly an hour; then dry them in a cloth. Make a batter according to the French recipe, by cutting up about three ounces of fresh butter into small pieces, then pour upon it half a teacupful of boiling water, and when the butter is melted adding a teacupful and a half of cold water. Mix into it a little salt, and from eight to ten ounces of flour. This must be stirred in by degrees until the whole is perfectly smooth. Whisk up the whites of two eggs until they look like stiff snow, and stir these into the batter. Take each piece of salsify separately, drop it into the batter; let it be well immersed, then fry them a light brown in butter, drain them well, and serve hot. This dish should not be allowed to stand, but must be served immediately it is cooked.

A PIQUANT SAUCE TO BE EATEN WITH BOILED BEEF OR MUTTON.—Take four pickled gherkins and cut them up into small dice, wash a handful of fresh parsley, dry it, and chop it fine; melt four ounces of butter in a saucepan, and then stir into it a large tablespoonful of flour and a teacupful of the broth in which the beef has been boiled; add a wineglass of port wine, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and a teaspoonful of made mustard. Simmer all these ingredients together until they become of a proper consistency; add the pickled gherkins and parsley, and when they are warmed through the sauce will be ready to serve. If gherkins are not at hand pickled walnuts may be substituted.

OATEN CAKES.—To a pint of lukewarm water, add a little butter and salt to taste, also half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. For each cake take a good handful of oatmeal, and moisten it by de-

grees with some of the water until it is of sufficient consistency to be kneaded a little on a board; flatten it out to a quarter of an inch in thickness and to the required size, cutting it round the edge to make it even. Bake each separately over the fire on a girdle, which consists of a circular plate of iron with a handle across it, and may be made of any size most convenient. When one side is baked turn the cake on the girdle, and let it remain a few minutes, then place it in front of the fire until it gets of a light brown color. If baked in an oven, the cakes will have a white appearance, but are not so nice in taste, although they are frequently sent up with cheese. The common bannocks, eaten by the Scotch peasantry, are made in the same manner, but without butter or soda; they are about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and are baked entirely on the girdle, and not browned before the fire. The oatmeal should not, in any case, be too finely ground.

GRISON OR SWISS SOUP.—Boil two or three pounds of potatoes, mash them, add slowly good broth, sufficient for your tureen; let this well boil, and then add some spinach, sorrel, a little parsley, lemon, thyme, mint, and sage, all chopped fine. Boil all five minutes; pepper and salt to taste; just before taking it off the fire, add two well-beaten eggs.

THUN PUDDING.—Chop very small two ounces almonds, and some lemon peel; put them in a saucepan with a pint of milk, and sugar to taste; when this begins to boil stir in slowly a large cupful of ground rice, and let it boil ten minutes, stirring the whole time. Pour in a mould, and when cold turn out. Put two ounces of white sugar in a pan, with a little water; stir until melted and become a light golden brown; add a pint of milk; bring this to a boil, then strain it, and add the yolks of four eggs; put the strained milk and eggs on the fire and stir until it thickens; when this is cold pour it round the pudding.

SCOTCH SHORT-BREAD.—The ingredients to prepare for these most delicious little cakes are:—One pound of butter, twelve ounces of finely powdered loaf-sugar, two pounds of flour, four eggs, a few caraway seeds, and *quantum suff.* of candied peel, and the little white sugar-plums called caraway comfits. Make the flour and butter hot before the fire. Rub the butter and sugar into the flour with the hand, and make it into a stiff paste with the eggs, previously well beaten. The rolling-out to the required thickness must be done with as little use of the rolling-pin as possible. Either take small pieces, and roll them into oblong cakes, or roll out a large piece and cut it into squares or rounds. Prick a pattern round the edge of each little cake with the back of the knife, and arrange slices of peel, comfits, and caraway seeds in a

pattern. They will take about twenty minutes to bake, and the oven should not be too quick. The mixing of flour, sugar, and butter, and of the eggs afterwards, must be done very thoroughly and smoothly.

SWISS CAKE.—Take butter, flour, and sugar, of each the weight of four eggs. Beat the yolks with the sugar and some grated lemon peel, or ten drops of essence of lemon, and one large teaspoonful of rosewater, or orange flower water if preferred. Add the butter just melted, and slowly shake in the flour, beating it until well mixed. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, mix the whole together, and beat on for a few minutes after the whites are added. Butter a tin and bake the cake half an hour.

CHOCOLATE CAKES.—Have ready one pound of pounded loaf-sugar, one and a quarter pounds of chocolate, also in powder, and four new-laid eggs. Beat up the whites of the four eggs to a stiff whip, and add to them the sugar and the chocolate. Beat all well together, and with a spoon drop the mixture in little cakes on wafer-paper, or on paper buttered or sugared, and bake the cakes in a moderately cool oven.

NONPAREIL STICKING-PLASTER.—Two spoonfuls of balsam of Peru to six of isinglass, melted with very little water, and strained. Mix these well together in a small stone jar over the fire. Pin out some black Persian or sarsnet on a board, and, dipping a brush into the mixture, pass it over the silk five or six times, then hold it to the fire, but not very near, and it will soon become black and shining.

PATENT LEATHER RESTORER.—It may be difficult to restore the proper gloss to patent leather when it has once lost it, but to retain it from the first is a very easy matter. The blacking brush should never touch it. The mud must be well sponged off with plain water, and the boot rubbed dry with a soft cloth. A little cream, or, in default of that luxury, a small quantity of salad oil, put on the boot and rubbed in also with a cloth, will complete the process, and keep up the brightness of the leather. The edge of the sole may be blacked very carefully, not allowing the brush to come in contact with the polished leather.

TO CLEAN GLOVES.—Have a little milk in a saucer, and a piece of common yellow soap. Wrap round the fore-finger a piece of flannel, and dip it into the milk, taking care not to make the flannel very wet; rub it on the yellow soap, and afterwards pass it up and down the glove until all the dirt be removed. This will be very quickly done; and the most delicate colors may be safely cleaned by this easy process.

TO CLEAN AND CURL WHITE AND COLORED OSTRICH FEATHERS.—White soap must be used (curd

will answer best), cut into small pieces, upon which boiling water should be poured until it be quite dissolved, a small quantity of pearlash being added. When the lather has sufficiently cooled for the hand to bear its temperature, the feathers may be drawn through it. This should be repeated several times, and the feathers gently pressed with the hand, or carefully passed between the fingers a few times, so that the dirt may be squeezed out of them. Another lather containing less soap must now be prepared, and used in the same manner. On removing the feathers from this, they should be well rinsed in cold water, and the water taken from them by beating them against the hand or a clean cloth, and then waving them backwards and forwards in the air at a short distance from a fire. Before they are quite dry, with a penknife curl each fibre separately by drawing it carefully over the edge of the blade, which should be a blunt one. If it be wished that the feather should be flat, it may be pressed in drying after the curl is given to the *fluey* part. This process may be used for white feathers, and also for fawn-colored or brown. Black ones may be cleaned with water, adding to it some gall, and following the above directions in all other respects. Feathers of brighter colors cannot be cleaned, but must be re-dipped, as they usually fade very much by exposure to the sun.

TO GIVE PLASTER OF PARIS CASTS THE APPEARANCE OF MARBLE.—This may be very successfully done with small figures in the following manner:—Dissolve one ounce of white soap and one ounce of white wax in two quarts of water. Place it before the fire, and when the whole is incorporated the mixture is fit for use. Having well dried the figure, suspend it by some twine, and dip it in the varnish. In a quarter of an hour's time dip it in again. These two dips will generally be found sufficient. Put the figure carefully aside, covered from the dust, for a week, and then with a soft rag rub it gently, when a brilliant gloss will be produced.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Dress of blue silk.—*Bournous* of scarlet cashmere; the fronts, the neck, and the hood, are trimmed with a Greek border, formed of three rows of narrow black velvet. The hood has in addition to this, two black silk tassels. Hat of white straw, trimmed with black velvet and black feathers.

FIG. 2.—Toilette of the Young Communicant.—Dress of white silk tissue, with a wide hem and a tuck of the same size above it. The corsage is in pleats, a ruffle of valenciennes about the throat, and

two of the same at the wrist. A very wide sash of white taffetas is tied behind. The cap is of silk tissue, with a cross piece forming ends. A long veil of organdie is fastened to the cross piece of the cap. White shoes, white gloves.

FIG. 3.—Dress of *penée* silk, the skirt bordered with a fluting of the same, above which is a wide trimming of black silk and black lace insertion. Basque large and square, in two divisions, with the same arrangement of black silk and lace repeated on a smaller scale. Sleeves almost tight, similarly trimmed at top and bottom. Cap of tulle and blonde, with a puff in front.

FIG. 4.—Dress of green silk, trimmed with three ruches of crape of the same tint. The spaces between the ruches are filled up with white blonde over white tulle. Corsage cut low, draped and trimmed with lace; sleeves of tulle.

FIG. 5.—Child's Toilette.—Dress of cinnamon-colored alpaca, the skirt made with revers in front, at the sides and behind, bordered with a fluting of the same. It is braided with blue and red intertwined. Between each revers the petticoat is crossed with braiding of livelier colors. Corsage, a ceinture with braces of the same, set on very much in front, both ornamented with fluting and braid. Straw hat, with a white plume and a mother-of-pearl aigrette; a knot of peacock's feathers at the base of the aigrette.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—Dress for a little girl of ten, made of green silk with a ruffle round the bottom, and a chain of medallions of black velvet edged with black lace, passing over the shoulder in the form of braces, and ornamenting sleeves and skirt as seen in the cut.

FIG. 2.—Suit for a little boy from four to six, made of brown cloth trimmed with narrow black velvet; sash of crimson cashmere, also bordered with velvet.

FIG. 3.—Dress for a little girl from six to seven—of blue taffeta, the volant of blue silk headed with black velvet; the trimming on the front of the dress also of blue silk, ornamented with a design in narrow black velvet; this trimming passes over the shoulder bretelle-wise, and is arranged in a berth behind.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Travelling-dresses are made of fine self-colored alpaca, the dress, *paletôt* and petticoat made alike. If intended to be simple, the dress is trimmed with a narrow quilling of the same material, hemmed or edged with a row of worsted braid, the thinnest possible *scoutache*. This trimming is arranged over the plain body, either to simulate the shape of a round jacket with a square basque behind, or simply that of a Swiss ceinture. The bodies are generally made with two points in front, and a rather long basque behind, either all in one

piece or divided in two or three points. If the dress is desired to be more stylish, the quillings are made in ribbon of a color to match the pattern, or of bright color upon neutral tints.

Many morning-dresses are made without any trimming upon the skirts, which are wider than ever, and continue to be gored without exception. Swiss belts of a contrasting color from the dress are still a very favorite style with many, and worn with dresses of a neutral tint form effective additions. Small chatelaine bags suspended at the left side, and made of the same material as the belt, are now considered indispensable, and have completely replaced the pockets formerly worn upon the front breadth.

For trimming white petticoats we should advise the pleats *à la vieille* in preference to the box-pleats or quillings, as they are all pleated the same way, and not to face each other, as is the case with the box-pleats; consequently, as the folds follow each other, there is no difficulty in ironing them if they are arranged *à la vieille*.

Round waists are still worn; many ladies, in fact, prefer them, but they are rather *négligé*, unless accompanied by a sash with long ends either in very wide ribbon or in material similar to the dress, and edged with a narrow quilling of the same. The beautiful clear French muslins painted, or rather printed, so marvellously that we are fain to believe them handpaintings, were never more graceful in design or more delicate in coloring than they are this season.

The white bugles still continue to be the favorite trimmings for ball-dresses; long transparent bugles are sewn upon net, short ones and beads are threaded, and formed into a fringe, with a large pearl at the tips; moderate-sized bugles are threaded, and formed into an insertion to sew upon the headings of flounces; all these glitter at night, and look sparkling and bright, and for that reason are very popular.

Blue and white are the favorite colors with bridesmaids this season; white grenadine muslin, trimmed with blue; the hems of the skirts lined with blue silk, blue Swiss bands, with long blue sashes tied at the back; white circular capes, with blue silk in the hems; white *crêpe* bonnets, trimmed with small chaplets of blue flowers and white tulle.

The *chicorees* ruches, made of the same material as the dress, and placed in three waved lines round the skirt, form very inexpensive trimmings; these ruches are placed at the back, so as to simulate a long "coat basque;" or a more simple style is to arrange them in front as a rounded jacket, with a square postilion basque at the back. The epaulettes upon the sleeves are likewise simulated with these ruches.

Coats are made with insertion, forming brande-

bourgs in front, or with narrow puffings with colored ribbon passed into them. Bodices for young girls prelude this style of costume; they are now made with long flowing muslin sashes with ends almost as long as the skirt; these ends, which are excessively wide, taper towards the waist; when made of plain muslin they are trimmed either with three frills or with narrow lace; this sash produces the effect of a coat without actually being the eccentric novelty itself.

Embroidery is now used for ornamenting almost every article of a lady's toilette. We now see it upon parasols, the newest being worked with floss silk in small bouquets or sprays of flowers.

Aprons should be pleated into a very small compass in front, not more than seven or eight inches in width; the pockets should run slantwise from the outside towards the centre, commencing six inches from the top. The newest style of ornament for aprons is chenille embroidery, either black or colored. Graduated rows of black velvet, embroidered with either jet or steel beads, are also used.

With white dresses, the light pink, blue and mauve glacé silk aprons are worn. These are made upon the same plan as the black ones, but are usually trimmed with white lace, which is laid flat around the edge. The color of the apron should always match the waistband or sash.

Mantles are decidedly worn shorter this year; the newest shape is a circular cape, with three or four box-pleats in the middle of the back; above these pleats a very wide bow of ribbon is placed. In black silk capes this bow is either black, to be worn with any dress, or else it matches in color the dress worn with the cape; this is very new and elegant. The short *paletôt*, however, is not relinquished, nor will it ever be, for no shape can vie with it in elegance and grace, or show a good figure to so much advantage. The new pattern is made with narrow fronts, and all the fulness thrown in at the sides.

Great variety prevails in bonnets, which are likely to change their form entirely; they are now made as small as possible, and advance upon the forehead as a peak, and the sides have almost disappeared; some milliners are trying even to suppress the curtain, and probably in time will succeed.

As regards hats, the *casquettes* are still to be seen, such as were worn last year, but with higher crowns; the *directoire* hat, with narrow brim and high crown, is popular also; it is generally trimmed with roles of velvet (three *rouleaux* round the crown), tufts of feathers or pompons of velvet. The first-rate milliners never trim hats with ribbons.

The jockey cap is always ornamented with a bird's wing, arranged *en aigrette*, with a *chou* or

rosette of piece velvet. Many add to these different hats a piece of elastic, which is sewn at each side, under the brim; it is then worn at the back of the head, and upon it is placed a bow of ribbon, with long ends. This ornaments the back hair, and is a convenient style when Nature has not been liberal with the tresses. The ornament which forms the centre of the velvet rosette is very fantastical, as well as costly. A gold star, a hunting horn, a bee, a butterfly, or a flower, made in enamel or in gold, are among the favorite adornments.

Fancy feathers are now greatly in vogue for *negligé* hats—those of the cassowary, the flamingo, the hawk, the pheasant, the peacock, and even the parrot.

The very small veils, which cover the face so coquettishly, are worked with jet beads and fringed with chenille. These small veils differ in form. One is called "the mask veil," and is made of lace and edged with chenille, tipped with beads; this form covers the face as a mask. Another kind is called the "Josephine Veil," and is larger than the mask; it is round, and has black lace ends, and is likewise fringed with jet. Then there are the white lace veils, edged with fringe of the same color as the bonnet, and tipped with white bugles; these are particularly becoming. Veils are worn all round the brims of hats, being long in front, and decreasing at the sides, until at the back they are comparatively short.

Curls find a place in almost every head-dress, but only at the back and sides; never in front. Plaits worn as coronets are again resumed, and considered very distinguished.

The hair is arranged in a very complicated style for evening parties, &c., gold combs and flowers at the back are the usual ornaments. Combs are made much more elaborately than formerly, and are enriched with a gold fringe; but during the day time the style of arranging the hair has latterly become much more simple. Many young ladies are wearing the antique *bandelets* or *fillets*, bound around their heads; these narrow bands are made of velvet, embroidered with blue or white beads; they are tied at the back, and terminate with flowing ends; it is a very good style, particularly for those who have regular features.

Little boys wear the round *toque*, or Russian cap, with the brim turned up, and trimmed with a wide velvet ribbon to match with the dress. The cap is ornamented with a white or red pigeon's wing, or with an *aigrette* of peacock, eagle, or pheasant's feathers. Little girls also wear the *toque*, but with a long curled white feather, and a very tiny *aigrette* in front.

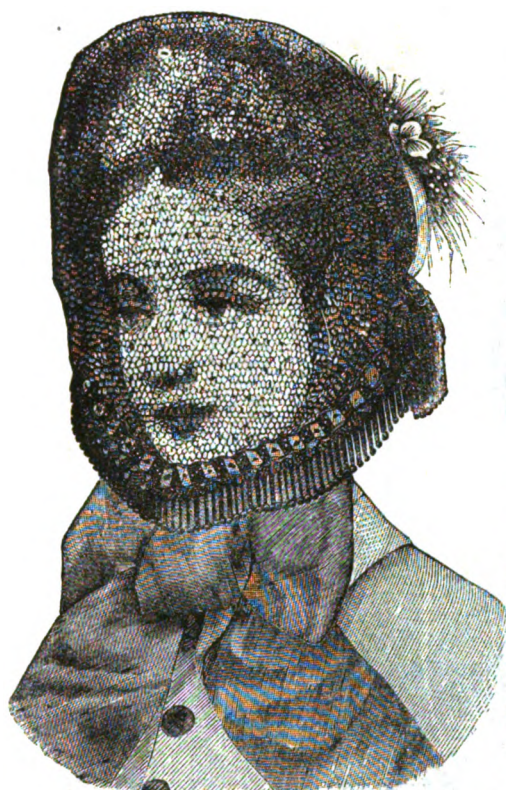
A novelty in kid gloves is to wear them with five or six small round buttons, and coming therefore very high up the wrist. The high wrist of the under-sleeve then comes over the glove.



THE FARMER'S WIFE.







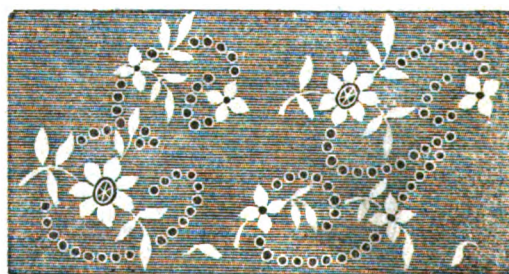
Lace Veil Domino, arranged upon the bonnet.



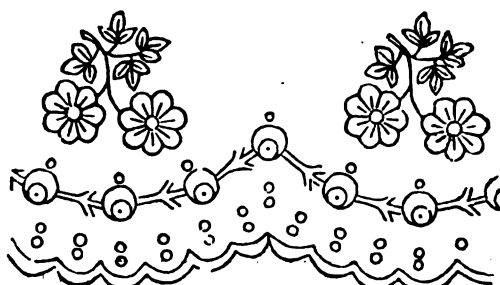
Bonnet of Italian straw with silk curtain.



Boy's Paletot.



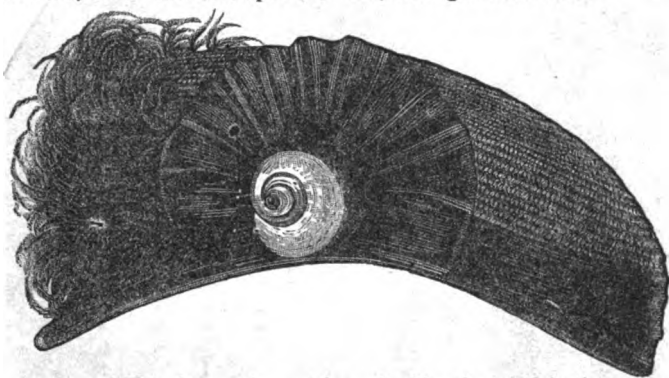
Name for Marking.



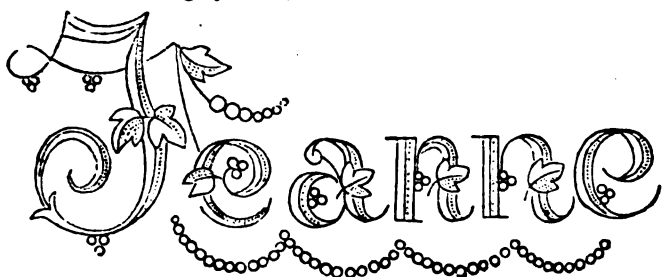
Embroidery.



STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR FOR A BRIDAL TOILETTE, (Front and Back View.) Make a parting behind the ear, and divide the hair into three equal parts. With the two lower ones make the full twist, and with the upper one a small Greek bandeau, which advances upon the forehead. For the back, tie the hair, and arrange it over the band in a large bow or loop, the ends of which should replace the comb. For ornamentation, an oval wreath of orange blossoms and tuberose; a plain white tulle veil, arranged *à la vestale*.



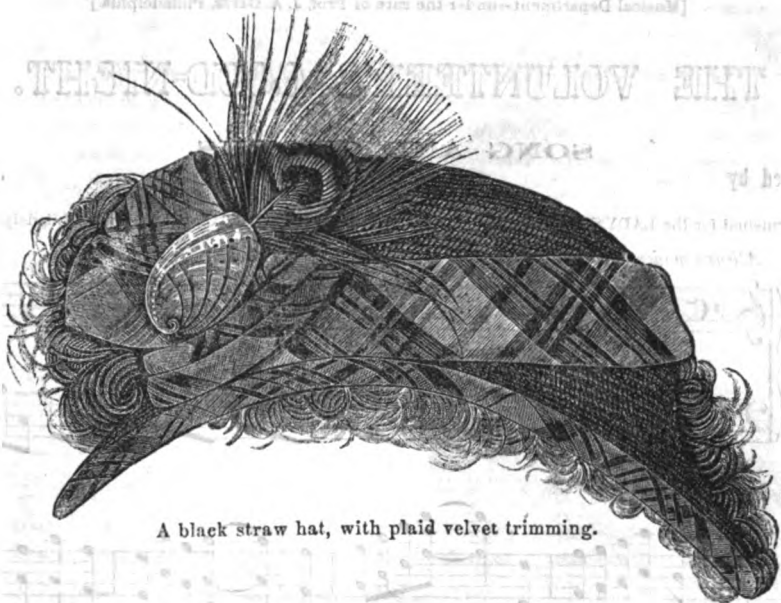
Round Hat of gray straw, trimmed with velvet and feathers.



Name for Marking.



Blue silk dress with volants of the same, surmounted by black braiding; trimming arranged to simulate an open tunic.



A black straw hat, with plaid velvet trimming.



Embroidery.



Young Lady's Hat of white rice-straw.

THE VOLUNTEER'S GOOD-NIGHT.

SONG AND CHORUS.

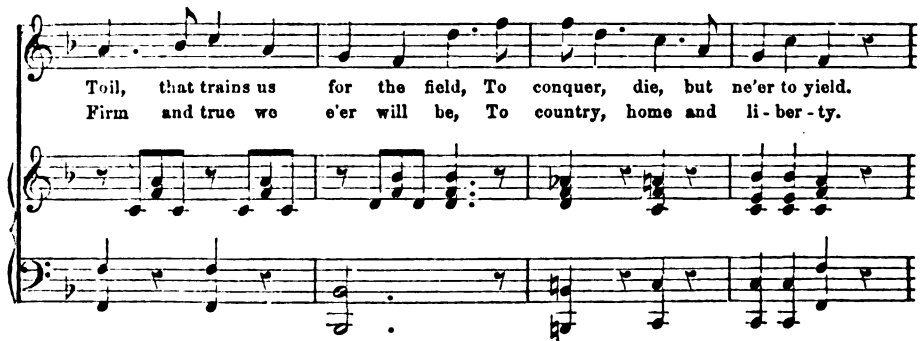
Composed by

J. S. G.

Furnished for the LADY'S FRIEND, by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1864, by LEE & WALKER, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Country, home and li - ber - ty! This our ral - ly ery shall be; Our
Home, dear home how sweet the sound! There life's truest joys are found;

trust is Heav'n de - fends the right; Good-night, com - rades all, good-night!
Home - ward hastes we with de - light; Good-night, com - rades all, good-night!

CHORUS.

AIR. Home, dear home, and li - ber - ty! This our rally cry shall be; Our

SECOND.

ALTO. Home, dear home, and li - ber - ty! This our rally cry shall be; Our

BASS.

PIANO.

trust, Heav'n de-fends the right; Good-night, comrades all, good-night.

trust, Heav'n de-fends the right; Good-night, comrades all, good-night.

f

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked with a '7' time signature, likely indicating 7/8 time. The lyrics are: 'trust, Heav'n de-fends the right; Good-night, comrades all, good-night.' The score consists of four systems. The first system has two staves (treble and bass). The second system also has two staves. The third system has two staves. The fourth system has two staves, with the piano part starting with a forte ('f') dynamic. The piano part features a complex, flowing melody with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The voice part is simpler, with a few rests and a final double bar line.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1864.

[No. 8.

SICILY WAYNE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"It's a dreary life," she said—"dreadful dreary!" and her face, and voice, and attitude even, accented her words. She had no suspicion that any one overheard her, or she certainly would have kept her conviction to herself; but a gentleman had entered the room a moment before, and occupied a chair in a small alcove of the parlor. He turned now, and looked with some curiosity, with something too of sympathy, at the lady who had spoken these words. She was young, though evidently quite out of her teens, for there was a look of gathering strength and maturity about the eyes and the mouth. She was not handsome; her face was always too pale, and just now it lacked color and life almost painfully. Still, it was refined, interesting, and had its hours of life and brightness, when it was not the same face which now lay in a shadow of gloom and weariness under its soft brown hair, that just then seemed the most positive color about it.

Sicily Wayne was a daily teacher in a young lady's boarding seminary, a few miles from the city. Her child and girlhood had been full of dew, and warmth, and sunshine; her early womanhood changed all that, and brought heavy burdens on shoulders too young and tender to bear them. Her father, who had been one of the principal partners in a heavy commercial house, was seized with a speculating mania a few years before his death. He failed, and broke down utterly in mind and body, and died a poor man. He left two children, of whom the elder was Sicily. Paul was five years her junior.

The mother was a refined, delicate, shrinking woman, accustomed all her life to the support of others, and to ease and luxury. She could

not stand up under her burdens of care and poverty. Had she been younger, it is possible that she might have set her face bravely to struggle with adversity; but it vanquished her now, and so the burdens which had dropped off from the hands of her dead, and out of her living parent's, fell upon Sicily's.

She tried to bear up under them. She had a high, warm, brave spirit; adversity eliminated all its best and noblest qualities—all the tenderness, and strength, and patience which was in her nature, and it softened whatsoever was impatient, and headstrong, and exacting in the girl. Prosperity had marred but not spoiled her, as she so nobly proved.

Sicily Wayne gladly availed herself of the situation which was offered her in the young ladies' seminary, where she had once been a pupil. Her duties were arduous, her salary not large; but it saved herself and her helpless mother and young brother from great straits of poverty. So four years slipped behind her. Sometimes her heart failed her. The toilsome, monotonous tasks bore down heavily on her strength, and when she looked up the years, the same long dusty turnpike stretched through them, and there were no pleasant inns or cool gardens by the wayside, where her soul could enter in and find rest and refreshment.

This time of which I am writing brought its great stress to the soul of Sicily Wayne. She had just come from her algebra class to the Seminary parlor, and the weariness and pain at her heart articulated itself in her words, as she sank down in a chair and leaned her tired head on her hand.

The gentleman in the alcove did not disclose himself to the young teacher. He thought it

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would only embarrass her to do this. So he waited, presuming that she would not remain long, and afterwards he could have the interview with the principal, which was the object of his visit; and as he waited, he watched the fair, sad face, half turned towards him. Suddenly, a change came over it. A glad amazement flushed it all over; the weary eyes darkened and kindled, and a tremulous sweetness unloosed the sorrowful lips. "Paul—Paul, my little soldier, is that you?" and she sprang forward eagerly, as a young soldier in a private's uniform stood in the door, and the tears were thick in the eyes of Sicily Wayne.

"Little soldier! now, I say, I resent that!" answered the young man, playfully catching the girl's hands as she would have clasped them about his neck.

"You needn't, dear boy! Our bravest soldiers are not oftenest our biggest men."

"That's a fact, and quite consoles one for being small. Ah, Sicily, I'm young in years, and my chin is beardless still, but there's something here"—striking his breast—"that I trust you won't have reason to blush for, when it comes face to face with the foe."

The flush faded from the eager face. She shuddered visibly. There was a terrible possibility lying beyond the words of the soldier. How could it fail to suggest itself at that moment to the heart of the loving sister, as she looked on the fair, boyish brow!

He grasped her round the waist. "You are a soldier's sister now, Sicily, and it is *your* words and your steady patriotism that, more than anything else, have inspired me with the spirit which I shall take to the battle-field to-day. You will not fail me now?"

"I'll try not to, Paul. How well the uniform becomes you!" looking with eyes of greedy love on the dark, handsome face of the young soldier. "And you are to join Burnside's corps?"

"Yes. There is inspiration in the name—the brave, simple-hearted, noble man—the earnest, honest patriot. I shall be glad to fight under his banners," and there was something of the brave joy of battle in the young eyes of Paul Wayne.

His sister caught it; and fear, and pain, and yearning love fell away for the moment from the height to which her soul rose. "Oh, Paul, I wish I was going with you!"

"Ah, that's talking as I like to hear you,

now the time for our 'good-by' has come. But, Sicily, what do you, little frail woman, wish that you were going for? Your place is not in camp nor on the battle-field."

"I know that, Paul, and yet I could find work to do there. I know that aching foreheads there need the cool, soothing touch of woman's fingers—I know that there are lips parching with fierce thirst, to which I might lift a cup of cold water, and smarting wounds that I could softly bandage, and eyes famishing for a sight of some home-face, to whom I might stand in the stead of wife, or sister, or mother; and oh, there are dying lips of strong men that would like to give me their last smile, or drop their last burden of messages, and blessings, and farewell, into the ear I should bend low to listen. Yes, Paul, I am just the little frail woman that you called me, but I have a spirit in me that would do good, faithful service in camp, and hospital, and on the battle-field."

The face of Sicily Wayne burned behind her thick tears, with the joy of sacrifice; it was beautiful to see then—this face that only a few men or women would ever call so.

And Sicily Wayne's words only echoed the thoughts of thousands of her sisters throughout the land.

This day, on which I sit writing, throbs in the very heart of May. The sweet air is shaken with the song of birds, and thrilled with the breath of blossoms. The boughs flutter their young tresses of leaves in the winds that go harping up and down the earth, and the sunshine pours over all the golden wine of its joy. And afar off, this hour perchance, the battle rages.

For eight days have its thunders, which shall boom down the centuries to come, crashed among the hills and valleys of Virginia—for eight days has that awful storm of wrath and death rolled over the brave army which one "small, grave, silent man" led over the Rappahannock, and through the Wilderness, to death and victory.

And we sit afar off wringing our helpless hands, and weeping our woman's tears, and longing, like this Sicily Wayne, to go down to the front of the battle with what services of heart and hand we can for the sick and the dying; but circumstance and necessity hold us back, as they held her that morning.

"You are a brave girl, oh, Sicily!" said her brother. "I thank God that I am to carry

with me the thought of such a sister to the battle where I go!"

She looked at the young face, at the slender, boyish figure. "Oh, Paul, what gifts our country asks!" said Sicily Wayne, with the smile on her face, and the sharp agony at her heart.

"Yes; and yours must be offered now, for the time is up, Good-by, Sicily. Be brave, be strong, whatever comes. Take care of the poor old mother."

She could not say "good-by." She held his hands instead in a stress of agony and tenderness that made her eyes—what you could not look at long, and not turn away. Her last words sobbed themselves out, "God cover your head in the day of battle, oh, Paul, Paul!"

The gentleman in the parlor had witnessed all this. He would not certainly have done so had any quiet mode of egress been afforded him. He saw Sicily when she turned back from the door, with the white agony on her drawn face; he only saw her as she caught hold of a chair, blindly, while, like a dry storm, the sobs without tears shivered over her.

Twice he sprang up to go to her, and then the thought that he was an utter stranger, and had no right to intermeddle with her sorrow held him back. At last he heard steps in the hall, and Sicily must have caught them too, for she made a hurried escape from another door.

"This is no place for her, poor child, poor child!" murmured the gentleman to himself, shaking his head, and a thought followed afterwards; and this thought developed itself half an hour later, when in an interview with the preceptress of the seminary, he inquired of the lady whether she had among her teachers one who would be willing to accept the situation and capable of discharging the duties of home-governess to his little motherless daughter.

"I think, Mr. Worthington," said the lady, reflectively, "that I have one teacher who would serve you, and she might be induced to consider your offer; but, after all, I don't see how I could spare her."

"If you, my dear madam, will exert your influence in my behalf, I shall hold myself your debtor to any amount of expense which may be incurred in procuring Miss Wayne's successor," answered the gentleman.

He did not, however, think it necessary to

confide to the lady the fact that he had sought the seminary intending to place his daughter in her charge, neither did he allude to the circumstances which had just transpired under his observation.

Mr. Worthington's character and position, both of which were well known to the principal of the flourishing seminary, gave weight to his request. She used her influence with the young teacher in his behalf. The proposition at first struck Sicily with amazement. Then the prospect of a quiet, delightful home, with no arduous tasks, was marvellously attractive to the weary, overburdened soul of this girl; and the offer of a salary which doubled her present one, decided the matter.

"Tell your friend I will go," said Sicily Wayne to the preceptress, never having seen Mr. Worthington, never dreaming that he had seen her.

He, Gideon Worthington, was a widower, drawing near his forties, well acquainted with the world, for he had had tough battles with it. It had turned towards him its hard, and bad, and struggling side. It had turned later its warm, and bright, and fortunate one.

The first had not made him cold, or bitter, or faithless. The last did not make him selfish, nor forgetful of others. He held through all, the inveterate hope, the kindly spirit, the brave and generous nature which belonged to his youth; and though life and its discipline had sobered and saddened all this, they had only helped to build up his strong, earnest, Christian manhood.

Gideon Worthington was rich, intelligent, of quick observation, and fine culture. He used his money generously. His stately but unostentatious country home was filled with evidences of the taste and æsthetic cultivation of its owner.

Three years before he had lost the wife of his youth; tender and dearly beloved; a woman of a sweet, gentle, clinging nature, and yet unable to keep pace with him, in his aspirations and development, and there were moments in the life of both when he was painfully conscious of this.

And so, to the quiet, and seclusion, and grace of this country home, with her tired spirit almost vanquished in its struggle with the world—with her pale, wistful face looking out of a new amazement and gladness, came as governess to Ellen, the little daughter of Gideon Worthington—Sicily Wayne.

Six months had passed. They had brought some new color and warmth to the face, as they had to the life of the young governess. It could not be otherwise; ease, quiet independence—a home which combined all the grace and beauty that a nature like hers could so keenly appreciate, had renewed life and youth for Sicily Wayne, although there lay always on the girl's soul one great shadow of anxiety and fear, for the brother who had given himself, as so many others have, "in the dew of his youth" for his country.

But Paul sent brave, hearty, cheerful letters from his camp, and Sicily prayed and hoped.

Her wearisome school duties were exchanged now for light tasks, which love for her little pupil made sweet play; and then she had for a portion of every evening the society of Mr. Worthington, who was usually absent during the day. But Sicily enjoyed this part of it more than any other—perhaps unconsciously.

So, as I said, six months had passed. It was a summer's morning; the air full of a passionate heat, and of the warm, moist odors of shrubs and flowers. Mr. Worthington happened to be in his grounds with his young son and daughter, inspecting some fruit trees which had been lately grafted, when a cry suddenly reached them from the house; short and sharp—a cry of unutterable anguish, as of one whose very life-springs had been suddenly smitten. Mr. Worthington seemed to reach the house in a bound—the cry had come from a small reception room on his right. He sprang into it, and there sat his governess on a chair, bolt upright, her face white, drawn with some terrible agony; her very limbs seemed stiffened, and yet they shivered; a paper was clutched in her hand. Gideon Worthington shut his eyes an instant when they met hers. "Look there," she said, in a strained voice, and she held out the paper.

There had been another battle—everybody knew that days before, but among the list of killed was only *one* name for Sicily—that of "Paul Wayne." I cannot tell you of the hours that followed. Happy are you, oh, my reader, if the last three years have passed by you and held no day of just such stress of anguish for your soul, as this one with all its warmth, and beauty, and overbrimming of life, brought to Sicily Wayne.

Mr. Worthington remained with her all day, not saying much—such grief went into depths his words could not sound; but yet he spoke

sometimes, and his speech always went beyond this world, to the infinite help, and comfort, and pity of that other.

And at last, when the day was over which had desolated the heart of Sicily Wayne, she said, thinking on Paul's last words, "Oh, my poor mother! He was her only son, and she was a widow."

Gideon Worthington had been stirred to-day out of his usual calm. The sight of this girl's anguish, the knowledge that she clung to him for help and comfort in her extremity, had thrilled his heart with a tenderness that reached down into deeper gulfs of his being, than his love for the lost wife of his youth. He longed to have some power, some right to take that poor, pale, stricken face to his heart, and soothe and stroke it as he would a little child's.

Sicily Wayne never dreamed of this. She realized his grave, thoughtful kindness through all that day, with unspeakable gratitude, but she thought it was just like Gideon Worthington. He would do all this for any friend who was in sorrow.

But now he answered, hardly realizing what he was saying, and speaking more to himself than to her, "She might have another son in Paul's stead if she would consent, oh, Sicily!"

"What do you mean, what do you mean, Mr. Worthington?" her head lying on the lounge where it had lain since morning, and her brown eyes turned in wild bewilderment on him.

It was too late to consider now. The words had been spoken. "Just what I said. There is another who would gladly be your mother's son, oh, Sicily Wayne?"

"Who is he?" she asked, in a blank amazement, that for a moment dulled the sharp pang at her heart.

"Myself."

"I must be dreaming," said Sicily Wayne to herself, passing her hand across her forehead, and not a muscle of her face changed.

"No, dear, you are not dreaming," and he bent over her. "It may not be the fitting time and place to tell you this truth; but, Sicily, my heart is longing unutterably now, to take you in your sorrow and loneliness into its love and shelter, and out of its longing it has spoken."

At last she understood, but she could hardly believe then. "It is your pity for me. If it

had not been for this sorrow you would not have said it, Mr. Worthington."

"Perhaps not now, if ever. But nevertheless, God is my witness, that I should have loved you, oh, Sicily Wayne."

Then her tears flowed. Gideon Worthington wiped them softly away. Through the trees the

summer stars looked down on them, sad and glad together, as their hearts were.

At last she put her little hand in his, with a keen flash of joy that her heart had found another to rest on. "You shall take Paul's place to my mother," said softly, under her breath, the voice of Sicily Wayne.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

BY CARRIE MYER.

Haste not to go, dear heart,
My arms are slow,
So sadly clasped, to part
Yet—must you go!
So little time to stay—
Oh, linger here!
So long to be away—
You know my fear!

Though I am strong to say
Go, dearest, go,
The battle-call obey,
Yet dark and low
Full oft shall close the night
Of grief and gloom,
No promised hope-flowers bright
For me to bloom.

I know our Union's need—
I would not name,
That your true heart should heed,
My weaker claim,

While Freedom's foes arrayed
For battle stand—
While traitor snares are laid
O'er all the land!

Yet tremblingly I trust
The precious form
Where discord's blinding dust
Rolls on the storm.
For truth and liberty
We drink this cup;
God knows how fearfully
I give you up!

What if the blessed eyes
Be shadowed there
When victor shouts arise!
God hear my prayer—
Our Union banner free
From treason's stain;
And give you back to me
In joy again.

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

BY S. A. CUNNINGHAM.

O, give me back my childhood's hours,
When all was bright and gay,
When hope displayed her fairest flowers,
And sang her sweetest lay.
When life was like a pleasant dream,
Or beaming summer sky,
Smooth as the silver flowing stream,
That murmurs softly by.

No passions, roused by worldly strife,
Then burned within my breast,
I'd never felt the weight of life,
By manhood's cares oppressed;
I knew not of the giant wrongs,
With which the good must fight,
I'd never felt the bitter frowns.
That terrify the right.

I hail those halcyon days of yore,
Those sunny days so fair,
When joyous hope could rise and soar,
As buoyant as the air.
Sweet memories of those joyous days,
Still fondly round me cling,
Sweet are the bright and hopeful rays,
Of sunshine that they bring.

No conquered trophies proudly piled,
Can half the joy impart,
Of these sweet memories of the child,
That twine about the heart,
O give me back my childhood's hours,
When all was bright and gay,
When hope displayed her fairest flowers,
And sang her sweetest lay.

UNTO THE DAWN.

BY HARRIS BYRNE.

I stood upon the threshold a moment in half expectancy of greeting, and then crept noiseless to the bedside where Lucy lay—asleep, poor child! how pale she looked. Stooping, I kissed her with a new pang at my heart, and, after drawing water from the silver faucet, and arranging the flowers I had brought her in an alabaster vase upon the table, I threw myself upon a divan to await her waking.

A wood fire burned at my feet, though the room was heated with air, because the invalid liked its glow and sparkle; and a serpent uncoiled its length from chandelier to chiffonière, lighting the apartment with its tongue of flame.

Near me was a small ebony table on which were scattered articles of *virtu*, an etching from Rome, a cameo from Florence, interspersed with tiny volumes in blue and gold, suggestive of Tennyson and Browning.

Over the mantel hung a moonlight scene by Gignoux, and near it a bit of mezzotinting that held me with a nameless fascination. A fallow sky, a fallow sea, a stretch of level sands, and, stranded high above the force of waves and breakers, where only the advancing tide might reach it or the storms of heaven beat upon it—a battered hulk, around which the clinging sea-weed twined lovingly, and in whose crevices the lonely albatross or roving petrel built its feathered nest.

The peaceful room, with its perfect appointments, struck me with a sense of completeness, and I waited patiently; not interpenetrated with restfulness—rather stagnated with calm. Lucy awoke presently, greeting me with a low cry of welcome as I sprang to her side. We talked awhile, she fingering the flowers I had brought her, and then, selecting a tuberose and bending my head to her level, she would have placed it in my hair. But I shuddered, putting away her hand inexorably, as I said—“No! no flowers for me, and of all others, not tuberoses.”

“Not wear flowers! why not? you used to”—then with a look of sudden pain, as if some remorseful memory had struck her, and shrinking away from my caresses, she murmured—“O, I forgot!”

We sat silent for a space longer, Lucy toss-

ing restlessly the while. Presently she resumed. “Robert carried me down stairs this morning, for the last time I fear,” with a touch of pathos in her voice. “I tried to play *Les Fleurs du Printemps*, but my fingers were so stiff. Do you remember it?”

“Could I forget?”

She turned her face to the wall, sighing heavily as though something in the air stifled her, and sang, in a little, tender voice—

“Oh! sad are they who know not love,
But sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear, warm mouths of those they love,
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.”

The tears rose to my eyes. Lucy turning saw them, and with a sudden resolution in her tones, cried, sharply, “Put out the light. I have something I must tell you, and to-night, and I cannot bear that you should look at me.”

I obeyed wonderingly, sitting where she could wind her arms about me, though by the faint fire-light I could see her face was turned away.

“You never wear flowers,” she began, quite calm, “but you used to; only those given by one you loved though. I heard you say that once, so did George Morford, and you meant it too. He was standing behind your chair, though you did not see him, and pointing me laughingly to your hair, in which were the flowers he had given you.” There was a slight pause, then she resumed, “He was jealous of Harry Voorhees. There had been a talk of your being an old flame of his, and that night at the hop, when you stood by the window fanning yourself lazily and looking like a queen, Harry Voorhees came up to you, and, after whispering a few words, carried you off triumphantly for the first waltz—*Les Fleurs du Printemps*. George Morford was out of the room at the time, and when he entered his eyes searched you, for I watched him, and his face changed. You wore Harry’s flowers too; that is the reason why he left you. He was not one of the kind to have a scene or demand an explanation; once convinced of a thing, that was all of it, though the conviction might tear his heart out. But he loved you, he loved

you;" she went on speaking rapidly, passionately, as if hastening to get through, and only interrupted by long, shuddering sobs—"and I loved him! When I thought you were false I would have comforted him myself if he had let me. Afterwards when I found out the truth I had not the courage to tell you; and since I have been lying here, and you have come to me day after day, smiling so sweetly through all your pain, I have grown more and more cowardly, till to-night, I felt as if I must tell you all, and now you know."

She ended, and there was silence for a space. I neither shrieked nor sighed, although it seemed as if the very throbbing of my heart must become voiceful. The ormolu clock upon the mantel told the hour with a clash of silver bells, and a great ember on the fire-dogs fell apart, sending its shower of sparks far out into the room. Then I arose, unwound the clinging arms that bound me and passed out. Out into the frosty air, where the keen winds smote me, and the crisp snow crackled, and the white moonbeams paved a pathway of silver for my feet as I walked on and on as in a dream. Up the stone steps of my home I went, clanging the heavy door behind me, till on the staircase I met Bell, and there I seemed to wake.

"When Mr. Varnham comes, tell him I have a headache and cannot go to-night."

"Yes," said Bell, eyeing me discontentedly, and I passed to my room. There a sickening odor met me, and the air was faint and heavy with the subtle perfume of tuberose and multi-floras. Seizing the flowers in a sort of rage I flung them into the street. Upon the dressing-bureau lay opals—lurid sparks gleaming mockingly through their veil of mist, like a future's unreachèd desires—and on the bed was the rose-colored tulle I was to have worn to the evening's fête, the gloves edged with swan's-down, fringed sash and snowy slippers. Folding them up mechanically, heedless of crease or fracture, I thrust them into the wardrobe.

Then I bethought me of something, and, unlocking one of the compartments of an *étagère*, in which were a packet of letters, a faded flower or two, a solitaire diamond ring, and a great, gleaming carbuncle—took therefrom a miniature in a velvet case, and opening it looked into the face I had not seen for eighteen months, the trustful blue eyes whose smile I had learned to live without—and burst into tears.

George Morford was not what I was wont to consider my "style" of a man, being neither handsome, nor witty, nor fascinating; simply a true, strong, tender soul, I could rely upon and trust in and love. If he had one fault, it was a certain lack of self-confidence combined with a sensitiveness that was almost morbid. Nevertheless his devotion was very unselfish, unexact, and it was only by the rareness and gravity of his quiet smiles, or the negative tone of his conversation, that I could discover he was pained by my thoughtlessness or wounded by a harmless bit of coquetry.

The summer after our engagement I spent, together with my family, at Newport. George came to me as often as was possible, and one day we had a lovers' quarrel—something of rare occurrence, for I had studied him thoroughly, and knew to a nicety just how far to carry my teasing, and where to cease. Towards night-fall, as we strolled upon the beach, with the white spray dashing in our faces and the salt-scented sea breezes clinging to our garments, there came about a lovers' reconciliation.

Afterwards, when we walked back to the hotel, he chanted beside me,

"Behold me, I am worthy of thy loving for I love thee.
I am worthy as a king."

"Oh! believe it," he said, pausing at the door of my room and looking down at me pleadingly, "for I love you, dear."

There was to be a hop that night, and I dressed myself simply, though carefully, in white, with purple trimmings. My maid arranged my hair. On the table was a basket of flowers—camelias, fuschias, and a few sprays of wisteria—and near it a bouquet—both George's gift, as I supposed. "Don't put any camelias in my hair, Annette," I said, "they are too large. Take fuschias, and here are a few tuberose that can be spared I guess, to tone them," taking some from the bouquet, carefully.

"How brilliant your eyes look," said Bell, coming into the room with my mother.

"White becomes you," pronounced the latter, and, after a pause, "Why don't you hurry, child? George is waiting."

I seized my gloves and fan and ran out to him, saying, "Do I look well, sir?"

Unheeding my question and drawing my arm through his, "Is this the purple-zoned *Astarte*?" he asked.

"O, flatterer! an *équivoque*," I answered, laughing as we entered the room.

George did not like dancing. He had no scruples or anything of that sort, but simply was not fond of it. Very well, he might do exactly as he pleased, but if he had no penchant for the amusement I had, and if he couldn't dance with me I could find somebody that would. We led off in the next quadrille.

At its close we retired to a window overlooking the sea, where we stayed awhile, enjoying the coolness and commenting upon the beauty of the scene before us.

"What are you looking for?" asked George, presently.

"My handkerchief. I came down in such a hurry I must have left it up stairs."

"I'll get it for you."

"Well, you may. Ask Annette for it, or if she isn't there, you'll find it on the table."

While he was gone the band struck up a waltz—*Les Fleurs du Printemps*—and Harry Voorhees came to me, saying, "Can you resist that?"

I demurred a moment. I knew that George did not like me to dance any of the fancy dances, except with one of my family or with him; but then Harry was almost like a brother, we had known each other from childhood. I yielded. "What a glorious waltz I have had, George," I said, coming back to my seat.

"Have you? Here is your handkerchief."

"Thank you."

"How warm it is," I observed presently, drawing off my gloves; "and I have forgotten my ring."

"Take mine," said George, dropping into my hand, one I had given him months before.

His voice startled me, and looking into his face I shuddered, it looked so strange, so cold, masked as it were.

"George, what ails you?" I asked, quickly.

"Nothing."

"Are you ill?"

"No."

"Have you the headache?"

"Yes, a little."

"Can I do anything for it?"

"Nothing."

"Come up stairs and let me bathe your head with bay rum."

"I would rather stay here, and so would you."

I was silent after that, hurt and indignant. A tuberose fell from my hair to the floor, George picked it up and began pulling at it

absently; the perfume reached me. I shall never smell it again without feeling faint.

Just then Lucy Rutherford sauntered towards us, leaning upon Harry Voorhees's arm. Speaking to George but looking at me. "Are you picking Harry's flowers to pieces in jealousy that they are not your own?" asked she.

"I am honored," said the latter, with a mock bow, as they passed on.

I turned to George for explanation, when he suddenly threw the flower upon the floor and stamped upon it, rather as if it were a venomous insect than from any ebullition of anger, and, with a look that I shall never forget—a look such as we give our beloved dead ere the coffin lid closes over them forever—turned on his heel and was gone.

The first thing I did on reaching my room that night was to examine the bouquet I had left on the table. There, half imbedded in leaves and flowers, was a card with Harry Voorhees's name on it, and beneath, the word "*Philopœna*."

"Who brought this, Annette?"

"Miss Lucy. I thought she had told you, Miss."

Lucy and Harry were cousins, and I suppose he had deputized her to present the gift, she, of course, imagining that I would see the donor's name upon it.

I grew considerably provoked to think how needlessly sensitive George had been, and then smiled a little as I thought of how unmercifully I would torment him about it on the morrow. Early on the following day I heard some one speaking to Bell on the piazza, just outside my window.

"I wonder what ails George Morford. He was off the first thing this morning, white as a sheet, and with his eyes looking blue thunder."

Weeks after, it reached me that he had sailed immediately for Calcutta, as foreign partner of the firm with which he was connected. That was all. There was no farewell, no regrets, no recrimination, no *explanation*, no comments, so far as I was concerned, for I would not allow his name to be mentioned in my presence; so the mystery was unsolved. There was only silence and absence and the waves of the ocean that rolled between us.

Meanwhile, life swung on much as usual, except that the one element of happiness had dropped out of it as completely as if it had never existed. There were other things, however, the swift round of fashion, music; and excite-

ment, which drowns pain and takes the place of joy, till in its centre one is almost happy—quite, but for the dead ebbing of the undercurrent.

The summer after this, Lucy Rutherford, my dearest friend and constant companion, was thrown from her carriage, and so fearfully injured that her life was despaired of. After weeks of suffering, she was pronounced convalescent, with the clause that she could never rise again of her own volition, that she would never grow better, and might at any time become worse, falling gradually into a decline whose end was—death. There were a few natural longings, a few tears, a few struggles, as the poor maimed body and imprisoned soul panted for larger scope, then the sweet moonlight face grew restful and resigned. It was my chiefest pleasure to visit her, taking flowers or the little delicacies I had prepared with my own hands, and giving her glimpses of that seemingly far-off world, whose faintest murmurs only reached her sick room.

Thus time passed on until the night of which I have spoken—the night when Lucy gave me the first clue to the mystery which hung round George Morford's departure. The thought had presented itself that he was false—a conviction which, for want of a better, I had half accepted, half rejected. Now I understood it all—the flowers, his morbid sensitiveness, and “he was jealous of Harry Voorhees,” explained what else was wanting. The old love throbbed to life again with keenest pain; but it was something—*ay*, everything—to know my darling was not unworthy. I comforted myself, saying—

“And yet I know, past all doubting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea, better, e'en better, than I love him.”

The next day, remembering with a pang of remorse how coldly I had left Lucy in my stupefaction, I hastened to her. We talked much as usual, but I could see that her eyes searched mine with a keen gaze. As I arose to go, I stooped and kissed her again and again, saying—“Dear, I can never thank you sufficiently for what you have told me. It has saved me from despair.”

Of what was purely personal in her confession, I never spoke, knowing that not even from me would she bear a voiceful sympathy with past dreams and past regrets; but there was ever a chord between us deeper than

words, stronger than death, eternal as love itself.

The months drifted on until it was five years since I had looked into George Morford's face—five years! All my sisters were married and settled in homes of their own; all my companions had mated and flown to their nests, till only Lucy and I were left—she lingering as if her mission on earth was but half accomplished, I waiting—waiting for I knew not what.

One evening, near the end of May, I went to the opera with Bell and her husband. Patti sang, Brignoli chanted, and the audience encored. Music always fills me with a strange, passionate longing for some intangible happiness—that impalpable joy which, floating beyond our reach, is forever sought for and forever lost. To-night the slow, sick pain increased, till all the lights seemed shining mockeries, and the music wailing voices of an embodied despair.

I was glad when we left the building; relieved even by Bell's gay appeal to her husband—“I'm hungry. Let's go to Maillard's and get some supper.”

To Maillard's we went, eat French creams, and sipped our chocolate out of little, straight-up-and-down cups, that looked as if they were used in La Vallière's time, or had been raised to the lips of dainty Montespán. I was pouring water from one of the long-necked bottles, when Bell uttered an exclamation—“George Morford, as sure as I'm alive!”

I followed her gaze, till it rested on a tall, dark figure sauntering listlessly towards us from one of the inner salons. As he passed by, looking neither to the right nor to the left, the light shone full on a bronzed, bearded face, and the blue eyes of my quondam lover. I suppose I might have screamed or fainted, or have been guilty of Heaven knows what absurdity, had I not been recalled to my senses by Bell's words—“What a careless creature you are—you've spilled that water all over your new dress.”

I answered her in a dazed sort of a way, took a very negative part in the conversation going home, on pretence of being sleepy, tried to hum a line of “Oh! Summer Night!” as I laid my head upon my pillow, and burst into a wild fit of passionate weeping.

The next day was one of tropic warmth and brightness, and towards sunset vast clouds gathered about the west, through which an eye of crimson flame glared hodingly. Lucy's house was but a step away; and wishing to

visit her and home again before the storm commenced, I hastened out. There was an ominous hush in the air, and, as I passed along, the voices of children playing in the street sounded strange and unnatural, like laughter in a sick room.

The invalid sat by an open window, catching what balm she might from sultry breeze and dewless air. As she turned towards me, I could see that some influence oppressed her—that a sudden knowledge or a secret prescience set her all astir. Ere I could fathom this, a vivid flash leaped from a cloud, and Lucy seeing it, said—"The storm has commenced. You will stay with me to-night;" then, without turning her head—"Do you know that George Morford is home?"

"Yes, I saw him last night, myself unseen."

We sat silent, hearing the jarring thunders, feeling the cooling breeze, when Lucy cried in a high, strong voice—"Play something! Be the David to exorcise Saul, for I feel as if I were going mad."

There was a parlor organ in the room, and I opened it. Chording the keys, at first in pitying compliance, a mere impulse of human sympathy, the music soon toned itself to the wild stir in my own heart, wooing it slowly from its weird harmony with the tempest without.

As the night advanced, I played on—old Gregorian chants, hymned by the martyrs amid flame and torture; hushed hosannas, sung by hunted Waldenses in the depths of lonely cave and glen; German ballads, instinct with a more human pathos—till all the mad unrest, the bitter longing, the impatient pain, had vanished, and the angel of peace folded her wings within my soul.

As I ceased, the storm had spent itself, and, opening the blinds, a flood of moonlight fell athwart the room, rested on Lucy's face, pale with the exhaustion of a conquered purpose, glorified with the halo of an ineffable peace.

A few nights thereafter, just at dusk, I sat playing at backgammon with my father. It was very warm, and the doors and windows were all open. There was no light in the room, but the hall lamp was lit, and I sat facing it. A shadow darkened the doorway an instant, and, looking up, the light shone full upon the face of George Morford. I sat white and silent while he came forward, shaking hands with my father, bowing to me and answering the in-

numerable questions which the latter, with the proverbial blindness of his sex, saw fit to ask: Presently my father hobbled out of the room, and George Morford crossed over and sat down beside me, closing his hand over mine with a firm, quiet clasp. I withdrew it; he was taking too much for granted. He might bide his time.

"I received a note from Lucy to-day," he said, "she has told me all. Are you mine?" he asked, after a pause, as if the possibility of failure had just reached him.

"No," I answered, bitterly, "you cannot trust me."

He went on speaking rapid, passionate words of love and supplication; but the years witnessed against him—years of hopelessness and desolation, during which my youth had slipped from me day by day, and I was inexorable.

"Then you are willing that I should return to a dreary existence in a foreign land, when a single word from you would give me home and happiness—all that my life holds dear."

"If you wish to, certainly," I answered, coldly, "I have no voice in the matter. George Morford, five years ago you held your fate in your own hands; you chose what you chose—now abide by it."

"Well, be it so," he said, with a face of white despair, and wiping his brow as if in physical agony. He rose to go, and then, bending to kiss my hand, a great, scalding tear fell upon it. We looked at each other. Whether he saw a new pain in my eyes, or the shadow of an old regret, I cannot say, certain it is that the next instant I found myself in his arms.

After that, Lucy sank visibly. It might have been that her mission was accomplished, or the dying out of some shadowy hope, or only the weariness of the hot, still, perfect days; but as June faded—faded she.

I was with her constantly. George Morford she refused persistently to see. I knew why—I knew that there was a daily battle and a daily triumph over an exhumed passion, that she thought heresy to me. I knew that, inexorable as fate, she was dying for the sound of a voice, for the touch of a hand, for a look, for a kiss—and yet I might not speak. Once I came upon her unperceived; she was singing to herself in a little, plaintive voice, as was her custom—sometimes songs of earthly sorrow and despondency, oftener psalms, divine with faith and Heavenward soaring; to-night a fragment that

I well remembered. I could catch but half the words—

—“Whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear, warm mouths of those they love,
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.”

I stood and thought a moment, then resolved. George Morford was down stairs waiting till I should be ready to go home. Passing out as softly as I had entered, I called a servant and bade her tell him to come up. Then I went back to the room and took my station by Lucy's side. George came to the door, advanced and hesitated, looking at me; but I beckoned him on, saying, as if they had met but yesterday—“Lucy wishes to bid you good-night.”

Was ever such a look as she gave him? On the borders of eternity, all false disguises fell away, and her very soul leaped from her eyes in a wild gaze of passionate imploring. I think he must have understood her—I think it must have been as though their souls had met in mid air—for he gathered her in his arms as if she had been a weary dove; he held her there a moment, stooped and kissed her softly, saying—“Good-night, Lucy, darling,” and was gone. She lay perfectly quiet after that.

There was no immediate danger to be apprehended, the physician had said, but with a sort of prescience I resolved to stay with her that night. Once I felt her hands, they were clammy. “Are you cold?” I asked.

She lifted to mine eyes of limitless content, answering—“No, dear, I don't feel as though I should ever be cold again.” I crept beside her, folding her in my arms. Nestling close to me—“How good you are,” she said; kiss me.”

I kissed her, and we slept. Once in my dream I felt a rush of air, the stir of wings; in the void one called, beside me one answered, and morning's light showed that my arms enfolded the dead.

A month thereafter I was married. There was no great preparation, no bridesmaids, no wedding favors, for the shadow of a sorrow overhung us still. Standing by George's side, I could see nothing but the startling white of his gloves, could hear nothing but his sonorous voice pronouncing the solemn responses.

And our life currents, so long parted, now mingled, flow seaward through a land of limitless content, o'er which the love and loss of Lucy hang like a white cloud over the summer sun, only dimming its excess of glory.

TO MY SISTER.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Once on a time a rosebush grew
Within a garden bed,
And nursed by sunshine, breeze and dew,
Upraised its stately head.
Kind nature o'er its branches flung
The clustering leaves' embrace,
And round its head sweet blossoms hung
A coronal of grace.

Just down beside the largest stem
Two infant buds were born,
Each, in its way, a little gem
The parent to adorn.
Close hid, as bird 'neath shelt'ring wing,
They lay in soft repose;
The one a tiny, wayward thing,
And one almost a rose.

With balmy breath and rosy smile,
Expanding in the light,
The dewy blossoms slept awhile
Without a dream of blight.
Tho' close they clung beside the stem,
There came at last a day,
The hapless buds, alas for them,
Were rudely torn away

And planted in a foreign land,
Beneath a stormy sky,
No sheltering bough on either hand,
To bloom, or fade and die.
The younger blossom, shivering, said,
“I faint with doubt and fear!
The storm beats cold upon my head—
Alas! I perish here.”

Outspoke the elder blossom then,
“Nay, lift thy drooping form,
And nestle close beside me when
Thou shrinkest from the storm.
I'll be thy shield from every shower,
Cling close, and trust to me:
Be thou henceforth the infant flower,
And I the parent tree.”

And so the little bud grew up
With hope and courage new,
And sunbeams daily kissed the one
That night had bathed in dew.
Canst read the riddle, sister mine,
I've written here for thee?
I was that little, wayward flower,
And thou the parent tree.

FIRST AND LAST.

BY M. C. P.

Continued from page 516.

CHAPTER IV.

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!"

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A great apple-tree shaded one side of Mr. Foster's yard, the stout, gnarled limbs sweeping down on all sides but one almost to the ground. In spring, when the branches were covered with their wealth of rosy-tinted blossoms, lovely and odorous as any "Bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,"—in leafy June, when the thickly-clad branches made shadow under them, only speckled here and there by tiny sunflecks; in later summer, when the ground was strewn by little half-formed apples, those "forward slips death soonest nips," according to the old primer legend; little green globes, delightful for children to make tea-sets of, by digging out the inside, and setting sticks in the sides for handle and spout,—till autumn time when splendid golden globes swung on the boughs, the largest and finest golden pippins ever seen; this tree was Christina's play-place and retreat.

There she sat, a few mornings after the renewal of her acquaintance with Dr. James, shelling the peas that she had been gathering in the garden, and as the little green pellets rattled into the pan in her lap, her thoughts were busy with her new friend, recalling all that she had heard of him, and wondering if she should see anything more of him soon.

It would hardly be natural, in most cases, for a child to be so much interested and occupied with a new acquaintance so far removed from herself in age and standing; but Christina had few of the resources that most children have. Her uncle and aunt lived a retired and quiet life, and she had no playmates, almost no break in the monotonous course of her life. Books would have compensated her for this lack, but of these her stock was limited, and no modern books were to be found among the well-worn volumes, where Milton's works, three old volumes of Theobald's Shakespeare, and the Classical Dictionary, were the most

fascinating of the collection. Nothing of all this as yet pressed heavily upon her. She was too full of the exuberant life of childhood. She projected her own life into the world around her of animate and inanimate nature, and found companions, occupation and delight in nearly everything of her daily life. But now, as she grew older, she began to crave some glimpses into the social world; some society more interesting than that of her Aunt Martha and Uncle John, and the sober hum-drum neighbors that occasionally came to "spend the afternoon," arriving soon after the twelve o'clock dinner, and departing as soon after supper as their sober steeds could be harnessed.

But this Dr. James was, it seemed, of another race from those. He was a gentleman: of culture, of refinement, of gentle, genial nature. Christina did not say this to herself, but the unmistakable traits of noble nature and gentle breeding struck keenly on her fine perceptions. Then he had claimed her as his little charge, he had spoken of her mother, he had called her by her dear and long-silent pet name, and her heart had sprung to him with the strong, unreasoning affection of childhood.

A cold nose pushed against her hand, half upsetting the pan on her knee, and then rubbed against her cheek. A great white shaggy dog, a noble St. Bernard, wagged his great plumed tail beside her with a sweep and momentum that threatened demolition to any small object it should encounter. "Go away, you good, dear, old, naughty Bose," cried Christina, with a push at once reproving and affectionate. "I can't play now, don't you see that? Wait awhile, old Bosey, and we'll have a run to the barn after I take the peas in."

Bosey obediently stretched his shaggy length beside her, composed his head on his outstretched paws, and lay lazily winking, lifting his eyes to his little companion, and giving an indolent flap with his broad tail on the grass when she spoke to him, or a twitch of his great ears as she pelted them with her empty pea-hulls. Indolence was exchanged for a bouncing and lumbering agility, as, at the call of his playmate soon after, he ran and leaped

beside her to the barn, prepared for their usual romp among the hay.

Oh, the barn! what a halo hangs round a country-bred child's remembrance of its delights. I see one now in my mind's eye, roomy and large, illuminated by half-toned, descending lights that a painter would have delighted in. Wide and smooth were its threshing floors, spacious and deep its mows and granaries—full of the most charming nooks for hide and seek. It rises before me now distinct as this city room I sit in, and up and down its stairways, undefended by balustrades, and along its stone-paved alleys flock joyous troops of children, with whoop, and shout, and call. Dear childish voices! some are stilled in death now, and some more sadly altered from the old joyous ring to faint sorrowful tones, or hard, rasping, worldly accents, but in my heart I keep their music still.

It was such an elysium as this that Christina loved to haunt. A great substantial structure, quite overtopping by its magnificent proportions the comfortable dwelling-house near it. Its species seems to be quite peculiar to eastern Pennsylvania. In New York and New England they have neat, pretty barns, generally framed of wood, and "pricking a cockney ear" in any style of ornamental architecture that may seem good in its builder's sight. Farther south, whoever has seen an ordinary way of taking in the hay crop in Maryland and Virginia, a negro driving a mule who draws a bundle of hay girt round by a rope, will remember the structures in which their crops are garnered. Certainly they are no near relatives of Pennsylvania barns.

But is Christina pursuing her search for eggs pending this discourse? She is just about to take the shortest road from the upper floor of the barn to the inclosed yard fifty feet below. Her stairway is unique. A heap of oat straw, from which the grain has been lately threshed, has been pushed from the door which opens from the threshing floor till its accumulations have formed a mighty pyramid, sloping in precipitous descent from ten feet below the door down to the yard below.

Christina's little figure stands balancing like a bird on the threshold of the door, with Bose's eager head thrust out beside her, waiting for her flight, when he will tear with furious haste round by the outer way to meet her in the barn-yard below. A spring outward, and then down, down she goes, with a thrilling delight

in the rushing descent, plunges into the soft, golden mass of straw, then springing, slipping, and rolling, is in a trice at the bottom of the heap, flushed, breathless, and laughing with the triumphant sense of a "splendid jump."

"Hullo, Chrissy! don't jump over us," said her uncle's good-natured, broad voice from the stable door close by; and Christina looking that way found Dr. James there too, inspecting the merits of the bay colt.

He greeted her with a smile, and a pleasant little "bravo!" which made her flush higher, though her eyes danced with pleasure at seeing him again.

"I shall see you at the house when I come up, I hope," said the Doctor, as she picked up her basket; "not lost, but gone before" in her downward flight, and was passing into the barn.

"Oh, yes indeed; I shall be up directly." And to-day Aunt Martha could have found no fault with the celerity with which the egg-hunting was performed. She did not even delay to stroke the spotted calf, or to cuddle the three little kittens which she found snugly nested in one of the mangers. But when she mounted the hill to the house, Dr. James had preceded her, and was standing under the shade of the locust tree at the gate, in conversation with Mrs. Foster, while in the same grateful shadow stood the gray horse, this time attached to a light rockaway. "Come along, Chrissy," said her aunt, as she approached. "Dr. James is asking me to let you take a ride with him this morning up the Brandywine. He has to go five or six miles to see somebody, he says, and will take you along just for an out for you. It's real kind of you, I'm sure; Doctor, but I'm afraid she'll just be a trouble to you."

"Not a trouble to me if she will go; the trouble lies on the other side of the question," said the Doctor, smiling as he looked at Christina's eloquent face, which spoke her delight at the proposal too plainly to be mistaken.

"Oh, no fear but she'll like to go, if that's what you mean," said Mrs. Foster, relaxing into a smile too, as she met the child's eager eyes, asking permission. "Yes, run along, child, and put on a clean frock, and don't keep the Doctor waiting."

It was a happy moment for Christina when she was helped into the comfortable little carriage, and Dr. James taking his place beside her drove briskly off. She rode on, silent, but in utter contentment and happiness.

"Tiny," said her companion, smiling down at her happy, quiet little face, "you are so silent, you must be resenting my carrying you off in this way. Now tell me truly, are you pleased to come with me this morning, or do you come entirely to oblige me?"

"You know very well, I think, without telling, who is obliged," said Christina, looking up shyly, but gratefully. "How did you happen to think of taking me with you to-day? It was very good of you."

"Oh," said the Doctor, laughing, and touching the horse into a brisker trot, "I happened to think that it would be agreeable to have a pleasant little face to look at, instead of Ross's ears, and a pleasant little voice to listen to, instead of jogging along in silence or whistling to myself. Then it will be so convenient too, to have you for coachman to hold the reins while I stop to see my patients. Here is a house now where I have to stop," he continued, as he drew up at a small frame house, tapestried with morning glories; "now take care of the horse for me, Tiny. If you make acquaintance with Ross while I am absent, you will find him a capital good fellow."

Christina felt somewhat exalted by her new office of charioteer, and delighted to find herself really useful to Dr. James; she sat with steady hold on the reins, watching gray Ross, as if her unremitting attention was needed to keep the docile creature in his place. Old Hanse came trudging by, with a pile of baskets strung about him, and somewhat distracted her by his wonder at meeting her in this novel situation. "Lors, Missy, dis you perched up here? Why, whose hoss dis you're a drivin'?"

"It's Dr. James's horse, Uncle Hanse. He is in that house there, and has asked me to hold it for him till he comes out again."

"De new doctor, eh? Tink I'll wait and see him den. Dey say he's mighty good at curin' de rheumatiz. De misery takin' powerful hold o' old Hanse sometimes now-days."

Dr. James making his appearance at this moment old Hanse instantly preferred his request for "something to cure de rheumatiz." The Doctor made some inquiries, promised him a bottle of lotion if he would call for it the next morning, and drove off.

"An acquaintance of yours, Tiny," said he, remarking her adieu to the old man. "Where does he live?"

"Oh, in the funniest house you ever saw, Dr. James," said Christina, with animation;

and she described the hermit-lodge she had been introduced to a few days before. Her tongue ran readily enough as she became familiarized with her kind companion, and exhilarated with the ride through the sunshine and shadow of the perfect summer morning.

It was a day to be marked in white for the child. The lovely day, the scent of new-mown hay from the fields, the sound of the harvesters whetting their scythes, the shaded stretches of road where the birds kept jubilee in the branches above them, all mingled delightfully with her after-memories of that day. The diversely-assorted friends grew in confidence as they rode on together. Dr. James questioned Christina of her life at home, and told her something of his own. His home-friends were his pets, he said, and he had much to tell of them; the terrier dog, the white cat, and above all gray Ross, who would always trot up to him, and lay his head on his master's shoulder when he came into the pasture ground.

Their road led them within sight of the old battle-ground, and Christina's companion pointed out to her the positions of the American and British forces, and graphically described the fortunes of the fight, till her color varied and her eyes grew large with the interest and excitement of the narration.

After a ride of six miles or so, Dr. James announced that a small brown house on a hill-side before them was the terminus of his ride. "I may be detained here some time, Tiny," said he, "for I have some surgical work to attend to; but I will not take you with me, for it would not be pleasant for you. Let me see if I can find you a pleasant stopping place." He led the horse aside into a little unfenced piece of woodland that bordered the road, near which the beautiful little river ran smoothly between level banks, and tethering him in the shade lifted his little companion from the carriage, and arranged the cushions for her under the radiant circle of a great oak.

"Now let me see if I have anything in my travelling library to amuse you while I am gone," said he, drawing out a few books from the box of the carriage. "Virgil—not that. Johnston on Febrifuges—not precisely what you would like, I suppose. An odd volume of *Ivanhoe*, the first, by good fortune. That will suit you, I have no doubt, Tiny, if you have not read it."

Receiving her eager assurance that she had not, he took his departure, leaving her already

entranced in the oak glades, where Wamba and Gurth were pasturing their swinish charges.

It was more than an hour before Dr. James again descended the hill. He came with pained face and clouded brow, as if from some scene more painful than mere sickness, however suffering, could offer. The humane physician suffers, as all true helpers must, in the daily cares for others, which bring him in contact with ills he feels himself insufficient to cure, because sin is the root and foundation of them; self-induced poverty which cannot be helped while its cause is still recurring. Some such suffering as this had saddened Dr. James's face; but his brow cleared, and a smile came to his lips as he came in sight of his little friend crouched over her book, with parted lips and flushed cheeks, quite unheeding his approach till he laid his hand softly on her shoulder. "You don't seem to be asleep, Tiny, nor weary of waiting for me, though I have been gone so long. Is *Ivanhoe* interesting? Why, you little cormorant!" he continued, half laughing, "is that the way you tear the heart out of a book? Almost through the first volume already. You have been skipping, Miss Tiny, I'm certain, and that's not allowable." He made a motion to withdraw the volume from her hand, but she clung tenaciously to her treasure.

"Skipping? No indeed!" she cried, looking up with sparkling eyes. "Oh! Dr. James, it is so splendid! It's just at the tournament now, where there are three horsemen coming at once on the Disinherited Knight. I was sure he was the Pilgrim, and so he is. And now I am so afraid they will be too many for him, all three."

"Well, he will have to remain in that predicament for awhile," said Dr. James, taking the book from her unwilling hand. "I will tell you, for your satisfaction, that he comes safely through this scrape, and worse ones afterwards. You must come out of the realms of chivalry and be mistress of our banquet now. I have a luncheon in the carriage here, prepared by old Mrs. Prime, my housekeeper, and you must do the honors. It is high noon, and I dare say you are half famished after your ride."

Very tempting were the "dainty chicken and snow-white bread," which Dr. James had considered provided in forethought of his little friend's youthful appetite. A little pot of marmalade was produced, with a grave assurance that it was all for her, for he was sure

that she kept the "sweet tooth" she had years ago.

Seeing by Christina's abstraction and silence that she was still engrossed by the unfinished romance, he began to tell her about Robin Hood and the merry men of Sherwood, and cited one of the Robin Hood and Little John ballads.

"We might almost think ourselves in merry Sherwood, here under the greenwood tree, might we not, Tiny?" said he, leaning back on the soft moss, and looking up through the twinkling lights and shadows of the green boughs above him; and he sang in a deep, mellow tenor—

"A cheer for bold Robin Hood!

A cheer for the olden time!

And one cheer more for the merry-men good,
Who lived in the olden time!"

CHAPTER V.

So gentle, because verily so proud.

You know the sort of woman—brilliant stuff

And out of nature.

E. B. BROWNING.

This day was the beginning of a new life for Christina. The Doctor did not forget the little girl in whom he had interested himself. He brought her books in abundance. Not many more as fascinating as *Ivanhoe*, however. He told her she must make good, hearty meals on substantial books, before she could be allowed such desserts as even Scott's novels. He marked some of them, however, as adjuncts to a course of English history he arranged for her, and the historical plays of Shakespeare came in the same connection. His good offices extended further than the providing books for her, for by some special gift of persuasion he induced Mrs. Foster to allow her little niece to spend a part of every day in reading, as a part of her daily duties, instead of having to steal off with her books as she had done, when her aunt condemned reading as "just idling away her time." Besides this course which he prescribed to Christina as a task, he introduced her to the well-filled book-shelves at his cottage, and allowed her to forage for herself among their contents, with the exception of the tabooed shelf of novels. It was a miscellaneous stock of information that she accumulated in this way, but all knowledge imbibed thus freely with delight and relish became a part of her life, assimilated and made her own as no book-learning crowded into the memory by outside pressure could possibly be.

Months passed on. Dr. James became settled

in practice as the physician of the neighborhood, and found friends and well-wishers on every hand. But nowhere was he welcomed more cordially than at Mr. Foster's, and nowhere did he seem to feel himself so completely in the atmosphere of home. Mrs. Foster's sharp features beamed with cordiality, and her high-pitched voice lowered its tone to welcome this favored visitor; Uncle John's good-natured broad face assumed its jolliest smile at his coming, and Christina's happy smiles gave assurance that he brightened all her life for her.

Golden October came, with his chalice brimmed with that pure air which is like precious wine to those that breathe it. Bright days he brought, each one pure as an entire crysolite, counted and garnered with jealous care because so few. The distant hills that marked the course of the river stood clothed in hazy azure, yet clear and distinct in outline. The group of chestnuts that crowned the hill opposite John Foster's homestead, now half denuded of their yellow leaves, rattled down their shining brown treasures in answer to every breeze that shook their boughs. Christina had good luck with her nut-gathering. As she came down the slope in the bright evening light, her basket was heavy enough to compel her to defraud Bose of the race which he expected, as he romped round her with heavy sportiveness, inviting her to a romp.

Mrs. Foster sat by the sitting-room window with an open letter in her hand. "Chrissy," said she, as her niece entered, "come here; do you remember anything about your Aunt Morton—your father's sister?" and she looked down at the thick creamy sheet she held, where the flowing lines, "Isabella Morton," stood clear and fair.

"Aunt Morton?" said Christina, "yes, I remember her coming once to see mother soon after word came from poor papa's ship, you know. She didn't stay long then, and she never came again after that."

"She has been away in France," said Mrs. Foster, "she and her husband; but they've come back to New York again, and now they're in Philadelphia, and she writes me word she is coming to see you next week. I suppose it is about time they took some notice of you. You're all the niece she has, and she has no children of her own living, I've heard. Did your mother and she think much of each other?" She looked at her niece's face, which

was flushed, and looked anything but pleased and happy at the next week's prospect.

"Mother never said how she liked her, but I didn't think she was nice," said she, impulsively. "She did not speak soft and kind to her—it was soft enough, but it was not kind—and she did not seem sorry, and looked so fine. I don't want to see her at all now, Aunt Martha;" and her voice broke at the thought of some slight to her mother, either remembered or fancied, but keenly and resentfully felt even yet.

Mrs. Foster looked reprovingly at her. "Don't speak that way, as if you were in a tantrum, child," said she, "you don't know about your aunt. She has lived in very different ways from your mother's or mine either. She speaks very kindly about you in this letter, and I'm glad she's coming. Your Uncle John and I have been thinking you ought to go to school somewhere, and your Aunt Morton will know about such things. Go smooth your hair now, and sit down to your sewing."

The expected visitors duly arrived. A very handsome carriage, and pair of glossy bays, driven by a coachman in livery, drew up in unwonted state at the rough stone horse-block. Mr. and Mrs. Morton had no ultra delicacy about contrasting their luxuries with country plainness.

Mr. Morton looked frail in health—tall, thin, with gray hair and restless, anxious-looking eyes. His wife handsome, portly, rustling in rich silk, and with an air of "society" as well as of wealth.

Christina had no cause to feel any want of cordiality in the embrace which this lady bestowed upon her only brother's only child; and if it was but a patronizing forbearance which she and her husband exercised towards the plain rusticity of their hosts, politeness prevented any offensive display of superiority. Hospitably pressed to extend their visit, Mr. Morton confessed a desire for a day's partridge shooting, and Mr. Foster suspended his farm engagements to accompany him.

Mrs. Morton, meanwhile, addressed herself to making friends with Christina, and her soft and caressing manner pleased the child and disarmed her prejudice against her aunt, who, however she had felt towards Mrs. Haviland, manifested nothing but kindness and tenderness towards her daughter. "I must see more of you now, my love," said she; "my residence in France for so long has been unfortunate

in preventing any care over you that I might have exercised since your poor mother's death. Your aunt has been most kind to you, no doubt, but you cannot have here the advantages I desire for you."

Mrs. Morton did not speak more definitely than this at that time, nor did she make any decided answer to Mrs. Foster's appeal for her advice on the subject of Christina's education. She would, she said, give further thought to the subject, and consult Mr. Morton before giving her opinion.

Dr. James, who had for some time been instructing his little friend in drawing, for which she had almost a passion, called in the afternoon to bring her a box of colored crayons, which he had promised her as a prize for progress in her drawing lessons. To him Mrs. Morton was gracious in a different manner from that which she used to her host and hostess. Christina, who had felt restless at something, she scarcely knew what, in her city aunt's address to Mr. and Mrs. Foster, though not resenting it as she would have done if a closer tie of tenderness had subsisted between her and them, was satisfied with her manner to Dr. James, and proud of her friend, feeling with a new sense that he was really different from other people. "As different from Uncle Morton as he is from Uncle Foster," thought she to herself, watching the three as they sat in the porch after the partridge hunters had returned from a day's sport, which had brought some color to Mr. Morton's face, and a pleasanter brightness than usual to his light gray eyes. Mr. Foster's jolly face, brightened by good humor if lacking in intellectual power, contrasted strongly with the sharply-defined features of his city guest, stamped and worn by the man-of-the-world mark upon them; but not more so than did Dr. James's calm, noble profile, where manly strength was softened by a frank kindness, which appealed to every one by something better than the external polish, which yet was not wanting in him.

"A very pleasant young man, indeed," Mrs. Morton pronounced graciously to Christina after his departure, "and with an air that I should hardly have expected in a country physician, especially here."

"He is very good, Aunt Isabella," said Christina, eagerly, "and has done so many kind things for me—you can't think. Everybody likes him, I guess, poor folks and all."

"Very probably, my love," said Mrs. Morton,

smiling, "but I meant something more than that. You can hardly understand the difference yet, but sometime, perhaps—"

She said no more at that time, and when they left the next morning it was without having made any definite arrangement with regard to further communication between themselves and Christina.

"I did expect," said Mrs. Foster to her husband, as they stood on the porch after the departure of their guests, "I did expect they would have invited the child to come and see them if they didn't do anything else for her. She's as near to Mr. Morton as she is to you, husband, that's certain."

"I guess it's just as good as it is," said the farmer, taking up his straw hat; "Chrissy'd only get Frenchified ways and fine notions with them, I reckon. And we don't grudge having the care of her all ourselves, you know, mother."

"I know you don't, John, though she's not your own kin," said his wife; "but I can't help thinking they might have given her something else besides fair words. But that's the way with rich folks—all have and nought give."

Mrs. Foster was wrong in supposing that the giving fair words was the extent of Mr. and Mrs. Morton's intentions with regard to Christina. A letter from the lady, received in the early part of winter, contained a proposition which seemed likely to entirely change the future course of the child's life.

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh, thou child of many prayers,
Life has pitfalls, life has snares;
Age and care come unawares."

LOWELL.

The days shortened, and night closed faster day by day. Twilight shadows, tempered by flickering firelight, already softened and beautified the spare and angular outlines of the furniture of Mrs. Foster's sitting-room, as Dr. James glanced through the half glass door that opened from the porch, as he called at the farm-house one afternoon. Christina sat alone by the blazing wood-fire, her hands clasped round her knees as she sat in a low seat with a book in her lap, but her eyes fixed dreamily on the embers.

"What were you thinking of so earnestly, my little Tiny?" said the Doctor, as she greeted him with the happy look that never failed to meet his coming.

"I was thinking," she said, looking at the fire again, "about travelling, seeing strange places and beautiful sights, and taking share with other people in all the nice things that we hear and read about. Wouldn't it be nice?"

"All which I saw, and part of which I was," quoted the Doctor. "You long to look the world full in the face instead of through a telescope, do you, Tiny?"

"Yes," said she, nodding her head decidedly. "I suppose," she added presently, "if you were rich you could have everything you wanted, couldn't you, Dr. James?"

"That depends on what you mean by 'everything,'" said the companion, smiling, but with earnest in his tone.

"Uncle Morton and Aunt Isabella, now, travel wherever they want to, I guess," said Christina, pursuing her own thoughts. "They are rich, Aunt Martha says. They had such a nice carriage, and such pretty, pretty horses. Did you see them? I suppose they have pictures in plenty, and statues, and—and everything," with a comprehensive gesture.

"They seemed very happy, I suppose?" said the Doctor, quietly.

"I don't know," said the child, after a few moments' silence. "I was not thinking of that. Aunt Isabella smiled a great deal, but Uncle Morton looked worried, I think. But it seems to me I would be happy to have everything they have."

"Having and being are two things, I guess," said Mrs. Foster, hearing the last sentence as she entered. After cordially greeting the Doctor, she turned to her niece and said—"What was that you were saying you'd like to have, Chrissy?"

Christina colored, but answered courageously—"I was saying I should like to have such things as Uncle and Aunt Morton do, and to go to strange places like them—that was it."

"What put that into the child's head just now, I wonder?" said her aunt, after looking at her in silence a little while. "Well, perhaps it is best that she should try it. I have just had a letter from Mrs. Morton, doctor," she continued, turning to him, "and I should like you to read it, as you've bothered yourself so much with Chrissy. Can you read it by this light, or shall I fetch a candle?"

Mrs. Morton's firm, flowing hand was easily legible by the fire-light. It ran thus—

"MY DEAR MRS. FOSTER:—Mr. Morton and myself have consulted together on the question which you put to me in relation to a suitable school for Christina, but our answer has hitherto been retarded by uncertainty in regard to our future movements. It is now determined that we shall return to Paris in the spring; and probably the most suitable arrangement in regard to the education of our little niece would be for her to accompany us to France, where I will place her in an excellent *pensionnat*, well-known to me, where she will be, in a measure, under my care, and can receive such an education as I could wish for my brother's daughter. If this plan meets your approbation, as I trust it will, I wish as soon as possible to assume that share in the care of Christina which circumstances have till now prevented my taking, and which you and your excellent husband have hitherto borne."

After hinting that she herself would prefer to replenish her niece's wardrobe, Mrs. Morton closed with a desire that she should be sent to their residence in New York at the earliest possible opportunity.

It was not to be rejected, this offer—that was concluded by all. In regard to Christina's future, after the years of school education should have gone by, Mrs. Morton suggested or promised nothing. Probably she wished to judge farther of her capability of receiving polish before committing herself in any way. Christina, for her part, looked no farther than the immediate change, the prospect of which almost bewildered her. Whether she was glad or sorry at this unexpected fulfilment of her dreams she hardly knew. Not till the last day came, when she clung to Aunt Martha's neck in a passion of tears, which was half remorse in feeling that she had never loved her enough. Something of the same feeling on her own part may have moved Mrs. Foster's heart, as she embraced and kissed the child with a tenderness she had never before manifested towards her. "Don't cry, dear child," she said, while tears softened her own keen eyes. "You will come back to us again. You must go now."

The small dearborn was waiting to take Christina and her uncle to the nearest railway town on their way to New York. Dr. James had seen her the day before, but had taken no special farewell of her, and had kept her thoughts from any parting sadness. Now she wished, as she looked back with streaming eyes

on the home she was leaving, that she had one more last word and look from the friend who in those few months had so bound her childish heart to him. Even as the wish swelled her heart, the dearborn stopped, and Dr. James opened the door from without, while gray Ross behind him extended his head as if to offer his farewell greeting too.

"Good-by, my little friend, my dear little Tiny," said her friend, for the first time kissing

her softly and closely on brow, and eyes, and lips. "God keep you, my little girl! Do not forget us all."

He was gone, and Christina, on her uncle's shoulder, sobbed out her farewell tears, soon to be dried by the hopes and bright prospects before her.

"And so they let go hands,
And in between them rushed the torrent world,
To bar forever mutual sight and touch,
Except through swirl of spray and all that roar!"

(To be continued.)

THE SLEEPER.

BY CAROLINE A. BELL.

Oh, lightly, gently tread;
A holy thing is sleep! MRS. HERMAN.

Awake not the sleeper!—call her not back
From the shadowy land of dreams:
Even now she is bathing her aching brow
In some old familiar streams.

She is gath'ring again the bright spring flow'rs
That grew at her father's door,
And she hears again those tones of love,
Save in dreams, she will hear no more.

She's a child once more, and with love and hope
Her inmost heart is stirr'd;
Her voice ringeth forth, in its gladness wild,
As the notes of a mountain bird.

Her soul is fill'd with imaginings
Of pure and holy things,
And she soars aloft in the spirit world,
With free, unfetter'd wings.

Awake her not from her dreamy sleep!
Call her not back to earth;
Let her gaze once more on the forms she lov'd,
And hear their tones of mirth.

Remove not the veil from her raptured gaze,
Destroy not the fleecy cloud,
For dreams are oft messages from Heav'n,
When the weary soul is bow'd.

MY LINDEN LEAVES.

BY PHILA. H. CASE.

I remember one golden, midsummer day,
I had played for hours in the fragrant hay,
I had helped the reapers carry the sheaves
'Till I was tired; then I culled some leaves,
Bright, beautiful leaves, from the linden tree
That grew in the broad, green meadow for me;
For there, in its cool, delicious shade,
I oftenest wept and dreamed and played.

I threw myself on my favorite seat,
Where the mosses and grass were soft and sweet,
Then, with childish fingers soiled and brown,
I wove them into a rustic crown.
And when my wreath was fairly done,
Away I hied in the harvest sun,
Singing as blithely as bird could sing,
And dipped my crown in the foaming spring.

And then, all dripping with glittering gems,
More brilliant than Orient diadems,
I placed it gayly upon my head,
A dreamy perfume around me shed,
And wore it with haughtier pride and mien
Than ever her diamonds an Indian queen;
And I almost fancy I feel it now,
The cool, moist leaves on my heated brow.

Thro' all this beautiful summer day
I watch the mowers toss the hay,
And the reapers carrying the golden sheaves—
But where are my fragrant linden leaves?
Alas! they withered and faded away
With the close of that long, long summer day—
Faded, as everything fades and dies
That ever gladdened my aching eyes.

AUREOLE.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

She stood slightly in advance, upon the verge of the hill, facing full the evening sun, whose last beams crept so deeply into her flowing hair that to us behind she seemed crowned with gold. A child in size, yet perfect in grace and proportion, she stood, shaking the light out of her soft ringlets till it seemed to fall like rain-drops around her. I can see her now, turning with a rare smile to George St. Armand, the gentleman next her, and making some remark in a low tone as she pointed to the horizon.

The company now divided off into knots and pairs, resuming what conversations or flirtations the ascent of the hill had broken off—all save myself, who stood alone behind the others, apparently forgotten by all.

And what did I in that purse-proud party? I, a poor scribbler, with only my pen against the swords of many of the gentlemen and the money of all? True, of them all, I was the closest friend of our mutual host, but clearly an eyesore to his guests. It was not pleasure detained me, for a pang like death came upon me beholding the attentions of St. Armand to Aureole, and her evident acceptance of them.

What was it then? He wore the bars of a lieutenant and the manners of a man of the world. What wonder her eyes turned not from him to the unpolished, abashed figure behind; and yet I had been fond enough to fancy that intellect, devotion, the love of a warm heart, might outweigh money and small talk in a woman's brain. Well, I was mistaken, as wiser men have been.

I threw myself on the long grass, unnoticed by the gay throng, and listened bitterly to a certain low laugh and the tones of a musical voice that came to me through all the loud buzz of conversation. Gradually the sounds diminished, ceased, they were gone. No matter. I had enough of company. I had dreamed and was awakened; that was all. Shutting, sealing old doors in my heart and striving to open new, so I spent the next half hour; spent it dismally with a despair that escaped through those old doors.

I rose with a sudden resolution. For months
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I had burned to enter the army, but the voice of the siren had hindered. I would delay no longer. There I might find release from thought; or if love pursued me even there some friendly bullet might end all pain together. I took my way down the hill-side and along the borders of a small lake that lay there embowered in trees. Slowly and with eyes fixed on the ground; tearing from my heart the faded hopes I had laid there with the thought they might bloom perennially, and flinging them behind me as I went.

A well known voice roused me from my reverie, speaking in a gay, laughing tone that had long ruled me like enchantment:—"So, Master Morton, is this your allegiance? As I live I have a strong mind to dismiss you from my court and pin your sentence on your back, ungallant conduct in the face of the enemy, for such I suppose you consider the ladies."

Aureole! and she had left St. Armand to come back for me. My heart bounded at the thought. Yet often before had similar occurrences happened, only to be followed by days of cold neglect. I drove the flooding fancies back from my soul; her bright eyes and gay tongue had already bewitched me; they should do so no more. It was plainly but a freak to pique her military lover. "Miss Howard," I answered coldly, looking up in her face, but the gathering gloom shut out its expression, "it is scarcely etiquette in you to leave St. Armand so abruptly. No doubt he is grieving at your absence."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if he was."

"Then it is a clear act of duty on your part to relieve the poor youth."

"And your lordship of my presence, I suppose?"

"Oh, certainly not. What poor powers of entertainment I have are all at your service." Both love and courtesy rebelled against my tongue, but I would speak. I had too long been the slave of her whims.

"A thousand thanks, but I will not task your poor powers. You will permit me to tell St. Armand how considerate you have been. He shall unite with me in thanks. Au revoir, Mr. Morton, you need not put yourself to the

trouble to accompany me. I know the way perfectly."

I fancied there was something of pain in the tones of her last sentence. Was I then deceiving myself? Could she set any value on my friendship? I dared not say even to myself, could she love me? "Aureole!" The word burst from my lips involuntarily. She heeded it not but kept proudly on, without turning, till lost in the gloom.

That evening I took leave of my host and hostess, resisting all their entreaties to stay. They were pressing, I being an old and favored friend of the family, and I dared not give my reasons; but go I must. Early the next morning I made my way to the depot, so called, being a small country station a short distance across the fields. I had insisted on my host's not rising to see me off, it being earlier than his usual hour, and I having too many old friends to part with to desire company—green, inanimate friends, each full of memories, sweet thoughts turned to pangs.

Was it dew or was it tears that wet the eyes of the daisies as they looked up to me from their green beds? and the low sigh in the leaves, was it breathed in sympathy with my feelings? With slow, reluctant step I moved on, taking sad leave of my mute friends, trees that had leaved, grass that had sprung, and flowers that had bloomed beneath my eyes.

Suddenly, behind the clustering leaves of a small thicket in my path, I caught a glimpse of a moving figure. A second glance convinced me it was Aureole. What had brought her out at this hour in the morning? Surely she had not taken this trouble to bid me adieu. Could she have knowledge of my intended departure? A momentary impulse of vanity ran through me, but I drove it back. No more should the sweet delusion cheat my mind, I was not born to mate with this wild swan, this sunrise of beauty, as her name proclaimed her. She surely knew not of my presence, for her back was turned and she moving in an opposite direction. Changing my course so as to avoid her I reached the depot unseen. Fifteen minutes after I was speeding swiftly away from the scene, leaving love and joy behind, taking alas! memory with me.

In a week's time I had enlisted as private in a cavalry regiment under orders for the seat of war. Before departing, however, I heard through a reliable source that Aureole had

accepted St. Armand, and that marriage between them was an impending event. Something very like despair; thoughts such as I hope to seldom feel; pangs that I dread the memory of, passed through me on hearing this. Never before had I felt how deeply I loved her. Now the reality rushed upon me with bitter force.

Months passed, in which I gradually became a soldier. An endless round of excitement, picket and scouting duty, an occasional raid over miles of rebel territory, and participation in one or two severe engagements, served to banish reflection from my mind, and now the memory of Aureole only lay upon me as a sweet thought, calming passion at its rudest swell.

Time crept on unto the latter days of June, 1863, and truly they were busy days. The rebel army had left its entrenchments at Fredericksburg, and now lay somewhere behind the Blue Ridge. Where, the soldiers and people at large vainly asked, doubting much if our generals themselves knew. Our forces had broken camp as suddenly, and were now hurrying by forced marches up the eastern slope of the same range.

Every road leading northward was filled with thronging columns, and the suffering caused by the heat, their rapid march, and short rations, was extreme. Most of the cavalry went north with the advance, but our brigade lay at Falmouth till the encampment was thoroughly broken up and the rear guard had commenced their march. We supposed we were left as a cavalry support of the rear, but it seemed that danger of attack in this direction was no longer feared; for we received orders to press northward with all haste. For days we rode along the skirt of the mountains, passing column after column of the army, weariedly pressing up the dry and dusty roads, hundreds giving out on the march who had borne the brunt of a dozen battles; long trains of wagons dragged by hot and panting mules; batteries of artillery; ambulances laden with the sick; in short, all the concomitants of a great army on a forced march, met us on every side, while far as the eye could reach, from the elevated positions we occasionally occupied, white columns of dust rising high into the air marked the position of every road and the lines of march of the army.

Through every mountain gap we charged, feeling in vain for the enemy, though we did have occasional brushes with detached bodies of rebel cavalry. A number of days passed

thus, until the oft repeated question as to what had become of the enemy was suddenly answered by the intelligence that he had crossed the Potomac and was rapidly advancing towards Pennsylvania. This intelligence came like a thunder-clap upon the army. Weariness, hunger, sickness itself, were forgotten in the fierce desire to drive back the invader from the soil of the North. The long columns, which had scarcely halted since leaving Falmouth, were again set in motion. The cavalry thundered onward, passing brigade after brigade of infantry, dust-covered and toil-worn, yet every eye animated and every tongue loud with the desire to free their soil from pollution. Officers and men, baggage and artillery, wagons, guns, mules and horses, all indiscriminately mixed, all pressing and pressed forward with one common aim, while the wild peal of the fife, the roll of countless drums, shouts of men, neighing of horses, and tramp of endless feet, made a scene of noise and confusion indescribable.

Over the long bridge we passed, still preceded by masses of infantry, and riding rapidly through Maryland soon reached a point where we might expect to meet scouting parties of the enemy. Where either army was we had no means of judging. We had long lost sight of ours, and only knew from rumors the position of the enemy.

Riding through Frederick we found it already occupied by a Union regiment of cavalry. Scarcely drawing rein we pushed on, meeting and dispersing several small parties of the foe. Our officers seemed to have some objective point in view from the steadiness and directness of their progress. It began to be whispered that this was the reinforcing of a body of troopers who had preceded us in this direction a few days. Nor were we too soon, for, rising from our bivouac the morning after leaving Frederick, we had not ridden far ere the sounds of conflict came heavily to our ears. Hastily pressing on and topping a small ascent in the road, we discovered on its western slope a small force of Union cavalry hotly pressed by a superior body of rebels.

With drawn sabres we rushed down the hill, for our troopers seemed to be getting the worst of it. In an instant we were among them cutting and slashing on every side, while a torrent of shouts and groans shook the air.

One Union officer of the regiment in advance had impetuously driven into the enemy's lines so deeply as to be beyond support, and was

now vigorously defending himself from the assaults of two burly champions in front, while a third, with uplifted sabre, was pressing onward to cut him down from the rear. It was at this instant, with the full momentum of the charge, emptying two saddles as I drove forward, my horse struck full upon that of the cowardly assailant, hurling horse and rider headlong to the ground. One more blow as my steed leaped over the fallen animal and the arm of one of the officer's assailants was broken, leaving him but one to contend with. At this instant I caught a glimpse of his face, and how was I startled at perceiving that George St. Armand was before me. At the same moment he unhorsed his remaining foe, and turned to perceive who had rescued him before I could obey my first impulse and draw back to avoid him. "Harry Morton, by all that's wonderful!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand warmly. "Of all faces on earth the last I expected to see. I may add, none could be more welcome."

"You cannot be better pleased, Lieutenant, than I in being able to help a friend."

"Harry, you have saved me from either death or captivity, and in my name as in that of my dear wife, you have my gratitude."

I tore my hand from his and spurred into the thick of the conflict. That word wife had maddened me. A flood of bitter recollections rushed across my brain. I could almost in the frenzy of the moment have struck with my sabre the man I had just perilled myself to save. More like a madman than one in his senses I burst into the lines of the retreating foe, and more than one rebel fell beneath my furious blows as utterly regardless of self I pressed on. Suddenly a keen pang shot through my brain, I felt a momentary sensation of falling; then all was a blank.

A sabre cut in the head is, I suppose, one of the circumstances of glorious war, for it certainly does not belong to its pomp; and even as a circumstance, it is an awkward one, best kept in the background when painting the trade of arms. For several days I lay insensible, during which great changes had been made in the positions of the armies and great events were hanging in the scale of time, waiting their appointed hour.

When my senses returned, I found myself lying beneath the shadow of a hospital tent in company with several other wounded. We lay entirely alone, though the absence of any nurse

was well accounted for by the sounds without. These were no less than the tumult of a great battle. The air was rent with the roar of guns, whose almost incessant reports stunned my weak brain, while the rattle of small arms filling every pause, and frequently heard above all the thunder of the cannon, told us how hotly the infantry were engaged.

The shouts of fierce combatants, the groans of the wounded, the tread of marching feet, as regiment after regiment marched to the front or changed position in the line, came to us occasionally through momentary lulls in the tempest, and a hundred other warlike sounds drove silence utterly from the field.

For hours it continued. Evidently our whole force was engaged with Lee's rebel army. Those sounds betokened the fray of at least one hundred thousand men, and hotly at that. I fortunately lay opposite the opening in the tent, which stood just wide enough to admit a contracted glimpse of the field. In my point of view lay the summit of a hill and some short distance down its sides. The white tomb-stones of a cemetery gleamed here and there through the blue-coated ranks of infantry. A cemetery, then unknown to the world, never more to be. Behind temporary breastworks they stood, firing rapidly on an invisible foe, while slightly in advance the black-muzzled cannon hurled fiery messengers into the valley beneath.

Of the foe nothing was visible from my position, though the reeling and falling of soldiers at all parts of the line gave dreadful evidence of their activity. It was a perfect carnival of fire. I shut my eyes at last, half-blinded by the flash. With astonishment I learned from my companions that this was the third day of the fight. I had thus lain insensible through two days of deadly uproar; though as I afterwards learned I had only been brought to my present position during the previous night.

Night was now falling again. Gradually the bright sun of that memorable third of July withdrew his beams from the battle-field, bending his last glances on a defeated and sullenly retreating foe, vigorously pressed on every side by the victorious Union lines.

More I know not, for I relapsed into insensibility, overcome by the excitement, yet hearing dimly, and as in a dream, the shouts of soldiery proclaiming our victory in every variety of intonation and language.

The battle of Gettysburg is history, and I will not intrude on its province more than to

tell what small portion of it I myself saw. That sabre cut had badly affected my brain. Four or five days more of insensibility succeeded the excitement and tumult of the battle. Sense slowly returned. At first it seemed as if I had slept but a moment, for the sunbeams were still gradually stealing off the earth, and the wing of night casting its dim shadow across the fields.

But how different the scene! My rough blanket had grown into the softest bed, the rude canvas of the tent expanded into wide, pictured and mirrored walls, while through the open window the setting sun gleamed on a rare stretch of meadow-land and wood, relieved by a distant river; how changed from the battle hills of Gettysburg. Yet everything looked familiar. Where was I? Association bound me to the scene by a hundred threads, not one of which I could trace to its source. My head was undeniably weak. I closed my eyes that I might the better collect my thoughts. At that instant I heard the door open and a soft step glide across the room. I could feel that warm eyes were looking down pityingly upon me. "Will he never wake from this death-like trance?" murmured a soft, familiar voice, full of pleasant memories, yet whose my weak brain could not recall.

The next instant I felt the gentle impress of lips on my forehead. An involuntary stir seemed to frighten the kisser, for lightly as a startled dove I heard her fly from the room. All this was decidedly interesting, not to say agreeable, and could I have conjectured on what heaven that dropped kisses like dew-drops I had fallen, I would have been fully content. A few moments decided the question, for who should come bustling into the room with profuse congratulations on my recovery, but my old host, Mr. Johnson.

A host of memories rushed through me, and I found myself wondering at my own obtuseness. That voice—could I so soon forget the sweet tones of Aureole? I am afraid my pre-occupation made me somewhat oblivious to the presence of my worthy host, for he shook his head as he turned to leave the room. "The boy is not himself yet, that's certain. And no wonder, with the stroke of a sabre lacerating the exterior walls of his pericardium, for that's what the doctor says is the matter. Maybe it is, he ought to know. The boy wants nursing, and I think I can send him a nurse worth a dozen old fellows like me."

It needed no aid of necromancy to arrive at his meaning, and I lay waiting between pain and pleasure, a deep desire to see her sweet face again, and a pang to feel that it was lost to me forever.

The memory of that kiss still haunted my brow as a bee haunts the heart of a rose, and I wondered what impulse of pity had laid so sweet a seal on my barren life. The door opened and closed. The tread, if she indeed walked, was swallowed in the soft carpet. In a moment she stood at my side beaming down pity from her mild blue eyes—were there ever such eyes! Fool that I was to stand longing for the waters of a mirage. "Aureole! Aureole!" I murmured turning my eyes away from the bright apparition.

"We feared you would never recover, Harry," she said, taking my wasted hand in her soft palm. "You lay so long under the shadow of death, that we lost hope your eyes would ever open again on life. Thank Heaven that it has proved otherwise."

"No, no!" I cried. "'Twere better I had died. The green grass could not wave over one more forlorn, more without hope or aim in life."

"Harry! Harry!" she cried, apparently startled by surprise. She had never used my name so familiarly before. "Standing like you on life's threshold, can you, can you wish for death? What dark shadow can have come upon your young life to induce a wish, horrible even in gray age?"

"April has its clouds, black as those of December," I replied. "I dare not tell you mine. You remember your 'au revoir' on the banks of the lake yonder?"

"Yes; and yet wonder at your strange conduct then, and your hasty departure."

"Do not wonder. I was out of place in that gay assembly, and felt it too deeply for longer

endurance. I was a singed moth; no wonder I fled from the lamp that scorched me. Did St. Armand tell you of our meeting in the army?"

"St. Armand! no. Why, was there aught strange in it? I have not heard from St. Armand for some time now, but understand that he is distinguishing himself."

"Not heard from him?"

"No. Why, what is the matter? I fear you are over-exerting yourself in conversation. I must leave you for the present."

"Leave me? no, no. Not heard from him!"

"Certainly not. What peculiar interest have I in him? True, when you left me I was carrying on a flirtation with him; but since his marriage I have scarcely heard of him."

"What! 'Tis not true then? You are not his wife?"

"I his wife! Why what strange delusion are you laboring under? His wife! Who has dared tell you such a falsehood?"

"I heard it and believed it. His own words, in the heat of battle, confirmed the idea in my mind, though I perceive now my mistake. Thank Heaven that it is not true. That word removes the dark cloud that made me hate life. Oh, Aureole! did you know what I have felt, what I have suffered. You wondered at my former departure. Wonder no longer, I was striving to fly from destiny. It has drawn me back despite myself, and the tale of love I thought to bury forever rises irresistibly to my lips. I love you! I love you! Aureole, all the affection, all the passion of my nature centres upon you. Is it, is it in vain?"

She spoke not; but something in her down-cast eye and the warm blush upon her cheek gave answer abundant. Drawing her flushed face down I imprinted the first kiss of love upon her lips. Mine, mine, forever!

THE FLOWER AND SUNBEAM.

BY MRS. J. H. SANFORD.

He was a sunbeam—that sweet child!
So like his mother, gentle, mild,—
A flower with petals undefiled!

But long he could not linger here,
His father's lonely heart to cheer,—
He heard the voice we could not hear;

He folded his small hands so dear,

As if he whispered heaven a prayer,
He upward looked—then entered there.
Sweet blossom! sunbeam glad and bright!
He bloometh now in heav'n's own light,
He shineth where there is no night.
Onward we'll press to enter where
The life-crowned host white raiment wear—
A little child shall lead us there!



A SABBATH SCENE.

THE TRANSFORMED VILLAGE;

OR, WHAT MAY BE EFFECTED BY PERSEVERANCE AND PRAYER.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

CHAPTER VII.

You have not forgotten that it was the spring season when the Rev. William Mayne took up his abode in the neglected and miserable village of Westhamlet, and it was now spring again—the fourth spring, for four years had since that period elapsed. On as fair and lovely a day as that on which he made acquaintance with it, did he stroll through the village to review his work. Turn where he would, look where he would, his heart found cause to lift itself up to the great Giver of all good; he had labored hard, it was true, but it

was God who had prospered his labors. “Man watereth, but God giveth the increase.”

Where there had been tumble-down houses and rotten palings, broken doors, and windows stuffed with rag, might now be seen solidity and neatness. The little plots of garden ground, which had been unsightly to view and inodorous to walk upon, were now well kept, and flourishing with herbs and flowers; the sweet gillyflower sending forth, above all the rest, its pleasant perfume. The waste and the dirt, which had rioted at will inside the dwellings, had been succeeded by cleanliness and

thrift; the quarrelling had given place to peace, the indolence to exertion, and the idleness and misconduct of the men to sober industry. The reader may be very sure that so great an outward change could not have been accomplished, in some at least, without the aid of an inward change—that change of the heart spoken of by our Saviour, and which we must all experience ere we can be true children of our heavenly Father. “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.”

Unceasingly, untiringly, from the first day of his residence among them, had Mr. Mayne striven for this inward renewal of his flock; and though he had to go very cautiously to work in the outset, and had met with nothing but discouragement and opposition for months, he had obtained the grace to go steadfastly onward, nothing daunted. He labored, he prayed, and he persevered; and perhaps the reader has little idea of the obstacles that by these means can be overcome. Most wonderful was the change wrought in many of the poor men of Westhamlet; for some of those who had been as lost and dead, were now, by the grace of God, striving to do right in this world, and hoping for a happy eternity.

And what of the rich—they whose luxurious dwellings on the hill were in so great a contrast to the humble cottages below? Those words in the Revelation, spoken to the angel of the Laodiceans, were most applicable to what had been their state. “Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see.” Even as Mr. Mayne had striven with the poor, so had he with the rich, showing them where to buy the gold, the raiment, and the precious ointment that would make them wise to everlasting life; and he could now thank God that in several instances his efforts had not been made in vain.

There were no longer idle excuses invented for remaining away from church on the Sabbath day; all attended, and all were eager to attend, from the young squire Hooper and farmer Hurst, down to the resuscitated Joe Mason and the miller's men. There were no longer excuses offered for keeping the children from school; the mothers were only too pleased to send them, and grateful for the instruction given there; and (perhaps greatest wonder of all) there was no longer any holding aloof of the rich from the poor. When the latter grew to be tidy in appearance, clean in person, and civil in demeanor, the gentlepeople believed that some good, some great and beneficial change, was really being effected, and they set themselves to promote it. They went into the school and made useful presents to the deserving scholars, they would speak a friendly word of encouragement when they met the men going to or returning from work, and they concocted little plans amongst themselves to help the women. Hitherto they had completely set their faces against admitting them into their houses to aid their servants. Washing, charring, nursing, no matter what kind of help might be required, through visitors staying with them, or sickness, or the return of periodical cleaning seasons, not one of these women would they hitherto suffer within their doors, the two wives of the poachers alone excepted; and that concession was obtained through the urgent pleading of Mr. Mayne, and the example of Squire Hooper's widow, who herself engaged them. But now that things were altered, and a thoroughly good feeling existed between the high and the low, plenty of employment was offered.

The wages of the men, though they now carried them home, instead of squandering them away at the “Striped Tiger,” and similar places of entertainment, were but scanty, especially in winter, and the wives greatly wished to make an addition, if possible, to their poor stock of comforts; but some of them had young children, whom it was difficult to leave.

“We should get a shilling and our food, ma'am,” Berry's wife remarked one day to Mrs. Mayne; “and welcome as the shilling is, the victuals is even more so; for there we have four good meals, which is such a help to our poor weak insides. Mrs. Ash came here yesterday, and said I might go there once a fortnight regular, to clean, and perhaps her servants might want me sometimes in the odd

weeks as well. When I was telling Berry of it last night, ma'am, I could not help crying, to think of the good place I must lose."

"Cannot you take it?" said Mrs. Mayne.

"Ma'am, I can't; there aint no help for it, for I can't leave my two youngest—one a year old, and the other not three; neither be the others big enough to take care of 'em, even if I kept 'em from school to do it. Mason's wife is encumbered like me, and can't take a place; and there be others."

"I think it might be managed for you," said Mrs. Mayne: "you would give a trifle—a few pence—to have them taken care of."

"Ma'am, willingly; but who'd do it?"

"I'll find some one," said Mrs. Mayne.

And she did soon, and in an unexpected quarter. From Berry's cottage she stepped into Cooke's, and there, to her surprise, found Ann Cooke in tears, and looking ill.

"Oh, ma'am!" she said, with a burst of grief, in answer to Mrs. Mayne's inquiries—"I thought I was stronger, and I find I'm good for nothing. I took a day's washing yesterday, and I'm quite knocked up."

"I told you you were not strong enough to go out to work," interrupted Mrs. Mayne; "you were not brought up to this hard work."

"But, ma'am, I was so anxious to try it; and now that I find I can't do it, I seem to have no heart left; a day or two's work a-week would have been such a help to us. James was angry when he came from work last night; not angry with me, for he is as kind, now he has left off drinking and idleness, as he was before he fell into it; but angry to think I should have tried; for he, like you, ma'am, said I was not fit."

"No, you are not, Ann; but I think there is something else that you could do. Berry's wife, and Mason's wife, and others, also, are unable to take the work, on account of the necessity it involves of leaving their young children. Now I think you might take charge of six or eight children; it would be a sort of infant school. They would leave the children and their food with you in the morning, and fetch them at night; and I am sure they would gladly give, say twopence a day with each child. I think you could do this."

Ann Cooke considered for a minute, and then her face lighted up. "Yes, ma'am, I could do it well. I love little children dearly, and always did, and taking care of them would be

no task to me; and now that James has his regular work away, he takes his dinner with him; so that would be no hindrance."

"I dare say you might earn half-a-crown a-week," said Mrs. Mayne.

"Half-a-crown!" murmured the grateful woman. "Ma'am, you have put new life into me. I was thinking, when you came in, that if I could no longer do any good, or work as others do, it might be said to me, like the unprofitable fig-tree, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?'"

"Ay, but this will be doing plenty of work, and good, too," said Mrs. Mayne, cheerfully, "for you will not only be helping yourself, but rendering help to others."

"And that is worth living for," whispered Ann Cooke, with emotion.

But this has been a long digression, and applies to the time gone by. We left Mr. Mayne walking through the village on that lovely spring day, looking at the signs of industry and peace which appeared around him, and as he returned to his home, he felt full of gratitude and joy, for a season of pleasantness and peace, a season of recompense seemed dawning upon him and upon West-hamlet.

Alas! it sometimes happens that when we look most confidently for a respite from the world's cankering care, that care, in a two-fold degree, is at our very doors. Thus it proved with Mr. Mayne. As he entered the parsonage, Mr. Jeffs met him. "I have waited to see you, said he, putting his arm within Mr. Mayne's, and leading him out again. "I would not speak in the hearing of your household," continued the surgeon, "for there is no necessity to frighten people in advance. I fear the village is going to be visited by a scourge—scarlet fever."

The rector uttered an involuntary exclamation.

"An awful scourge it proved to the place the last time it came," proceeded Mr. Jeffs; "scarcely a house or hovel escaped. The dwellings of the poor are now, thanks to your efforts, in a more sanitary condition, as also are their bodies; but still I dread it."

"Since when have you feared this?"

"Last night I was called in to one of Mr. Ash's children; I did not much like the symptoms of the boy, and this morning I liked them still less, for they looked very like those of scarlet fever. An hour ago, Bowen came up

to me, asking if I would please give some physic for his wife, who was 'bad n-bed.' 'What's the matter with her?' I inquired. 'She's dreadful hot, sir, and her head aches, and her throat's bad,' was Bowen's reply. 'Scarlet fever again,' thought I; so, instead of sending medicine, I went to see her. As I was coming up the village on my way back, Jones was at the 'Wheatsheaf' door. 'Would you be so good as step in, Dr. Jeffs?' said he, 'our Peggy's took ill.' So in I went there, and saw the child, who was lying on three chairs before the fire, with a pillow under her head. Now, Mr. Mayne," added the doctor, in a different voice, "I believe that all three of these cases will turn out to be scarlet fever."

"We must put our shoulders to the wheel, then, and do our best, if a season of danger and affliction is indeed about to overshadow the village. It is the hand of God."

"Put our shoulders to the wheel we must, and that is why I came to you. Shall you object to go into the sick houses?"

"Most certainly not," warmly returned Mr. Mayne, "nor my wife either. In times of sickness, whether it be infectious or not, it is our duty especially to do so. We are armed."

"Armed with what?" echoed Mr. Jeffs, who did not catch the minister's meaning—"cannor, and that sort of rubbish?"

"Armed with God's good care. Whether infection shall touch us or not, we know that we are equally under it."

"We must set to work," said Mr. Jeffs; "first to see that the cottages are kept clean, no bad smells, rooms ventilated as far as they can be, and any incipient symptoms watched for. In scarlet fever, three parts of the combat lies in taking it in time. When they are really down with it, then I shall call upon you to enforce my directions; you have much more influence with them than I have, for you have gained their hearts. Nine people out of ten will act contrary to the advice of the doctor. If I send in medicine, they won't give it; if I order the patient kept cool and in an airy room, they will smother him with fires and blankets—almost death of themselves in scarlet fever. In short, Mr. Mayne, though I must be directing doctor, I want you to be enforcing doctor."

"I will."

"We shall have it badly, mind. I judge by its attacking three simultaneously, without the one having taken it from the other. And now I am off again to see little Ash."

All too truly were Mr. Jeffs' fears realized. Scarlet fever it was, and it spread rapidly. On the fourth day, Mrs. Ash's little boy died, and on the day following, Peggy Jones. But, though a heavy season of anxiety and work ensued, the disorder was far less fatal than it had been on the occasion of its former visit. It gave Mr. Mayne heartfelt pleasure to see the alacrity with which the higher classes came forward with their sympathy and aid. "Do not spare our purses," the gentlemen said to him and the surgeon; "let every help be afforded to our fellow-creatures in need." Mr. Hurst was the first to offer his, and his example was universally followed. "Provide everything they want, nursing and all, and we'll divide the cost amongst ourselves afterwards." Richard Dean and his wife were as active as Mr. and Mrs. Mayne, going about from cottage to cottage, to render any service they could; many ladies, also, did the same. As to the poor, how they assisted one another, no pen could describe; but there is an old saying, "None feel for the poor like the poor." Had any proof been necessary to convince Mr. Mayne of the thorough change effected in principles and feeling since his ministry at Westhamlet, this fever would have done it. And it also proved the estimation in which he was held. When one of his own children was attacked, half the village went in a body to the parsonage, praying to be allowed to sit up at night, or to do anything to help.

For weeks and weeks it hovered over the village, though very few fatal cases occurred. One of the last to take it was James Cooke. He had it violently, more so than many had done, but the dangerous crisis passed over.

"I am so thankful," Mr. Mayne remarked to the surgeon one evening, as they left his cottage together. "I had great fears for Cooke."

"He will not get over it," quietly returned Mr. Jeffs.

"He is over it," said Mr. Mayne, in surprise. "The crisis was passed last night; you said so. He is cool to-day."

"I said the crisis of the fever had passed. He will die from weakness."

"I trust not," uttered Mr. Mayne.

"He will die from weakness," repeated the surgeon, "unless I am very much mistaken. The irregular habits Cooke lapsed into, ruined his constitution, and although he has been a steady man now for some time, I fear those

habits will fatally tell upon him. We shall see in a day or two."

"Do you mean that in a day or two he may die?" questioned Mr. Mayne.

"Yes, I do."

The clergyman said not another word; he turned and bent his steps back to James Cooke's. When death was deemed near, by one experienced as was Mr. Jeffs, it became his imperative duty to prepare the man for any contingency.

He scarcely knew how he should break the tidings; here was another of those painful duties that occur in a minister's life. But he found his difficulty removed; for as he went in, Cooke's wife met him with a white face of emotion.

"What is the matter, Ann?"

"Oh, Mr. Mayne! James has been whispering to me that he thinks he is not really better," she uttered, with lips and hands that trembled. "He—says—he—thinks—he shall not get about again."

"Let me go to him," said Mr. Mayne.

"No, I shant get about, sir, said James Cooke, shaking his head in answer to Mr. Mayne's words. "There's a something here," touching his breast, "that tells it to me; but, sir, I'm happy. The thought of my wife and two children gives me trouble; but I must leave them to God."

"Leave them to Him confidently," said Mr. Mayne; "it is God who is taking you from them, and be assured they will not be uncared for."

"If it had but been me instead of him," broke in the distressed wife; "he can do for them so much better than I can. If I had but been called, and he left!"

"Hush!" interrupted the rector—"would you put your wisdom in the place of God's?"

On the following day but one, Mr. Mayne and others stood around Cooke's dying bed; he had been receiving the holy communion. A fine strong young man he looked, to be thus struck down; but, as Mr. Mayne had observed, it was the will of God. He lay now peacefully, his eyes closed, and engaged in inward prayer. All traces of the fever had left his face, which was calm and pale.

"How merciful has God been to me," he uttered, opening his eyes and fixing them on Mr. Mayne. "If I had been taken before you came, sir, what an awful ending would have been mine. Through you, I have found pardon in my Saviour. I know He has pardoned me; if He had not, I could not feel so peaceful."

"Oh! but it is cruel to lose him!" cried his wife, from between her quivering, pale lips. "Oh, sir! pray that he may yet be saved."

"Don't say it, Ann. Sir, tell her better. It may be God's own mercy that is taking me; for who knows whether, if I lived, I might not fall away from Him again? But now I can die in peace."

He sank into silence; but a sudden expression lighted up his face, so full of hope and radiance, that Mr. Mayne inquired what was comforting him.

"God's words, sir—'Fear not; for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by My name; thou art Mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.' I'm going through the waters, sir," he added, in a low tone of peace; "but I'm not forsaken, for my Saviour will be with me; He has washed me white in His blood. Oh, praise God! praise God for His great mercies!"

It was a peaceful death-bed.

(Concluded next month.)

SOMETHING MORE.

BY CARRIE.

Why is it—*why*, as through this world we glide,
The human heart is never satisfied?
As we through life on Time's swift pinions soar,
The aching heart still longs for "something more."

We seek the country, dwell amidst its shades,
Ascend its mounts, and revel in its glades,
Drink Nature's beauties, all her wilds explore,
Yet every fountain murmurs—"something more."

We sigh for fame; the laurel wreath we wear,
Find it a bauble, dimmed with grief and care;
At length 'tis worthless, pleasure brings no more;
Again the anguished heart craves "something more."

We cast it down, and next to wealth, we flee,
Seek pleasure's haunts, and revel in its glee,
Gather our stores, and count our thousands o'er;
'Tis vain; the spirit still cries "something more."

"LOVING TWICE AND TWICE WEDDED."

BY MRS. JAMES

There was a wedding in Sheldon, a little village situated far inland in New Hampshire. A wedding! usually a season for rejoicings and merry-makings, for gifts and blessings; for the putting on of jewels, and feathers, and plumes, and gay apparel. A time of bright anticipations, and of sorrowful misgivings for the future. A time when the young look forward hopefully to the season of their own settlement in life; and the aged recall their youthful bliss. A time too of tears and sighs for the ties which must be severed. But there were none of these at the wedding of which I write. Janie Starr and Benjamin Hunter, stood up before the man of God, in the little parlor of the village inn, and were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, and not a tear fell, not a bosom heaved a sigh. And yet they should have wept; the marriage was not of heaven. There was that in the broad expansive brow, the deep set beautiful eye, the expressive mouth, and in the very movements of the child-bride, which spoke a power within which should expand with means of culture, of an intellect capable of indefinite cultivation, that might by the time womanhood was reached, place her far above the man whom she had just vowed to love and *honor* through life.

Had she no premonition of the future? I think not, for as she stood there pronouncing the words which made her Benjamin Hunter's wife, there was naught but love and confidence in the upturned gaze which met his good-natured protecting smile. To be sure, Benny did not understand all her thoughts and feelings, but then he was a man, and she only a silly child, with a head full of vain imaginings; besides, he was her only friend, and all the sunshine her life had known, had been since he first took her under his protection. To him were confided all her trials and troubles, and they were legion, for she was an orphan, a dependent, dependent too on coarse natures.

I don't think Joseph Weer and his wife Sarah, meant to be cruel to their orphan niece, but they had worked hard and lived poor all the days of their lives. They had tough frames, sinewy limbs, and strong constitutions, formed expressly to be "hewers of wood and drawers

of water," and no idea had they beyond. The little orphan of Joseph's half sister, came to them from a home of culture and refinement, of comparative ease, where, though only nine years old, she had already imbibed a taste for books. But there was little time for reading, and few books in this new home which had fallen to her lot. There were dishes to wash, floors to sweep, tables and chairs to dust, wood to bring, errands to run, and a baby to tend when there was nothing else to do, so that when night came the weary eyes would refuse to follow the lines even on the most loved of pages, the little head would nod and nod, till it found a resting place on the book, unconscious of all things, till sternly ordered to bed with an admonition to be up betimes in the morning.

But with cheery Ben Hunter's advent as a boarder at the inn, came a little better times for the poor orphan. He was himself an orphan, had known what it was to be brought up on kicks and cuffs and hard words, yet had retained through all a cheerful temperament, and acquired a heart full of benevolence, and a soul overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

As may be supposed, he soon began to notice the child Janie, to pity her hard life, and endeavor to lighten the burden a little by kind words and smiles. Oh, how grateful she was; meal-times, before her greatest abhorrence, because compelled to wait on the table, now became the happiest part of the day. Hunter was naturally neat, and possessed a little education, which raised him considerably above his fellow boarders, and created him in Janie's eyes a perfect gentleman. "Why don't you send that child to school," remarked he to the landlord one day at dinner time. "She is too smart to grow up in ignorance."

"Wal, I don't keer much for schoolin' myself; I never had none, neither had Sary, and we're gettin' along well enough."

"But times are different now; everybody is expected to learn more than they did when you were a boy, besides learning and books are cheaper. I don't know much myself, more's the shame to them that brought me up."

"Wal, I dunno bout its being cheaper; you

hev to pay tew dollars a quarter, and buy a whole lot of books; besides, the old 'oman can't very well spare Jane."

"Oh, yes she can, let these yer boys," looking round on the rising generation of Weer's, "bring the wood, and run the errands, and tend the baby, and Janie can wash the dishes before she goes. As for the money and books, I'll furnish those. *You'll* agree to it, wont you, Mrs. Weer," turning to the scowling landlady, whose face brightened at being allowed to give the casting vote, and to the surprise of all she answered, "I reckon she can go this summer while the days are long."

So on the following Monday Janie Starr was enrolled as a pupil in the village school. Happy, happy Janie, with her treasures of new books, a slate and a copy book; what cared she that her shoes were rusty, her dress patched, her bonnet old-fashioned. Absorbed in her studies, the haughty, contemptuous glances of some of her schoolmates—young ladies of the upper ten in Sheldon—fell harmlessly upon the ripples of her glossy hair, and dissolved in the sunshine which enveloped the rude desk, a very throne to her. And all that glorious summer and the next, Janie kept her place in the village school at Ben Hunter's expense, rising early and working late, that she might satisfy the demands of her taskmasters. Even then there were grumblings and growlings, many and hard to bear, and school would perhaps have been given up, but for her kind benefactor's encouraging words, "Don't give up the school, Birdie, you gets rid of the tongues part of the day, and might stand a little more in the evenin'. Scoldin' don't break no bones, besides there's the learnin'."

But the time came when Ben announced that he must return to the city of New York, of which he had often told his protegee many wonderful things. "But I cannot let you go, Benny, indeed I cannot. Oh, I shall die to be left here without you. Please to take me with you. I can work for somebody there."

"To be sure, you can keep house and work for me if you only will, but you must be my little wife first, will you, Janie?"

"Oh, I should be so happy; but do you want me for your wife always?"

"Do I, my pet birdie? It would make me very happy to work all my days for you, and you shall have as many books as you want to

read. I will bring them to you from those large libraries I told you about."

"Oh, I shall be so happy, you are too kind, I will always love you, Ben, always."

"Don't be too sure little one, life has many changes; as we grow older the rose tints fade from many beautiful things."

But just then a call came from the kitchen, You Jane! you Jane Starr! and back went the bride expectant to her dishwashing, with her imagination full of cities, and books, and freedom.

There was no hesitation about Ben Hunter, so he promptly made known his departure, also his intention of taking back his bride.

Aunt Sarah, "Well, I never! It beats all creation! now there's plenty of gals round abouts with a fortin to bring a husband, and not half so shiftless neither—you're welcome to her."

Uncle John, "Spouse she wont be much loss; what with her porin' over books, and taking a sick spell whenever the hard work is over, and the schoolin' and the boardin', and the clothin', she aint much profit no how. Sides I've alwers tried to do my duty by the gal, and shant stand in her light now."

In two weeks they were married, and went out from the little village. How Janie enjoyed travelling on the rail cars through beautiful, improved New England. And then down the charming Hudson. She had a taste for beauty, and as Ben pointed out what were called the most charming scenes, could scarcely refrain from clapping her hands in an ecstasy of delight. Even the boat, with its splendid furniture and wonderful machinery, was a source of pleasure to the little inland country girl. Ben enjoyed her surprise and pleasure immensely, and spared no pains to exhibit everything he thought would be interesting, and spent several days upon their arrival showing his bride about the great city. Finally on the third night they attended the opera, where the amazed country girl sat stupefied, surfeited with the beauty of the building, the numerous lights, the large concourse of people, particularly the splendidly dressed ladies.

But when the curtain rose, displaying a beautiful scene with the whole company gorgeously arrayed, and they began a full chorus with the orchestra, such music, such harmony as she had never dreamed of, poor Janie fairly overcome with delight fell fainting in her husband's arms.

A more simple-minded man might have

blushed at the rusticity of his bride; but Ben Hunter bore her tenderly in his arms to the outer door, where the fresh air soon revived her. "Shall we go back again?"

"Oh, no, I am too tired, we can come some other time." And they did, as often as Ben's slender means would afford.

Then there were lectures, which during the years of their sojourn in the great city Ben managed to sleep through for Janie's sake, unconsciously poor fellow thus aiding as he had ever done, in increasing the distance between them intellectually and spiritually. But four years rolled away uneventfully, not even the advent of a little child to disturb their harmonious course. Janie was calmly, quietly happy. Her daily duties were comparatively light, and it was a pleasure to serve dear Ben who was so kind to her, so the household was first kept in order, her husband's clothes neatly mended, and then came her books. Poetry, literature, science, history, romance, all contributed to fill her cup of happiness. If ever there came a longing for sympathy in these favorite pursuits for human society, she allowed herself no time to indulge it.

She had no associates, for unhappily those living around her were coarse, unrefined, ignorant creatures, with whom she had nothing in common, so they pursued the even tenor of their way, unknown and unnoticed amid the great sea of humanity. Yet there were times when a spirit of restlessness, a desire for change would intrude itself; and when the call for emigration to Kansas, to save the fair domain from the curse of slavery went through the North, I think it was mostly due to Janie that Benjamin Hunter resolved to do what one man could to prevent such consummation.

So with the early spring they started, Janie's second journey. This time she was an intelligent woman, with an eye still for the beautiful, yet strong enough to conceal her enthusiasm, or at least restrain it within bounds. She was more beautiful than before, for the light of intellect sat upon her brow, and a cultivated mind and soul sparkled in her eye. She was better dressed, too, for her husband spared no expense as far as his purse would allow. This may have been a little selfish, for his chief enjoyment during the long evenings while she read, was to sit gazing lovingly at her between little naps taken in his large arm-chair.

But I need not detail the events of the journey, sufficient for my purpose to say they

arrived in the little western world he, and will be some day, city of N——, soon after I myself became an inhabitant thereof. With the aid of his fellow-citizens Hunter soon erected a cabin, then considered sufficiently commodious, and they took possession.

As might be supposed, the fame of the wondrous beauty of the presiding deity of that cabin spread throughout all the land, and, with true western freedom, every man and likewise every woman proceeded to call on the new comers.

There were, even at that early day, many highly educated and polished gentlemen among us. For one, there was Harvey Grant, whose every tone of voice and movement bespoke one "to the manor born." He possessed a splendid intellect, and no means of cultivation had been spared. He, too, called on the Hunters. I was there at the time, and it pleased me to watch the various emotions which played over his countenance as he endeavored to draw her out; and all unsuspectingly she suffered herself to converse freely on a wide range of subjects, her animated countenance betraying the keen pleasure she could not conceal at being able to give vent to thoughts long pent up, to hear another express views on subjects which so much interested her own mind.

Wonder, admiration, and perplexity, as he gazed on her husband, possessed him in turns; and as the acquaintance ripened into friendship, she was still a study to him. Naturally refined, it was very seldom she committed a breach of conventional rules, even in the fastidious Southerner's eyes, and when she did, her sweet childlike manner only made her more lovable. And then she seemed so familiar with household duties, performed them well, and never, as was the prevailing fashion among the ladies, lamented the want of servants.

Gay and happy, young, beautiful and winning, Mrs. Hunter soon became the centre of attraction. All loved to visit her, for she made all perfectly welcome. Her beauty won the admiration of all the men, and her unassuming manners and unconsciousness, the love of the women.

A gay time we had of it that summer; merry parties on horseback galloped over the prairies to surprise some distant neighbor, perhaps a lonely bachelor. Then, too, we frequently had dancing parties in the land office, which served also as meeting-house on the Sabbath. The Lyceum met every two weeks in the same place,

and some very learned debates ensued, and very weighty questions were satisfactorily disposed of. These social enjoyments were all new to Janie, barren as her life had been of pleasure, and I must say she was perfectly carried away with them. Yet there was much excuse. Consider the hard existence in the village, the isolated life in the city, her youth, her beauty, her power to shine, the natural love of power in the human heart, and then see her lifted at once to her present lofty position, the acknowledged queen of every fete and every gathering.

As for Ben, he seemed perfectly content, as of old, to sit in his arm-chair at night and nod himself to sleep. Perhaps he felt a little lonely sometimes, on looking up, to find a vacancy where once his eyes rested on that much loved form; but he never complained; on the contrary, often has he urged upon her the acceptance of invitations, particularly from Harvey Grant, whom he seemed to look upon as a superior being. Harvey, I think, took rather especial pains to make himself agreeable to Ben, perhaps because he could see such attentions brought a look of thankfulness to Janie's eye.

Alas! poor Janie! the time has gone when honest Ben was thy ideal of manly excellence. As yet, I think she hardly knew it. Her smile shone on him as sweetly, her voice still kept the old love tone when addressing him, and she never failed to attend to his comfort. But here were men of intellect, refinement, and education. How could she help contrasting their polished manners with his awkward movements?—their instructive conversation, which gave her such a new and more exalted pleasure, with his incorrect, inelegant expressions and simple every day remarks?

Oh, it must be a sad awakening to either man or woman to find their life's companion, the one whom we had chosen as the nearest and dearest, fall so far below what we are capable of attaining. And yet how frequently early marriages lead to this sad result. The boy of twenty, or girl of sixteen, knows not the measure of his own talents, nor their capabilities for development, and what will be the needs of heart and mind and soul through the great untrodden future.

Had Janie always remained in a large city, shut out by the barriers of social position from a higher class of society, she *might* have gone to her grave never knowing what was within herself, never knowing but that her husband was

the incarnation of manly excellence; but she must have gone through life with an unsatisfied feeling gnawing at her heart, a want of she knew not what. But in the great free West, where the barriers of society, like the fences to farms, have not yet been erected, she was thrown at once into the conglomerate mass, and, as every one finds their level, rose immediately to the top.

Harvey Grant was completely fascinated. There was to him a mystery about this beautiful woman which added a new charm, and he hovered about her constantly. Born and bred in a conventional circle, where great stress was laid upon birth and position, he could not understand how a young woman without those advantages could appear so well, in fact could appear with any grace at all. He soon contrived to be her “cavalier attendant” on every occasion, notwithstanding the host of competitors. How they enjoyed themselves together! I loved to watch them, though I trembled for the result. But they became more and more engrossed. At a party they would sit unmindful of music, dancing, plays, or the presence of others, absorbed entirely in their own conversation. When riding, they began invariably to be left far behind. A woman less innocent or less ignorant of the world would have known better. If she desired to be so intimate with Harvey Grant, would have endeavored to hide it from the gaze of a lynx-eyed public. But she was as unsuspecting as an infant, and he, if he thought at all of the consequences, was too unaccustomed to self-control, and too much fascinated to break the charm.

But the crisis came; even in the far West there are limits to freedom, and there are, too, gossiping tongues. They had for some time been circulating their malicious venom, and now it reached the ears of the slandered, and opened their eyes to the fact that friends had fallen off one by one, until the little cabin, once filled with the most intelligent society in the place, was now left to themselves and sleepy Ben dozing in his chair.

Grant was indignant; he would not yield to any such silly gossip born of envy. The women, he said, envied Mrs. Hunter her superiority, and the men envied him his place by her side. That was all. If they pursued the even tenor of their way, this vile slander would soon die out. As for Ben Hunter, he joined with Grant. “My pet birdie, you shall do as you please in spite of these wicked people. You

love to ride—I would rather sit in my easy chair. Mr. Grant is a gentleman, I can trust you anywhere. Go and show them we can be happy without them."

Is it any wonder that, thus urged, and with her own heart pleading, she yielded against her better judgment to tread the thorny path of defying public opinion? And was she happy? No. There were times when cold looks and averted faces of former friends pierced her to the heart. She began to look sad, yet she seemed to cling to Harvey's society as the only pleasure left. A man may defy public opinion when he is innocent, and perhaps feel a sort of savage pleasure in having his own way; but a woman never; she craves sympathy, appreciation and society too much to throw off its yoke. Poor Janie, from what a height she had fallen!

The winter rolled away. The merry circle learned to be merry without its former life and light. There was a constant accession of new comers, and of course many improvements going on in the town. Spring opened briskly; buildings were being erected on every side, to be occupied as dwelling-houses and places of business. An occupation which Hunter found very lucrative was digging wells. He was employed on one a short distance from our house, when one evening about the closing hour of labor I saw a great crowd collecting round the spot. There was much hurrying to and fro, men running hither and thither collecting spades, and hammers, and nails, and lumber. I soon found out from a passer-by that a serious accident had occurred. The well had caved in, burying Hunter beneath a heavy weight of stones and gravel. With all speed they were endeavoring to extricate him, hoping to find life not quite extinct. It was not. Through fragments of stone sufficient air had penetrated to prevent suffocation, and he was not quite crushed to death, though he afterwards proved a life-long invalid. They carried him home—to his lonely, deserted home; for no wife was there to receive him. She came several hours after, chatting gayly with Harvey to the very door. But never shall I forget her look of grief, terror and self-accusation when she saw her husband lying there unconscious, and heard the terrible news. There was no need to tell her to be calm, she was stony.

My place is here, she said to the woman at his pillow; and there she staid the livelong night, uttering not another word; and until he was pronounced out of immediate danger, faith-

fully she remained at her post. Then exhausted nature claimed her due, and she fell into a low, nervous fever. For three weeks her life was despaired of. Old friends rallied around her, and the younger and more impulsive would have reinstated her immediately in the old place in their affections. But the more prudent said, "Wait until she is well, and see what she will do. We cannot allow a woman to overstep the bounds of propriety and retain her good name and place in society, no matter what are the circumstances." So they waited and watched, and as pure gold thrice refined did she come out of the furnace of affliction.

As soon as she was convalescent, Harvey Grant, who had called daily to inquire of her health, appeared at the door with his comfortable buggy and splendid grays. "I have come to take you to ride, Janie."

"Harvey, I cannot go."

"Why not? Do you not feel sufficiently strong? Come! A gentle south wind is blowing, and a sight of nature clad in her loveliest dress will do you good. Come, your favorite flowers are in bloom. My carriage is quite comfortable, you will not be tired—come!"

"It is very tempting, but I cannot—must not yield. During the long hours of confinement here, I have pondered the subject deeply, and my best judgment tells me we are wrong in our course. We wrong ourselves; we wrong society; and most of all, we wrong my good, kind husband—my earliest, best friend, by violating those rules which have been found necessary to the maintenance of morality and virtue."

"Mrs. Hunter, have I ever wronged your husband in word or deed?"

"You have not, Harvey Grant. Yet I fail in that homage which I vowed at the sacred altar, when I cause others to look with suspicion upon me, and use my name lightly; thus I dishonor my husband."

"So you are going to yield after all to those idle tales, and suspicions, and foolish whims of society."

"No, not to those, but to my own sense of right and duty. I see now more clearly that those rules are founded upon justice and reason. We might retain all our purity—in fact, promote our highest welfare in such an association—others might fall. The world cannot discriminate between the innocent and guilty, and is right in proscribing all."

"So you will not ride with me again?"

"I will not."

There was a new beauty in the face of Janie Hunter hereafter. She had struggled with and overcome temptation, and her face was wreathed in purity. Few knew how much she gave up in the society of Harvey Grant, for few penetrated beyond his bland, smiling exterior, to the depths where flowed the living waters of high thought. Another bitter trial awaited Janie. As yet, she did not know the full extent of her husband's injuries, but she began to wonder why he did not regain his strength, and it was necessary to tell her he must be confined to his bed for life. The blow almost prostrated her, but the necessity for exertion aroused her. On her weak arms hereafter must fall the burden of support. What should she do? She studied the matter over and decided. Meanwhile her friends had decided for her, and a committee of ladies waited upon her, and tendered the village school; but she gratefully declined.

"I thank you, but I cannot leave my husband so long; my work must be done by his bedside. Bring me your sewing; I will do it well, and at a fair price. I have sent for a sewing machine, and shall thus be enabled to perform a large quantity of work in a short time. The ladies acquiesced; her plan was best, and Janie became the village seamstress. Plenty of work she found to do. Masculinity must wear linen, and linen will wear out, though I sometimes thought there was an unusual demand; perhaps they wanted a peep at the beautiful seamstress, or perhaps the new country is harder on clothes. At any rate, they got nothing but a look, a few words about patterns, and a statement of the time when they might call for the finished articles. With her female friends she was sometimes lively as of old, though firmly declining all invitations to visit.

Harvey Grant acted very foolishly, as sensible men will sometimes. First, he flirted desperately with a beautiful girl, the belle of the village, taking particular pains to drive gayly by Mrs. Hunter's window. Then he called on her, and begged to be reinstated in her favor once more. "Mr. Grant, you have never lost my favor; but if you ever entertained any respect for me, go and leave me to do my duty in peace."

He went, lived a hermit's life some miles away for a short time, and then disappeared

entirely from village view, and in the years which followed, faded almost entirely from village memory.

Four years of close application and severe toil came and went for Janie, and if a thought unloyal or untrue had ever been cherished in her heart, most nobly did she atone. Very gradually the invalid grew weaker in body; his mind, too, never very strong, failed perceptibly. He became as a troublesome, fretful child, making unceasing and unreasonable demands on the time and attention of his devoted nurse. He grieved and worried for many things which could not be obtained in the far West—for the fish and fruit of his eastern home, and it was very difficult to divert his thoughts. Yet never a word of impatience fell from that woman's lips. But the end came at last. In the early autumn he was laid to rest, and Janie was alone in the world. She grieved sincerely. He was her first, best friend, her only tie on earth. What had she to live for now?

With great difficulty I persuaded her to go home with me for a short time. Resolutely forbidding work, I placed before her books, magazines and newspapers. With what avidity the hungry mind grasped the food so long denied, and it was only by the aid of my "stronger half," who forcibly placed her on her pony, that she was induced to take necessary exercise. Almost every week she proposed to return to her own home, but we resolutely forbade it; so she remained our guest for three months, the old bloom returning to her cheeks and the sparkle to her eye. Then the village school was again offered her, and this time it was not declined. There was no time now for sad thoughts, and the love of the little ones seemed to bring a balm to her sore tried heart. And another spring, summer, autumn and winter rolled away, and Janie was still a much-loved inmate of our family.

There was a knock at the door one evening. I answered it, and found there a tall, handsome-looking stranger, who inquired for Mrs. Hunter. I showed him into the little sitting-room where she sat with her back to the door. "Janie!" said an imploring voice.

"Harvey Grant!" She rose to her feet, looked at him one moment; then, as if resisting a strong impulse, walked to the other side of the room, and covering her face with her hands, sat down on a lounge. He was beside her in a moment. "And is this the welcome for which I have waited five long and weary years,

without one word from the voice I longed to hear—without one look at the form dearer to me than aught else on earth?"

"Oh, Harvey, hush!—hush! It is wrong; you must not talk thus."

"It is not wrong, and I will say it. You are free now, and it is no dishonor to listen to my vows. Janie, I cannot live without you. I have tried in vain to fill the place in my heart God meant for you. It is impossible. You must be my own lawful wife, in body as you are in spirit."

"I cannot, oh, I cannot. Please go away, at least for one more year; if you love me, do go."

He went, but letter followed letter, and entreaty after entreaty came. The lovely face grew pale and troubled, and I longed to bid

her give up her false sense of duty and be happy, and at length I told her so. She was glad to be convinced, yet very deeply did she condemn herself for her former infatuated conduct. "You were," said I, "entirely unconscious of wrong, and of course, not to blame. Did you not withdraw yourself from the evil path the moment you saw the sin clearly?"

"I did."

And nobly did you atone. Janie, you have no right to refuse the higher path of usefulness; the position for which Nature fitted you, and thus blight not only your own life, but that of another."

Harvey was recalled. There was another wedding, and angels rejoiced thereat, for it was made in Heaven.

MUSINGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

The silent months like massive columns stand
Between me and my home, a dread array;
Oh, for the vigor of a Titan's hand,
With one broad thrust to sweep them all away.
Oh, for a charm to overleap the throng
Of days, that, forest-like, from this drear time,
Stretch up life's hill, a weary way and long
To where love's sunshine falls on home's delightful clime.

I am enamored of the lonely night;
I sit with it in shadow, while my brain
Sends the swift steeds of thought in wondrous flight
To drag the wanderer, Fancy, home again.
YOUTH'S fairy scenes, the memories that make
Time beautiful; I feel them all arise;
Dreams that have slept from childhood start awake
And seek their native scenes with mild, astonished eyes.

My life is now a thing of memory,
And sweet anticipation its first born,
In which, as in a glass, our eyes can see
Through winter's soil, the waving of the corn,
Smiles under tears, noon's crystal flood in night;
O'er space and time hope flings her magic scroll,
I feel the fervid essence of delight
Like sweet thoughts in my brain, like music in my soul.

Some seraph, in his nightly wanderings,
Dropped downward like a beam from yon dim star,
Has struck with gentle touch the quivering strings
That link my heart to other hearts afar.
I feel the trembling strain leap sweetly down
My spirit's depth—care cannot haunt me now;
Down the broad reach of time my soul has flown
To where joy's circle beams on life's refulgent brow.

SONG.

BY WILLIE WARE.

'Tis at the evening's quiet hour,
When all is hushed and still,
When softly falls with mystic power
The murmur of the rill.
'Tis when the moonbeams o'er the lea
Like fairy phantoms glide,
That I devote my thoughts to thee,
My gentle spirit-bride.
'Tis when I am alone—alone,
All free from worldly care,
When naught but thee—thou—only thee,
My thoughts and feelings share.

'Tis when the evening zephyr stirs
The leaflets by my side,
That I devote my thoughts to thee,
My gentle spirit-bride.
'Tis at the hour of midnight's hush,
When stars are in the sky,
And when no sound falls on mine ear,
Save zephyr's gentle sigh.
When not a light save mine is seen
Across the prairie wide,
I dedicate my muse to thee,
My gentle spirit-bride.

THE MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MRS. DENISON.

It was only half past eleven when Marie Western decided to return. Frank Walters protested—he was Marie's brother-in-law—a brilliant young officer. "It's all nonsense, Marie, you haven't danced three times, and here are dozens waiting for the privilege."

"I know it seems like a whim, Frank, but I must go. Indeed I should not have come at all, while Florry was in my charge."

"You needn't feel the least alarm on the child's account—that Annice is a splendid girl—you might leave the child with her a week. I often tell sis she's more like mistress than maid."

"I don't feel afraid of Annice at all, but I have an unaccountable impression that I ought to be at home; and, Frank, I shall go."

"Oh! by all means; you will have your way, I know; but I'm so sorry; you'll miss such a pleasant time."

"Duty, Frank," laughed Marie, throwing a cloud-like scarf over her curls, "that's a word you know that I must learn to respect," and a quick blush suffused her beautiful face. Frank's eyes glistened for a moment, and he looked as if he had forgotten everything but the lovely vision standing there in the radiance of her youth.

"Are you going to call the carriage?" she asked, quickly.

"Certainly; I should be the last one to ask you to lay aside any obligation of duty."

"Poor fellow," sighed Marie, "how light are all my sacrifices compared to his. He has offered his life upon the shrine of a hallowed duty, and it may be the offering will be required before"—she clasped her hands, her pallid lips refused to finish the sentence.

Marie entered the house after insisting that Frank should return. It seemed to her that there was a strange noise as the butler admitted her, and she could hear voices. "Are the servants up, John?" she asked, as the man straightened himself against the wall.

"Oh no, ma'am," he said, quickly, with a catch in his breath; "they're abed long ago, ma'am." Marie passed the man and hurried up stairs. The first place she sought was the nursery. It looked little enough like the neat

room she had left early in the evening. Articles of furniture were out of place, and a guttered candle was burning so near the rich lace hangings of the child's crib that if Marie had not returned as she did, the fire must soon have communicated to the bed. Marie drew the candle away, glancing round as she did so in speechless wonder. Where was Annice, and what was the cause of all this confusion? The sleeping child claimed her attention. Its clothes were disarranged, its face flushed to fever heat, its little cheeks were stained with tears, and occasional sobs moved the thin coverlet harshly over its little breast. "She must have been crying and sobbing a long time to look like this," murmured Marie, then she called Annice. There was no answer, but a sound as of smothered breathing issued from the furthest corner of the room, where, in an alcove, the bed of Annice stood. Going towards the bed Marie saw the form of the nursery-maid crouched in a heap and still dressed. The girl's face looked red and swollen, her breathing was heavy, and a disgusting odor of gin or some other liquor made the air impure. "Annice," called Marie, shaking her violently, but she could get no answer. Secure that she should be left alone till the small hours of the morning, she had taken that opportunity to indulge in a vice of which she was not suspected.

"Oh! if I had not come home!" cried Marie, terrified at the danger which had threatened; "hereafter I shall believe in the guardianship of good angels."

In the morning Annice had slept off all the ill effects of her guilty carouse, but she did not meet the eye of Marie without faltering. In the first place she found the child gone; in the second there was as yet no call for her services. It was not without misgiving that she sought the room of Marie. In answer to her knock a low voice bade her enter. The room was cool and shaded, and in complete order; in its midst stood baby Florence crowing, her arms full of dolls. Marie was sewing by one of the windows.

Annice entered, trembling in spite of herself. She was a tall, finely formed, and almost handsome girl. Her manners were usually gentle

even to timidity, which gave her a prepossessing appearance to strangers. Marie waited till the girl had advanced quite near, and then said, "Annice, I found your room in such disorder that I took Florence to mine. I came home earlier than I intended last night."

The girl flushed suddenly, then as suddenly grew pale. "I—I wasn't very well last night," she said, her eyes falling before Marie's steady gaze.

"I should think not," returned Marie, gravely. "Do you know if I had not come back as I did, the house might have burned down? What were you thinking of to leave a candle at the pillow of this child's crib—to get yourself in such a situation as you did? Do you think I would ever trust you again?"

"Indeed, Miss Marie," cried the girl, but Marie was excited and angry, and would not heed her.

"Don't try to extenuate your conduct; it was horrible; when I think of it I can hardly bear your presence. How dare you with the knowledge of such a failing take the charge of a child like that? And my sister trusts you so fully. Don't tell any lies about it."

"I will not tell you any lies," replied the girl, the tears falling fast over her pale cheeks. "The servants had some cake and wine, and they invited me down stairs. Then I drank more than I am used to—and I'm so sorry, miss."

"I am sorry too—sorry that you should forget yourself and cause me to lose my respect for you. I am sorry because I have a disagreeable task before me, for I shall feel obliged to state to my sister exactly what you have done, and how near we all came to ruin through your wickedness."

"Oh! Miss Marie, Miss Marie," cried the girl, checking her sobs and throwing her clasped hands forward, "don't inform against me."

"I wish you had thought of these things before," said Marie, moved by the girl's apparent anguish. "I cannot tell you how sick at heart the whole matter makes me—it's a miserable business altogether."

"Oh! Miss Marie, what shall I do, what shall I do if you tell Mrs. Walters? It will ruin me for no one will give me such wages as she does, and no one cares for me as she does. It was the first time; oh, forgive me—do forgive me. It shall never happen again. I've an old mother who has done everything for me, and

she depends upon my wages to keep her without hard work. Oh, Miss Marie, be merciful, I'll ask you on my bended knees," and suiting the action to the word she fell upon her knees, her attitude that of the deepest dejection, the most abject misery. Marie's heart failed her; but still the too wretched picture of the preceding night made her shudder as she thought of it. But might it not be, as she said, the first time? If she had been addicted to the wretched habit she would most certainly have betrayed herself before. Her judgment leaned to the side of mercy even though she trembled with apprehension. "Get up from your knees, Annice," she said, almost sternly, "and go to your room. To-night I will let you know my decision." Annice arose and walked submissively away.

Marie submitted the matter to Frank's judgment. "Upon my word, Marie, I think the girl never did such a thing before. I can hardly believe it of her. Annice has lived with your sister two years, and never was caught in such a weakness to my knowledge. I think the lesson has been sufficiently severe, and if I were you I would pardon her."

"But think, Frank, how near she came to destroying that dear child. I'll never leave her again while my sister is away."

"You'll not need to for me," said Frank, a shadow on his brow despite the smile with which he spoke.

"Why, Frank, you're not ordered off," cried Marie, breathless.

"Yes; I start to-morrow."

"Oh, Frank!"

It was all she said. The pretty golden head of Florence was between her face and his. A few playful words drew the little one to his knee, then Marie could not hide the grief that forced tears to her eyes.

"Marie, do you know that somehow it makes me quite happy to feel that you are sorry." There was no answer.

"Marie, are you so sorry, that you will marry me, if I come home alive?"

"If you come—oh! Frank," and now the tears would have their way. The young man slid round to the side of his beloved, still holding the little one who prattled incessantly, and in low, loving words soothed her till she was calm again. That night, under the influence of her softened feelings, she set the mind of Annice at rest. "I shall watch you very closely after this," she said, "and if I see the slightest de-

violation from the right I shall tell my sister all, I shall not spare you.

The girl was grateful even to tears and protestations; but Marie could not quite reconcile it to her conscience to keep silence even then.

A brief six months had passed, and Marie had nearly regained her lost confidence in Annice. The girl seemed so grateful, willing to do her utmost to banish the remembrance of that unlucky night, that Marie had even begun to grow fond of her. To her sister's commendations she seldom replied, save by a simple assent.

"I'd leave Florry with Annice as soon as I would with you," Mrs. Walters frequently said, "she's a treasure, and I'm constantly afraid that in some way I shall lose her."

"She appears to try to do her duty," said Marie.

"Yes, and she does it well. I never had a girl before that I was not afraid to leave Florry with. You don't seem to like her, Marie."

"Me—not seem to like her," repeated Marie, mechanically, the color rising in her cheeks; "what makes you think that?"

"Because I have noticed that you watched her in a suspicious kind of way, and you're not at your ease when she is round."

"You cannot expect me to be as enthusiastic over Annice as you are. You have known her for years, I only for a few months."

"Frank likes her," said Mrs. Walters. "By the way, Marie, I wonder you didn't set your cap for him. Frank's a splendid fellow—almost as clever as his brother. What is it, Harry?" she added, as her husband came in shouting, just in time to spare poor Marie's blushes.

"Frank's made a colonel, that's what's the matter," cried Mr. Walters, throwing up his newspaper in high glee. "Been a terrible battle—nearly all the officers in Frank's regiment killed—but he is promoted for gallant daring. Just like him—he'll come home a hero—I said he would."

Marie, with beating heart, got possession of the paper, and ran into her own room to read it by herself. For hours she sat there enjoying the victory, proud of her soldier—though rejoicing with trembling. For now the fighting throbbed along the lines from day to day—a terrible war pulse that nothing could reduce.

"Here's a letter from Frank," said her sister,

a few days after; and with a sly, teasing glance she handed it to Marie.

"You have heard that I was made a colonel," so ran the brief missive, "and I am very happy to say that it was Colonel, *not* Adjutant Walters, who lost his leg on the following day, and who, by the time you receive this, will have started by easy stages for home, to get nursed into convalescence by your own dear hands. This loss will detain me but a little while from the field; and I thank God my life is spared," etc., etc.

Marie hastened to impart the news to her sister.

"Frank wounded!" she exclaimed. "Poor fellow! his title is a poor compensation for the loss of his leg. Think what a privation! We must have his room ready—and Annice shall help you nurse him. She's capital in sickness. Poor girl! she's sick herself to-day."

"Annice sick!" exclaimed Marie.

"Why yes, she has scarcely left her bed since morning. I was afraid she was threatened with a high fever, but she would not let me send for a doctor."

"Where is she now?" asked Marie.

"In bed, and fast asleep," was the answer.

"I sent her some gruel and toast, and told her not to get up on any account. You look so strange, Marie, as if you doubted me."

"You know I never did that," Marie replied, and went straightway to the nurse-maid's room, her heart misgiving her. As her sister had said, she was asleep, and looking so pretty, pale and innocent, that Marie could not find it in reason to misjudge her.

From the cheerful tenor of Frank's letter, Marie had been led to believe that his brief illness had not much worn upon him; and when she saw him brought in—pale, emaciated, his brow contracted with pain—she felt faint, and the blinding tears rushed to her eyes.

"Never mind, darling," whispered Frank, when he saw her emotion, "many a woman is shedding bitter tears to-day over her dead, and I am spared."

"But you must have suffered so," she sobbed.

"I would have suffered more for the sake of returning home to be nursed by you—and I'm worth two dead men yet. A week or two of such care as I shall get here, and I'm ready for another campaign."

Frank was carried to his own room, and smilingly gazed out upon the fair river flowing

languidly between flower-beds in the distance, the fields so like those he had seen ensanguined, and sighed—"I shall get well here."

And now Marie found the services of Annice invaluable. The girl never tired of waiting upon the invalid. Her solicitude sometimes made Marie half jealous, for she seemed to interpret every need before it was expressed.

One afternoon, the weather was intensely sultry, Marie, in the act of entering the invalid's room, was startled and almost shocked by the scene that presented itself. The apartment was softly shaded—crimson curtains had been hung before the windows to keep out the too glaring sun. The delicate drapery about the bed was looped aside, and Frank's face, sharply outlined, colorless as marble, the heavy lashes sweeping the pallid cheeks, laid back upon the pillow like the sculptured shape of death. On her knees at his bedside was Annice, her features almost convulsed with some strong passion, her hands locked in a clasp rigid as stone, her lips pressed till their red had paled, her eyes fixed on the sleeper with a wildness and intensity that was dreadful to contemplate, for there was the shadow of an evil intent in their depths.

Marie, quite overcome by this exhibition of remorse or overpowering affection, stepped silently back, and, as she stood there, Annice broke forth in a low, sobbing wail—"Oh! if he were only dead! only dead!"

What could this mean? In vain the perplexing thought recurred. Was it possible that this girl, whose ambition had never carried her beyond menial duties, had allowed herself to love this man until the passion had so strengthened that she was no longer able to resist its impulses? If so, she pitied her sincerely, while she determined to watch her more closely than ever. That, perhaps, was the secret cause of her unhappy failing.

Meantime, little Florence was taken ill. The babe was the idol of the household, and its mother, terrified at the violence of its paroxysm, would not be alone a moment. Annice and Marie hovered between the two sick rooms until the danger seemed over, and Mrs. Walters was prevailed upon to retire to her room.

"Colonel Walters is feverish to-day," said Marie, when Annice and she were left alone together, "he needs my constant care. Be sure and watch little Florence, and call either her mother or myself if the least change occurs."

The girl promised, though an expression of

intense feeling crossed her face as she did so. She gazed for a long time after the retreating figure of Marie, then hurried to the opposite side of the room. Hours passed. Mrs. Walters was still in a profound slumber. Frank, weak but grateful, sank off to sleep, his hand in that of Marie. A strange silence brooded in the atmosphere. It grew oppressive, and Marie longed to hear some motion. Releasing the hand of her lover, she stole quietly to the hall between Frank's apartment and that in which the babe lay sleeping.

The first sight that met her eye was Annice stretched upon the floor beside the crib. Marie hurried to the child—it lay as still as death, its pretty features contracted, but so livid and ghastly that Marie's heart stood still for a moment. She dared not look closer. In vain she strove to detect a movement of the soft fabrics that covered the breast of the babe—in vain. There was no motion, no fluttering breath—all was terribly chill and silent. In the midst of her terror Marie resisted an impulse to scream. She touched the sleeping girl with her foot—shook her rudely. There was no response. Her flushed face and heavy breathing told the horrible story. At last Marie summoned the resolution to look closer at the child. Alas! it was dead. No little, faint, fluttering pulse-beat throbbed under her hand—cold and white and moveless it lay, the innocent victim of neglect as cruel as it was fatal.

"I have killed the child!" gasped Marie. "Oh! why did I not tell the truth about this wretched girl?"

Her groan of anguish reached the chamber of the wounded soldier. Weak though he was, unequal to the exertion, he sprang from his bed, wrapped his dressing-gown about him, and by great exertion succeeded in reaching the door just as Marie, the tears streaming down her cheeks, left the neglected babe.

"O! Frank," she cried, "you too! You are not fit to rise—you will set your wound bleeding, and then I shall lose all my peace of mind. My mistaken kindness has cost me dear."

"It was as much my fault as yours," he said, soothingly, when she had told him, seeing how comfortless she was; "it was wrong in us both—I see it now. What will the wretched girl do?"

Mrs. Walters was waked from her pleasant slumber to learn that she was childless. Words of mine cannot depict her anguish.

"If she had only died in my arms!—if I had only been called!" was the burden of her cries.

There was no mercy for Annice. The wretched girl was driven from the house she had desolated, and the story was noised abroad. Frank

recovered, and Marie became his wife before he returned to the army; but the shadow of that little death has clouded her life, and she shudders as she looks back at the time when her mistaken kindness darkened a loving household.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

BY AUGUST BELL.

"Galatea, a sea-nymph, was loved by the shepherd Acis, who would come to meet her on the sea shore. Polyphemus also loved her, but in vain, and in his jealous rage flung a heavy rock down upon Acis, crushing him in the presence of Galatea. And a beautiful fountain broke forth from the place where he fell, whose waters flow sighingly to this day."—MYTHOLOGY.

She rose on the foam of the sea,

And sprang to the wave-hewn shore—

Was there none to meet her eager feet

As the billows kept on in their musical beat

And the sun shone laughing o'er?

She stood on the shining sands—

Her hair fell over her face,

But her eyes burned through, as watchfires do,
Toward the distant hill and the flock she knew—

Could the hill see her in her place?

There is no one coming yet,

The dew is unshook from the grass,

The cobwebs lie sparkling up to the sky,

Not even a lamb has been browsing by,

And the wind and she sigh—"Alas!"

"Acis, come down from the hills!

Why linger your tireless feet?

I am waiting here, and the shore is drear,

What joy have I but your voice to hear?

Come, or call to me, my sweet!"

O, hapless Galatea,

Drawing her black fate down!

Smiling that smile of rapture, while

He crosses the field, leaps over the stile,

And treads the dew-drops down.

The sun laughed up in the sky,

The sea-shells sang on the shore,

The breezes danced, the white spray glanced,

Like foaming coursers the billows pranced—

Did they never see lovers before?

The shepherd clasps to his heart

His beautiful nymph of the sea;

He hath left his crook by the moss-fringed brook,

The sheep go roaming with no one to look—

But, Acis! how fares he?

He kissed the smiles on her face,

He toyed with her tresses of gold,

The ugly sight that he dreamed last night,

Had faded away from his memory quite,

And his love was a bliss untold.

The sea-gulls shrieked in the air,

A cloud swept over the sun,

The waves heaved back on their shuddering track,

While a woe came down like a demon black,

And the terrible deed was done!

The sun rolled out of the cloud,

And shone down fierce and red—

There is blood on the sands where the sea nymph
stands,

All white and mute, with her palsied hands

Still holding the hands of the dead!

Shrink away, Polypheme,

In your Cyclopean strength!

O, cruel might that could blast the light

Which made two happy faces bright,

Is your blood-thirst quenched at length?

Sleep sweet, O, stricken heart,

From off your broad, white brow

The black locks fall like a funeral pall,

But the smile you wore has not vanished all—

Smile on, then, mute lips now!

But woe for Galatea,

Who was not born to weep!

Did love's sweet kiss but bring her *this*?

Is it thus ends all mortal bliss?

Wake, Acis! from thy sleep!

She calleth him all in vain!

Her eyes are blind with tears—

A lamb at her feet, with mournful bleat,

Laments; but her heart throbs with sudden beat—

Is it Acis's voice she hears?

Where is dead Acis gone?

She searches far and near;

There is naught to be seen but a fountain's sheen,

Whose waters have washed the sand all clean,

And it murmurs sweet to hear.

What does the fountain say?

Galatea listens well,

And none but she knows the mystery,

Or can read the waves as they flow to the sea,

Or hear the love they tell.

And now at morn or at eventide,

At the fountain by the sea,

You may get a sight of glimmering white,

Or hear a sad song in the night,

Where the faithful parted be!

THE ARMFUL OF WOOD.

Founded on Fact.

BY FRANCES LEE.

The old homestead of the Marlborough family spread its capacious gambrel-roof and sunned its red, weatherstained sides on the top of a high hill; one of those knobs on the face of nature which, in the general upheaving on the third day of creation, had mayhap been jostled—a lump of rock and earth—from a passing iceberg; being thus like the ark on Ararat in a measure isolated from the comparatively level world below.

This may in part have accounted for the old-fashioned notions which Dame Marlborough, in the simplicity of her genial heart, still acted upon. Not only being thus somewhat lifted above the shallow selfishness of mankind in general, but also sufficiently off the beaten track of the travelling world to make a strange horse a wonder, and a passing procession of two unknown carriages a day's marvel. For the good soul was one of those simple country-folk who have never suspected it to be possible for guests to be anything but a delight, a something whereupon to expend the superfluous warmth of hospitality and overflow of home dainties. One who hailed the sight of a carriage or the sound of a knock at the door as a signal for a genuine display of homely, hearty kindness and bustling welcome, and could not see so much as a tin peddler without yearning to offer him, at the least, a mug of beer or a glass of milk.

The solitude of a secluded country-life certainly tended to the preserving of these kindly qualities, but doubtless Mother Marlborough would have been the same cheery, generous-hearted body in the thick of London; or even, if that were possible, in the very palace of St. James. For ceasing to be that she would cease to be Mother Marlborough.

"Yes, father! Thanksgiving doesn't come but once a year, and it is a pity if we can't have our children around us all together as often as that. I can't help but pity poor old neighbor Gramberley, only three boys and a girl to come home to thanksgiving and only one grandchild to her name. It must seem real lonesome and desolate-like to sit down at such a slim tableful," said Mother Marlborough, whose expan-

sive heart could not imagine maternal affection satisfied with lavishing itself on the contracted sphere of less than a dozen or so of children. "And there is Mrs. Baker, without chick or child in the world she can call her own. It must be a dreary life never to know what it is to expect one's own folks home now and then. I suppose, though, the poor things don't miss what they never had, but after all I am sure they must feel a dreadful *lack* somehow."

While the good dame thus philosophized, one by one chickens and turkeys were yielding up their lives and their feathers, unconscious offerings to the great natural law whereby "Life evermore is fed by death."

As the first step in the course of preparation, from the dark corners under the garret eaves to the potato bins in the cellar, every spot in the house underwent a most thorough cleaning. From every nook and hiding-place heaps upon heaps of old-time valuables came forth to take their semi-annual polishing and glimpse of daylight, then stowed away again to be appreciated by nothing but spiders and bright-eyed mice until time for spring whitewashing. Not a foot of space or an article of furniture escaped, and the air was fairly burdened with the wholesome fragrance of soapsuds and whitewash as everything was righted for the great festival.

Then came the cooking, and there was no end to the boiling and baking, the stewing and mixing that went on for a full week; but when you consider the size of the Marlborough family, children and grandchildren, you will not wonder.

Finally, all in good time, the night before the great day came. Already the stage-coaches were doubly freighted with happy people who, good-naturedly for once, endured crowding and squeezing, and the highways were lively with travellers. For almost every house had its absent ones coming to the annual gathering, as well as the red, gambrel-roofed house on the hill, which Mother Marlborough filled with a happy flutter and bustle of expectation.

The wind, which is not ill enough to blow nobody some good, had, in leaving some one friendless on this day of all the days in the

year, blown in the path of Mother Marlborough a great blessing in the shape of Rachel Greenwood, a treasure, a mint of gold, a right hand in short. What she would have done without her is too dreadful to consider, and there is no need of considering it, for there she was, red cheeked, hardy and untiring. There she was, and, what was more and better, there she was likely to be, for only a Thanksgiving before Charles Marlborough—youngest and best beloved of the long line of Mother Marlborough's boys and girls, the son who was expected to succeed on the paternal acres—had taken unto himself, as his lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold till death should them part, this same red rose which I am praising. In token whereof behold, not only the plain gold ring on the fourth finger of her dexterous left hand, but as well, the two-months' baby, plump and wholesome, passing the busy hours of Thanksgiving morning in peaceable slumber as any well-behaved baby should; lying in the red wooden cradle, which had been the resting place successively of every member of the Marlborough family. There it had amiably lain during all the hours of previous preparations as Mother Marlborough and daughter-in-law Rachel, among other feats, stuffed a whole flock of turkeys, and made a couple of chicken pies large enough to contain four-and-twenty blackbirds four-and-twenty times over.

A few of the family, say something like a dozen, came on the day before Thanksgiving, but they were no more regarded than a few flies more or less in dog days. Not but that they met a hearty welcome, and put the whole household in a state of delightful bustle. Not but that the dining-table had an extra leaf or two, and the pile of plates and cups were proportionally increased, but these trifles were all attended to without any apparent exertion, and there was no visible diminution in the heaped-up supplies of the pantry and store-room.

Fortunately, for the accommodation of so many guests, the heads of the Marlborough family, sires and sons, had almost ever since the time of the Mayflower, allowed their surplus energy and love of novelty to express itself in throwing out here a bed-room or two, with expansive closets and roomy cupboards attached, and there a new "keeping-room," and a commodious wash-room; besides a whole wing of convenient apartments extending in the rear of the original mansion, which expanded its red, old-fashioned front under the shadow

of the sycamore and ancient elm trees, planted by the first of the Marlboroughs. So, although the architectural effect of the whole pile was somewhat as though somebody having knocked off at auction a miscellaneous lot of box-traps, squirrel cages and hen-coops, had thrown them into an overgrown heap on the ground together, the result made almost literally "no end of room to stow folks away," as Deucy Meekins said. Being town charge Deucy Meekins was not particularly desired anywhere on Thanksgiving day, and so had come in to help.

While thus the house had been growing, room by room, turkeys, and geese, and ducks, and hens had been dying and leaving their feathers, and the thrifty, notable dames who one after another had rejoiced in the name and station of Mistress Marlborough, had been spinning and weaving, piecing up and quilting till there was also "no end" to the bed quilts, blankets and feather beds which the numberless clothes-chests and closets were ready to yield up at the shortest notice; in quantity, so it seemed, sufficient to quarter a regiment.

Thanksgiving morning, chilly and bleak as it should be, to make comforts within show the brighter in contrast with the unkindly weather without, brought the wandering ones all home—those who had not already come. From every possible point of the compass, wherever there was a settlement and a road leading from it, Marlboroughs and descendants of the Marlboroughs came jolting and jarring over the rough, frosty ground. People along the road looking from their windows that day need hardly wonder any more *who* was passing, but *which*.

And under the hospitable gambrel-roof everything and everybody was stir and aglow. Sparkling fires crackled and flamed up the wide chimneys all over the house, from the parlor, with its freshly scoured floor, its pictures of King George and the Landing of the Pilgrims upon its walls, and its bouquets of globe-amaranth and life everlasting upon the mantel above the brass fire-set which shone like Solomon's Temple in the blazing firelight, down to the kitchen, whose freshly whitewashed walls were decorated with links of sausages, rings of pumpkin, and rows of hams, and haunches of dried beef; whose fireplace was widest, and whence all manner of savory odors came.

Over the broad, brick hearth before this roaring fire hung, by a stout cord, from the beam overhead, a mighty spare-rib, flanked by

turkeys, roasting and sizzling with all the relish in the world, evidently considering individually that the highest honor to which meat could arrive was thus and then attained. The roasts were kept in motion slowly turning before the fire by first one and then another of the third generation of Marlboroughs, who were beguiled by the novelty of the task into transient forgetfulness of any constitutional antipathy they might have for the tedium of work in the abstract.

Mingling with the crackling of the fires and the sputtering of the meat chimed in the beating of Mother Marlborough's spoon, which was employed in stirring a substantial, old-fashioned pudding, thick with raisins, delicious with cream and eggs, and large enough for the King of Brobdignag; while louder than that came the harsh grating of the heavy fire-shovel, as Rachel Marlborough drew out several bushels of glowing coals from the brick oven, whose huge mouth yawned to take in these Thanksgiving dainties. Loudest, and above all, sounded the music of the children's voices; and, no whit behind them in chatter and merriment, the voices of the papas and mammas. There were family matters enough to be disposed of without doubt. Several new babies to be admired and wondered over, the astonishing precocity of the older children, the history of their various little sicknesses and the most efficacious remedies used, new dresses to compare and the coming winter's styles to discuss, besides a thousand subjects of vital importance to every member of the Marlborough family, but not of the slightest interest to either you or me.

In the midst of this glee and merry-making, who could dream of the doom prowling without, relentless and pitiless as the inexorable hand which appeared upon the wall at the feast of the Chaldean king, throwing bitterness into his cup of gold, bringing mourning for the oil of joy, and the spirit of heaviness for the garment of praise.

Smile, mother, in the warmth and glow of your cheerful heart, for it will be long before the cheerful heart will be so light again! Look up fondly, wife, at the manliness and strength which is yours to-day, for your home will soon be left unto you desolate! Wail, little blue-eyed baby, in your cradle, for the footsteps are even now approaching which seek to bereave you!

"Charles, I don't think this oven is quite hot enough; supposing you bring in an armful of

that light pine to flash up quick and make a little more heat," said Rachel Marlborough, briskly.

Ah, Rachel, if you had but known, you would have sooner spoiled even the crowning glory of the dinner—you would have gone through all manner of deadly peril and pain of body to have spared what was then at your very door. But so it was not to be; therefore go out bravely, young man, to meet your coming fate.

Charles took his hat from its peg, and went through the shed to the woodpile beyond, where he had that morning been splitting some sticks of dry pine.

In the shadow of the barn, still farther on, lurking for a victim, were crouched three men in guise of drovers, but who had, indeed, quite another calling—dealers of men instead of cattle. For the time of my story is back in the far-away time, "when good King George was king," and when America, being virtually a part of England, was subjected with it to occasional and peremptory calls for men to fill the ranks of the British navy. Not only were able-bodied seamen seized from shipboard and compelled to serve, but in many instances even landmen living near the coast were not safe from the ruthless clutch of adventurous press-gangs, who crept up from the seaboard to impress whomsoever they could into the naval service of George the king; men, as I imagine, who, living in our own day, and in the Confederacy, would be the guerillas of the Southern Rebellion.

So you know why Rachel Marlborough waited long and vainly for her oven wood. Why the little boys, and then the women and men, who went out to look for him, found no trace of the missing man. "Ill was finished what well begun," and it was a mournful feast-day after all at the red gambrel-roofed house on the hill.

Such seizures were common enough to make the suddenly bereaved family readily suspect the cause of Charles's disappearance, and this suspicion was corroborated by learning that several other men were missing in the vicinity. In time, assurance was made doubly sure by a letter from Charles himself, informing them of his inevitable fate—an aggravating fate, which had added insult to injury by plucking its victim not only from the heart of his home and family, but taken him, of all days, on this public feast-day of New England, intensifying the contrast of his past and present life by that uneaten Thanksgiving dinner.

The heavy years passed on; five times Thanksgiving day had dawned and faded upon the gambrel-roof, and found each time at the long, crowded table of Mother Marlborough one empty plate and vacant chair. The sixth came around in the fulness of time, and again every corner of the old Marlborough mansion, and of hundreds of other homes as well, was putting on a festal and holiday look, while every chimney-top was puffing out a welcome eloquently suggestive of hospitality, of warmth and of plenty.

Rachel Marlborough, ruddy and sturdy as seven years before, accustomed to her long-continued loneliness, though nowise reconciled to it, was again standing with the heavy fire-shovel clearing, as before, the large-mouthed oven of its fiery contents. Mother Marlborough was stirring a pudding as of yore; again the roasts sizzled and sputtered in happy contentment over the broad hearth, while the voices of the children and their elders filled the house with lively cheer. It was the same picture, and at first one might hardly note a change; but the flight of years was marked and made evident by the pink-cheeked little damsel who had climbed from the old red cradle to be a tall young miss of seven, and who was turning and basting the spitted meat with all the expertness of Rachel the senior. While the acceptable duties of the day thus go on, each mayhap thinks of the absent one, who has been, and will may be, in scenes of danger and hardship, and of the day, whose anniversary this is, when he vanished from among them.

But if they think of these things, so does he. Whether the British colonies in America had yet set their seal upon the declaration that the inalienable right of every man is life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and, having become of themselves a nation acknowledged, had claimed this man among others as an American born citizen, or if he had in any other way found a discharge, the tradition which I am repeating does not say: but certain it is that somehow Charles Marlborough, in his own person, is at that very moment coming up the homestead hill and passing the piled-up wood in the very spot where he had been lured out to his destiny. He paused as he came to the pile, picked up an armful, and thus entered the kitchen from which he had gone unconsciously out on his so long journey. "Here is your wood," said he, throwing it down as though not seven moments had passed between.

Rachel looked sharply at him. "Well, you have kept me waiting for it long enough," she replied, as coolly as he. Then, I imagine, came some hysterical laughing, and crying, and talking, while the seven-years-old girl looked wondering on. So

"Out of the shadow into the sun,
Well was ended what ill begun."

The empty plate and vacant chair were filled at last, and the thankfulness and joy, repressed for these weary years, had final, full fruition. Thus Charles Marlborough's Thanksgiving dinner, like old wine, was better for the waiting.

TESTED.

BY CELIA.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Three friends have I—I know their worth—
Their virtues you shall know;
Men call them good as all on earth,
But *you* shall prove them so.

One lives within his very *Self*,
One lives in all the *World*,
One lives in thought and deed in *Heaven*,
Each has his flag unfurled.

Self loves me for the joy I bring,
Or frowns whene'er I weep;
And yet, his labors for our good
Are grand, and even deep.

World loves me for the fame I earn,
And counts *his* labors much;
His smiles are tempered by the gale,
But there's power in his touch.

Heaven loves me for my very *Self*,
And sees my good and ill,
He brings me by his faithful prayer
To meet the Ruling Will.

And yet, I know *Self's* earnestness,
And *World's* broad-hearted views,
With *Heaven's* aspiring love may tune
The harps that angels use.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

BY AUNT ALICE.

"Nonsense!" says one. "I have no faith in them," says another. And yet this article will be read by every one whose eyes take in those two words—"Signs and Tokens." For, deny it as we will, there is a lurking superstition in the strongest minds, and we have our pet signs, and believe in them, too, unwilling as we may be to own it.

I was visiting one day in the country, when my left ear began to itch and burn. I remarked laughingly, that some one must be speaking ill of me. My hostess, who was busy setting the table for dinner, looked surprised at my remark, and asked me with rather a curl on her lip, if I "believed in such signs?" "It is an old saying," I replied, and she said very earnestly—"Oh, pshaw! I have no faith in signs, except the sign of the dish-cloth."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"Why, if I drop the dish-cloth in the morning, when I am washing up the breakfast things, I am sure to have a stranger to dinner, and I just prepare for them, for *that* is a sign that never fails."

"There it is, you see; she did not believe in signs—not she; but this one pet sign "never failed." And she added, with a smile—"I let my dish-cloth fall this morning, and you will have a better dinner in consequence, for I *knew* some one would be here."

Who does not dislike to spill salt?—an old sign of a quarrel in the family, unless a small portion of the spilled salt is burned—that is a counter-charm, 'tis said; and I have seen a grave man rather slyly take up a pinch of the salt he has accidentally overturned, and walk out to another room, where there was a fire, that he might burn it, and so avoid the quarrel. There are so many superstitions about the moon, that nearly every one has their own sign. Very few persons like to see the new moon for the first time through glass, and I must own that I have often let down a curtain, to prevent my seeing it through the window, or walked out to the fence of a cold winter's night to prevent my catching a sight of the young moon through the tree-tops. It is thought lucky to see it over the right shoulder, or right in front. Young girls have a great

many manœuvres to go through. One is to look the new moon full in the face, repeating—

"New moon, true moon,
Tell unto me
Who my true love is to be,
The clothes he's to wear,
The color of his hair,
And when he's to be married
Unto me."

Then they must pick up a blade of grass or a pebble from under their left foot, place it under their pillow that night, and their dreams will decide their fate.

I was told when a child that if I cut my finger nails before eating on Monday morning I would always receive a present before the week ended. What faith I had in it! And as I was the youngest child and a pet, it was not often a week passed without bringing me some present. But as I grew older, a waggish brother-in-law told me that if while cutting my nails I chanced to think of a *white calf's tail*, it would spoil the charm, and no present would come. Alas! what a blow was that, for I could not keep the thought away, and the pretty presents became few and far between as I became older, and to this day I never cut my finger-nails without thinking of that horrid white calf's tail.

Who has not heard that it is a bad sign to break a looking-glass? I have known ladies mourn more over the dreaded evil to come than for the loss of the finest mirror in their house. I have laughed at their fears, and told them their ill-luck had already come in the breaking of the glass; but I had a little experience in that line myself, and now I too dread a broken mirror. I was sitting in my parlor one Sunday morning, waiting for the other members of my family to get ready for church. I sat quietly reading in front of a large mirror, when without any warning or any sound it dropped from its hook and fell at my feet shivered to atoms! We found upon examination that the string had been moth-eaten, or cut off by some insect, and regretted much that we had not attended to it before it was too late. I felt so badly about the loss of my favorite looking-glass, that I thought not of the "bad sign." But in less than a month from that time, and on a Sunday

morning at near the same hour, the greatest affliction of my whole life befell me, and of course it was laid by many to the broken mirror, and I must own I do not laugh so lightly as I once did at the old superstition.

If the right eye itches, it is a sign you will cry; if the left, you will laugh. And why? Because R stands for roar, and L for laugh.

If the right hand itches, you will receive money; if the left, you will spend money, for the same reason—R for receive, L for let go. If the right foot itches, you are going where you will be welcome; if the left, you will not be wanted, &c., &c. If your nose itches, you may as well "stick up," for you will be sure to meet some one unexpectedly, (that is, if you do not get ready for them) as the old rhyme says:—

"If the nose itches
The mouth's in danger;
You'll shake hands with a fool,
Or kiss a stranger."

Never present a friend with a knife, scissors or needles; they are too sharp, and will cut love. If the youngest child of the family sits with its back to the fire, it will bring on a storm; so turn it about quickly, that the storm may be short. Fairies are not believed in, in this country; still, it has been asked by an old rhymers—

"That God who made
Yon sky so blue,
Could He not make
A fairy too?"

Of course He could, who will deny it?

If you are starting out on a pleasure excursion and meet a funeral procession, you may as well turn back, for you will have no enjoyment that day.

It is considered bad luck for a bride to wear anything but white garments to be married in, white being emblematic of innocence. This is all owing to custom, and I rather admire the old poet, who wrote—

"They say that white
Is a Heavenly hue;
It may be so,
But the sky is blue."

"If you sing before breakfast
You'll cry before night,"

is an old saying, and many a lively child will refrain from giving voice to the song bubbling up in their throats when they awake in the morning, for fear of the dreaded whipping or mishap that will cause them to cry before the

day is done. Happy the child who has never heard of these "signs."

Another is, they must not whirl an empty chair, (a habit many children have) as it will surely cause them a whipping.

"To rock an empty cradle will give the baby colic," and I have known many an anxious mother warn the older children not to jog the cradle after baby was taken up, as the poor infant had suffered enough in that way.

If you are going out to make a visit, or to do shopping, or to make a trade of any kind, and you close the door after you and then find you have forgotten something, do not turn back or open that door on any account, or it will bring you bad luck. Let some one hand you the missing article through the window, or bring it out of another door.

If you are moving from one house to another, never take the cat with you, or she will surely bring bad luck to your new home; whereas she will add luck to the old house, and those who are to move into it.

Never let your dish-water quite come to a boil, as every bubble brings bad luck to the family. Save all the old shoes to throw after the carriage when any of the family start on a journey.

Do not look after a friend who is leaving you until he is entirely out of sight, or you may never see him or her again; but turn your eyes away while he is still in sight, to give him a chance of returning.

It is a very bad sign if a sick person takes a fancy to be moved from one room to another; they are sure to die if allowed to do so.

The "death-watch" ticking in the wall or bedstead, is a very solemn warning of death, and dreaded by many; and yet the insect so called has a great fancy for old walls and old bedsteads.

Who has not felt a certain involuntary quivering of the eyelids? That is said to be caused by some person stepping upon the spot where you are to be buried.

As to gardening, some vegetables must be planted when the moon is old, some when it is new, just according to whether the root or the top is to yield well; as for instance—potatoes are to grow downwards, and must be planted in the old of the moon; peas and cucumbers in the new moon. I was much amused once at hearing an old woman remark when told at what time in the moon to plant her

beets—“I always plant in the ground, not in the moon.” And she had very good success, too.

I have only written down a few of the popu-

lar signs and tokens, old sayings and superstitions, and will leave it to some of your other correspondents to give more, for many pages could be filled with them.

ANNIE.

BY F. T.

Sweet little flower, so suddenly faded,
Why should we mourn thee, though missing thy bloom?

Star of our love, though thy sweet beam is shaded,
Still, still thou gleamest above the thick gloom;
Far o'er the storm-clouds faith still sees thee shining,
Brighter, more fair in the ether of Heaven;
Oh, then, why should we for thee, love, be pining,
Saved from the sad earth and freed from its leaven.

What though thy passing was troubled by anguish?
Now thou art guarded from every pain;
Why for thy loss here on earth should we languish,
Knowing so well where to meet thee again?
No; we will strew thy young grave with sweet flowers,

Think of thee only as some tender dream;
Picture to fancy thy calm, happy hours,
Where 'mid Heaven's landscapes the “still waters” gleam.

Oh, to be borne where the angels are dwelling,
Where the sweet spirit of Love rules supreme,
And the soft tones of his music are welling,
Soft as the ripples that laugh in the stream.
Oh, to be freed from the memories of sorrow,
Saved from lost earth e'er its magic enthralled,
Where darkness deepens with every morrow;
Blest, oh, most blest, are the earliest called.

Fairer thy home now than sweet isles of ocean,
Brighter than sunlight that gilds the glad wave,

Happier than young love's first trancing emotion,
Purer than friendship's true tear on the grave.
What lovely visions in Heaven now greet thee,
Like happy dreams in thy love-home on high?
What gentle glances of pure love now meet thee,
Lovelier, more tender than stars in the sky.

Ah, who could ask from that glad home to take thee—
Wish for thee back on the bleak earth again?
Who from thy slumber would cruelly wake thee—
Bring thee once more to these regions of pain?
Ah! we would rather come *thither* to meet thee,
Patiently waiting our course to be o'er;
So we at last in yon dear land may greet thee,
In a sweet union which severs no more.

So we will lay thee in peace on thy pillow;
Under the flowers shall be thy fair grave,
Tost nevermore on life's desolate billow,
Safe from the storm, and secure from the wave.
Close then thy sweet eyes in death's peaceful sleeping,
As flowers fold them at even to rest,
When the long shadows of twilight come creeping,
Light lie the earth on thy innocent breast.

“NOT BEAUTIFUL.”

BY MRS. JAMES ———.

Not Beautiful! Nay, e'en in sunny childhood,
When heart and face should have been free from care,

The hard words fell within the tangled wildwood
Of childish fancies, and were buried there.

Not Beautiful! The mother heard it spoken,
Grieved that her love's unerring eye could trace
The calm of life's unclouded sky was broken
In lines unwonted on that childish face.

And day by day she strove with accents kindly,
The blessed cheering lesson to impart;

Though human eyes may scan thy features blindly,
God judges beauty only by the heart.

And human love will come to thee most surely,
If thou a meek and quiet spirit wear,
'Twill bind true hearts to thee far more securely
Than brilliant eyes or form and features fair.

Years in their flowing onward
The mother's teaching proved;
The woman is not beautiful,
Yet she is truly loved.

WORK-TABLE.



Canesou Senora. Combining Jacket and vest. Made of white mull, with inserting, puffs and ruffles of the same.



No. 1.

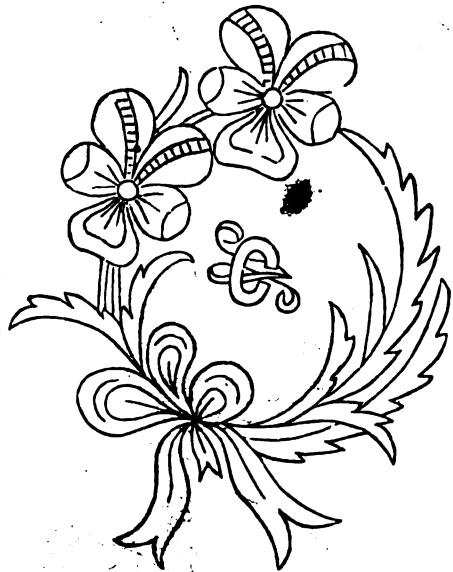


No. 2.

No. 1.—An Evening Cap, made of guipure, and trimmed with a rosette of black lace in the centre of the forehead, and with a spray of roses at the right side of the face.

No. 2.—An Afternoon Cap, made of white tulle, and ornamented with a tuft of velvet pansies in the centre of the front, and with a large bow of black lace insertion, edged with green satin, at the top of the crown. The strings to correspond.

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Wreath of pansies for handkerchief corner.



A CAP FOR MORNING WEAR.—This cap is made in the form of Italian lappets; the made of muslin and embroidered insertion, muslin is cut into strips, which are run at each

side and drawn full, and these alternate with strips of embroidery; a strip of embroidery and Valenciennes edging are sewn round the edge of the lappets. The Cap is trimmed with mauve ribbon.

A Square Pelerine composed of black guipure insertion and white muslin, and ornamented with either pink or blue taffetas ruches; the Pelerine is edged with black guipure.

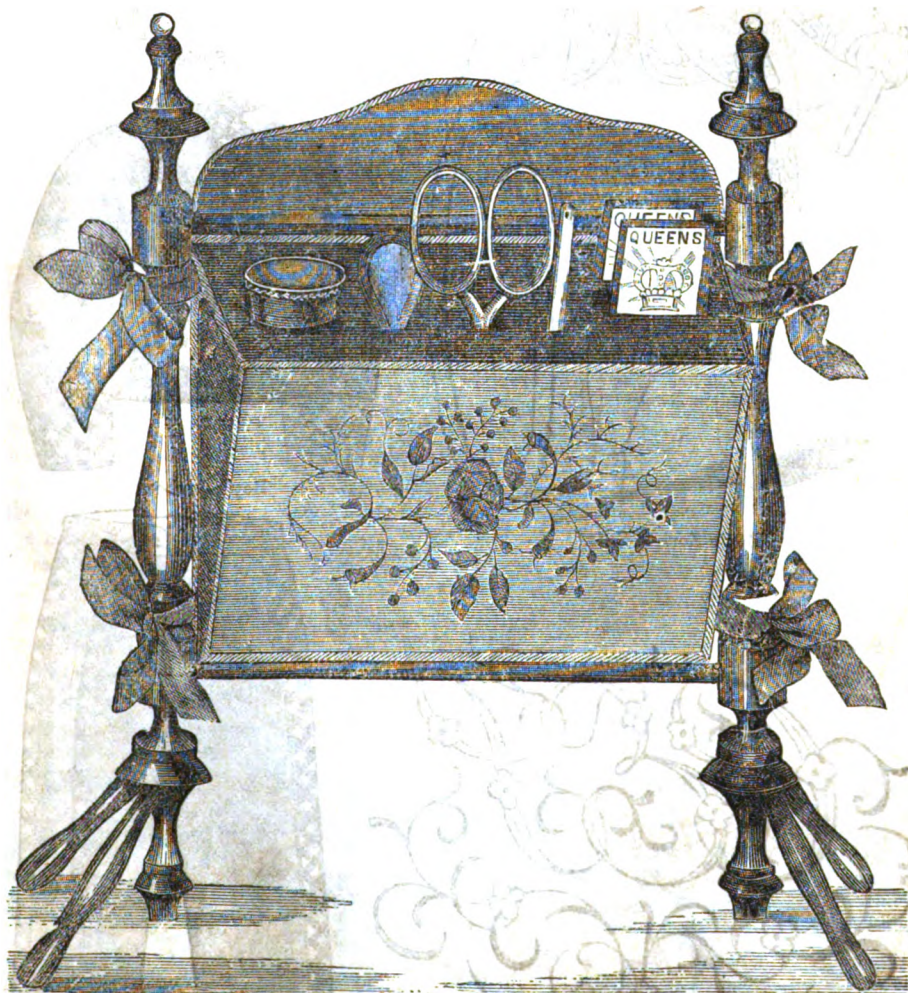
A BARQUINE TUNIC FOR SUMMER WEAR.—This is made of muslin, and ornamented upon

the seams with puffings of the same, embroidery and Valenciennes edging.

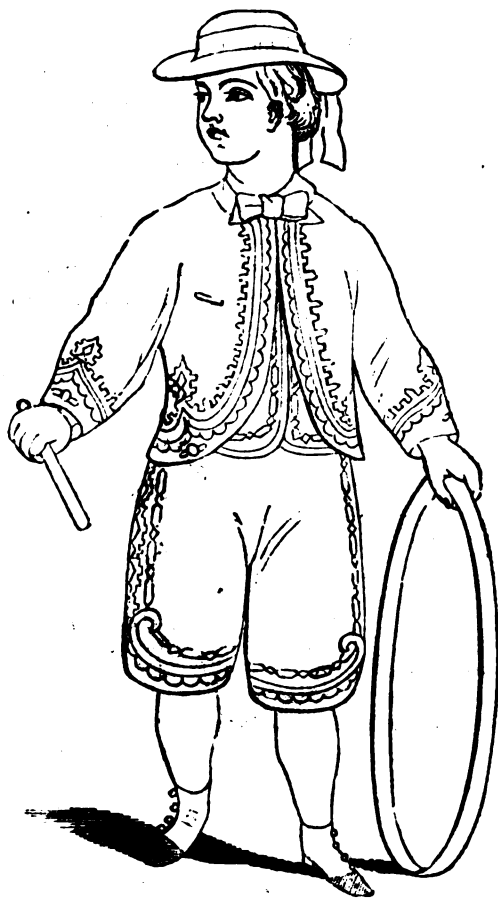
A SLEEVE FOR EVENING WEAR.—This sleeve is made of net, and trimmed round the wrist, and as far as the elbow, with the new Brussels lace; this lace is headed with a ruche of net.

Collar to match.

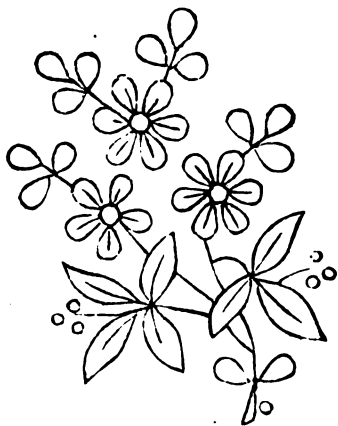
An Evening Undersleeve made of white net; it is trimmed with two deep puffings of net and edged at the wrist with a flouncing of Honiton lace. The puffings are separated with black velvet bows.



NEEDLE-BOOK STAND.—A very pretty and convenient summer arrangement for ladies who like to take their work out on piazzas or to garden seats.



Boy's Zouave Suit.



Sprig.



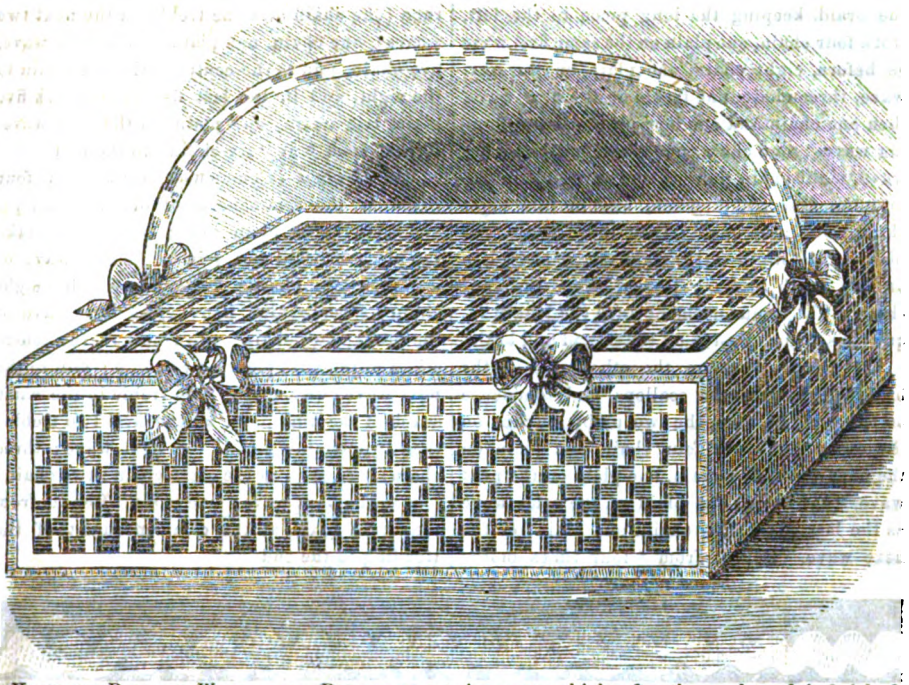
Boy's Jacket.



C. E. S.—Name for Marking.

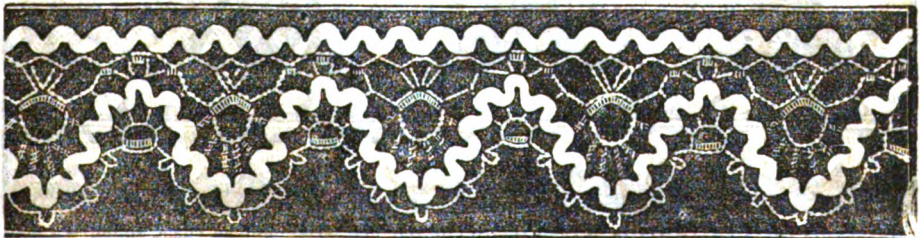


Pantaloons to Match.



KNITTING-BOX IN WOOL AND PERFORATED CARD.—This pretty and useful adjunct of the work-table is composed of coarse perforated cardboard, graduated shades of German wool, from dark brown to very bright light scarlet, and some white O. P. beads. Cut out four pieces of the cardboard ten inches long, and three inches wide; these are for the bottom, the two sides, and the lid, and must be all the same size; two other pieces, which form the ends, are two squares three inches each way. A very regular and even margin must be left round each piece about half an inch wide. Commence with the dark brown wool, and work a row of squares the whole length of the box, leaving an alternate square uncovered the same

size, upon which, after the wool-work is finished, the white O. P. bead is to be placed. Continue to work these squares of wool in as many shades as will fill up the cardboard; after which, on every alternate square, sew on with a needle and strong white silk the O. P. bead. After all the six pieces of cardboard are worked in this manner, bind them all round neatly with a narrow ribbon the same color as the light red wool, and sew them closely together. The handle is formed of a strip of cardboard worked in the same manner, and fastened on at each end with a bow of red ribbon. The lid is then sewn on the whole length of the back, and tied in the front with a bow of ribbon to match the handle, and this very pretty box is completed.



WAVED BRAID BORDER.—*For Antimacassars.*—
Crochet Cotton No. 12, and Needle No. 2.
For Petticoats, Drawers, &c.—Waved Braid
No. 2, Cotton No. 18, Needle No. 3½.

For Fire Trimmings (the size of engraving).—
Waved Braid No. 1, Cotton No. 30, Needle
No. 4.

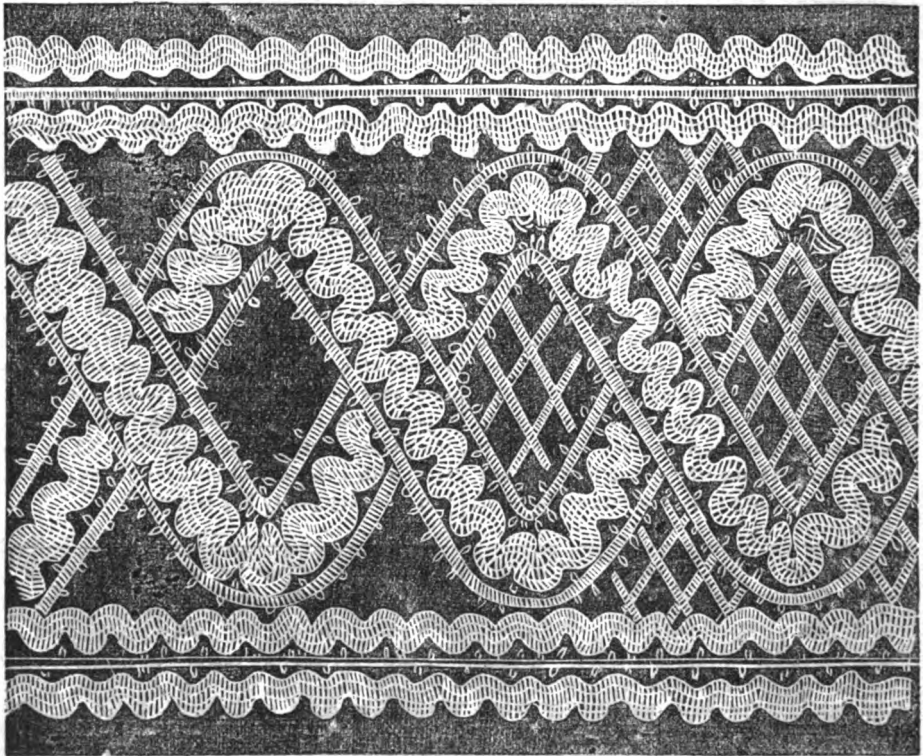
The Scallops.—Commence on the first wave of

the braid, keeping the long piece to the left, work four chain, one plain on the same first wave as before, eight chain, one plain on the next wave, three chain, one treble on the next wave, then one chain and one long on the four following waves; one chain, one treble on the eighth wave, eight chain, join to the three chain before the first treble stitch, and in this eight chain work nine plain; then three chain, one plain on the ninth wave, eight chain, one plain on the tenth wave. Repeat from the four chain at the commencement until the length required is made. Fasten off the thread and braid.

The Edge.—Work on the other side of the braid which forms the scallops, and commence on the wave between the two plain stitches on the other side, work four chain, one plain on the next wave, five chain, one plain on the next wave, * six chain, one plain on the same wave as the last plain, five chain, one plain on the next wave. Repeat from * four times more;

then (one chain and one treble on the next two waves), one chain, one plain on the next wave, five chain, join to the centre of the five chain to the right, and in the last five chain work five plain, two chain, one plain on the next wave. Repeat from * at “six chain” to the end.

The Heading.—Commence in the first four chain at the commencement of the scallops, and work three plain in it; one chain; take the piece of braid and join to the first wave of it; then two chain; two plain in the eight chain; three chain; join to the next wave of the braid; two chain; two treble in the centre stitch of the nine plain; two chain; join to the next wave; two chain; two treble in the same stitch of the nine plain as the first two treble; then two chain; join to the next wave; three chain; two plain in the eight chain; two chain; join to the next wave; one chain. Repeat from the three plain at the commencement of the Heading to the end.



INSERTION FOR A PETTICOAT IN WAVED BRAID AND MIGNARDISE.—*Materials.*—Waved Crochet Braid, No. 5, and Mignardise or Cordon Braid. Cotton, No. 24. The quantities of each of the materials required must depend upon the width

of the petticoat; but as some guide, we may say it will take to complete one yard of the pattern about six yards and a half of waved braid, and seven yards of mignardise.

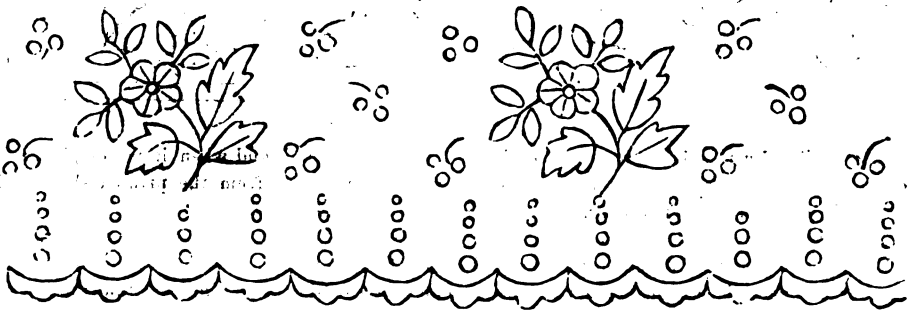
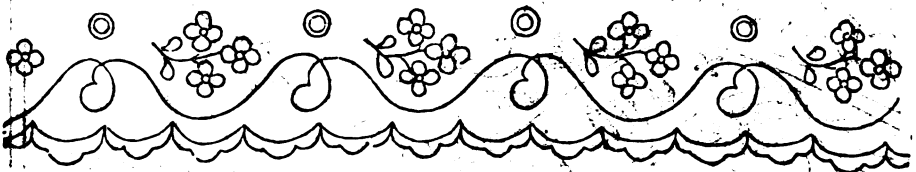
Measure the width of the petticoat, and cut a

piece of the waved braid to the length of it, leaving a piece at each end for joining. Take the mignardise and sew the third point of it to the second wave of the braid; miss one point of the mignardise and sew the next to the next wave of braid; repeat this to the end. Then sew another piece of the waved braid to the other side of the mignardise; make another strip the same length.

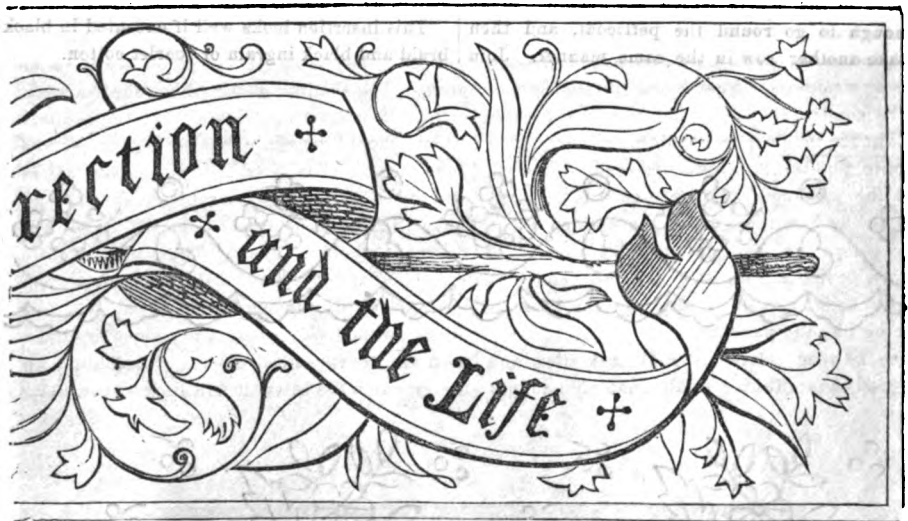
For the Vandykes.—Take a piece of the waved braid; join the eleventh and twelfth waves together, and fasten off neatly, *, count ten waves from the joining, and sew the tenth and eleventh together, thus leaving nine waves clear of the joining; repeat from * until you have the length required; sew the mignardise on each side of the vandykes, leaving one point between each wave of braid. At the top of each point sew three points of mignardise to the one wave of braid, and on the opposite side to this sew only one point to the waves which are joined. Make enough to go round the petticoat, and then make another row in the same manner. Join

these to the straight strip thus:—Sew one end of the vandyke strip to the first two waves of one of the straight strips; miss nine waves of the braid; sew the next point of the vandyke to the tenth wave of the braid; repeat to the end. Now take the other straight strip; count six waves, and sew the point of the vandyke to the seventh wave; miss nine waves; sew the next vandyke to the tenth wave; repeat to the end. Take the other vandyked row; sew the end to the first two waves of the lower strip; pass over the first side of the other vandyke; sew the point to the centre wave, between the vandykes and the upper strip. Now take the other end of this row, and pass it under and over each alternate line of the vandykes already sewn; then sew each point to the centre waves on each strip; sew it firmly together where the lines cross each other. Fill in the diamonds and half diamonds with bars of button-hole stitch, as indicated in the pattern.

This insertion looks well if executed in black braid and black ingrain or scarlet cotton.



Edging.



ILLUMINATED BOOK-MARKER.

The design for this book-marker has been cut in half to suit our page, but it will be easy to join it in the process of tracing.

DIRECTIONS FOR COLORING.

The best material upon which to draw the book-marker will be a piece of smooth card-board, to be readily obtained at any good artist's color shop. This card-board must be fixed down with pins to a drawing-board, to keep it steady while being worked upon. A sheet of tracing paper is next to be laid over the printed design, and gummed at the corners. Then the outlines (which will be clearly seen through the tracing-paper,) must be gone over carefully with a

black lead pencil, and when it is completed it must be removed from the printed sheet and placed on the card-board.

A sheet of red or black transfer-paper, will now have to be laid between the tracing-paper and the card-board, taking care that the red or black side is *downwards*, and the tracing-paper being again fixed down here and there with a little gum to the card-board. The *second* tracing will have to be made by going over the pencil outline on the tracing-paper with a blunted steel point or "tracer," using sufficient pressure to cause a mark to be left on the card-board underneath. Before entirely removing

the tracing and transfer-papers, it will be as well to raise one side only, and see that no part has been omitted. Should any parts have been overlooked, the papers must be dropped into their places again, and the omissions made good. Where this is carefully done there will be a clear, though faint, outline of the subject on the card-board ready for inking.

This must be done with a fine steel pen. A small quantity of Indian ink must be rubbed in a saucer, and the pen filled by means of a small brush, care being taken not to overcharge it, for fear of blotting the work. When the whole of the transfer outline has been gone over with the pen, and the ink is quite dry, it should be cleaned with bread or Indian rubber. The next thing to be done, is the gilding.

By far the easiest kind of gilding is that done with shell gold. This has simply to be taken out of the shells with a fine brush dipped in clean water, and laid on like paint. A sufficient quantity of gold must be applied to appear *thick* and *solid*, leaving no evidence of streakiness or weakness. Next comes the coloring.

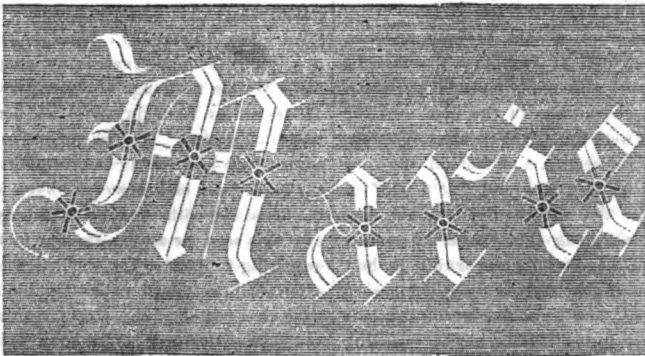
The colors sold in powder are *incomparably* the *best* for the purposes of illumination; but it is quite possible to produce a creditable work with the ordinary *cake colors*, and it is unnecessary to say how these are to be applied. The cake colors will come in usefully where thin washes or delicate finishing tints are required; but for solid masses of bright color there is nothing like the powder.

The powder colors are sold in bottles, and are used thus: Take a small quantity and put

it on an earthen slab or palette, mixing it round with a brush dipped in perfectly clean (boiled or distilled) water till it is something of the same thickness as cream. Use red sable brushes, and apply the color quickly to the work, using a considerable quantity, so that it may remain wet for some time. When dry, a beautiful bloom, like that on a peach, will rise to the surface, and this is one great advantage which can only be obtained by using the powder colors. Two or three brushes of different sizes should be used, according to the quality of work to be done. These, with half a dozen little saucers, an earthen slab or palette, and a small steel or ivory palette-knife, are sufficient for most purposes.

THE COLORS.

The *lilies*, *white* shaded with *gray*. The *leaves*, the long-pointed ones to be *green*, the smaller ones in the scroll work to be alternately *gold* and *red*. All the leaves and the lilies should be nicely shaded up after the flat coloring is put on. The *stems* of the scroll work to be *green*. The shading of the ribbon for the text, *violet*. The lettering *black*, except the capitals which should be *red*. Inside line, round the edge of the ribbon, *gold*. The requisite colors will be as follows:—Emerald Green, Crimson Lake, Scarlet Vermilion, Cobalt Blue, Burnt Sienna, Cadmium Yellow. These will be quite sufficient, and by judiciously combining them any variety of tints can be produced. *Chinese White* can be freely used, either alone or mixed with the above named colors. In shading up the grays on the lilies, it will be indispensable.



Name for Marking.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

SUMMER TRAVEL.

Every year seems to increase the number of travellers, and all the fashionable sea-side and watering places become so thronged as to lose the virtue for which they are sought; the feverish intensity of city life follows in the wake of the crowd, and those who are seeking not change only but recreation, that expressive word, are each year finding "fresh fields and pastures new" in which to spend their precious weeks of rest. One party will discover a little island on the coast, in the whole range of which shall be none but themselves and the simple folks who serve them; another, a lone farm-house among the hills; it is remembered with satisfaction that even the old settled States have yet their primitive wildernesses, untouched by civilization—places in which to forget that you are the same person who took the daily train to and from your place of business with such unvarying faithfulness that it came to feel like the round of a treadmill. It is a wise expenditure of time and money. Go to the White Mountains, to the backwoods of Maine, where towers Ktaadn, to the sea shore, to the wonderfully lovely Adirondach Hills, to the wilds of the Alleghanies—anywhere wholly and entirely out of the common track, where you may win from the strength of Nature a new lease of life. A few weeks of total change are marvellously salutary. The very discomforts that inconvenience you, and they will be legion, are the wholesome bitter in your draught of health; the order of home, which had palled upon your thankless weariness, will again be sweet and grateful, the restored balance of mind and body giving fresh interest to the old duties, whether in the family or in the world.

THE COSTUME OF THE DAY.

Among the pleasures of that brilliant success, the Great Central Fair of June last, the tasteful toilettes of the ladies were really no small part. Of course the great charm was in the fact that the ladies themselves were the city's choicest representations of youth, and beauty, and fashion, the very elite of society, holding a grand "at home" in Logan Square for the reception of the soldiers' friends; but as enhancing this charm of refined personality one could not help remarking in how many respects the present style of dress is pleasing to an artistic eye. The arrangement of the hair particularly seems to us ideally perfect—waving softly away from the forehead, leaving clear the tender, blue-veined temple, which a poet friend of ours likes best to see, and no longer has to lament as formerly that the sweetest part should be hidden

of that serene throne of womanly thought—the fair and tranquil brow. Then the luxuriant mass of flowing tresses, the ornament, if any, subordinate to the gleaming richness of the hair itself—in all ages esteemed the crowning glory of the sex. The style we have in our mind and which we see most frequently is that illustrated in the portrait of the Empress of France in our July number, harmonising with regal state, yet easy, natural and graceful as a painter's dream.

Another style that we have often admired is shown in the fashion plate of the same number, the figure in the scarlet bournous, with a net and a knot of ribbon. This ribbon, often with long floating ends, always of the wearer's proper color—blue, or pink, or crimson, had a very pretty, airy effect upon the fitting forms that one could see were at home among the bonneted crowds at the Fair. It is true that an infinite variety of ornamentation for the hair is suggested by leaders of the mode, and a superabundance occasionally seen, but simplicity will always be the dictate of refinement, and certainly an elegant simplicity prevailed on this memorable occasion, when the best and loveliest among us appeared for a time in the gracious attitude of public servants. Our memory of the Floral Department especially is brightened by a vision of fair women circling about its magic ring of fountains and tropic flowers.

Mr. Ruskin, the great art-critic, has said that the female dress of the present day is as near perfection as possible. This we see by a late English paper, and of course we enjoy finding our opinion fortified by such good authority. The hooped skirt has passed through manifold improvements, the very last result of which, the "Gemma," or jewelled jupon, weighs but fourteen ounces. What a luxury for a sultry August day! Thus perfected, crinoline, if a slight inconvenience, is an unspeakable comfort. Within the range of our experience no article of dress has been invented so beneficial to the health of women. And we confess to an admiration of its effect—continuing the soft flowing lines of the neck and bust in a graceful sweep which gratifies the artist eye with the line of beauty. The train, as it was seen for a time, trailing in the gutter and gathering to itself every unclean possibility on the sidewalk, was indeed an insufferable thing. But we have changed all that. Every requirement of convenience or neatness is now answered by the simple expedient of looping up the long skirt; its often rich and costly trimming thus safe from defilement, and the majestic sweep of its ample folds reserved, as it should be, for the drawing-room carpet.

Lastly, the most conspicuous and important article of a woman's dress, the covering for the head, is so convenient and becoming that nothing is left to wish for in those respects. Hats are everywhere worn by young ladies, and of shapes so tasteful and elegant as to give the last airy finish to a perfect toilette. Look back at the fashion of the last twenty years—the hat only tolerated for little children, the bonnet passing through a variety of cumbrous, uncomfortable forms, disfiguring the head and often burying the face as in a funnel, and then turn to the charming little hat of the present day, and acknowledge that in this particular the ultimatum has been attained. Exactly adapted to its purpose, so simple as never to hide or deform, so tasteful as always to enhance and harmonize with what is most graceful and spirituelle in the wearer, its beautifying effect is often positively bewildering.

New Publications.

Universal Progress. By Herbert Spencer.

From this able work we extract what all who have given a thought to the subject will pronounce to be capital remarks upon Fashionable Parties, and the Conditions of Social Enjoyment.

"Consider what a blighting effect those multitudinous preparations and ceremonies have upon the pleasures they profess to subserve. Who, on calling to mind the occasions of his highest social enjoyments, does not find them to have been wholly informal, perhaps impromptu? How delightful a picnic of friends, who forgot all observances save those dictated by good nature! How pleasant the little unpretended gatherings of book-societies, and the like; or those purely accidental meetings of a few people well known to each other! Then, indeed, we may see that 'a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' Cheeks flush, and eyes sparkle. The witty grow brilliant, and even the dull are excited into saying good things. There is an overflow of topics; and the right thought, and the right words to put it in, spring up unsought. Grave alternates with gay: now serious converse, and now jokes, anecdotes, and playful railery. Everyone's best nature is shown; everyone's best feelings are in pleasurable activity; and, for the time, life seems well worth having.

"Go now and dress for some half-past eight dinner, or some ten o'clock 'at home'; and present yourself in spotless attire, with every hair arranged to perfection. How great the difference! The enjoyment seems in the inverse ratio of the preparation. These figures, got up with such finish and precision, appear but half alive. They have frozen each other by their primness; and your faculties feel the numbing effect of the atmosphere the moment you enter it. All those thoughts, so nimble and so apt awhile since, have disappeared—have suddenly acquired a preternatural power of eluding you. If you venture a remark to your neighbor, there comes a trite rejoinder, and there it ends. No subject you can hit upon outlives half a dozen sentences. Nothing that is said excites any real

interest in you; and you feel that all you say is listened to with apathy. By some strange magic, things that usually give pleasure seem to have lost all charm.

"You have a taste for art. Weary of frivolous talk, you turn to the table, and find that the book of engravings and the portfolio of photographs are as flat as the conversation. You are fond of music. Yet the singing, good as it is, you hear with utter indifference; and say 'Thank you' with a sense of being a profound hypocrite. Wholly at ease though you could be, for your own part, you find that your sympathies will not let you. You see young gentlemen feeling whether their ties are properly adjusted, looking vacantly round, and considering what they shall do next. You see ladies sitting disconsolately, waiting for some one to speak to them, and wishing they had the wherewith to occupy their fingers. You see the hostess standing about the doorway, keeping a factitious smile on her face, and racking her brain to find the requisite nothings with which to greet her guests as they enter. You see numberless traits of weariness and embarrassment; and, if you have any fellow feeling, those cannot fail to produce a feeling of discomfort. The disorder is catching; and do what you will you cannot resist the general infection. You struggle against it; you make spasmodic efforts to be lively; but none of your sallies or your good stories do more than raise a simper or a forced laugh: intellect and feeling are alike asphyxiated. And when, at length, yielding to your disgust, you rush away, how great is the relief when you get into the fresh air, and see the stars! How you 'Thank God, that's over!' and half resolve to avoid all such boredom for the future!

"What, now, is the secret of this perpetual mis-carriage and disappointment? Does not the fault lie with all these needless adjuncts—these elaborate dressings, these set forms, these expensive preparations, these many devices and arrangements that imply trouble and raise expectation? Who that has lived thirty years in the world has not discovered that pleasure is coy; and must not be too directly pursued, but must be caught unawares? An air from a street-piano, heard while at work, will often gratify more than the choicest music played at a concert by the most accomplished musicians. A single good picture seen in a dealer's window, may give keener enjoyment than a whole exhibition gone through with catalogue and pencil. By the time we have got ready our elaborate apparatus by which to secure happiness, the happiness is gone. It is too subtle to be contained in these receivers, garnished with compliments, and fenced round with etiquette. The more we multiply and complicate appliances, the more certain are we to drive it away.

The Maine Woods. By Henry D. Thoreau. Author of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," "Walden," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For Sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

When we opened this book it was just after hearing that a party of friends, bound for summer travel, had decided upon the woods of Maine; the gentleman being enjoined by his physician to go where the very thought of business could not pursue him. A new interest was thus thrown around an already attractive subject.

In describing an excursion to Katahdin, whose name is an Indian word, signifying highest land,

Thoreau remarks the beauty of the road. "The various evergreens, many of which are rare with us—delicate and beautiful specimens of the larch, arbor-vitæ, ball-spruce, and fir-balsam, from a few inches to many feet in height—lined its sides, in many places like a long front yard, springing up from the smooth grass-plots which uninterruptedly border it." The passage reminds us of our delight in the fine evergreens on first ascending Katskill. That beautiful mountain road, like a carefully-planted and well-kept pleasure-ground, with its ravishing outlooks at intervals upon the valley below, took us by surprise with its look of smooth, cultured, garden beauty, where we had expected a rough and difficult path.

These excursions were made in August, yet he says: "The primitive wood is always and everywhere damp and mossy, so that I travelled constantly with the impression that I was in a swamp. The best shod, for the most part travel with wet feet. If the ground was so wet and spongy at this the driest part of a dry season, what must it be in the spring?"

On one occasion he is regaled with a drink which we should think exactly suited to this peculiar traveller's taste. "Instead of water we got here a draught of beer, which, it was allowed, would be better; clear and thin, but strong and stringent as the cedar-sap. It was as if we sucked at the very teats of Nature's pine-clad bosom in these parts—the topmost, most fantastic, and spiciest sprays of the primitive wood, and whatever invigorating and stringent gum or essence it afforded steeped and dissolved in it—a lumberer's drink, which would acclimate and naturalize a man at once—which would make him see green, and, if he slept, dream that he heard the wind sigh among the pines."

Only a naturalist born would feel thus in the woods. "Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature, though it be mid-winter, is ever in her spring, where the moss-grown and decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent Nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds and trickling rills?

"Die and be buried who will,
I mean to live here still;
My nature grows ever more young,
The primitive pines among."

And again, upon killing a moose—"Pray, could not one spend some weeks or years in the solitude of this vast wilderness with other employments than these—employments perfectly sweet and innocent and ennobling? For one that comes with a pencil to sketch or ring, a thousand come with an axe or rifle. What a coarse and imperfect use Indians and hunters make of Nature! No wonder that their race is so soon exterminated. I already,

and for weeks afterwards, felt my nature the coarser for this part of my woodland experience, and was reminded that our life should be lived as tenderly and daintily as one would pluck a flower.

"Strange that so few ever come to the woods to see how the pine lives and grows and spires, lifting its evergreen arms to the light—to see its perfect success; but most are content to behold it in the shape of many broad boards brought to market, and deem that its true success!"

Stumbling Blocks. By Gail Hamilton, Author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," "Gala Days," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

This writer pleases us. Her books are among the number that we are glad to see laid upon our table. Whatever else we find or miss in them, we are sure of intellectual recreation, refreshment of spirit. She is an ardent, single-hearted seeker after truth, an earnest, active thinker, a frank, decided, fearless speaker. Her hearty love of right, and as hearty scorn of wrong, give you the feeling of contact with a live soul steadfastly bent upon progress. If her sprightly speech at times outruns the truth, and sober second thought acknowledges the indiscretion, we are pretty sure, at the next opportunity, of a vigorous counterblast that sets her straight with her own conscience and with her friends—both ebullitions highly entertaining.

The present is a volume of serious essays upon subjects that make the best or the worst of reading according to the spirit and understanding brought to bear upon them. We like them particularly. Matters of grave interest to every earnest soul are treated with a freshness that independent thinking gives to the most familiar subject. We can scarcely refrain from quoting a passage in "Church Sitings," describing with the vividness of strong feeling what the church is and what it should be, but take instead the following from "Prayer-Meetings," called forth by the incessant admonitions to prepare for death:—

"We make a mistake. We do not appreciate life. We do not rise to the height of its dignity. We exalt death and degrade life, when we should exalt life and degrade death. Death is a penalty, —the mark of our shame, the seal of our sorrow,—the deep dishonor of our race,—the yoke under which we must all bend our captive heads. In death itself, there can be nothing noble, for death is involuntary and inevitable. Death passes upon all, for that all have sinned. Death is repulsive. It works woe to strength and beauty. It changes the likeness of God into dust and desolation.

"But life is glorious. Life is the time to serve the Lord. Life is fruitful of great deeds. Life carves the soul into Divine symmetry, if we will but grasp it nobly. Life is the battle-ground; the hosts of sin are marshalled on the one side, the hosts of holiness on the other; man can choose on which side he will serve, and there is no greater victory than the victory over sin. From the be-

ginning to the end of life, the stalwart arm can always find a sturdy foe; and every blow struck is a blow for suffering humanity, and for the Christ that died to redeem it; and every blow struck is sure to be successful.

"What is death to this? Death is only an incident; life is the essence. Death is passive; life is active. Death is shrinking; life is aggressive. Death is but for a moment; life is forever. Death is the blot of time; life is the radiance of eternity.

"When we talk about preparation for death, then, what do we mean? Is there any way of preparing for death except living rightly? Since death is not a thing to be done, but to be endured; not heaven, but the passage into heaven; not the judgment, but an antecedent of the judgment; not even a putting off, but a falling off,—while all the good and all the glory are to be got from life,—shall we not bend all our forces to living? Since it is not a poetic fancy, but an eternal truth, that

'There is no death,—what seems so is transition,'

from corruptible to incorruption, from mortal to immortality,—shall we not cry out with the tranced poet and the rapt Christian:

'O Life. O Beyond,
Thou art strange, thou art sweet!'

"Blessed be God for giving us the boon of a life so flooded with glory that its light stretches across the very valley of the shadow of death, to where the shining ones stand on the other side to receive the eager soul,—for the boon of a life so heroic that it ennobleth even death, throwing its mantle over that ghastly Terror, and so wrapping it in the folds of love, and faith, and courage, and constancy, and all the grand, sweet virtues of martyrdom, that men rush to its embrace as a friend, and Death, disarmed of his sting, and conquered by Almighty power,

'Kisses them into slumbers like a bride.'"

Linnet's Trial. A Tale. By S. M. Author of "Twice Lost." Loring, Publisher, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A good, unexceptionable, moral story, but rather low and prosy.

Miscellaneous Receipts.

Cooking Eggs.—Contradictory as the term may be, a boiled egg should never boil. An egg to be eatable should be coddled. This is easily done by placing the egg into a small saucepan of boiling water and leaving it covered, removed from the fire, for the space of five or six minutes. At the expiration of that time both yolk and white will become the consistency of cream. The same process may be performed at the breakfast-table by covering the egg in a previously warmed basin three parts full of boiling water. In about seven minutes the egg will be perfectly set.

But although custom limits the use of eggs to few purposes beyond cooking in the shell, the making of custards and family puddings, there are other uses for which they may be quite as profit-

ably employed. As a thickening for gravies and soups eggs are invaluable; especially where it is desired to concentrate nourishing food. This mode of thickening is highly appreciated by the French. Many of their *rechauffés* owe their excellence to this practice alone. Why should not our homely dishes of hashed beef or mutton be enriched by similar means? A greater delusion is not practised on an indiscriminating appetite than in partaking of what is supposed to be a nourishing meal in the form of an ill-prepared hash. The strength of the meat has generally been extracted by the previous process of cooking, reserve of the gravy that flows from the joint being seldom made for the second dressing. By adding the yolks of two or three eggs to the requisite quantity of thickening, some compensation for the original loss is made, and the meal is, in reality, what it pretends to be. It is scarcely necessary to add that the gravy must not be suffered to boil after adding the eggs.

It is, however, in the making of omelettes that the employment of eggs as economical, nutritious, and agreeable food, is least understood by us. From year's-end to year's-end eggs and bacon, more or less greasy and burnt in the frying, contribute to the makeshift dinner, whilst, with a little care and ingenuity, a never-ending variety may be given to the same ingredients. Whether as an addition to ordinary fare when surprised by unexpected visitors, or as an agreeable standing dish, the omelette is ready to supply any deficiency either in the savory or sweet departments. Remnants of cold fish or meat, that would be quite unrepresentable in their reduced proportions, thus make an elegant re-appearance. In the absence of meat, fruit preserve, or even a few simple herbs may be employed.

On making omelettes the prevalent error to guard against is sudden heat. The chief aim is to have the substance thick and pulpy, which cannot be accomplished if the whites of the eggs are too quickly set. The omelette should be gradually heated through—coddled in fact, without being burnt. The brown pancake-like appearance which many persons admire, is given by means of the salamander after the omelette is folded upon the dish on which it is to be sent to table. Another precaution to be observed is scrupulous cleanliness. Every utensil employed should be perfectly free from grease. Cooks that rely on the assistance of the kitchen-maid for the cleansing of most vessels, wash with their own hands the omelette-pan, and the basin in which the eggs are whisked. The reason for this carefulness is that grease prevents the frothing of eggs—an indispensable condition to their lightness. The omelette-pan should be very small—one eight inches in size is most generally employed. It should not be used for any other purpose. Very little butter is required for this frying of omelettes, and it

must only be suffered to melt before the mixture is added. The fire should be "slow and clear," rather than "fierce."

A PLAIN OMELETTE.—Break six eggs into a basin, rejecting the whites of two; beat them till they are light. Strain them through a sieve, and season them with pepper and salt or sugar, according as a savory or sweet omelette may be desired. Melt in the pan a piece of butter about the size of a small walnut; be careful that it does not get hot. Whisk the eggs to the latest moment, and pour the mixture into the pan; stir the omelette gently with a spoon till it begins to thicken, then slip a little more butter beneath it. Shake the pan until the centre of the omelette begins to set; fold it in half, place a dish on the top of the pan, and turn the omelette out. Send it immediately to table.

The above recipe differs from those generally given in cookery books, inasmuch as particular care is taken to prevent the outside from setting before the centre of the omelette is warmed through. I am inclined to think that the most important direction consists in slipping the little piece of butter under the mixture just as the eggs begin to set. In less than another minute the whites of the eggs would have become leathery, and prevented the heat from penetrating to the centre, at least till the outside was burnt to blackness. It is upon these minute practical details that success or failure attends the most commonplace cookery.

BREAD OMELETTE.—Break six eggs, season them with pepper and salt, or sweeten with sugar if preferred; add a good tablespoonful of finely grated bread crumbs made of stale bread. Beat the whole well together, and fry in the same manner as described for the plain omelette. This omelette requires a little more attention in the dressing than those which are made without bread, being more likely to burn and break. It is an excellent accompaniment to preserved apricot or any other description of rich jam.

OMELETTE SOUFFLÉE.—Break six eggs, and separate the whites from the yolks. Add to the latter some sifted sugar, flavored with lemon-peel. Beat the yolks and sugar, then whisk the whites. Pour the yolks and whites together, continuing the whisking until the eggs froth. Melt a little butter in the omelette pan, and place it over a slow fire. When the butter is melted (but not hot) pour in the mixture and gently shake the pan until the top of the mixture falls to the bottom. When the butter is dried up, fold the omelette on a buttered dish, sift a little sugar on the top, and brown with a salamander.

The above soufflé may be varied in endless ways by adding different flavorings, or preserved fruit, at the time of beating the yolks of the eggs.

These recipes show that no other form of food admits of so great a variety as the employment of eggs in omelettes. In the country, especially where

new-laid eggs are plentiful, the knack of omelette-making will be found an invaluable acquirement, and the fear of spoiling a few half-dozen of eggs should not deter the novice from practising her hand—a successful result being certain to defray the original trifling loss.

The following is another method of cooking eggs which dispenses with the difficulty of frying. It is a most convenient, easy mode of making a *rechauffé*, and is particularly suited to invalids and little children who are not of an age to masticate their food. By the adoption of this plan, all the nutritive qualities of the eggs are preserved, together with the lightness of the omelette, without the richness which is inseparable from ever so small a quantity of fried butter.

The requisite number of eggs is beaten, seasoned, and passed through a sieve, to which a small quantity of good gravy is added. The mixture must be placed in an enamelled stew-pan, and set over a slow fire till the eggs thicken. The stew-pan is then removed, and a small piece of fresh butter is added to the mixture, which, when melted, is ready to receive the addition of any finely-minced fowl, meat, fish, asparagus, peas, or cauliflower, that may be desired. The latter ingredients must be stirred in until warm through, but not suffered to boil.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Robe and casaque of salmon-colored foulard, the skirt trimmed at the bottom with ruches of blue silk, put on bias. The casaque is ornamented with similar ruches, and with a large bow at one side. Hat of Italian straw, with a straw border; ribbon blue, forming a tuft in front; small black plume and aigrette of wheat-ears, and two pheasants' wings on one side; the hat is bordered with black guipure, fringed with jet.

FIG. 2.—Robe of white muslin, figured with a small mauve flower. Ceinture of mauve-colored moire, edged with white, buttoning upon the shoulders; black guipure forming the jockey. Coiffure, mauve flowers and black lace.

FIG. 3.—Skirt of lemon-colored summer silk, bordered with a narrow volant of black taffetas, above which is a trimming of black taffetas, composed of two pinked ruches set on *en encadrement*. Corsage of black silk, with a point above and below, edged with a pinked ruche. Similar ruches of black taffetas at neck and wrist; shoulder trimming attached to the middle point of the corsage. Chemisette of pleated muslin; sleeves trimmed with lace. Coiffure catalane of black lace, with a tuft of yellow flowers in front.

FIG. 4.—Silk dress of turtle-dove gray, with a

bias trimming of bright lilac taffetas bordering the skirt, and passing in two divisions up the front, growing smaller towards the waist. This trimming is embroidered in silk, with yellow, red and green, and edged with a fluting, likewise embroidered; corsage and sleeves similarly ornamented. Bonnet of white crape, spotted with white jet. White aigrette and tuft of black feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A lady of good taste always takes care to have every article of her toilet to match. More than one color is allowed now in dress, but unless in the case of trimmings in the cashmere or plaid kinds, it is best to confine one's choice to two colors only for one toilet. Thus the dress and mantle may be of one color, and the trimmings and petticoat of another. Colored petticoats are richly trimmed with braiding, embroidery, and patterns in appliqué; they are preferred even in summer to white ones except with dresses of a transparent texture, such as muslin, barège, or grenadine. The boots and gloves should be of the color of the dress, unless this be white, in which case it is well to match them to the trimmings. The ornaments of the hat or bonnet should also supplement the style of the dress.

All dresses of light materials are made shorter than those we had been accustomed to see during the winter and early spring; the reason for this is obvious. To crease a muslin dress is to rob it of its freshness, and with its freshness its beauty has departed; therefore, as it would be soon torn to ribbons if left to trail a quarter of a yard upon the ground at a crowded *fête* or promenade, the more sensible plan is to wear it a reasonable length.

The muslins are more than ordinarily beautiful this summer; the patterns are so graceful and varied that they have all the effect of hand-painting, and trimmings are simulated upon them with rare fidelity. We have seen ruches and pleatings printed almost to defy detection, and black lace so well portrayed as to provoke an argument as to its reality. This simulation of ornamentation, produced by printing, has been a happy thought; we have now the effect without the expenditure. The patterns upon the muslin are so arranged as to conform with the present style of trimming; thus we have a broad line of color round the skirt with a narrower line at each breadth, with garlands of delicate flowers twining around the upward line, and running at the top of the broad line which borders the skirt. Sometimes this line forms broad festoons of color, which are edged with black lace; others have plaid stripes, edged with lace also. This latter style appears to be very popular; sashes are also printed on the skirt, so that a muslin dress is now manufactured in such an economical way that it requires absolutely no extraneous trimming, and still, when it is made up, it has all the effect of a full and even elaborately trimmed dress.

Buff is again much in vogue for piqué and cambric morning dresses; it is a fast color, and no one fears to wash it, therefore its useful qualities are taken into consideration when it does not prove so becoming as green or blue, both of which are treacherous, and take to flight when in the hands of unskilled laundresses.

White dresses are ever the most *distingué* style for ladies in full summer. They are made in a variety of materials. First, the white piqué, trimmed with a pattern in buff-colored nankeen appliqué over it, and edged with white braid, and the paletôt to match; white alpaca, with rows of black dentelle-de-laine insertion; a shawl or burnous of the same sort of lace looks remarkably well over a dress of this description. The white muslin dresses are made with low pleated bodies, in the Grecian fashion, with a chemisette inside to conform to our present customs. With these dresses the ceinture Empire is worn; it is folded very wide, so as to cover nearly one-half of the bodice, and tied in a very large bow at the back; a long steel buckle is sometimes added in front, either in the centre or on one side.

The white muslins are trimmed this year in the same style as was adopted in Paris last season, viz., with colored muslin, and the colors for which a marked preference is shown are blue and green. The plan of trimming is thus—a quilling or box-pleating of blue muslin round the edge of the skirt, above this a row of black lace insertion, then another quilling. The bodice is trimmed with a blue quilling laid on to simulate a rounded-off jacket in front, and at the back there is a deep basque, which is likewise trimmed with a blue quilling headed with black insertion—at the side either a black lace or a blue ribbon sash. This blue trimming may be washed with the dress; the black lace must be removed.

Narrow bands of Indian cashmere are now manufactured, and are sewn round paletôts and skirts, and upon the front breadths of dresses cut in the Gabrielle form. These and silk Algerian embroideries are the richest trimmings which can be used upon light dresses.

Without ornamenting the dress, it is possible to wear a circular cape bordered with Indian embroidery, and for jackets for home wear, these cashmere bands are charming; upon white or sky-blue cashmere especially they have an excellent effect. The Indian banda are edged with a fringe composed of the same colors which are used in the embroidery.

The cambric and piqué washing dresses are trimmed with cotton braids and small Tom Thumb fringes, which latter consist of a heading, from which small bell-buttons depend. The novelties in washing-braids which have been introduced this season are legion; the introduction of color with

white, and the admixture of cord with flat braid in the composition of a design, comprise the principal points of novelty. The Mignardise braid is much used for ornamenting washing-dresses, and large quantities are imported from Germany already formed into designs, and consequently requiring only to be sewn on to the dress.

The light kind of silk called foulard has never been in greater favor than this summer. Many ladies prefer having only the skirt of the dress made, without a body, and a ceinture or low bodice with epaulettes made to wear over a white *chemise Russe*.

The prettiest paletôts we have seen were made of Irish poplin of a light shade, such as dove-gray, stone, light fawn, &c. These are made to partially fit the figure, and are unornamented, save with a fancy stitch round the hem, produced by a sewing-machine. They are fastened down the front with a row of mother-of-pearl buttons about the size of a florin; similar buttons being sewn at each side of the pockets, and likewise on the turned-up cuff at the sleeve. These poplin paletôts are extremely suitable for thin dresses, and are not so heavy-looking as black silk; being light and of a silky texture, they are especially suitable for young ladies.

Lace sashes are much in favor for dressy toilettes. They are very wide, and are worn both with silk and muslin dresses; with the latter they are sometimes lined with taffetas.

Certain dressmakers display much ingenuity in arranging, or rather twisting, a lace sash or scarf round the bodice, and then leaving it to fall with long ends at the back. The scarf has then all the effect of having been thrown carelessly across the shoulders, crossed in front, and tied at the side, where it appears to fasten a bouquet of flowers. Black lace sashes are more effective than white ones; but still, white sashes are considered very distinguished. Young girls do not wear lace, but gauze, tulle, and crêpe sashes, embroidered either with colored silk or straw, or worked with pearls. A white tulle sash, worked with pearls and fringed with bugles, worn over a sky-blue tarlatan dress, is a pretty addition to an evening toilette.

The canes carried by ladies in Paris, and to some extent in this country, are only sported with a looped up skirt; they are generally white—the most costly made of ivory, with a small handle bent as a beak, from which depend long silk tassels, matching the toilette in color.

Bonnets for country wear assume rather a poetical aspect, when the long gauze scarf, fastened with a mother-of-pearl shell, is added to them. Blue, green, and white appeared to be preferred to other colors. One end of the scarf is drawn across the face as a veil. The white veils are the most showy and dressy, but blue and green possess the advantage of shading and protecting the eyes from the

glare of the sun. Feathers are not worn with this style, bouquets of wild flowers being used in preference.

Bonnets are often made without curtains and even without crowns; a deep fall of lace replaces the crown, and ends of ribbon fall on to the neck. It is rather a cap, or kind of half handkerchief with a straw front, tied under the chin.

Bonnets according with white toilettes are made of white muslin, so transparent that the lining (either sky-blue, pink, or white silk) can plainly be seen through it. The crowns which are soft and falling, are trimmed with Valenciennes lace; the curtains edged with similar lace, headed with insertion; the fronts composed of puffings separated with insertion; the strings either of taffetas of the same color as the lining, or of muslin cut in the form of lappets.

This style was first worn by babies, as it has been the fashionable christening bonnet during the last six months, and now the mammas have appropriated it! The sash, which is worn over the white dress, must be of the same color as the lining of the bonnet.

Double strings are much worn; white or colored tulle over white or colored taffetas strings for dress occasions, and for morning wear, narrow strings are tied over the broad ones; thus, if a straw bonnet is trimmed with black taffetas and pink roses, the wide strings will be black, and the inner ones will be narrow and pink. The small *loup voilettes* embroidered with beads and edged with a fringe of jet or chenille, are worn over all bonnets; they are no longer drawn in with a ribbon over the face, but set so perfectly flat over it that it is impossible to raise them without untying the ribbons. Ladies have, in consequence, adopted the custom of leaving them down, even while paying calls, at church, or under any circumstance where they keep their bonnets on.

The casquette hat has decidedly the call this season as well for ladies as children; it is certainly more becoming than the high crown, which is, however, still adhered to by a good many *modistes*. The casquette is invariably trimmed with a long curled feather and an aigrette.

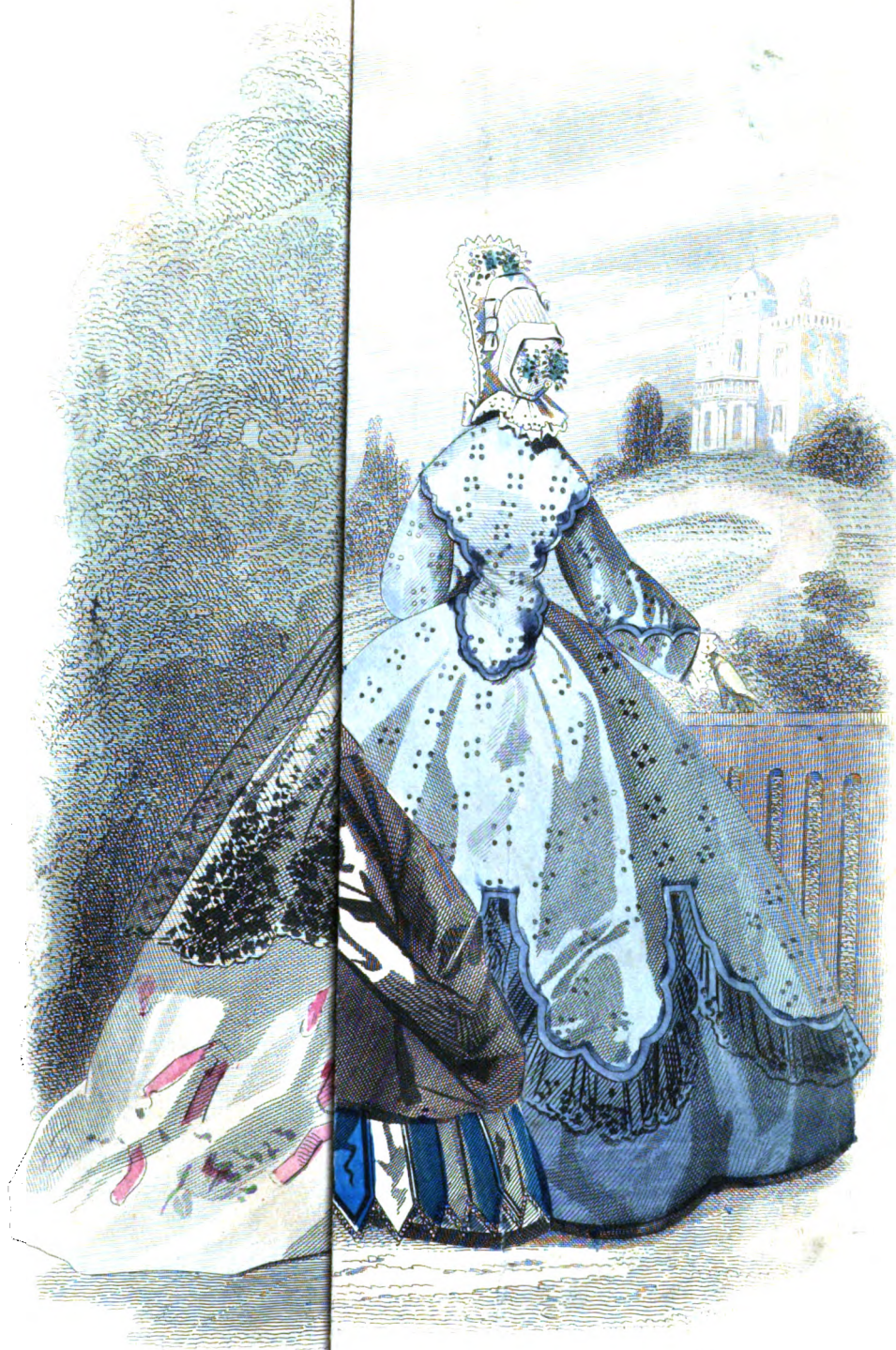
Both little girls and little boys wear the Scotch cap, and the *toque Hongroise* turned up all round, trimmed with velvet, and ornamented with a pigeon's wing and aigrette.

Young girls are still wearing nets spangled with gold or steel, which are brilliant in a strong light, and sparkle like diamonds, but the net should be worked over a very fine mesh, and the spangles be small—otherwise they are too conspicuous.

The most elegant parasols are of the Marquise shape, and of silk to match the dress; they are covered with black or white lace; some have a border of soft marabout feathers. For morning wear, parasols are trimmed with ruches, braiding, or embroidery.



THE TWO MEN





Embroidery.



Dress of pensée silk, with a high waist, trimmed with application of black lace inserting, finished with a tassel.

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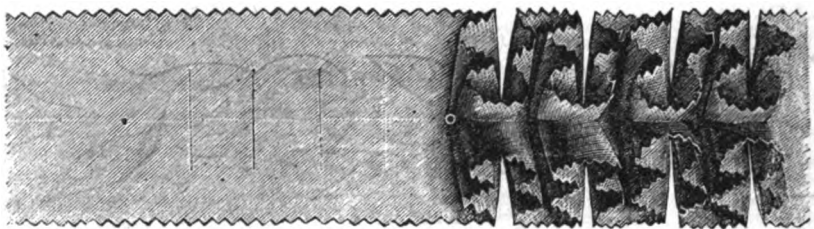


Embroidery.



Dress of pensée silk, with a high waist, trimmed with application of black lace inserting, finished with a tassel.

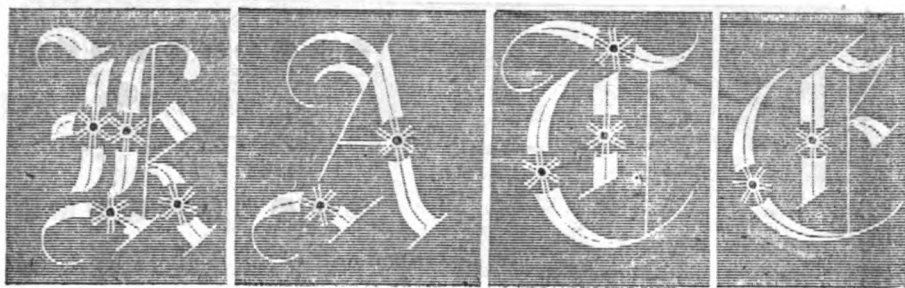
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Ruche for trimming Robes, Mantles, &c.



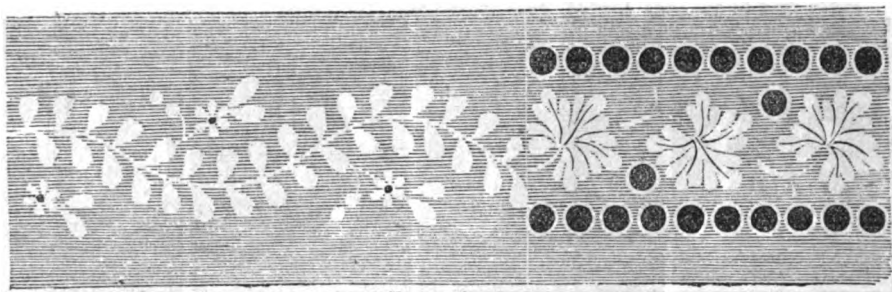
Gardening Aprons for Boys and Girls.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1 Skirt of white poplin, ornamented with a design in brown braiding. Chemise of pleated mull, and bretelle-girdle made either of black silk or of the same stuff as the skirt.

Fig. 2. Suit for a boy from 5 to 7 years of age.

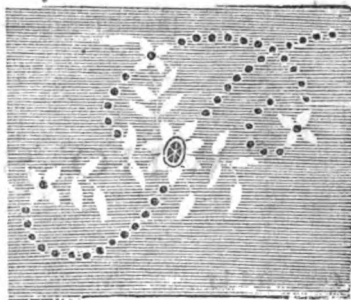
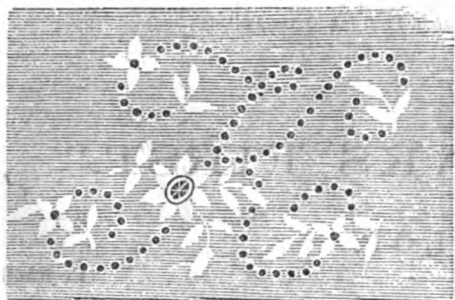


Embroidery.



The Coralie Jacket, (Front View.)

THE CORALIE JACKET.—Edged with a ruche, in chain stitch, with saddler's silk. In the and ornamented with a coral design, worked middle of each branch a jet bead is set. It may



The Coralie Jacket, (Back View.)

be made of black silk, and worked with scarlet ; braid ; the vest of white pique ; the colors, or of black alpaca, the outline run with red | however, will be determined by taste.

“WHO SPEAKS FIRST.”

GALLOP.

Composed by

E. HACK.

Furnished for the LADY'S FRIEND, by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Allo. Vivace.

PIANO.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *rit.* *a tempo.* *cres.*

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The bass clef staff contains a dense accompaniment of chords. Pedal markings include *f Ped.* at the beginning, followed by ** Ped.* and ** Ped.* later in the system.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody with notes G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. Pedal markings include *Ped.* at the beginning, followed by ** Ped.* and ** Ped.* later in the system.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff includes an *8va.* marking above the notes. The melody continues with notes G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. Pedal markings include *Ped.* at the beginning, followed by ** Ped.* and ** Ped.* later in the system. A *cres.* marking appears at the end of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with notes G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. No specific markings are present in this system.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with notes G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. A *cres.* marking is at the beginning, and a *Fine.* marking is at the end of the system.

TRIO.



THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

[No. 9.

ONE OF MANY.

BY AUNT ANNIE.

"I have promised, stand pledged to go, and now— Oh, what can I do? I never dreamed of this offer, and it would make them all comfortable. Maggie could give up the sewing, and Harry go to school again. I could easily procure a substitute and afford to pay him well. Yet, I have put my hand to the plough, and should not look back. What can I do?"

"Harvey! May I come in?"

"Come in, Maggie, and hear this letter."

She was a pretty, delicate looking girl, who answered the permission by coming to her brother's side, and her little hands looked none too well fitted for the heavy overcoat she was busily stitching. Still keeping her needle flying in and out, she sat down to listen.

"MR. HARVEY BROOKS, MY DEAR SIR:— Your letter of last month has been unanswered, because I was seeking for some situation suiting your ability, with sufficient salary to make you easy with regard to your family. Your late father, one of my dearest friends, would, I am sure, have used every exertion to aid one of my sons, if left in your position, and I have made it a labor of love to try to find you employment. I rejoice to say that I have been completely successful. A large commission house, in this city, needs a corresponding clerk who understands French and German, and have given me the refusal of the place. The salary is one thousand five hundred dollars per annum, and your evenings are left free. Please write by return mail. Love to Maggie, Harry, and the little ones. Yours affectionately,
J. S. LEONARD."

"Oh, Harvey!"

That was all Maggie could say. The tears
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were dropping fast on her work, and on her heavy black dress, and the thick coming sobs prevented all speech.

"Don't, Maggie! don't cry!" And the brother's arms encircled her, as they had done when the childish trials of years gone by, had led him to her, chief comforter and playmate.

One year ago they had been in a pleasant, though not wealthy home, with a dear father to stand between them and every sorrow. The little toddling sister, now five years old, had opened her eyes to this world on her mother's death-bed, and between her and Maggie there were three other children. Their father's place as clerk in a large banking house, gave him an income sufficient to meet every want, but his death left them penniless. Friends had aided them, but Harvey, in the manly independence of nineteen, had felt fully equal to the task of supporting Maggie and the children. He took a small house near a large city, within easy riding distance, and then sought for work. The sale of furniture, and the purse pressed upon Maggie by her father's old employer, kept them from want for some months, and they looked hopefully for work. Maggie, just eighteen, had been her father's housekeeper, the best of elder sisters to the other children, but had no accomplishments to offer any one wishing instruction.

The weary months glided away. Every exertion on the part of Harvey failed to procure him work, for the business depression of 1860 and 1861, proved a terrible stumbling block for beginners. At last Maggie urged him to write to Mr. Leonard, an old friend of their father's, residing in a far-off city, and ask his advice.

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and assistance. Six weeks more passed and there was no answer. The threatening horrors of civil war had become a present, frightful reality, and the Bull Run battle was stirring every heart.

Just one week previous to the date of my story Harvey had taken Maggie in his arms, and said, "Darling, I am going into the army. I have long wanted to go, but the misery of leaving you seemed too much to bear. Now, I am convinced that you will fare better if I am away. I am an idle, useless man, whose broad shoulders are well able to carry all this burden of care, but cannot find work. If I am away you will have friends to aid and comfort you. Harry has to-day got a place as errand boy in a store, and I have a promise of army work for you, so with my thirteen dollars a month you can live. Oh, Maggie, Maggie, all this is hard to bear," and he took his little sister close in his arms, to still her heavy sobs by tenderest words of comfort.

At first Maggie could not speak or think of the appalling prospect before her, but as she watched her brother she grew reconciled. For the first time since her father's death, his eye was bright, his face animated. The blue blouse covered broad shoulders, now carried erect, not weighed down by that bitterest burden to a noble nature, enforced idleness. The bright, handsome head was carried right martially, and, as of old, the merry voice rang out jests and fun for the home circle. His heart was in his work, and drill mishaps were only good foundation for a jest, while every drop of blood from a long line of martial ancestors thrilled over the future. "You know, Maggie," he would say, "grandfather fought in 1812, and his father was a major in the Revolution; then Uncle John was killed in Mexico, and Uncle Rodney died there in the army. I was meant for this, Maggie. I have fretted over my own inaction when the country wanted men, but now what one strong arm may do to keep the stars bright on the old flag, God willing I will accomplish. Only for leaving you, I would have gone three months ago."

So, as Maggie heard the words that one short week ago would have brought only joy, her heart swelled almost to suffocation with conflicting emotion. For a long time there was silence in the room, till Maggie had sobbed herself still. Then Harvey said gently, "Well, Maggie?"

Sweet and low, sometimes trembling, but

steadied by resolution, the voice he loved replied, "You must go with the army, Harvey. It is only for our sake you would stay, and we will make this sacrifice to our country. I have been hoping that Providence would let me do some good to the cause, and have tried to make all my sewing strong and useful, and (don't laugh, Harvey) I have slipped a housewife into two pockets, hoping it might comfort some poor fellow, ragged and far from woman's help. Now," her voice grew clearer, "I can make a sacrifice, and I will not urge you to stay. I can make the expenses meet the income Harry and I earn, and you may go with an easy mind. I am giving my most precious blessing, Harvey," and her voice broke again, "but God will guard you, and bring you home to me."

So the temptation fell only on hearts strong to resist it, met patriotism and self-denial to ward it off, and Harvey decided to remain in the army. Maggie wrote the grateful letter declining Mr. Leonard's proposal, Maggie brought to her brother only a brave, smiling face, Maggie soothed Harry's disappointment, and made him her firm, enthusiastic ally, and as the regiment steamed out of the depot, the last face that Harvey saw was Maggie's, tearless and smiling encouragement. He did not see the eyelids fall, the cheek blanch, and the little figure drop senseless at Harry's feet as the train glided away.

Mr. Leonard's reply to Maggie's letter made her heart leap with proud gladness. Fully appreciating the sacrifice, he dwelt on Harvey's noble patriotism, his self-denial and manliness, and poured forth praises that made the sister long to tell him *all* the grand, noble qualities of this dearly-loved brother. But beyond all this, Mr. Leonard wrote to send Jimmy, a noble boy of ten, to him, promising to be a father to his old friend's child. Another parting was a sore trial, but the boy was pining for school, and playmates, and his pleasant prospect was a great relief to Maggie.

The army sewing was tiresome at first, but the little fingers grew accustomed to heavy seams, and as the needle flew busily over the work, Maggie found that Harriet and Amy could be taught to spell, cipher, sew and read, so the days were not too weary and lonely, though she missed Harvey sorely.

In the meantime, far away from his New England home, doing good service in his new life, Harvey was becoming a soldier—learning to bear privation and exposure, finding plea-

sure in duty and making Maggie's memory a shield against all evil. How could he gamble, drink, or become insubordinate, when ever in his heart he held the picture of the little home, the sweet face of his sister, and her slight form in its deep mourning bending over the unaccustomed work. Every leisure hour he wrote to her, sending twice from battle-fields little relics for home, and the loving answers, giving only the bright side of the home-picture, softened the hard bed on the ground, sweetened the food, and made the erect figure prouder in its bearing. What a brother he should be to such a sister.

Then six months later came news of Harry's promotion to clerk, with increased salary, and the news of a Christmas gift from Mr. Leonard that covered the year's rent. In return, Maggie's letter from the army told of a great battle, and Harvey's promotion to orderly-sergeant.

Then the tide turned. Days, weeks—even months, were slowly gliding away, and not one line from the Potomac reached the anxious sister. The newspapers were scanned, and letters written to old comrades, but nothing came to comfort her or to confirm her fears.

At last, the suspense became too horrible to bear, and she resolved to go herself to seek him. Harry could board in town. Harriet and Amy were placed with a friend, who urged Maggie to go, and Mr. Leonard's Christmas gift was taken to defray expenses.

It would be weary work to follow the little fair-haired maiden through her wandering. In Washington she found her brother's name registered as wounded and in the Douglas Hospital; there the register said, "sent to Camp Convalescent." It was difficult to procure a pass there, but the pale, patient face, the sweet, pleading voice carried the day, and she obtained the desired permission.

One long forenoon passed in weary search,

but at last the heavy flap of a tent was lifted, and Maggie entered, and was beside her brother. On the ground, with only a torn blanket between him and the cold earth, torn, dirty, wasted by disease and hunger, she scarcely realized that it was Harvey, till he turned his heavy head, and there flashed into his eyes a glad light of recognition, and his weak voice almost shouted—"Maggie!"

The tent closed, and they were alone—she to hear of his relapse into typhoid on his reaching Alexandria—of letters sent that never reached her—of comrades' kindness and attention, and to see the love-lit eyes beaming on her as of old, though the wasted face and heavy, matted beard, look strangely unfamiliar.

The night fell, and no one came. Some kind watcher shared his tent with the comrades whose place was beside Harvey, and the rough men kept away from this meeting, whispering low their fears. Maggie's arms round him, his head pillowed on her loving breast, Harvey fell asleep, and when the morning light came peeping in, the soldier who lifted the flap found the young girl sleeping, holding in her arms her brother's corpse.

They buried him there, with only a board to mark his grave, one only of the many heroes whose name will never blazon history's page or stand a shining monument of patriotism—but whose deeds will stand fairer on a Higher Record than many now living out their fame.

And Maggie, returning to the desolate home, wraps close to her heart the comfort—"He died in his country's service."

Oh, reader, the land in its length and breadth is full of these silent, unknown heroes—these noble, self-sacrificing women, who may never meet the reward of their heroism. Give always the helping hand, the kindly word, for you know not what true nobility the blue coat may cover—cannot see the martyrdom that may shrink behind the heavy bundle of army sewing.

PRAYER.

When tossed on life's tempestuous sea,
Oh, who shall prove the sinner's friend?
Where shall the wanderer's refuge be?
Oh, whither shall his prayers ascend?
Father, to thee, for Thou canst save;
Thy love shall shine a beacon ray,
Thy mercy shall illumine the grave,
Thy grace console in sorrow's day.

Oh, guide us, Father! God of love!
Guide us in sin's tempestuous night;
Darkness around and storms above,
We look to Thee for help and light!
No'er didst Thou scorn the humble prayer
Breathed by repentance on her knee;
Guide us, O Father, from despair,
And teach our hearts to rest in Thee.

A SPINSTER'S STORY.

I suppose I belong to that class of individuals to whom the adjectives prim, precise, proper, lone, lorn, cross, crabbed, &c., &c., are applicable. In other words, I am a regular old maid, for I have reached the age of forty-nine, and am still unmarried. Prim, precise and proper they say I am, inasmuch as I like to keep my work-basket in order, dislike to hear people say learn for teach, and am made excessively nervous when a person with whom I am conversing is thrumming with his or her fingers on a table or a book. But I do not think I am lone and lorn, for mamma is still living, and she is so kind and gentle, and has such a pleasant, cheery way with her, that I cannot be lonely. Then there are Mary and Kate (my two sisters) both older than I, and married, but still the best of sisters, and their children, who are my joy and pride; last of all, there is Gerald. Gerald is my adopted son, and the light of my eyes; but before I say anything more about him, I must state a few more facts in regard to myself.

Thirty-nine years ago—can it be so long?—I am told I was a joyful, bright, pretty child, and withal, a little fly-away. But in one cruel day I lost my beauty, my brightness and my joy, and now, in my plain, scarred features, and sober, quiet mien, no one, I am sure, could find traces of my former self. It chanced on this day aforesaid that papa was very ill, and I was bidden to go with all speed for the doctor. I started with the best intentions, but a school-mate met me, and with a glowing account of a new doll from London, lured me from duty and the doctor, and when after a long delay I reached his house, I met our housemaid, Betty, who told me that my father was dying through my neglect, and that if I had gone directly to the doctor's, as I was bidden, my father's life would probably have been saved. Oh, the agony of that moment! I felt that my father's blood was upon my head! I could think of but one thing, and that was that I must see him before he died, and entreat his forgiveness.

I remember running from street to street, in frantic haste to reach my home. I did not notice whom I passed, or whom or what I met, and so while crossing a street I was knocked down and trampled upon by a pair of spirited, prancing horses, and thus it was that my poor

face was mangled and bruised, so that the scars remain to this day. I was taken up senseless, and carried home, and lay ill for a long time, and while I lay tossing upon my couch, screaming in my delirium—"Papa! papa!—forgive me! I did not mean to kill you!" that dear papa was carried to his long home, and the mourners went about the streets.

And so when I recovered, I was the same plain, sad old maid (in character, if not in years) that I am now. The idea that papa's death was caused by my neglect, haunted me like a terrible nightmare, and though my sisters after a time could be gay and blithesome, I never have been merry or light-hearted again. In due time my sisters were married—Mary first, then Kate. Kate was my favorite, and a bonny, winsome girl she was. It was a sad day for me when she went away. I thought at first that I should be crazy, when I found I was left alone with mamma and my thoughts. But mamma was so kind and good—so tender and gentle to her poor, wayward child, that I tried for her sake not to think, and exerted myself to be cheerful and chatty, in her presence, at least.

But when I was alone, I gave way to my desolate feelings, and so grew gradually more and more miserable, till I could see mamma began to be worried. One evening she left me for a few moments, to call at a neighbor's. It was my twenty-second birthday, and a dreary, sombre November twilight. I stood gazing from the parlor window, watching the little glimmer in the west, and brooding over my follies and misfortunes, when a sudden and violent ringing of the door-bell aroused me. In a few moments Betty appeared, bringing a large basket, which she deposited on the table, saying as she did so—

"A man left it for you, miss."

"A man—who was he?" said I.

"An' how should I know, all in the dusk and dark of the avenin'?" was the not very polite response.

To tell the truth, one of Betty's numerous cousins was in the kitchen, and I suspected that she was very anxious to return to his society; so I did not question her further, but proceeded to inspect the basket.

It looked as much like a square clothes-

basket as anything else. Some washerwoman's boy must have brought the clothes to the wrong place. But it was very heavy; what could it contain? I strongly suspected some mischief, for I was not often troubled with such ponderous presents. There was no note, either; but there was a cover, and I at length came to the conclusion that it might be well to remove it, though I had some fears of a "gunpowder plot," or some such thing. However, I am one of those "namby pamby" individuals that have no enemies, and I at length mustered up courage to remove the cover, when lo, and behold! There was a baby! And his little chubby hands clutched a note, which I gently disengaged, and read as follows:—

"Miss Southgate—A homeless orphan begs your protection and love. His name is Gerald. His parents are respectable."

I rang the bell violently. "Betty," said I, when she appeared, "look here!—see this child! What did the man say when he brought it? Do you know anything about it? How did the man look?"

"Which question shall I answer first, Miss?" said Betty coolly. She was an old family servant, and usually very dignified with me, I being the youngest, and in her opinion the "absurdest" of the family.

"Oh, tell me all about it, please, Betty!" said I, coaxingly.

"Well then," said Betty, "when I went to the door, the man says 'Was this Mrs. Southgate's?' 'Indade thin an' it is,' says I. And says he—'Here was a basket for Miss Jane Southgate.' So I took the basket, and brought it in, and niver have I seen the likes of him before or sence, Miss."

"Yes," said I, abstractedly.

"It's as fine a child," said Betty, looking at the baby, "as iver I've seen, sence my cousin's sister's baby, Michael O'Flaherty, was born. Shall you be afther kapin' it, Miss?"

"Keep it!" said I. I hadn't thought of that. It came over me then all of a sudden what a nice idea it would be to keep him. He should be mine, my own. I would take all the care of him myself, and he would take up my time, and make me forget myself. "Yes, Betty," said I, "I shall keep him."

"Pretty doin's, these!" said Betty, as she went out, slamming the door after her.

All this time the baby had been asleep. I think he must have been drugged, for the

slamming of the door did not wake him; but now that I had decided that he was mine, I thought I must look at his eyes; so I took him gently out of the basket, saying—"Wake up, my little Gerald!" I doubt if he had ever been called Gerald before, for he opened his great brown eyes wonderingly, and stared hard at me, then half closed them. As he lay in my arms, with his little, fair, fat face, and such a pretty flush on his cheeks, and his dreamy, half-open eyes, I thought he was the prettiest baby I had ever seen. I was so captivated with him that I gave him an impulsive little squeeze. But, alas, for me! He didn't like to be squeezed, and a long cry ensued, in the midst of which mamma appeared. "I thought I heard a child crying," said she. "Why, Jane! Whose baby is that?"

"Mine, mamma," said I.

Mamma looked mystified. "Yours, Jane! What do you mean?"

Then I told her all about it. How she laughed at the idea of a young girl like me adopting a child. "If we only knew whose child it was, Jane!" said she.

"Yes, mamma," said I; "but then, you know its parents are respectable."

"Oh, yes," said mamma, laughing—"I forgot that. Of course they must be if that bit of paper says so."

"Now, mamma, please don't be sarcastic," said I, "but tell me I may keep it, like a dear, good mamma, as you are. I am so lonely, you know, now Kate is gone."

She grew quite sober when I said that, and sat thinking for some time. At length, she said—"Well, Jane, it may be a good thing for you, perhaps, and I think you may keep it."

"Oh, thank you, mamma," said I.

"But," continued she, "I am afraid you will repent of your decision some time."

"Oh, no," I told her, I never should; and so it was settled.

And now it may be expected that I shall relate some remarkable events that happened, to this young stranger in his childhood and early youth; but this I must beg leave to decline, for the simple reason that no such transactions took place.

He was a most ill-behaved baby, and, as far as I can judge, he went through his early life in much the same way that boys usually do—playing marbles, spinning tops, teasing kittens and little girls, attending school regularly, though sore against his will, and thus

by easy stages reached the age of sixteen, when he suddenly found that he was tall, and needed coats. From that eventful period his career as a *young man* dated. In rather foppish array, he danced attendance on the young ladies in town, and made himself generally useful in their department at parties, rides, &c. Then in the course of a year, with undiminished devotion to the fair sex in general, and one in particular, he entered college. But this bright and particular star in his horizon took up so much of his attention, that for a time his studies languished; but at length they received a new impetus, for this same young damsel wickedly jilted him, taunting him at the same time with his parentage, and then turned her attention to a newer and more foppish acquisition.

"Afflictions are blessings in disguise," it is said, and so this proved; for Gerald, after a few despairing hours, in which his life was blighted, and his heart rent in twain, returned with great ardor to his studies, vowing that no *silly girl* should again interfere with them, and adding thereunto this other vow, viz: that if he ever discovered his parentage, he would keep it a secret till he found a young lady that would marry him for *himself*, and forthwith strove to make himself a *name* in college. "Consistency is a jewel."

All this time the mystery of his parentage remained unsolved. Various and romantic were the flights of my imagination in regard to it, but they all "ended in smoke." When Gerald had passed creditably through his college course, and had attained to manhood, in *his* opinion, by reaching the age of twenty-one, the mystery was unravelled, in a very unexpected manner, by Mary, who wrote in a most matter-of-fact way, that she and Kate took him from an orphan asylum and sent him to me, for they feared the effects of my loneliness and depression of spirits. The only reason she gave for sending him in such a singular manner, was, that they thought I should be more interested in him. They resolved at the time they sent him, that they would tell me when he was twenty-one.

'Dear me! How unromantic it was! Such great and magnificent air-castles as I had built! How they tottered and fell with a great crash, on the reception of this letter. At first, I must say, I was vexed with Mary and Kate. Why did they not tell me before? But when I thought of the comfort and delight I had taken in Gerald, and of the love that he seemed to

have for me, old maid that I was, I immediately lost my vexation, and ended by thinking, as I always have thought, that they were the best and most charming of sisters.

Kate was at this time abroad with her family. She had two sweet daughters, whom I had not seen for a long time, and when she returned, I begged her to let them come and stay with me for a time; for Gerald was a physician, then, in a neighboring town, and I was quite lonely.

So in due time they appeared—two charming girls of nineteen and twenty. Rose, the eldest, was my favorite. She was sweet and gentle, and yet there was an archness and sprightliness about her, that prevented her from seeming insipid.

Jessie, the younger, was almost too bright for my taste. She was a little of a hoyden. But she was generous and warm-hearted, and kept us laughing most of the time, so that I did not lack for amusement in Gerald's absence. But I was expecting him home, too, for a short time; for, a day or two after Jessie and Rose came, I received a letter from him, saying that he was coming home in a week for a little vacation, and should bring a college friend, to whom both he and I were very much attached, and who called me aunt, just as much as Gerald.

I was looking at Rose one day as she sat at work. Her little hands looked so white and pretty, and she sewed so nimbly and gracefully, that I just sat and admired her for the space of five minutes. At the end of that time it suddenly flashed across me what a nice wife she would make for Gerald.

They say old maids are match-makers. Perhaps they may be. At any rate, I found a most delightful plan, viz., that Gerald and Rose should fall in love with each other, and Jessie and Tom (Tom was Gerald's friend) should follow suit.

Dear me! After I thought of that it seemed to me as if the week never would pass, at the termination of which Gerald and Tom were to appear. But all things have an end, and the close of the week did come, and with it Tom and Gerald.

Things seemed to favor my plan. The young people appeared to enjoy themselves together very much, but I could not discover any *particular* attentions in any quarter. Meanwhile they were always having some kind of picnic, or party, or ride, or walk, and seemed to be in quite an excitable state of mind, for no sooner

was one pleasure over than another was planned, and no sooner was another plan carried out than another project was formed; but at length their energies seemed to be exhausted.

It was at this juncture that we were sitting at the tea-table one evening, when Tom suddenly exclaimed—"Ah, I have it! Don't you remember Mount Pleasant, Gerald? We went there in our junior year, you know. We'll go there. The cars will take us to Centreville, where there is a nice hotel for auntie, and from there we can ascend the mountain."

"Capital!" exclaimed Jessie, who was always spokeswoman; "and, O, I wish—" Here she stopped short.

"Wish what?" said Tom, laughing at her sudden pause.

"I don't dare to say," said Jessie, "you mayn't like it."

"O yes I shall," said Tom, "what is it?"

Thus encouraged, Jessie, turning to Rose, began—"Don't you know, Rose, that Ruth Bennet is boarding at M——; that is right on the way to Centreville, and—"

"Go on," said Rose, as Jessie stopped again, "I guess Tom won't care."

Tom looked pleased, and Jessie proceeded—"Well, I think it would be so nice if Ruth could join us at M—— and go too."

"Oh, how dreadful!" laughed Tom, "I never could think of such a thing. A horrid bore; couldn't consent possibly."

"She is my dearest, most intimate friend," said Jessie, earnestly, "and just as nice!"

"Ruth is an ugly name," observed Gerald.

"Well, she isn't an ugly girl," said Jessie, "is she Rose?"

"No indeed," said Rose, "and she has beautiful eyes."

"O well, I suppose she must go then," said Tom, with a mock sigh, "I like beautiful eyes." He glanced at Rose as he spoke. She had beautiful eyes too.

"I am not going, I ventured to suggest, 'I should spoil all your pleasure.'"

"O, but you must," said they all in a breath. "Miss Trot will stay with grandma, and you must go to keep us in order." Miss Trot was an old maid, a friend of mine.

Well, I couldn't refuse, and so it was decided that we should start for Centreville the following Monday. Ruth Bennet received an invitation and accepted it, and on Monday morning our party were en route for Centreville, in the gayest of spirits and largest of hats.

"O dear," said Jessie, when we reached M——, "I don't see Ruth; where can she be? I am afraid she isn't coming."

"The cars stop here fifteen minutes," said Gerald, laconically.

"Isn't that she," said Rose, "coming over the hill?"

"It looks like her," said Jessie, meditatively, "but then, you see, she has on her morning wrapper, and only a hat beside. No, it can't be Ruth."

"It is though," said Rose, as the young lady in question appeared on the platform.

"Come right in here," screamed Jessie, from the window of the car. So in she came.

"I'm not going," said she, after she had been squeezed by Jessie, and introduced to the rest of us.

"Nonsense!" said Jessie.

"Mamma is quite ill, and I can't leave her," said Ruth, quietly. "I am very sorry, for I would like to have gone very much."

"Now that's too bad!" interrupted Jessie, "I am just as disappointed as I can be."

"But," continued Ruth, "mamma told me to stay with you as long as the cars stopped, so make the best of me while you have me."

After that they chatted away at a great rate. The girls were all so bright and merry, that Gerald, Tom and I were quite entertained, and were listening with great enjoyment to a funny story that Ruth was telling about being left by the cars, when Gerald suddenly exclaimed—"Why the cars have started!"

Sure enough! We were whizzing out of the station at a rapid rate. Ruth started up. "I must go," said she, as Jessie held her dress. "What will become of mamma? What a naughty girl I am."

"Is your mamma very ill?" said I.

"Not very," said Ruth, "but I imagined the doctor looked grave this morning. Indeed, I must go."

"But you can't, Miss Bennet," said Tom; "I wouldn't answer for your life if you were to attempt to jump from the cars now."

"What shall I do?" said Ruth, sitting down again; "it is half an hour's ride to the next station, and I do not know any one in the town when I get there, so how I'm to get back to mamma to-day I don't know, for there is no other train till to-morrow morning."

Various plans were talked over, but none seemed feasible. At length Gerald said—"Is there any hotel in M——, Miss Bennet?"

"We board at one—mamma and I," said Ruth.

"Well, Jessie," said he, turning to her, "suppose you and I stop at the next town with your friend. I can procure some kind of a vehicle, I think, and we will spend the rest of the day in M—, and drive back to-morrow morning in time for the cars."

Ruth's beautiful eyes lighted up as Jessie replied—"O that will be delightful! I should like it of all things."

"You are too kind, Mr. Southgate," said Ruth. She blushed as she spoke. How pretty she did look!

"O no!" said Gerald, "it will be a pleasure, I assure you."

"Of course it will," said Jessie, "we shall have such a nice time. My cousin is very agreeable, Ruth, when you get acquainted with him."

"Miss Ruth must judge for herself as to that," said Gerald, laughing, as he turned away.

Now I was not at all pleased with this plan. If it had only been Rose that was Ruth's, particular friend, or Tom that had asked Jessie! But it could not be helped, so I tried to make the best of it.

Rose did not seem very much disturbed at Gerald's departure, neither did Tom seem disconsolate without Jessie. On the contrary, he was in high spirits, and kept Rose laughing all the time. I sat in another seat reading.

We reached Centreville in due season, and found it quite a pretty little place. The hotel was a quaint, pleasant house, and I anticipated much enjoyment from a quiet week there.

The next morning, Rose, Tom and I went to the station to meet Gerald and Jessie, but they did not come. We were very much surprised.

"I guess Jessie has persuaded Gerald to stay," said Rose.

"Perhaps Ruth's mother is getting better, and they are coming to-morrow," I suggested.

"There may be a letter," said Tom. "I will see."

So he went to a little red building near by, which displayed the sign of "Post Office," and presently returned with two letters—one for Rose, one for me.

Rose, being quicker and less precise than her old maid auntie, had her letter open first.

"Mrs. Bennet is dead!" she exclaimed.

"Dead!" echoed Tom and I.

"She died before they got there," said Rose,

telling the facts as she read. "Gerald could not find a horse easily, and they did not get there till late in the afternoon. Ruth's mother, it seems, was dangerously ill before Ruth left her, but Ruth did not know it, and the doctor could not bear to tell her; moreover, he thought Mrs. Bennet might live two or three days; but soon after Ruth left, she grew worse, her anxiety for Ruth increasing her illness, and she died just an hour before they arrived.

"Poor Ruth!" said Rose, closing the letter, "I don't see what she will do."

"Where is her father?" said Tom.

"Her father is dead," said Rose, "and she is the only child."

"When are Gerald and Jessie coming?" said Tom.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Rose; "I suppose I forgot. They are going to stay till after the funeral, which is to be to-morrow."

Gerald's letter was much the same as Jessie's; at the close was this paragraph—

"I have concluded that I would stay till after the funeral, for the Bennets have been here for so short a time that Ruth, Miss Bennet I mean, has few friends in town, and I thought I might be of service to her if I stayed. Miss Bennet seems greatly afflicted. I feel a great sympathy for her, as I do for all orphans, and she has no such dear auntie as you. Before I thought, last night, I had told her all about my parentage, which you know I vowed I never would do; but it was a foolish vow, and as my story seemed to comfort her a little, I don't know that I am sorry I told her."

Gerald and Jessie joined us in a few days, but Jessie seemed very sober for her, and Gerald seemed to be in a singular state of mind. He was moody and abstracted, and, when we spoke to him, he started and asked what we said, as if his thoughts were far away. Consequently our sojourn in Centreville was not quite so pleasant as we expected it would be, and we were not sorry at the end of the week to set out for home. Gerald was in better spirits that day, and when he did seem abstracted, Jessie, who had in some measure recovered her spirits, rallied him so much on his "brown studies," as she called his reveries, that, in self-defence, he was obliged to be awake.

"I suppose we shall see Ruth Bennet before long," said Rose, as we drew near home.

"How so?" said Tom.

"Well, I declare!" said Jessie, "you are almost as bad as Gerald. I want to know if

you haven't heard us say that Ruth was going to live with her uncle, Mr. Gage? His house is only a few doors from grandma's."

"No; I'm sure I haven't," said Tom; "have you, Gerald?"

I wonder why Gerald appeared so queerly that week? I certainly thought he grew red as he answered—"I don't know—I believe Miss Bennet told me so herself."

We all laughed.

"Why, what are you laughing at?" said he. He grew quite red then.

"You looked so funny!" said Jessie.

"O, Gerald, Gerald!" said Tom, laughing.

I don't know, I'm sure, what he meant, but Gerald immediately jumped up, and, saying that he was tired of sitting, began walking up and down the cars.

We reached home in safety, and glad was I to see my dear mother once more, for she was

growing old now, and since Ruth's mamma died I had been anxious about her, for I had left her with only Miss Trot and the servants. But she seemed well, and very glad to see us all.

My story is almost finished, for I can't tell the rest very well, not having experience in such matters; but I was not surprised when Gerald told me that Ruth Bennet was (to use the expression of the renowned Tommy Tradlee) "the dearest girl in the world," and that he hoped I should love her, for she had promised to keep house for him as long as she lived.

But when Jessie came to me one day, laughing and crying together, telling me that her darling sister Rose was engaged to Tom, I must say I was astonished.

Well, as I said before, old maids are called match-makers, but if they do not succeed better in that line than I did, I think they will do very little harm in the world.

AT SEA.

BY SARA J. HUMSET.

'Tis a wild, unspeakable joy to be
Thousands of miles far out at sea—
Thousands of miles away from shore,
From everything you have known before;
Away from the eager, hurrying strife
That marks each hour of a city life,
From society with its hollow forms,
Its weak punctillo, its tinsel charms;
Which kneels to mortals, and, it is told,
Licks the dust from their feet—if 'tismixed with gold.

A false, false life, with a fair outside—
'Twere better to dwell in the forest wide,
Where the breeze, untainted, sweeps fresh and free,
Like the breath of Heaven, o'er shrub and tree.
There's no restraint, lest the world may sneer
At a gush of laughter, a glance, a tear;
But the soul expands in those aisles untrod,
And its praise like incense ascends to God.

But there's naught on earth has a life so free
As flying afar o'er the restless sea.
As farther and farther from shore we're hurled,
It seems like a life in another world;
On the measureless desert of waves alone,
Not a sight, not a sound, not a life but our own,
And the creak of the cordage, the fast filling sail,
As the breeze that is freshening brings us a gale.
'Tis a glorious thing on her deck thus to be
When the proud ship sinks down in the trough of
the sea,

And then to the top of a mountain wave thrown,
As her bow with a hiss cuts its way through the foam,

Then gracefully bounding she sweeps o'er the tide
Like a high mettled charger that prances in pride;
But we've no fear, no thought of the shore left behind,
Though driv'n like a cloud on the wings of the wind,
And darkness comes down on the deep like a pall,
For we know that God's hand even here's over all.
Reclining on deck through the long days of calm
A tropic breeze comes to us laden with balm,
The long swell just rocks us like some gentle dream,
As a fair water lily is swayed by the stream,
And the waves plash the side with a musical flow,
Like a memory of laughter we loved long ago.

Oh! 'twere bliss thus to float—idly float evermore;
Every grief, every care, left behind on the shore,
With the ship for a throne, the broad ocean our world,
And the flag of our nation above it unfurled;
Exulting we'd shout as we rode out the storm,
Uncaring for danger, unheeding all harm;
Then in calm summer seas, where the waves softly
glide,

Would life like a dream pulse away with the tide.
Again—homeward bound—we're again on the sea,
And the roar of old ocean is welcome to me;
'Tis a wondrous joy to be speeding again
O'er the trackless path of the mighty main,
Free as a bird in its arrowy flight
We're sailing along in a track of light;
Thousands of miles we have been from shore,
Thousands of miles we have come once more,
And the roar of the surf as it breaks in foam
On the rock-bound coast is our welcome home.

CULTIVATING THE ACQUAINTANCE OF OUR CHILDREN.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Two ladies were sitting in a room together one pleasant afternoon. They were both married, and were busy with their sewing, at the same time that they engaged in social conversation.

There was a strong contrast between the two ladies. Mrs. Ellett, who had called upon her friend, was evidently the best looking. Her face, though not perfect in its outline, nor especially fair, was such a face as one holds pleasantly in the memory. The glances from her eyes were earnest and truthful; the expression of her face changed with every varying thought and sentiment; and her delicate lips seemed formed only to breathe words of hope and love. There was much equanimity of temper about her; a graceful placidness, acquired by a thorough schooling of the passions and an intimate acquaintance with the surroundings of a practical life. Though this was the first impression, the second was quick to follow, that she was a brave, earnest woman, ever ready to walk in the meed of her unwritten heroism—with that positiveness of character that will dare and do anything which is right.

The lady of the house, Mrs. Branon, was her opposite in almost every respect. Her face was marked with lines of care; her eyes had a restlessness in their glancing; the corners of her mouth were drawn into an expression of discontent and pettishness that had almost become habitual to them.

The first lady had that strange, affiliating magnetism about her that strikes the heart through its casings of formality and restraint, and wins its way to fellowship by right of purity and singleness of purpose. The magnetism surrounding the other lady was in the opposite; it was such as gave your sensitiveness the alarm, and caused you to put, as it were, a double guard to the approaches of your heart.

There was another occupant in the room, a boy of five or six summers, who sat up stiff and prim in a chair, idly working his hands and wearing a sullen expression of countenance. He seemed like a veritable culprit; and yet there was a half puzzled look on his face, as if he was not altogether satisfied in his own mind

in what his guilt consisted. "I am almost out of heart with that boy," said Mrs. Branon. "He is a source of much worriment to me. Entreaties, threats and punishment are alike lost upon him. He is sullen, morose and disobedient. I am afraid that there is much for me to dread in his future."

The boy heard and understood every word. He did not look up, but his lips twitched nervously. "I do not think that he is worse than other boys," said Mrs. Ellett, kindly.

"It is because you do not know him," was the reply.

"His appearance is certainly in his favor, I should take him to be an intelligent boy, quick to perceive, and retentive in memory."

"Oh, he is not a *dull* boy—by no means. It is his *disposition* to which I take objection. I would give the world, almost, if he exhibited the quiet, yielding, obedient traits of character that your boy exhibits."

"I have, indeed, no reason to complain of my child in those respects," answered Mrs. Ellett, with self-satisfaction. "He is not a source of worriment to me; but, on the contrary, a well-spring of joy. Perhaps you are much to blame for the disposition in your child of which you complain."

"In what way?" asked Mrs. Branon, looking up. "He does not take after me."

"Perhaps not—and perhaps more than you are aware of. Have you ever tried to cultivate his acquaintance?"

"Cultivate the acquaintance of my child!" repeated Mrs. Branon, in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, Mrs. Branon. It may sound like a singular expression, but I can soon convince you that it is peculiarly applicable and full of meaning. Will you promise me not to take offence at what I am about to say?"

"I promise, Mrs. Ellett. I believe that what you have to say to me will be prompted by a genuine spirit of kindness. I am not readily offended. She is my true friend alone who dares to tell me of my faults and shortcomings."

"I thank you for the willingness you mani-

fest to bear with me, and shall indeed speak in the spirit of kindness. I asked you if you cultivated the acquaintance of your boy. I meant precisely what I said. There is something grand and noble in a mother acquainting herself with the desires, pursuits, and capacities of her child. Children are generally truthful and tractable; and always impressible. They are fond of approbation; they are proud to know that what few qualities of goodness they possess are sufficiently appreciated. Take your child into your companionship; give an impressiveness to the interest you profess to feel in his present and future welfare. Make him to feel that his exaltation will be your exaltation, his abasement your abasement, his shame your shame.

"Do not seem to him an encyclopædia of wisdom, yet shut up in massive clasps, and shelved away beyond his reach of years. Do not wrap a cloak of selfishness about you, as if you had nothing in common with your child. Do not sit within his estimation a domestic tyrant, a household ghoul, loving to govern with austerity, and asking obedience beyond his childish creed of loyalty.

"On the contrary, instruct him as much as you can; answer all his childish queries, and convince him that all you have learned from books and experience is at his disposal upon the asking. Take him within the pale of your congeniality, beside the very altar of your confidence and love. While your word must be law, make no unnecessary demands upon his obedience, and let the latter be the offspring of love rather than of fear. He can be taught to take a pride in giving such an expression to his loyalty. The child who has loved his parents long and well has thoroughly electrified his affections, has surcharged them with a tenderness that the buffetings of the world will only the more enhance.

"Find for your child admissible amusement, sufficient in quantity and variety, and at proper seasons. Adapt yourself to his organism; foster such traits as are noble and weed out such as are bad. And to do this effectually you must cultivate his acquaintance in the most thorough sense of the term."

"There is much truth in what you say, Mrs. Ellett. Too many of us go through the world forgetting that we once were children, and having no patience with, and finding no attractions in children and childlike things."

"I am glad to know that you agree with me,

Mrs. Branon. Life is not a mazy web-work of circumstances. Life is charged with eternal significance and with sublime realities. As another has said—every step is a word, every day is a sentence, every year is a book, as full of meaning as the sun is full of light. The child-soul is without character. It is the chart of a man, yet to be filled up with the elements of character. It is a rudimental existence, pure as the driven snow, spotless as marble, awaiting the glow of parental influence. An immortal soul is in the hands of the parent, to be moulded for weal or woe, to be beautiful in its glory or horrid in its shame; to live in celestial brightness forever, or to sink into utter and interminable darkness. Oh, solemn the thought! Oh, responsible the work!"

A pause ensued. Mrs. Ellett resumed her work. That of Mrs. Branon lay neglected in her lap. She was busy with her own thoughts; a new creed, a deeper sense of her duty and her obligations were dawning upon her mind. "Charlie," said Mrs. Ellett, in a soft tone, and with a sweet smile, "ask your mother whether you may not go to the garden and gather a nose-gay for me."

"May I, ma?" asked the little fellow, coming to her side, his eyes brightening up.

"Yes, dear," said the mother, kindly.

A minute afterwards and the boy was down in the garden. "I had an object in sending away your boy," said Mrs. Ellett. "He has been paying close attention to my remarks, and what I have further to say had better not be heard by him. During my short stay this afternoon you have displayed two faults which no doubt are habitual to you, and which you should make it your careful study to correct. You will not take offence if I point them out?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Ellett. Go on with your remarks."

"You complained to me of sullenness and pettishness in your child. I say he may and he may not have derived it from you. *Perhaps he has.* I have noticed that you are pettish towards him. You have exhibited a sensitiveness of fault finding—doing so when there was little or no occasion; and making charges which were without a reasonable foundation. You first cried out to him in a quick, pettish tone, 'Charles! come away from the window. You are soiling the panes with your fingers.' This was not the case. His fingers were clean, and he was finding amusement in what was to be seen on the street. Next was, 'Charles, you

naughty boy! Put away that annual. How often have I told you not to take books off the table.' He had no annual, but one of the plainest bound books, and was really handling it carefully. The boy seated himself upon a chair. I could see that there was a heaviness in his heart. Shortly you exclaimed, 'Charles, quit scratching that chair. You go from one piece of wickedness to another, just as if your sole study was to know in how many ways you could annoy me.' The boy was not scratching the chair. In the absence of anything else to do, he was simply outlining the flowers with a moistened finger. After your last charge he sat up straight and prim, the morose sullen lad your thoughtlessness had turned him into for the hour. A motionless statue without, but a soul within that surged with bitterness. Were not your charges groundless? Did you not exhibit an acuteness of fault-finding? What could your boy become other than sullen and morose? How long can you continue in this course before your own features sharpen into wretchedness and grief, and his heart become hardened to all intercession and remonstrance? Are you doing right? If not, now is the time for reformation. Regrets are idle, sighs are useless, murmurings are unwise. Let the memories of your childhood be the memories of yesterday. Measure his feelings by your feelings, his sensitiveness by your sensitiveness; let his good be your good. Make no false charges, give up all unnecessary fault-finding, reprove in quiet, earnest tones, and *keep all the promises that you make*. In doing this you will find the secret of domestic government and of domestic happiness. Though I have yet much to learn, I have profited to an untold degree by living up to the advice I have presumed to give to you."

"Mrs. Ellett, I plead guilty. Please spare me. You have taught me a lesson, and it shall not be lost upon me. I half shrink away from my own moral hideousness."

The mother spoke earnestly; her face wore a serious look, and there was a mistiness about her eyes. After a few moments of silence she looked up at her friend, and said, "And the other fault?"

"The other fault consisted in your speaking depreciatingly of him in my presence. You called him a naughty, sullen, mischievous, disobedient boy, for whose future you were troubled. You should not have done so. It hardens the sensitiveness of his nature. It will make him more and more indifferent to your opinion of him. The frequent repetition of such charges and epithets will make him conclude that he really is a very bad boy, and that there is no use for him to try and do better. Talk to him when you are alone with him; let your remarks be the words of truth and wisdom, and clothed in language adapted to his comprehension."

"I shall try and do so hereafter, Mrs. Ellett. I shall endeavor to govern my own spirit, and then I shall be more able to govern his. Accept my thanks for the words you have spoken. They were plain spoken, and only wounded me wherein it was deserved. They shall be to me 'as apples of gold in pictures of silver.'"

Just then Charles came in with the nosegay. His cheeks were flushed, and there was a bright light in his eyes. He was transformed, and seemed like an orderly, capable, intelligent boy. "Charles, did you not forget to clean your shoes?" asked the mother.

The boy looked up in wonder. There was a calmness, a kindness in the words and tone that were new to him. "Why ma, they are dirty. I did clean them—or thought I did—but only cleaned them half."

The boy went out to clean them, while the mother blushed at the significant, encouraging glance from her friend. "You are doing finely, my dear Mrs. Branon. You have commenced the good work to-day."

LITTLE BESSIE.

Little Bessie's curly hair

Hath a color bright and rare,
And her eyes are wondrous fair,

Little Bessie.

When she speaks you think she sings,
When she laughs that silver rings,
Beauty into all she brings,

Little Bessie.

Sometimes still as any mouse,
Like a spirit in the house,
Then, with puss in wild carouse,

Little Bessie.

Such a dainty, precious thing,
We are half afraid to sing
Lest some day she may take wing,

Little Bessie.

COUSIN WINIFRED. A TALE IN FOUR PARTS.

BY NELLA.

PART I.—WINIFRED AND I.

Yes! she certainly was beautiful, our cousin Winifred! I knew it, and the knowledge sometimes caused me a slight feeling of jealous pain; that, however, vanished at the first sound of her ringing laugh, or her clear voice calling—"Nellie, child, I want you."

Winifred's parents had both died whilst she was very young, and then my dear father brought home the little orphan, who from that day became "one of the children," sharing in an equal degree the love and care bestowed upon my only brother and myself, both by him and my mother. Time passed on, and death, the all-powerful, took from us first one parent, then the other, Winifred's grief was as intense as ours, and as she had shared our joy and sorrow, so we never thought of parting, but came up to London together, where my brother's dreams of fame were to be realized. Already some were fulfilled, for the name of Fergus Castrell has gained a place among modern painters. Fortunately, we had enough to live on, or we might have been severely tried whilst Fergus was winning his way up in his profession; but that trial, at least, was spared us; and if we sometimes hesitated before purchasing a new book, or a plant for my tiny greenhouse, the temporary self-denial made it more valuable when we obtained it.

So the days passed happily and quietly; and yet I could not help feeling sometimes the behaviour of Winifred and Fergus to each other was undergoing a change. I did not think they were becoming estranged; but it puzzled me sorely. When our parents were alive, Winnie always raised her face for a good-night kiss; but now she only offered Fergus her hand, and when I chid her for it, she blushed crimson, and my brother turned away. A few evenings later, I was still more perplexed. I had changed my dress first, and on entering our sitting-room, found it unoccupied. It looked so pleasant in the twilight, and the fire threw such a bright glow over everything, that I would not light the gas, but threw myself on the couch, and gave way to a dreamy reverie. Before doing so, however, I noticed that

Winifred's self-imposed duty of placing easy chair and slippers ready for the reception of Fergus, had been neglected. I repaired the omission, and then took my seat. A few minutes after, Winifred came in. She went to the fire, and slightly started when she found her errand had been anticipated, hesitated, and then moved back chair and slippers to the places they occupied during the absence of their owner. Partly from idleness, partly from curiosity, I remained silent, and was highly amused when she carefully put them by the fire again. One would have naturally supposed from this that she at least liked the person for whom she took so much trouble; and yet, that same day, when I was teasing Fergus to take us to one of the Monday Populars, and enforcing my wish by asserting that Winnie wanted to hear Charles Hallé play a particular sonata, she laughingly said, "If she did, she must say so," and much to my astonishment, she replied, "It was scarcely worth the trouble," and left the room; but an hour afterwards, I found her sitting alone, and am certain I saw traces of tears on her face; though when I questioned her as to what was the matter, she answered pettishly—"Nothing, nothing, Nellie." But enough of these incidents. I have the key to them now. Then I could not fathom the mystery; so I quietly let things take their own course, only endeavoring to heal the breach by every means that lay in my power.

Each movement of Winifred's possessed a peculiar charm, that made me never tire of watching her, and as I write, I fancy I can see her, as I saw her just two years ago, in the little kitchen at home. I had had a headache in the early part of the day, and accordingly had been forbidden to participate in any of the preparations; and as it was New Year's eve, Winnie had much to do in the shape of preparing for the friends who were to spend the first day of the New Year with us. After a great deal of trouble to convince her I really was much better, and being threatened with all sorts of punishments if I attempted to interfere in the least, I was indulged by having my little chair taken into the kitchen, and after being

"made comfortable," as Winnie styled it, was allowed to criticise and comment on the proceedings as I pleased. At a side-table stood Martha, our old servant and nurse, engaged in chopping suet. Martha's bump of veneration for our young ladyhood was and is very small; for I verily believe that in her eyes we shall still be children, even when our hair turns gray, and we have learnt to invest in spectacles and false teeth.

"Winifred, I am sure if Fergus could see you now, he would bring his easel out here, in spite of Martha, and all her contempt for the flummery."

"If you talk like that, you shall not taste one of my mince pies; and I warn you, they are extra good this time. What can you see to admire in my appearance as amateur cook, you flattering little goose?"

More than I could tell her. I always had a passionate admiration for beauty, and she seemed so carelessly lovely that afternoon, that I could only look and wonder. The little head, with its rippling masses of golden hair falling in some confusion round the slender throat (for faultlessly neat in every other particular, Winnie never seemed to have "tidy hair," as Martha ruefully complained—brush it as smooth as she would, ten minutes after some stray curl would have its own way, and escape from comb or net); the bare arms, the graceful figure, robed in a closely-fitting dress of dark linsey, only relieved by a plain white collar, fastened with a bow of crimson velvet; and above all, the flushed, laughing face turned from time to time upon me, made a picture that few could soon tire of viewing.

"Mince pies, raspberry tarts, cheesecakes and custards! Oh! ye shades of my cookery-loving grandmothers, look down upon your descendant, and grant she is worthy of your protection. Let my jellies turn out well, and my blanc mange never be spoilt. Now, Nellie, child, we'll adjourn the meeting, and dress for tea."

In case the reader should form an idea of me very derogatory to my dignity, I may as well volunteer the information that I am only a few months younger than Winifred, but being rather *petite* in stature and delicate in health, I had always been the pet and plaything of the family. That I could ever be anything else, I believe never entered into the comprehension of any of our household, and every attempt on my part to appear womanly, created nothing but amusement.

Before I had completed my toilette, the rattle of the cups and saucers announced preparation for tea. Winifred and I never dressed alike; our styles were so very different that we could not do so, and Fergus was a severe critic with regard to ladies' dress. That evening she wore a light blue merino, and I a scarlet and black silk, in which I looked, as Fergus assured me, like a "tame salamandrine."

"Will you have some music, Nell?" said Winnie, as she took her seat at the piano, "before the boys come in?" By the boys, Winnie meant my brother and his inseparable friend, Hector Fox; and though both were nearly six years older than herself, she seldom, to their intense disgust, spoke of them more ceremoniously. Winifred was a brilliant musician, but no singer. I, on the contrary, had not the patience for practice, but had a good voice, that had been well cultivated. So song followed song, until the hands of the clock pointed to six, when a loud knock at the door announced the arrival of "the boys."

PART II.—WINIFRED'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

It was the first day of the New Year, and my brother's step on the stairs woke me to a consciousness of having been called before, whilst the vision of a jug of water that had once been hot standing on my table where Martha had left it, convinced me of the propriety of at once summoning up the resolution to leave my comfortable bed. I heard Fergus knock at Winnie's door, and heard her laughingly indignant reply to the question, "Are you up?" A few minutes more, and she entered my room—"Why, you idle little puss, not half dressed? Come, hurry now; you scarcely deserve to be wished a happy New Year." The clatter of bells interrupted her, Fergus, for want of better amusement, being furiously engaged in ringing them all by turns.

"Some one wants his breakfast," said Winnie, looking over the banisters.

"And some one had better come and prepare it, or I must come and fetch her. I should have thought you girls would have been anxious to see what the New Year has brought you."

"I hope it has brought some improvement in manners to you."

"That is utterly impossible, my fair coz,—they are already perfect."

I was not long dressing, and together we descended the stairs. "The happiest of all happy New Years to you both," was our greet-

ing; and circling us both in his arms, Fergus welcomed us with a warm kiss, which I paid back in kind, and Winnie with a slight flush and a still slighter pout.

Winnie always took the head of the table; she made a much better mistress of the house than I did; and I very much doubt now if a certain one of the trio that sat down to breakfast that morning would have enjoyed the coffee so much if she had not poured it out. But as the reader will perhaps think it somewhat of a slight if not introduced to my brother, I will hasten to make them acquainted, premising that allowances must be made for a sister's partiality. Tall and dark, with regular features, and a short upper lip, whose somewhat haughty curl the slight moustache did not always hide; enthusiastic, brave and generous; but sometimes carrying his ideas of pride and romantic chivalry a little too far—such was Fergus Castrell, A. R. A., and as such his "wee sister" was very proud of him.

"A letter for you, Winnie, and one that looks very much like a business communication; do you feel impatient?"

"Now, Fergus, you tease, give it up. Nellie, come and help me!"

I was perfectly willing to obey her; but my puny strength was of little use; one hand held the letter far above our reach, the other keeping us at distance, and it was not until we were both flushed and tired with our exertions, that the letter was given to its rightful owner. I remember perfectly how the next few minutes were spent, for the pause was something like the calm that usually precedes a violent storm. I was trying to smooth my disordered curls, and Fergus stood leaning on the mantel-piece, watching and laughing at my ineffectual attempts.

Another moment, and with an exclamation of pleasure, Winnie sprang forward, and placing the open letter in my hand—"Oh! Nellie, dear, I am so glad! Fergus, look!" And she dragged him towards me, as if intending him to read the letter at the same time. "Will it not be glorious? I declare I will never mend another stocking, nor turn a dress, nor——". And here she stopped from sheer want of breath.

The writing of the letter was large and legible; so Fergus read it, looking over my shoulder. It was brief, but to the purpose, informing her, in a business-like manner, that a great-uncle, of whom she had scarcely heard,

had lately died, leaving her sole heiress to a considerable fortune, and an estate in Devonshire.

"Let me congratulate you on your New Year's gift, Winnie. It is fortunate we have had breakfast, or we should do little justice to it. Whatever will you do with all that money? I don't believe I could spend it."

"Never fear, we'll find means to spend it. Fergus shall have a studio built, with all the improvements even he could desire; and you and I, Nellie, will have a new piano, heaps of music, and every new book that comes out; and then, next summer, we will go up the Rhine, and live like princesses, only we shall have more freedom than ever any princess had. But, Fergus, you say nothing about it. Are you not glad?" and she crossed to the window where my brother stood, laying her hand caressingly on his arm. Quietly he turned towards her, and I shall never forget the change the last few moments had wrought in his countenance; calm, certainly it was, but without a vestige of color, and wearing a look of despairing sorrow that made my heart ache. Instinctively I saw it all. His love for Winifred was more than that of a cousin.

Oh! my brother, my brother! I longed to throw my arms round him, and tell him he still had a sister left; for I knew that between those two an insuperable barrier had risen, that little less than a miracle could overcome. His chivalrous notions of honor would never let him even think of the possibility of linking the fortunes of the comparatively needy artist to those of the wealthy Winifred Brent; though an hour before, he would have gladly shared heart and home with her. Like lightning these thoughts passed through my mind. I sank into a chair, scarcely daring to breathe. If the time ever came when my interference would be either wise or kind, it had not then arrived. "Not glad, Winnie? If it will make you any happier, I am very glad for your sake."

"And not for your own? Just a wee morsel, you know?"

The blue eyes were raised in laughing inquiry to his face. What made them so blind, when mine saw so clearly?

"I cannot be glad of the change that takes you from us, and breaks up the ties of a home that has been so happy."

"Takes me from you? Why, Fergus, I never dreamt of leaving you. What could I do without you and Nellie? He would not like to

part with me, I am sure, and I should get into all sorts of scrapes without my brother."

That last word stung him deeply. He started, and involuntarily shook off the little hand that still rested on his arm. Winnie changed color, and she drew herself up proudly.

"You are very kind, but you must remember that I am not really your brother, and the old familiar intercourse would neither be right nor possible any longer. Your newly-acquired wealth will bring you duties, and pleasures, too, I hope, which we cannot share, and introduce you into circles where it may be long years before I have won a place. With my greater knowledge of the world, I can see all this more plainly than you can at present; but the day will come when you will acknowledge the truth of my words. Believe me, Winnie, I have no wish to pain you, and know what the destruction of your generous plans costs you; but the loss will be ours, little cousin. Nellie, in her quiet home-life, will miss you sadly; and I—I shall miss you, too."

"Oh, Fergus! you do not—cannot mean what you say. You will not send me from you. Tell me, for pity's sake, tell me you are jesting. I will do anything—refuse this tire-some money, if you will only let me stay."

"No, Winnie, you will not refuse it; that would be both wrong and foolish, and in after years you might bitterly regret it. Now, listen—ask yourself if you think I love Nellie, and if your heart tells you yes, as I know it must, remember that I have always treated you the same, and a course of constant kindness cannot be consistent with dislike. I do not say—because I would spare you all I can—how much our home will lose when it loses you; but supposing for a moment that I acceded to your wishes, the expenses in which you have a right to indulge would be extravagance on my part. I should lose my independence, and in some measure be a pensioner on your bounty, which, however gladly extended, would become irksome to me, and there is much a censorious world might say that, spite of our scorn, would pain you and drive me to desperation."

"Enough," said Winnie, proudly, "your resolution is taken. I do not doubt your worldly wisdom, and acknowledge its prudence, though its kindness is not so apparent. Forgive me, if I listened more to the dictates of my heart than my head. Perhaps the time may come when you will be sorry you flung that heart from you."

Another moment and the door closed behind her. Then my brother came and stood on the hearthrug, looking down upon me. At length he said, in a faltering voice—"You must be sister and cousin too, now, Nellie."

"Oh! Fergus, Fergus," and with a passionate cry I sprang towards him.

He understood my unspoken sympathy, and clasped me closely to him. "Now, Nellie," he whispered, "go to Winifred. I have pained her, poor child; but God only knows how gladly I would have shielded her from all harm. She thinks me harsh and unkind, whilst every word I spoke seemed to cut like steel into my heart. But you, sweet sister mine, can say to her what I dare not trust myself to utter."

PART III.—HOME WITHOUT WINIFRED.

And so Winifred went from us, and with her seemed to go all the sunlight from our home. Fergus never complained. He was kinder and more tender than ever to me, but I could see how heavily the loss pressed upon him. I missed her more than I could tell; missed her at meal times, when I took my unwonted seat at the head of the table; and morning, noon and night the sense of loneliness grew upon me. Many times when Martha went to bed, happy in the belief that I was sleeping quietly, have I thrown a wrapper round me, and with stealthy steps gone to her little room (that, with a wild presentiment that she would one day again require, I kept exactly as she had left), there giving way to the passion of tears in which I did not dare indulge during the day, for fear Fergus should know how deeply I shared his grief. Everything seemed to remind me of her: the birds we fed, the flowers we tended, the books we read together, all brought her vividly before me, and created an almost insane longing for her presence. She had been the only friend of my own age and sex I possessed; for loving deeply and hating fiercely, I was little fitted to form those ephemeral friendships of modern young ladies. Fergus worked hard at his profession, harder than ever. He had several pictures in progress of completion, and I was consequently very lonely sometimes. Hector Fox was our only frequent visitor, and by degrees I learnt to count the hours until the time for his almost daily visits. He had a situation in one of the government offices, and, as Fergus laughingly told him, received a good salary for doing nothing in an agreeable manner. He had plenty of time at his disposal, a

goodly share of which he spent at our house, where he was always welcome, for his high spirits and stock of lively anecdotes and repartee enlivened many an evening; that Winifred's absence would have rendered very dull. So we sang duets together, and I gave him music lessons, and quarrelled over them sometimes with my teasing pupil. Thus a few months passed on, but still we mourned for the absent one, and still Fergus worked untiringly at his art, as if hoping to find forgetfulness in occupation.

Winifred's arrangements had been completed, and she finally left us late in February. There had been no difficulty in finding a suitable chaperon and lady-companion to the young heiress—the post being assigned to an aunt, whose affection and memory were wonderfully strengthened by her niece's increase of fortune. Our parting had been a painful one. The day before she started for Devonshire, she brought a massive gold chain to Fergus, and half-timidly asked him to accept it as a keepsake. "I do not need anything to make me remember you," Winnie," he answered, gently replacing it in her hand, "and I cannot take such a costly gift; but if you will work me one of those hair-guards I saw you making once, I shall prize it more highly than anything I possess."

The next day I found the chain lying crushed and useless on the floor in my cousin's room, and the hair-guard was never made. Winnie's present to me was a handsome one. I knew Fergus would have preferred something less valuable, but he made no remark. My piano had been well used, and its compass was not sufficient for many of the modern pieces; but now it was exiled to the breakfast-room, and a magnificent Grand by Collard and Collard took its place; but its rich tones always seemed to have a mournful cadence, and I doubt if we either loved its music as well as we had loved the sound of the old piccolo when it thrilled beneath the slender fingers that might never touch it again. When Fergus bade Winnie good-by his manner was kind but perfectly calm, and, knowing what I did, I could not but wonder at the composure he manifested. She was cold and constrained to him, but it was the same loving Winifred of old who gave me that clinging caress, and whose trembling words of farewell told how deeply she felt the parting. Autumn came, and with it a pressing invitation to Chaleots, but it did not need the sad smile and shake of the head to assure me that

one at least would refuse it. "You can go, Nellie dear, if you wish it. Martha will take great care of me while you are gone." But I could not leave him, much as I wanted Winifred, and my self-denial was well rewarded by his fond kiss and flush of pleasure when I showed him my letter declining the invitation.

That afternoon, before going into his studio he put a five-pound note into my hand. "Your brother will try and give you a little pleasure to compensate for that which you have given up for his sake. Buy what you want, pack up your things, and next week we will take a trip to the seaside, unless your little ladyship prefers London."

"Oh! no, but, Fergus, are you sure we can—?"

"Afford it! Yes! If you want more, you can have it!—and remember, a very dainty seaside costume. I am proud of my little sister, and like her to look her best."

So we went to a quiet little fishing town, and spent three weeks of delicious idleness; Fergus sketching landscapes and figures in a desultory way, or reading aloud from some of his favorite authors. Hector rushed down, unexpectedly, one day, taking everything and everyone by storm, his handsome, laughing face seeming an "Open sesame" to the hearts of the simple country people. And then he hired horses, making me gallop over the white sands with him, till my curls were rough, and my face flushed with exercise; or he discovered the urgent necessity for teaching me to row; and, stirring up "that lazy animal," as he politely termed Fergus, insisted on his acting as steersman. And of an evening he could always cajole some old boatman into taking us for a moonlight sail, when, before I had time to begin one of my waking-dreams, would come the command, "Nellie, sing!" So all our old favorite songs were repeated, sounding sweeter than ever on the silent waters, and waking the echoes amongst the white cliffs, whilst the fresh sea-breezes brought more color to my cheeks than anything had done for months.

We came back to our London home to find Fergus Castrell's picture the picture of the year.

"Do you like it, Nellie?" he asked, as we stood a little apart from the groups who were criticising and praising the young artist's work.

"Like it! Oh! Fergus, that is a poor word

to use. Take care, my brother, or I shall turn idolator, and worship the hand that limned forth such a scene."

"Enthusiastic as ever, Nellie! Sit down here, while I go and speak to M—— for a moment; if you are good, I will introduce you."

And I, did I not glory in the talent that won my brother the friendship and respect of such men? For, day after day cards lay on the table, bearing names that are household words in England.

I received a letter from Winifred, in which she expressed her pleasure at the success Fergus had achieved; but she did not tell me, what I afterwards accidentally discovered, that she had been to see his picture, and, after silently contemplating it for some time, walked quickly home, there to burst into a passionate flood of tears, the apparent unreasonableness of which greatly scandalized Mrs. Page, and considerably lessened that worthy lady's opinion of her niece's ideas of self-control and decorum.

My poor Winifred, with your impulsive nature linked to such a lump of animated human ice, what you must have suffered during the weary year that tried us all so severely!

PART IV.—WINIFRED'S RETURN.

"Thank God, Miss Castrell, the worst is past; at least, we may hope!"

The words were Hector's—the time nearly midnight. The merry chimes would soon usher in another year; and the place was my brother's bedside. The proud spirit had at last succumbed before the growth of the well-concealed grief, and his strength had given way. For weeks he had been ill—very, very ill—and in the ravings of delirium, the name—Winifred's name—was constantly on his lips, sometimes chiding her for leaving him, sometimes heaping passionate words of endearment upon her. "Winnie, my Winnie!" was his constant cry; and all my words of soothing entreaty fell unheeded upon his ear. Hector had proved a true friend in our hour of trial. Night after night he sat up with Fergus; and though his face grew pale with his long vigils, he never confessed to being weary.

But at last, as Hector said, the worst was over. Fergus had called me by name; the delirium had passed, the unnaturally bright eyes had closed in quiet slumber; and whilst the hot tears rushed to my eyes, I echoed the words, "Thank God! oh, thank God!"

"Send her away, Mr. Fox, the child is so tired she can scarcely stand; and do you go, too, and lie down on the sofa; you need rest badly enough, and Master Fergus will not want you now. I will sit by him till he wakes. Now go, Miss Nellie, there's a dear!"

I bent to kiss the wasted hand lying outside the coverlet. As I did so, a faint smile crossed my brother's face, and he murmured, "Winnie." A pang shot through my heart; I felt that his was the love that lasts "through life until death;" and a wild scheme crossed my brain. Yielding to Martha's entreaty, and Hector's tone of more than half command, I left them, and sought my own room, still haunted by the one idea. I would seek Winifred there and then; she was staying at her house in London, and I could walk there in a quarter of an hour. I would tell her the whole story of the heart she had won, and force her to tell me whether its love was hopeless. What cared I for her wealth or altered position, when weighed against my brother's life and happiness? I was too excited to think of the time it was—I who had never been out alone after dusk—but throwing on a mantle, and tying a veil over my face, descended the stairs. I did not dare open the front door, for fear of the noise it would make in being closed from the outside; and I would not explain my errand to the new servant, who had been engaged since my brother's illness. To go out of the back gate I must fetch the key that lay on the sideboard in the breakfast-room. I had it in my hand, when a sudden blaze of firelight revealed Hector's face, wearing a look of blank astonishment, as he rose from the easy chair where he had been sitting.

"Good heavens, Miss Castrell, you are surely not going out!"

"Yes; I must for a little time; pray do not stop me!" for he had moved, and stood between me and the door.

"I am certain, if Fergus were here, he would not allow you to do so; and, as his friend, I know I am doing my duty in protesting his sister from even the semblance of ill. You do not know the risk you run of meeting with insult in going out, unattended, at such an hour."

"You have no right to dictate to me; I must, and will go!" I said, passionately, with a vain attempt to pass him. He quietly led me to the fire, and taking off my veil threw it on the table. Had he spoken or acted with less decision, I should have rebelled; but, proud and

determined as my spirit was, it bent before his master-mind.

"You are angry with me, Miss Castrell, I know; and to vindicate myself, I must say what I did not intend to have told so soon. Forgive me if it seem unreasonable; but I can keep my secret no longer. Nellie, have you thought that I could spend hours with you, as I have done, without discovering what a priceless treasure that wilful little heart would be? I have loved you long and earnestly; must it be in vain? If my worst fears are realized, forget what I have said; but at least give me the privilege of an old friend, and, if your errand to-night really be of as much importance as you say, let me execute it for you. I cannot think it is one you need be ashamed to confess."

For a few moments, brother, cousin, everything was forgotten in the intensity of my newly-found happiness. How Hector discovered what his answer was to be, I do not know, unless my eyes were more eloquent than my tongue; but he seemed perfectly satisfied, and with an inexcusable assumption of daring—for which he certainly deserved the reproof I am ashamed to say he did not have—drew me towards him, expressing his thanks in a manner which was, I suppose, perfectly agreeable to him—for my opinion he never stopped to ascertain.

"And now, Nellie, love, let me hear the details of your intended expedition.

He had now a right to ask; so I told him all, employing all my powers of argument to convince him of the propriety of my scheme. "You will let me go, Hector, dear Hector, will you not?"

"Not alone; but I will take you, and——"

"Winnie is too proud to let you hear her confession, whatever she might say to me."

"Well, then, I will see you there, and give you an hour to arrange matters, provided you will promise to await my return."

Only too glad to gain my point so easily, I gave the required promise. Leaning with a happy sense of security on Hector's strong arm, I soon reached Winnie's home, just as the carriage drove into the stable. The footman who opened the door stared to see me—he had been daily to our house with inquiries about my brother's health, and knew me by sight. In answer to my question, he said that Miss Brent had been out with her aunt to spend the evening, but had just returned. I sent Winnie my

card, on which I pencilled a few words in Italian, and sat down in the luxuriously furnished drawing-room to await her appearance. My suspense was not of long duration; there was a light footstep, and the soft rustle of silk, and then Winnie stood before me.

"My dear Nellie, what is the matter? Is Fergus——"

Ah! my cousin, words failed you; and the colorless cheeks and quivering lips, that, at any other time, would have pained me, gave me then positive pleasure.

"Fergus is better, decidedly better to-night, Winnie; but I fear he will never recover whilst he has so much trouble and anxiety."

"Anxiety! why I thought he was in a very good position. Can I help you, unknown to him? You know, Nellie, dear, that you have only to ask and have."

"You can, indeed, help him, Winnie, but not without his knowing it." She shook her head. "Dear Winifred, I must be straightforward with you. My brother's life is in your hands; he loves you wholly, passionately; he has struggled against it daily for the past year, but without success; you alone, with God's blessing, can restore him—he is my only brother. Oh! Winnie, for the sake of our dead parents, who loved you so well, save him!"

"Now, Nellie, listen in turn to my confession. Long before I cared to analyze the feeling, I loved Fergus; but on that weary day—the first of the year just ended—the truth stood before me in all its mocking reality, and, in my bitter humiliation, I spurned and despised myself for having given my heart unsought. I could have knelt at his feet, resigned my fortune, dared all, risked all, to have heard him say he loved me; but he kept his secret too well for me to discover it. You cannot tell how intensely I dreaded, and yet longed for, the day of separation; had it been deferred much longer, I must have forgotten myself, and revealed all. I strove hard to conquer my weakness, and thought I had succeeded, but your refusal of my invitation to Chalcofs taught me differently. I do not know what mad hopes I had been indulging—but no matter, this explains much that may have seemed unkind to you, Nellie. I dared not meet Fergus, I could scarcely trust myself with you; but now"—and she stood erect, her pale cheeks flushing, and her blue eyes looking almost black with excess of emotion—"I will see him, force the truth from him, and if it be as you say, no

power on earth shall tear me from his side. Why, child, how pale you are!"

I heard no more. I had borne much fatigue and excitement; they proved too much for me, and I sank back fainting on the couch. When I recovered consciousness, Winnie was bending over me.

"Here, Nellie, drink this dear," she said, holding a glass of wine to my lips; "and now rest here quietly, whilst I go and change my dress; I shall be ready in half an hour, I cannot do it in less, for I must speak to aunt. Did you come alone?"

"No! Mr. Fox brought me; he said he would fetch me in an hour."

Winnie slightly colored; but whatever her thoughts were she did not give them utterance. She only said, "I will order the carriage, then, and we can all go back together."

Half an hour had scarcely elapsed, when Winnie returned, her rich evening dress exchanged for one of some soft, gray material; and almost at the same moment I heard Hector's knock. Winnie was giving the housekeeper some directions, and only bowed as he entered; but as she turned towards us, she heard him address me as "Nellie." Something like one of her old mischievous looks crossed her features, as she glanced at me, and the deep flush on my face rather increased it. Intuitively she guessed the real facts of the case, and holding out her hand, she met Hector with a warm welcome.

When we reached home our midnight escapade was unsuspected; and Hector going upstairs, returned with the announcement that Fergus was still asleep; and dismissing us with an injunction not to sit and talk, he took his place on the sofa. I had not been to bed for several nights, and, spite of the many changes the day had brought, I slept soundly until aroused by the clock striking nine. Winnie was up and partly dressed. I doubt if her rest had been as unbroken as mine, for she looked pale and anxious.

"Good morning, Nellie! I wish you a happy new year!"

"Oh! is it New Year's-day? I had forgotten. How nice it seems to have you here again!"

A short time after, there was a tap at the door, and Martha entered. Nothing could equal her surprise when she saw Winifred.

"Why, Lord ha' mercy on us, child, the sight of you does my heart good! But where have you sprung from?" Then she added, in a

lower tone, "I hope you've come back for good, or else, I guess, you had better have stayed away."

"I have not come back for bad, I hope, Martha. How is Fergus this morning?"

"Better; he woke about an hour ago, so I got him all he wanted, and gave Mr. Fox his breakfast. Then he took my place whilst I had mine; and now I'm going to lay down for awhile. Miss Winifred," she continued, "I am too tired to ask how you came now; but if you have come for what I hope and think you have, all I can say is, God bless and reward you!" And with this benison our old nurse left us.

The day wore on, the doctor's visit was paid, and our invalid was progressing favorably; but the long winter evening had commenced, and still Winifred's name had not been mentioned to him. I was sitting by his bedside, wondering how and when it would be best to reveal the secret, when suddenly Fergus startled me, by observing: "Nellie! how long has Winnie been here? and how long is it to be before you let me see her?"

"Winnie here! Why, Fergus, are you dreaming?"

"No! You thought I was asleep this afternoon; but I heard you speak to her, and heard her reply; it is no use trying to deceive me; every sound of her voice is too deeply fixed on my memory to mistake it; do not fear for me, sister mine. I have conquered my wild dream, and in its place is only left a passionate longing to see her again."

"But I am so afraid it will excite you, Fergus."

"Not half so much as this suspense, dear Nellie. I will be as submissive as you like in anything else, but I must see her."

So a consultation was held, at which Hector, Martha, and I assisted, when our united wisdom led us to the conclusion that it would be best to yield. So, in obedience to our dictate, Winnie went; and when, half an hour afterwards, I entered my brother's room, one of his thin hands clasped both hers, and his look of happiness needed no words to aid its silent eloquence.

With a look he well understood, I asked, in oracular tones, "Has the dream past, oh! my brother?" And the answer, accompanied by a radiant smile, was, "Yes! truly, oh, my sister, the dream has past, for its fulfilment has come!"

PAULINE'S VISION.

BY IDA MASON.

Pauline, daughter of Farmer Oak,
Pet and pride of the gray "gude folk"—
Pauline, with the eye of blue,
And lip like rose leaf dipped in dew—
Sat in her willow sewing-chair,
Half hid in a wave of dun-gold hair,
Swiftly stitching with fingers brown,
"Seam and gusset," up and down,
Softly humming a tender tune,
Sweet as robin's chant in June.

There she sat, that maiden fair,
Swathed in her wealth of amber hair—
Letting the work from her fingers fall,
Propping her head against the wall—
Resting her eyes in a dreamy gaze,
On the south hills dim with drowsy haze;
Letting a tear unheeded slip
From its silken lash to her shell-tint lip.

For Pauline, daughter of Farmer Oak,
Pet and pride of the gray "gude folk,"
Thought, (when she fell into thinking mood)
That her life might yield some greater good
Than to sit by the sheltered household fire
Dreaming of nobler deeds and higher.
Strongly towards them her pure heart yearned,
But her true life-work was yet unlearned.

To-day as she sat in her willow chair,
Wrapt in the cloud of yellow hair,
The purple Indian summer mist
Down from the hill-tops it had kist,
Floated, and beckoning with shadowy hand,
Drew her spirit forth to the south sun-land;
Past many a desolated home,
O'er fields that yawned one hideous tomb—

O'er swamp and fen, and hill and plain,
Past countless graves of battle-slain—
But paused not till through half-lit gloom
Her eye struck round a long dim room,
Where stretched on pallet, couch, and bed,
Lay the braves who yester's battle led.

Their moans and sighs fell on her ear,
And her spirit drooped with sick'ning fear,
'Till a fevered hand from the nearest couch
Laid on her arm a trembling touch,
And a husky voice through hot lips burst—
"A cup of cold water,—I die with thirst."

Back from her dreamings Pauline came,
Red lips apart, blue eyes aflame—
Rose straightway from her willow chair,
Gathering up her drifting hair.
"Has thee heard good news, Pauline, my child?"
The old dame said, and Pauline smiled;
"Good news, mother? yes, good and true;
Mother, I've found my work to do."

Very lonely is Farmer Oak,
He and his "gude wife," gray haired folk.
Their hearts were heavy many a day
After their darling went away.
But they speak her name with tender pride,
As they sit by the hearth at eventide;
For though she be unknown to fame,
They know that brave men bless her name;
That dying soldiers in her ear
Breathe their last words for "*mother dear*."

Pauline's vision showed her true
The work God meant for her to do.

IN PARADISE.

BY EMMA M. CASS.

Never a smile on her beautiful face—
Never a blush on her beautiful cheek—
No heart-throbs flutter the filmy lace—
Strange that she does not speak!

Strange that she lies so passive, so cold,
Strange that she does not smile or speak—
Ah! never like this in the summers of old!
Is it some girlish freak?

Speak to her! Whisper her own sweet name!
Press tenderest kisses on lip and cheek,
See! words are but poor, and kisses but tame—
She moves not—does not speak!

Though your tears flow down like April rain—
Though your bursting heart were ready to break,
Not even to soften your passionate pain,
Will she deign to smile or wake!

FIRST AND LAST.

PART II.

BY M. C. P.

Continued from page 571.

CHAPTER I.

"A man, young lady—lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Six years later. A fine afternoon in early spring called out a throng of promenaders in Broadway. At the Academy of Music the first *matinée* of the season, with Piccolomini in her coquettishly charming rôle of Zerlina, filled the seats from the first parquet circle to the highest gallery. The little singer's popularity with the wearers of broad-cloth was evinced by the unusual quantity of that material which diversified the silks, velvets, and cashmeres that usually hold sway at a *matinée*.

In one of the central seats of the dress-circle, a remarkably handsome and refined looking young man, with a full blonde moustache marking the curves of a habitually scornful lip, abandoning all interest in the music from the moment that Zerlina's last arch gesture flashed from the stage, sat easily leaning his cheek on his well-gloved hand, and regarding the pretty, dark-eyed girl beside him with a smile, admiring indeed, and almost tender, but dashed with supercilious amusement at the depth of her absorbed attention to the opera. A face and figure handsome, as has been said; distinguished enough to attract and sway a woman's fancy, but with a something hard and cruel under its smooth grace. A something which flashed out to the surface, as, at the close of the performance, escorting his companion to a private carriage near by, one of the pitiable little vagrants that haunt such places—a representative of the dark world of suffering, degradation and crime, meeting by very force of contrast the world of luxury, fashion, and extravagance—intercepted them with the piteous whine of accustomed beggary. "Begone," he said, with an angry stamp of his foot. "Out of the way, little imposter!" and lifting the young lady into the carriage, he sprang lightly in beside her, giving the word "home," with quick decision as he himself closed the door. His face, with the scowl it wore then, did not betoken a good heart, or a

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safe one for a woman to trust her own to; but it smiled again in a moment on the girl beside him as they drove away.

Still more tender and decidedly lover-like was its expression as, a half hour later, they drew up before the door of one of those wonderful brown stone masses of architecture, whose heavy floridness "Upper New York" affects as its fit type and expression. "Just one sweet word, Christine," he was pleading, holding the door closed, and leaning caressingly towards her.

"Please don't, cousin Clarence!" cried his companion, shrinking from him with a look more distressed than pleasingly agitated. "Don't talk so! I cannot think—I have never thought;" then as the carriage door opened, without concluding her sentence, she sprang unassisted to the pavement, ran hastily up the broad steps, brushing by the servant who held open the door for her ingress, and disappeared. The gentleman looked after her, smiling at her abrupt and startled manner.

"That vivacity will only add piquancy to her style when fully formed," said he to himself, quite confident in his own power of "forming." No shadow of doubt as to the success of his solicitation troubled his mind.

"It may be considered *un fait accompli*," he said, as he sauntered into the drawing room, and threw himself into a deep *fauteuil* before the glowing grate. "Aunt Isabella will be pleased, and I am well pleased too."

He rang the bell after a short space of silent meditation, and inquired for Mrs. Morton. She was, the servant informed him, still in her dressing-room. So, awaiting her appearance in placid and self-complacent thought, this agreeable state relapsed into a daze, in which he remained insensible to the sound of the servant ushering a stranger into the room, until he heard his voice as he gave his card "for Miss Haviland."

And Christina Haviland? for this is Christina, though an old friend might hesitate to recognize in her the little girl of six years ago. Has she forgotten her old life?—the farm, the homely,

healthy, household tasks, the rare but keenly felt pleasures, the friends she cared for then? They were not forgotten, doubtless, though lost sight of in the events and impressions that had intervened since then. Some scenes gleamed like lovely idyls in her backward view of them, some looked sordid in their coarse plainness. The luxuries and pleasures that surrounded her now, so different from that old life, were delights to her. Not lightly would she have forfeited them. She is worldly then, this young girl? Yes, worldly, but not yet the world's bond-slave.

No conflict had yet been kindled between her higher and lower natures. Her life flowed down to the realm of the senses, and queued it there, as if this, indeed, were the true development of life. The real woman within her had been first awakened, startled, alarmed by what had passed this day. Pleased as she had been by the companionship of her cousin—not truly her cousin, but only the nephew of her aunt's husband—flattered by the attentions of a man so handsome, so accomplished, so superior, as she assured herself, in talent and knowledge, she had never thought of him in the light in which he had this day presented himself to her. To be asked to love him, to pass her life with him!—she clasped her hands over her glowing face. “I cannot think of such things; I cannot bear to!” she cried, to herself. “I will ask aunt Isabella to tell him he must not think of me so. It shocks me; it is so strange an idea!”

She walked rapidly to and fro through her chamber. “Come, I will not think of it any more,” she said, at last. “Very likely it was said just thoughtlessly; and if aunt speaks to him he will care no more about it.” Quieting and steadying her nerves with these thoughts, she laid aside the bonnet and shawl she had neglected to remove till now, and smoothed her rich dark hair, feeling disinclined for any alteration of her toilette.

A servant tapped at her door with the announcement—“A gentleman to see you, Miss Christine.”

Mechanically taking her card, she descended, almost unconscious how or why she had been summoned.

Collecting her thoughts at the drawing-room door, she glanced at the card in her hand. “Allen James, M. D.” It was her old life, her old childish self, with its loves and joys that awaited her within that room.

CHAPTER II.

“‘Drink,’ said the lady, soft and slow;
‘World’s love behoveth thee to know.’”
E. B. BROWNING.

It was Dr. James that rose to meet Christina. No question that this was the very man to whom she thought she owed so much six years ago. As true and rich a nature lit the clear gray eye and ennobled the plain dark features, as she had read there with her first look at that earnest, kind gaze and smile. Not a line of the face or a contour of the tall figure had changed.

But Christina? The dark meagre child, with little promise of outward fairness, save in her bright eyes and hair, had blossomed into a maiden almost beautiful. Her features might be irregular, but a complexion whose soft brunette tint was brightened by a lovely rose, perfect teeth gleaming between lips whose bright crimson made their fulness a beauty, and a form slender but rounded in healthful curves, more than compensated for the lack of statuesque regularity. Robed in a rich soft silk of the tint of ashes of roses, with costly lace clasped at the throat and wrists by pearls, she looked in perfect accord with the rich luxuriousness of the room in which she stood. Dr. James hesitated as he rose to meet her. But those were Tiny's eyes which gleamed with joyful surprise as she extended both hands in welcome, and Tiny's voice, though deeper and fuller, which cried, “Dr. James! my kindest, best, first friend! Oh! how glad—” The joyful emotion, the old thoughts and feelings it brought rushing back, coming in her fluttered and excited state, were almost too much. She paused, choked by an emotion which threatened to result in the feminine demonstration of “a good cry.”

Dr. James pressed her hands with cordial pleasure. “I am glad,” said he; “glad to be met so; glad to be remembered so readily. But,” drawing back and scanning her again, “your memory does not deserve so much credit for recalling you, as mine for recognizing my childish friend in you, Miss Haviland.”

“I think I must be altered indeed,” said Christina, with a smile still fluttered and agitated, “if I have grown to the stateliness of ‘Miss Haviland’ with you, Dr. James. It is a state of dignity I cannot appreciate. But sit down and tell me of my aunt and uncle, and all—everything.”

The room was lighted by the last gleams of daylight, but with dusky shadows in it, and

Christina had not, till she turned at this moment, observed that Clarence Morton was in the room. The blood rushed to her face as her glance met his, but she suppressed any agitation she felt in a moment, and introduced the two gentlemen to each other. Each, as they bowed, exchanged keen glances—Mr. Morton's, sharp, suspicious, and unfavouring; Dr. James's, penetrating and earnest, as if he had an instinct of some relation between this man and Christina other than that announced by her quiet introduction of "My cousin, Mr. Morton."

A few common-places were exchanged, but Christina was eager for more personal topics. "My aunt—tell me of her first of all, Dr. James," she said. "Has she almost forgotten the little girl who often tormented her so, and never—I have felt it since—sufficiently appreciated her true kindness? I might almost have dropped out of her memory in the years that she has been quietly rid of me."

"Christina would not be so easily forgotten anywhere," said the Doctor, with the smile that always lit up the plainness of his face so vividly, "but especially not in Sunfield. You are one that Time has 'galloped withal' in these six years, I dare say; I see for myself that he has taken you over a great deal of ground; but there he has seemed to stand still, so far as outward changes go, except that Mrs. Foster's health has greatly failed. She longs to see you very much since she heard of your return from France, but her health would hardly allow her to make the journey here, if there were no other preventing circumstances. I think she and Mr. Foster hardly knew how much you were to them till they had lost you."

"Dear Aunt Martha! dear, good Uncle John! I do want to see them, and the dear old place too." Her face brightened, as if a light from the childish days shone on it, as she spoke. "I have been coaxing Aunt Isabella to take me there every week since we returned to New York, and she has promised that we shall go soon. Though it will not be quite the same to me as going alone," she added, in a lower voice. Dr. James looked as if he thought so too.

"I came, indeed, partly as commissioner on Mrs. Foster's behalf, to ask for a speedy visit from you," said he. "As I intend remaining in this city till the last of this week, I hoped that I could have the pleasure of escorting you to Sunfield on my return—if your engagements would allow of such a plan." He glanced unconsciously towards Mr. Morton, who had with-

drawn to a table at the other end of the room, and was apparently occupied with some papers there.

Mrs. Morton's voice was at this moment heard at the door, ordering a servant to bring lights and to have dinner served in fifteen minutes. She sailed in, handsome and stately, in rich silk, whose sable hue and jet-trimmings were the only outward symbols of her widowhood, now in its third year. Her reception of Dr. James was almost cordial in its graciousness. She remembered him very well as the only palliative of the horrid life, as she thought it, from which she had rescued her niece—that niece for whom she felt a complacent affection as being the very work of her own hands, and now, through her care, the suitable adjunct of her splendors.

To Christina's eager repetition of the account of Mrs. Foster which she had just heard, and the expression of her desire to see her again, Mrs. Morton listened favorably. "Certainly, Christine, my love, you should visit your aunt. I would not for worlds appear rudely unmindful of her former care of you. I should myself accompany you to Mr. Foster's, but my engagements here are so peremptory," with a little inward shudder at the idea of exchanging the luxuries of her city home for the barrenness of the country farm-house. "If Dr. James returns to Pennsylvania so soon as he tells us, I think, if he will kindly undertake the care of you on the journey, so unexceptionable an escort would set me entirely at ease about my own inability to accompany you."

She looked, with a bland smile of inquiry, at the Doctor, who hastened to reply, with a manner for the moment almost as conventional as her own, that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to be allowed to act as Miss Haviland's escort, as he had already had the honor to assure her; and that, with Mrs. Morton's permission, he would call the next day to be favored with a knowledge of their further arrangements.

But he would remain and dine with them? Mrs. Morton graciously hoped.

Dr. James regretted that imperative engagements forbade that pleasure, and bowed his adieu, with nothing in his manner to Christina beyond the courtesy he showed her aunt. He was by no means sure that this was indeed his little friend Tiny whom he had found in this ungenial atmosphere. This was a petted hot-house flower, he thought, not the little wild

rose he remembered. And this man, polished, handsome and young, who seemed to share the same home with her—no doubt this was the hand selected to train the flower to proper drawing-room beauty. Dr. James sighed a little as he pursued his way with a musing deliberation which did not denote that his pressing engagement was a hurrying one.

Clarence Morton's brow was clouded, and his eye dark, as he sat at dinner with his aunt and Christina, and his conversation less easy and flowing than usual. Christina was silent too, and pleaded headache as an excuse for retiring from the table soon after dessert was served.

Mr. Morton poured out a glass of wine, and then, throwing himself irritably back in his chair, exclaimed—"I wonder very much, aunt, that you should favor this plan for Christine to go down among those people. I do not like it at all. It is with your full approbation, and even your advice, that I have made up my mind to address her, you are well aware, and I certainly do not relish the idea of her going away before the matter is arranged, nor do I wish to hurry a denouement. She is an interesting creature, and I would rather humor than thwart her peculiarities."

"You have broken the matter to her, I conclude," said Mrs. Morton, serenely peeling an orange. "How did she receive it?"

"As well as I could have desired," said Clarence, carelessly tasting his wine. "I did not wish to insist on a definite answer at first, and there is just enough of coy withdrawal to make the probation interesting."

"My dear Clarence," said his aunt, "I am not sure that you entirely understand Christine. I have not been able, in my observation of her, to find that she has quite the feelings that I could wish in this respect."

"You do not mean—" Clarence began, with some irritation.

"I do not mean, of course," interposed his aunt's smooth voice, "that she can be quite insensible to your superior qualities; but I do not believe that her mind is quite prepared to welcome ideas of anything more than friendship from you as yet. It will be wiser, I think, for you, and better for her, I am sure, to press the subject no farther just at present. And as for this visit which you dislike, it is, I am convinced, the very thing she needs, that she may contrast her former life with the advantages she now enjoys, and such a man of refinement and elegance as you, my dear Clarence, with

the country boors whom she remembers as something better than the reality. When she returns, you will, if I do not greatly mistake, find her much more disposed to warmly appreciate your attentions than at present." Mrs. Morton softly tapped her white fingers on the table and watched her nephew, who still looked unconvinced and displeased.

"Of course, aunt," he said at last, "I have no right to thwart your wishes or reject your advice in this affair, though I still think Christine less averse to ideas of love than you suppose, and that I should find nothing but maiden shyness in her shrinking from the subject; but I shall not oppose your views, since the result will probably be the same in either case. But this man, this country doctor, who is he? Is it quite desirable to throw Christine upon his hands in this way?"

"Dr. James appears to me a very suitable person for the purpose," said Mrs. Morton. "He has known Christine from her infancy, I believe, and had formerly quite a paternal care over her. And his want of personal graces and youthful vivacity of manner, make him a very safe protector."

"I do not like him," said the young man, morosely. "There was something in his look and manner that was not at all agreeable to me; and Christine did appear confoundedly glad to see his ugly, pitted face."

"My dear Clarence," said the lady, with a mocking smile, "you are certainly more in love than I imagined from your manner when we spoke on this subject before. If I had had any idea that this arrangement would annoy you, I should not have acceded to it; but as the engagement is made, it will not do very well to alter it now. I had reasons for not wishing you alone to be her escort to Pennsylvania, and she will be all the better pleased to see you if you should go to bring her back again."

Thus the threads of Christina's fate were arranged by other hands, she herself unconscious of the while. She had put aside the bewildering ideas suggested to her that day, and her thoughts were only busy to-night with her old past life. Her mother, faded away to a white angel memory now. The other phase of life which opened to her after her mother left her. Above all, the few months—happiest of all that part of the past—when the kindly care of the friend she had seen to-day was a constant beneficent presence to her.

She shunned any private conversation with

Mr. Morton in the few days that elapsed before the time of her departure, but to her great relief he made no attempt to renew the subject she dreaded; and his manner preserved so entirely its usual familiar but cousinly courtesy that she chid herself for having misunderstood or misinterpreted his words on the day of the *matinée*.

On the evening before she was to leave New York, as she sat by her dressing-room fire, already robed for the night, Mrs. Morton entered. "You are to start so early in the morning, my love, that I thought I would have a little conversation with you to-night before you retire," said she, caressingly, as she seated herself near Christina. But she seemed to find some little difficulty in introducing the subject upon her mind, and after some observations on the hour of starting, and the length of the route, relapsed into silence awhile. "Christine," she said at last, "I think before you leave me for this visit that I had better make some suggestions that have probably not occurred to you hitherto. What do you think of your cousin Clarence?" She spoke abruptly, and looked searchingly at her niece as she asked the question.

The blood rushed hotly to Christina's face. "Think of him?" she said, confusedly.

"Yes; it was your opinion of him I asked for."

"I—he—" stammered Christina, "he is very gentlemanly, I know—and knows a great deal, I am sure—and he is very kind, I think—to us, at least."

"That is a descending scale of certainty," said Mrs. Morton, smiling. "But I, too, think that he will be very kind—to you—and more than kind. I had hoped that the result of your voyage from Europe together would be to make you sure of it. How much do you care for Clarence, Christine?"

"He is the only cousin I have known," said the girl, more steadily, with her eyes fixed on the fire.

"Well, it is cousinly, of course; I do not press that question," said her aunt, smiling again. "You cannot fail, I am sure, to appreciate his fine qualities. Clarence was his poor dear uncle's favorite." Here she heaved a little sigh, as people often do when they call their departed friends "poor dear," seeming to apologize for getting on so well without them. "You know, I suppose, Christine, that he left him his heir?"

"No, aunt, I did not know. I had not thought anything about it," said Christina, looking up wonderingly. "I supposed whatever was uncle's was yours just the same."

"Mr. Morton left me very handsomely provided for," said Mrs. Morton, a shade crossing her brow, "but my jointure, too, will nearly all revert to Clarence on my death. But you must not think, my love, that your uncle, who, you know, was very fond of you, was thoughtless of your future too. It was his desire and request that his nephew should make that future his care—in that way, Christine, which will best secure your happiness and his." She paused. Christina's head was bent, and her face was shaded by the hand that shielded her eyes. "Clarence is a man of honor," pursued Mrs. Morton, "and so completely *comme il faut* in every respect that the woman he shall choose for a wife will certainly be accounted fortunate, even if she had liberty to choose from the whole world." Christina was still silent, and her aunt, rising, said—"I will not keep you up later to-night, love. I merely mentioned this subject to you now, lest you should have some doubts and anxieties to mar your enjoyment in your visit. Dismiss any such. No one's future stands fairer and plainer than yours, my Christine. Good-night." She kissed and left her.

It was not without serious deliberation that Mrs. Morton had resolved on opening this subject to her niece. Her feminine instincts, no less than her experience, warned her that a timid love just fluttering towards its object might be scared or crushed by anything like restraint or coercion. But, on the other hand, she was less and less satisfied that Christina's feelings were turning as she wished. In the early part of their voyage from Europe she had been well content in the assurance that everything was arranging itself for the best. Clarence evidently admired Christina's naïveté and grace, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that a girl inexperienced and unused to the society of the other sex should reciprocate any favor that might be shown her. But of late she saw, or fancied she saw, more languor in her attention to his conversation—less ready pleasure in his attentions. She feared that her feelings instead of ripening into love were sinking into indifference. Under these circumstances she deemed it best to open to her niece a view of the future, which should determine her acceptance of the man whom her care-takers had always designed for her hus-

band. With him, wealth and ease; without him, poverty and friendlessness. She felt well assured that even if indisposed at present to embrace the former choice, with time given her to dwell upon it as inevitable, she would see all the advantages of such a marriage, and gladly accept it as a happy lot.

CHAPTER III.

"Come back, come back, my childhood,
To the old familiar spot,
Whose wild flowers, and whose wild-wood
Have never been forgot.

L. E. LONDON.

Christina's journey was not brightened by the conversation of the night before. A depressing sense of an inevitable destiny before her weighed down her spirits, and crushed the rosy, undefined visions with which, at the entrance of womanhood, she

"Held up

The whole creation in her little cup,
And smiled with thirsty lips before she drank."

All arranged; all her path set clear and plain before her! it might be a soft and flowery one, but thus compelled to look towards it, could it be fair to her?

Miles of level meadows, just beginning to brighten to greenness under the spring warmth which tardily came to breathe on them, passed unnoticed before her eyes, as the train in which she and Dr. James were seated scudded along in the wake of the puffing monster which drew them, while she struggled vainly with her depression. Her companion did not attempt to withdraw her from her absorption. Since Clarence Morton, who had accompanied them across the ferry, had himself placed Christina in her seat and parted from her with an air whose tender softness was much more marked than usual, perhaps for Dr. James's especial benefit, her travelling companion had been apparently absorbed in his morning Tribune, upon whose columns he gazed with a quiet gravity, greater than seemed to be called for by the editorial before him, where some unlucky politician was barbecued in the best style of the "funny man" of that interesting sheet. Christina, recollecting at last how ungracious her long silence might appear, turned from the window to the Doctor, who laid aside his paper to make some trifling arrangement for her comfort, asking her if she disliked the noise and jar of the train.

"No, not at all," said Christina; "I believe

I like all the little accompaniments of travelling which annoy some people so much. Sea journeys do not make me sick, nor land journeys give me the headache."

"I suppose then it was a sense of your special fitness for travelling which used to make you long for it so," said Dr. James, smiling. "I remember you thought it would be the height of human felicity 'strange countries for to see,' as the old ballad has it."

"Yes," said Christina, musingly, "I remember speaking so once, just before the word came that I was to accompany Aunt Isabella to France. It felt so strange to have my very wish given into my hands in that way. How long ago that seems! it is like a dream to look back to it."

"It does not seem long to me," said her companion. "I could fancy it but a little while ago, if I had not you beside me for a reminder of the lapse of time." And he looked, with a glance that became a gaze at the pliant, slender figure beside him, looking so womanly-pretty in her close-fitting dress and basquine of dove-colored cloth, and bonnet of the same tint with its drooping crimson-tipped plume. "But you have not told me anything about those wonderful foreign countries yet," he pursued. "What of La Belle France? are they 'allonging and marshonging,' as Mr. What's-his-name says, just as they were ten years ago?"

"Oh, you mean in 'Little Dorrit,'" said Christina, brightly. "That was the first novel I read after I came away from the school, and I liked it so. But I do not know much about the people that Mr. Meagles talked about. My reminiscences of France are almost all of the pensionnat. It was in Germany and Italy that I realized my ideas of the delights of travelling. But you said 'ten years ago,' Dr. James. Were you ever in France? you never told me of it."

"I completed my medical course there," said the Doctor. "Is it true that I never found anything to tell you of it? It must, then," he added, speaking French, "that you shame me, Mademoiselle, by being more communicative of your travels and adventures."

Christina answered fluently in the same tongue, and their talk glanced readily from one subject to another, till her eyes shone as merrily, and her laugh sounded as pleasantly as usual. Her depressing thoughts were thrown aside again. What need to annoy herself with unwelcome ideas now, she said, thoughtlessly to herself, in her usual impulsive way. If only

Dr. James had been more completely his old self. There was some change in him, Christina was sure. She had thought to take up her childish friendship with him just where it had been dropped, but it was not so. If he had, as he said, remained the same, then it was she who had changed, for some barrier interposed between them that had not formerly been there. His kindness and courtesy might be the same, but something of the old confidence and familiarity had passed away.

A change of cars at Philadelphia, another but shorter ride on the railroad, a half dozen miles of bad roads passed over in a hackney coach, and she came in sight of Mr. Foster's home, just as the sun was setting. Christina's heart beat fast. The same gate, the same grass-bordered lane, hedged on one side by the row of cedar bushes, where six years had hardly marked an added growth. All was as if it were but yesterday that the child's little figure had flown down the path, or stood in the honey-suckle-shaded porch. And on the porch stood Mrs. Foster, paler and thinner than her former self, but with a look of love and welcome in her face that Christina thought she had never seen there before, and as she clasped her niece in her arms, and said, "Home again, dear child!" and Mr. Foster's hearty voice cried, "Welcome home again, Chrissy," the girl felt for a moment that here was home indeed, the best of all.

But how hard and bare looked the sitting-room now to her eyes, accustomed to the elegance of Mrs. Morton's well-appointed house, its luxuries of literature, music and art. Here the uncurtained windows, the straight-backed chairs, the table, with its drop-leaf, set close to the wall, the old-fashioned book-case, where the same well-remembered volumes stood in orderly array upon the shelves, all was as she had seen and known it, but yet had not seen it with such eyes as now. "All just as you left it, I guess, Chrissy," said her aunt. "Does it look natural?"

"But there is a new carpet, I see, Aunt Martha," said Christina, evading the point of the question. "That makes some difference. But oh, how nice this wood-fire is; and how natural you look in its light, dear auntie; and Uncle John does not look one day older than when I went away."

"That's not like you then," said the good farmer. "Why, she's grown up a real pretty chunk of a girl, hasn't she, Martha?" turning

her laughing face round to the fire for a good look at it.

"But where's Doctor James?" said Mrs. Foster. "I have to thank him for bringing you home. I thought when I told him to be sure and fetch you back, that he was the man to do what he went to do."

"Here I am, Mrs. Foster," said the Doctor entering from the porch, "all ready to be thanked and praised as befits my wonderful virtues. I have brought the bird to her nest, and now I must fly off to my own."

"Not till you have some supper, though," said Mrs. Foster. "After the long ride you've had, too." And with housewifely instincts, unabated by her failing health, she hurried into the kitchen to superintend the preparation of the chicken and coffee intended to comfort the travellers, while Christina ran out to look at everything, renew her friendship with old Boser, and convince herself, as she said, over and over, that she *really* was back again in her own old home.

CHAPTER IV.

"She stands, the Future dim,
And draws me on,
And shows me dearer joys,
The Past is gone.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

The first days of Christina's stay in Sunfield passed rapidly away, enlivened by the vivid interest she felt in recalling her childish exploits and experiences as she revisited the scene of action. She followed her aunt into the kitchen, visited the dairy and the barn, and rode in the ox-cart with her uncle when he went afield. But the fitful April weather did not always tempt to out-door exercise, or even allow it; and then the quiet monotony of the house wearied and depressed her. The literary resources of the farm-house were chiefly interesting for old acquaintance' sake, and but for the resources of her drawing and painting materials she would have found many an hour hang unendurably heavy on her hands. At the end of two or three weeks she began to feel that her visit had lasted nearly long enough, but about that time she received a letter from Mrs. Morton informing her that Clarence had been called away to Paris on business, and that she herself should shut up her house for awhile and visit some friends in Savannah, feeling quite easy in leaving her dear Christine a few weeks longer with her kind friends in Pennsylvania. If Mrs. Morton had seen her niece's

first look of disappointed surprise at this intelligence, it would have pleased her, as showing the very state of feeling she had predicted as the result of this visit.

Christina saw but little of Dr. James during these few weeks. He visited her aunt treating her neuralgic affections, but his calls were but short, which Mrs. Foster accounted for by its being "such a dreadful sickly spring," and the Doctor so overworked.

A visit from their neighbors, the Somerses, was an agreeable event for Christina, and the acquaintance between herself and Mary Somers soon ripened into intimacy, giving rise to a frequent interchange of visits, and bringing her into contact with the young people of the neighborhood. It was not a very large or a brilliant circle, that of Sunfield. At their evening gatherings the heavy young farmers, standing bashfully aloof from the buxom girls, and furtively surveying them as if their ranks were impregnable fortresses, dangerous of attack, the while they exchanged weighty opinions on the wheat crop, and the purchase of a house by one of their number; these worthy young bucolics pronounced Christina pretty, but kind o' fancy-looking and cityfied, and finding in her manners a somewhat reserved shrinking from their society, interpreted it as "stuck-up town ways," which they repaid by never seeking her company in her uncle's home. With the girls of the neighborhood she was more popular, but became intimate with none but Miss Somers.

Squire Somers's family differed considerably in point of culture from the majority of their neighbors. The Squire himself, the only lawyer that Sunfield could boast of (if matter of boasting a lawyer may be) was a scholarly man, with an acute legal intellect whose sharpness did not extend to his disposition or manners. A widower for several years, his household felt no lack of a mistress under the steadily gentle sway of his unmarried daughter. Mary Somers was a year or two older than Christina, and the difference in their ages seemed greater than it really was, from the diversity of their dispositions. Christina's impulsive thoughtlessness, swaying to every pleasurable emotion with a ready self-indulgence that threatened to merge itself into selfishness if no salutary check should intervene, contrasted with Mary's equable firmness, gentle and yielding apparently, but fixed as a rock when the question was one of duty, as did the fair regularity of

the latter's madonna-like face, and the full and firm outlines of her form, with Christina's blooming, piquant face, varying with every emotion, and her slim, elastic figure.

Richard Somers, "Dick," as every one called him, was fresh from college, commencing his legal studies under his father; a gay, thoughtless young fellow, with an exuberance of animal spirits which often betrayed him into absurd extravagances; frequently manifested at present by a caricatured excess of devotion to Christina, which was diverting enough, though sometimes annoying to her, especially when Dr. James's grave eyes overlooked the performance.

Dick was figuring in that line one evening in early May, as Christina stood on the porch steps bidding adieu to him and his sister. They had all been Maying together that afternoon, and the girls were laden with spoil, spice-wood branches, crimson maple boughs, and the white and azure flower-darlings of the spring woods. "Addio carissima, charmingissima," cried Dick, with many genuflections and anguished applications of his hand to his left vest pocket. "Who knows whether I shall survive till our next meeting! The Governor intends desperate measures against me. My late neglect of the attentions due to Coke and Blackstone have moved the paternal ire, and he threatens to forbid my seeking the light of your presence so often. All the springs of life are languishing within me in such an apprehension!"

"Come along, Dick," said his sister, laughing. "Mr. and Mrs. Foster will be scandalized by your foolishness. Good night all. Chrissey, do come over to-morrow, and give my stupid head the benefit of your taste about making my new dress. Dick will drive you over home in the evening, if he is not too near defunct by that time."

"I revive already in the expectation," said Dick, raising his hat in adieu, as they took the path that led across the pasture-lands towards Mr. Somers's house.

"That's a spry young spark," said Mr. Foster, from the wooden arm-chair on the porch, where he was resting from his day's labor; "and I shouldn't wonder, now, if he had more sense than anybody would think to hear him talking."

"He takes a deal of pains, then, to turn himself fool side up when I see him," said Mrs. Foster, rather snappishly. "The young man was no favorite with her, and she looked sharply after her niece during his visits, not pleased

with the laughing complacency with which she endured his absurdities. "Nobody'd think he was Mary Somers's brother, to look at them. She's a right steady, good girl."

"Ay, she's a nice girl, that's a fact," said the farmer; "a good wife she'll make for somebody. I reckon, Chrissy, you see Dr. James there mostly when you go to the Squire's, don't you?"

"I've met him there several times," said Christina, turning to her uncle with a look of inquiry in her large hazel eyes. "But why, uncle? why do you say I should meet him there mostly? are they so intimate?"

"Intimate enough, I guess," said Mr. Foster. "Folks have laid him and Mary Somers out for one another ever since she came home from school. I reckon her father's loth to spare her makes the matter hang o' hand so long. They'll make a nice pair, the Doctor and her. Good as gold and steady as rocks."

Christina's boughs and blossoms slipped somehow from her grasp as her uncle spoke, and lay scattered on the steps. As she stooped to gather them and raised herself again, her face burned with a crimson glow, but it faded quite away again the next moment, and as her aunt rising, announced that it was growing too damp for her to stay out any longer, Christina followed her into the house, paler and more silent than usual, pondering much the idea which her uncle had suggested.

After this, when Dr. James and Mary Somers met in her presence, she watched with sharp attention to see if she could notice any signs of a special understanding between them; but not being able to discover any such, the idea gradually faded from her mind, without her ever asking herself why the prospect of a union between her two friends should have awakened such peculiar and painful repugnance in her mind.

(To be continued.)

SONG.

THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

BY WILLIAM NUTTALL, M. D.

Come sing the song of other days,
The song thou erst would sing,
When hope threw out her brightest rays,
And life was in its spring.

Though dark our lot, that welcome strain
Shall bid its gloom depart,
And shed around our home again
The sunshine of the heart.

No sky is so serenely blue,
No flower so sweetly gay,
No friend appears so kind and true
As those of yesterday.

The future to our doubting eyes
With shade is overcast,
And all our pleasant memories
Are with the buried past.

PETITIONS.

BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

When day yields to darkness, and over the lea
The wind is a melody singing,
When the kingfisher comes from his watch by the sea,
Where wave-bells a vesper are ringing,
Oh, say, will you then
Some messages send,
By that sea-loving bird, to your far-distant friend?
When the moon, lovely queen, in her raiment of white,
On her soft azure throne is reclining,
And your glance wanders up to her empire of light,
Where stars in their glory are shining,

Let no sad regret
Make you wish to forget
The hour when we first 'neath their silver ray met.
Life still has a sorrow for every mirth,
A sadness for every pleasure,
And as long as we walk in the vallerys of earth
We'll drink of each cup a full measure;
But I care not for pain—
It will leave me again—
If the prize of your love and affection I gain.

LETTY HAGUE.

BY MRS. L. D. SHEARS.

It was a pretty maiden that stood in the pasture by the roadside, with her pail on her arm and one little bronzed hand extended, calling in softened tones to Rosa, the "big red" cow, to come and be milked. Rosa raised her head and gave a slight boo in recognition of the musical voice, then cropping one more mouthful of the fresh grass, she started towards her gentle mistress.

Letty seated herself on the three-legged stool by Rosa's side, and commenced milking her, just as calmly as though she hadn't seen the tall form of Eben Burt coming down the hill. When he reached her side she was, to all outward appearance, so absorbed in her work that he found it necessary to touch her round, white shoulder with his brawny hand ere she responded to his question—"I say, Letty?"

"Well, Eben, what is it you say?"

"I thought it no harm to come and ask you if you'd take a bit of a walk with me, 'being it's the last night,' and I've something to say to you before I go."

"You may as well say what you have to say to me now, Eben, for I've got the milk to strain and set, and the curd to put a pressing yet, and then it will be too late."

"Well, do as you like, Letty," said Eben, working the toe of his heavy cow-hide boot deep into the green sward, and standing for a moment irresolute by her side, while she, having finished milking, bade Rosa "go long," and arose to return to the house. "What I was going to say is not much, to be sure, Letty," continued Eben, taking the brimming pail of milk from her hand as he walked by her side, "but I know I shant feel easy if I go away without saying it."

Letty made no reply, seeming quite unconcerned at the uneasy state of mind her lover evinced. She had drawn her white sun-bonnet from her head, and, brushing back her rich brown curls, walked slowly along, swinging the bonnet back and forth as they proceeded.

"I shall be gone a great while, Letty," began Eben, heaving a deep sigh and looking into her clear blue eyes to see if he couldn't discover a tear of regret there. But no watery mist of sympathy was to be seen; they were as bright

and clear as ever, and Eben thought they beamed on him with less of love than formerly. The old suspicion which had poisoned his happiness for months past was again aroused, and he thus gave vent to his feelings—"I'll tell you what it is, Letty, I don't like the idea of Will Beverly's coming here so much. It don't look right; he's here two or three times a week to see you, when he knows you are engaged, and have been these six months.

"I don't know that he comes here to see *me*," replied Letty, coloring and biting her bonnet string in her vexation.

"Well, *I* do; one can see it with half an eye; and, though it isn't a week since you told me you loved me better than anybody else in the world, I can't help thinking you encourage his coming by actions, if not by words."

Letty didn't look up frankly into her lover's face as she used to do, but stooped and gathered a few of the white petals that had fallen from the pear-tree under which they were standing, while her face and neck grew a deeper red.

"I have seen the way things were going pretty clearly for a man in love, I reckon—and I'll tell you what, Letty, it arnt a going to be 'which and t'other' with Will Beverly and me any longer."

"You're jealous, and that's all there is about it," said Letty, throwing the pear-petals she had been gathering to the ground, and beginning to cry.

"No, Letty, that *isn't* it," said Eben, somewhat moved by her tears; and, drawing nearer, he set down the milk-pail and put his arm caressingly around her slender waist. "Above all things I don't want to quarrel with you now, when I must say good-by for such a long, long time."

"Then what do you come and talk to me so for?" said Letty, trying to move away from him and pouting, with the tears still on her cheeks.

"Because, as I told you before, I am going away, and I want a fair understanding with you before I start. If Will Beverly's black mustachios, white hands and soft speeches have turned your heart from me, *I* want to *know* it, that's all. In a word, I want to know if you

would like to be freed from your engagement with me. Not but what I should feel badly to lose you—for God knows I have given you all the love there is, or ever will be, in my heart—but it is better for me, if you are false to your vows, to know it now than later."

"I am not false to my vows," said Letty, passionately, "and I have told you times enough that I loved you better than anybody else; but that don't seem to satisfy you."

"Ah, Letty, it is not the words, but the old love glance that I miss; however, I will rest satisfied with your avowal. And now one word more about Beverly, and I will go. I am satisfied that he comes here with no good intent; so put a stop to it at once, will you? I await your promise."

Letty hesitated; but, meeting an angry glance from Eben, she said—"I promise."

"Now you are my own darling Letty, and I shall leave you without any fears."

Once, twice, thrice he kissed her ripe lips, then hurried away, for he could not trust his voice to say farewell.

"O dear! if I had only known," murmured Letty, as she bent over the huge cheese-tub that night and dipped the whey from the curd, "if I had only known what his feelings were towards me, I could have settled the matter at once; but now I'm bound more closely than ever. I did think I loved him when I made that promise, and I should never have known the difference if it hadn't been for Beverly. Sometimes I wish I had never seen him. I see no way to help it now though. Everybody would blame me if they knew my mind, but I'm sure I can't help it."

"What is it you can't help, little one?" said a clear voice, and looking round she beheld Beverly standing in the door.

"Oh, nothing," said Letty, confused; "but how came you here, Mr. Beverly?"

"I was passing by, and such a longing desire to see you took possession of my mind, that I could not avoid stopping. But pardon my intrusion, I meant not to be a listener."

Letty continued her work while Beverly bent over her, telling her fairy-like tales of the distant countries he had visited, and glancing off at the down-cast eyes and glowing cheeks of his pretty listener, to read, if possible, their effect in her countenance.

She was charmed, as the physiognomist readily perceived; and, when he bade her adieu that eve, he left her looking after him with a

wondering and admiring gaze. Her little brain was busy recounting his well-told tales of kings and emperors and their brilliant courts, and she became satisfied in her own mind that Beverly was some great man, travelling incognito through the country; then she contrasted his finely-chiseled features, his handsome face and manly form, with that of her honest but homely lover, Eben Burt, and turned away with a sickening sensation at her heart when she thought of her engagement.

Early on the following morning Eben Burt arose and descended the narrow stairway noiselessly, that he might not disturb his mother's slumbers. For he had purposed to slip away ere she was up, and thus save the pain of the parting word. But to his surprise he found her already hobbling about the kitchen, preparing his breakfast.

Though she made an effort to be cheerful, her watery eyes did not escape his notice, and his heart smote him for thinking of leaving her in her loneliness and decrepitude the whole long summer, and perhaps winter. "Mother," said he, as he arose from the breakfast-table, after having tasted but a few mouthfuls of the food set before him, "don't shed another tear for your silly boy. I'll not go off and leave you here, alone. Squire Pettis wants to hire me this summer, for he spoke to me about it not more than a week ago; and then I can teach the Blackhill school next winter and board at home, and kind of keep an eye on things."

"Nay, my son, I'll not have thee give up thy studies just for a few whimpers of mine, when thou hast delved for years, to lay up a sufficient sum to carry thee through college, and the long nights thou hast spent in study, too, when others were taking their rest. Dost thou think I would consent to have thee give it up now? Nay, nay, my boy, thy head is not an empty nut-shell, if thou art a rough looking shuck on the outside, and I've felt it ever since I listened to thy handsome speech down at the brown school-house last Lyceum night. Thou shalt go to college, boy, and in time thou mayest be able to do something for the country thy grandfather fought so nobly for. See what I've been doing for thee, for I knew thou hadst laid by but a scanty store for clothes;" and opening an oak chest that stood in the corner, she held up a complete suit of clothes—the coat, vest and pants of the same color as those of revolutionary memory, which, though marked with bullet-holes and worn threadbare, she had kept trea-

sured ever since that eventful period in the same oak chest. The good quakeress, in her quiet cottage a mile from town, could not be expected to keep the run of the changing fashions, for she never stepped out of her own yard save to attend a meeting or a lecture. Had she suited her own inclination, she would have chosen different material, and cut them after the good old Quaker style; but Eben had positively refused, since he had known Letty's dislike to them, to again put on Quaker apparel; so she had gone back to the olden style, thinking it would please her son better than anything else to have his coat, vest and pants fashioned precisely like those of his grandfather, whose valiant deeds he had listened to in years gone by with childish wonder and delight. Eben smiled as he examined them.

"I am glad thou art pleased with 'em," said the old lady, noticing the smile on his face. "Thou shalt look as neat and trim as any of the lads at college. Maybe thou'lt think kindly of thy mother when thou wearest them—particularly the pants; for nary a hand but mine has been put to 'em, both in the cutting and making."

Eben assured her she would not have been forgotten, even if she had not kindly made him the new suit; and, after folding them carefully, he laid them in the top of his trunk, and then giving the furrowed and tear-stained cheek which she presented to him, a kiss, he shouldered his trunk, and hurried away to the nearest point by which he might reach the stage which was to bear him to old Harvard. His route lay past the dwelling of Stephen Hague, and he gave many a longing look at the dormer-window which lighted Letty's chamber, in hopes to get a glimpse of her sweet face, for he had still another word of caution for her ere he departed; and then, he had forgotten to request her to write to him. But no Letty was visible. She was doubtless dreaming yet, for Rosa stood unmilked by the bars; and as he passed and called her gently by name, she gave him a wave of the head and a pouting loo, which was quite comforting, now that he could not see her pretty mistress.

He was just in time for the stage at the next crossing, and as he took a seat by the driver, on the outside, and looked back at the green hills, the blossoming fruit trees, and the pretty white cottage, out of the red chimney of which the blue smoke was curling, he wondered what changes would take place ere he should again

behold it. Alas! could he but have obtained a peep into the wisely curtained future, which he so longed for, his journey to the University would have been speedily cut short.

Letty was up and dressed, and tripping lightly about the room, when she descried her lover, in his homespun suit, hurrying down the hill, and bending beneath the weight of his old-fashioned hair-trunk. She kept purposely out of sight, to avoid another interview with him; so she turned away from the great, honest heart, beating only for her, indulged in castle-building and romantic speculations—my Lord Beverly the hero of every romance of her mind, and herself, a fair lady—a *real*, noble lady, glittering in brocades and jewels at the court of some foreign potentate.

What a shame it was for people to talk about him *so*; but then they didn't understand him as *she* did.

Two months had passed since Eben Burt left Southville for the University at Cambridge, and yet Letty had not answered one of his long letters, which came every week regularly to the post-office. Indeed, she had scarcely missed him, and seldom thought of her absent lover, save once a week, when one of those tedious letters came to hand—a fearful reminder of her vows; for, notwithstanding her promise to Eben on parting, she had seen Beverly nearly every day, nor had she interposed a word against his coming to the cottage. Already he seemed to exert a power over her thoughts and feelings which she could not repel. Yielding up all thoughts of justice and honor to her affianced, she lived for the present in the fascinating spell cast about her by the wily stranger, and thought not of the future.

"Why don't you tell that 'feller' to keep his distance from 'our Letty?'" said Stephen Hague, when he came in from planting an hour earlier than usual on a Saturday afternoon, and found Beverly sitting close beside Letty, on the front door-step.

"Why don't you tell him yourself?" responded Mrs. Hague. The fact was, she had been into the front hall twice that afternoon to give the young man a "*piece* of her mind," and had been baffled both times by his agreeable conversation and his kind and considerate manner. The words, on the tip of her tongue, remained unsaid, and she went back to her neatly-sanded kitchen, half won herself by the suavity of Beverly. It was plain that "some-

thing must be said by somebody," and she thought it belonged to the man of the house to take the staff into his own hands at such times. It was strange what had taken possession of Letty's mind, that she couldn't speak up and let him know he wasn't wanted.

"He's rather too soft and sleek to suit my notion of good sound sense and honesty, and I'll set him moving directly, without so much as saying, 'by your leave, sir.' I could have told him long ago that it warn't going to do him any good to come up here sparking 'round Letty, as if he was Lord of Creation, and I'll just let her know she arn't a going to have two strings to her bow, if it is the fashion, when she's engaged fair and square to Eben Burt; and Eben Burt, to my notion, is worth a dozen of these soft-handed, silky-headed chaps," said Stephen Hague, plunging his glowing face into a basin of cold spring water, and giving his stiff auburn hair a brush or two.

"That's true enough," responded his wife. "It's a *ridiculous shame* for Letty to act so now, when Eben is gone. I'm glad you've decided to put a stop to it at once." And her eyes fairly glowed, and her cheeks flushed, as if but just awake to the impropriety of Letty's conduct, as well as her injustice to her absent lover.

Stephen Hague was not long in making his way to the hall; but the young man on whom he was prepared to vent his wrath was no where to be seen. Letty was sitting quietly upon the steps, busy with her sewing. "Well, he has gone, has he?" was Stephen's interrogation to his daughter.

"If you mean Mr. Beverly—yes," said Letty, blushing slightly, as she looked up into her father's angry face.

"It's mighty lucky for him that he set them pegs of his moving before I got a chance at him. He must keep his distance from here, and you'd better tell him so, the next time he has the impudence to darken my door; for if I get hold of him, I shant handle him so easy as he might desire. No good comes of them ere fellers that do their fingers up in kid gloves every time they crawl out into the sunshine, to keep 'em white and soft. They'll turn and twist all sorts of ways to get a living, except going to work, like honest folks."

"What harm do you know of him, father?" asked Letty, trying in vain to restrain her tears.

"What good do you know of him, child?" retorted Stephen Hague. "He's taken considerable pains to cultivate your acquaintance,

or you his, and there is no good coming from it, depend upon that. He's a mean, sneaking fellow, to make the best of him, or he wouldn't be doing as he has done; though I suspect it is full as much your fault as his; but it has got to be stopped now, and you'd better give him to understand that his room is a mighty sight more desirable here than his company. If I catch him in the parlor again, I'll collar him, depend upon it."

Letty buried her head in her lap, and gave way to a shower of tears, while her father, having concluded his animadversions, walked back to his supper.

Though called by her mother, Letty did not go out to tea that night. She had no disposition to show her red and swollen eyes to the workmen and besides, her appetite was gone; so she slipped off to the wood, but a little distance from the cottage, and when once within the shade of the pines and birches, she seated herself on a mossy stone, and wept as though her heart would break.

It was plain that Beverly must discontinue his visits to the cottage; but how to break the matter to him without offending, was a question not easily solved by the simple-minded maiden. If she wrote, informing him of her father's wishes, she was sure she should never see him again. She might herself appoint a place of meeting, but, in maiden modesty, she abandoned the thought before it had hardly been conceived.

The sun was nearing the western horizon, and a melancholy stillness reigned around, broken only by the cricket's cry and the mournful notes of the whip-poor-will, that, perched on a bough over her head, sent forth its night-song. With a mind filled with sad perplexity, she arose to return home; but that instant, the sound of a horse's hoofs approaching fell on her ear, and she sprang hastily aside from the path, but too late to escape observation. The horseman, for it was none other than Beverly, mounted on the Squire's unruly colt, no sooner caught a glimpse of the flowing white robe than he was by her side, and dismounting, like a gallant lover, he drew her to his bosom, exclaiming—"What! tears in those lovely eyes? Wild flowers are sweetest after a shower. But, what of that? I cannot see my beauteous Letty weep without knowing the cause.

These endearing phrases brought forth a fresh shower, and Letty wept some time on his bosom ere she was able to reply to his tender questionings.

"It is because—because—people are blaming me for your coming to the cottage," she said at length, between heart-breaking sobs.

"Then you do not wish me to come—and that is what grieves you?" interrogated the wily youth.

"I do wish you to come; but father has been telling me that it is not right and must be stopped, and—and I'm sure I don't know what will become of me if I can never see you again."

Letty was pressed still closer to his bosom as he replied—"Well, Letty, tell your parents I will not disturb their quiet home with my presence again."

"O, sir! don't go away; please don't," and Letty looked up alarmed.

"I cannot stay in the same village with my Letty and not see her occasionally; it is not best, for I fear I might be tempted to do some terrible thing, like stealing the lady I love and bearing her away with me to some milder and more friendly clime, where we might live in 'rural felicity' undisturbed by the cold, cruel world."

"I'm sure that would not be so very dreadful," said Letty, with a sigh. "Nothing seems so bad to me as to be separated from you."

"Well, Letty, listen to me. I shall leave this village in just two weeks' time, and I will not ask you to go with me, for I know you are engaged to another; still I love you very much, and shall find it very hard to be far away where I cannot look occasionally into your blue, loving eyes, and hear your sweet voice. If you choose to go with me, I will be father, mother, lover, *everything* you leave behind for my sake."

"And husband too, will you not?" said the infatuated girl, looking up lovingly into his face.

"Yes, husband most certainly—but, remember, Letty, I neither urge nor ask it; follow your own inclination, and let my sufferings not affect your decision in the least. If you decide to go, wear your blue scarf about your neck, and that pretty white muslin robe so becoming to you, on the Sabbath after next, and I will meet you here about ten o'clock in the evening, and, like a true-hearted cavalier, bear you away with me; and when morning dawns I promise you we shall be too far from here to be overtaken by desperate lover or angry parents."

Beverly accompanied her to the border of the

wood, and after a kiss from the red lips she was left to walk home by herself.

"Did you observe how deeply Letty Hague was affected by the afternoon discourse?" asked Mrs. Hemingway of her husband, the pastor of the village church. "When you repeated the text for the last time on closing the sermon, she bowed her head and shook like an aspen leaf."

"Letty is a very pretty girl, but somewhat given to vanity, I fear," replied Mr. Hemingway. "I noticed she had tearful eyes when I met her on the church steps, but was not sure it was the sermon that had occasioned them. It seems hard to awaken the minds of these village people to their sinful state. I hope, however, that you are right, and that Letty's heart is open to conviction. We will call at Stephen Hague's early in the week if you approve, and have some conversation with her on the subject of religion."

"Certainly, my dear; who knows but a word in the right time may bring her over."

The good pastor and his wife called at Stephen Hague's early on the following day; but it was to speak words of comfort and hope to the afflicted parents. Letty had gone—fled from her parents with the stranger who had been stopping so long at the hotel. At least it was supposed so, for he, too, had disappeared, and village gossips were already busy with the name and fame of one whom, on account of her surpassing loveliness, they had ever looked upon with envy; but we can gather the particulars of the sad event more fully from the following letter received by Eben Burt from his mother:—

"MY DEAR SON:—According to the desire expressed in thy last epistle, that I should see Letty and inquire why she had not answered thy letters, I thought it meet to go to the damsel myself instead of trusting the matter to others, so I set out on Monday for Stephen's house. My limbs, as thou well knowest, are trembling and weak, and, though I started with the sun, it was nearly noon ere I arrived. Thy mother's heart palpitated with fear on beholding many people assembled there, and my trembling limbs scarce served me to inquire the cause. No one answered, and tears were in the eyes of all; so I sat down, overcome with fatigue and fright. Presently Stephen came into the room, his hair in disorder and himself looking wild

and distracted. On beholding me he came and took my hand and led me away up into Letty's own room, and there lay poor Rachel on the bed, groaning and screaming with every breath. 'What means this?' I asked of Stephen, who bent over his wife and sought to still her wailing.

"Oh! then you don't know," he exclaimed. 'I thought everybody knew Letty had run off with that rascally *fur-reigner*.'

"My son, I sorrow to write these words to thee, for I know thy heart will be deeply pierced at the sad news. Letty has gone and left her parents bowed to the dust in grief and shame. Forget thy love for her, my son, for she has proved herself unworthy of a thought, much less a heart such as thou wouldst have given her. She left a letter for her parents, saying she went of her own free will, after due deliberation, and without any urging on the part of her lover, whom she hoped they would think well of, for he was a gentleman. Thy name, my son, was not mentioned in the letter. As she cared not for the feelings of others, so will God cease to care for her in the day of her tribulation. My hand has not ceased trembling since my long walk, and many a gripe of the rheumatism has shot through my aged fingers since I commenced, so I fear thou wilt scarcely be able to make out what I have written. And now, my son, God keep thee and bless thee, and grant that we may soon meet.

"I remain thy affectionate mother,

"REBEKAH."

Eben had watched the mail long and anxiously for answers to the many letters he had sent to Letty, but as days came and went, lengthening into weeks, and weeks into months, and still not a word from the loved one, he unburdened his heart to his mother, who had till then remained in ignorance of his attachment to Letty, and from the sorrowing old lady, on the following week, he obtained the sad news of her flight.

For a time he seemed crushed beneath the weight of this terrible sorrow; the great aim of his life, the desire to be somebody for *her* sake, all his ambitious longings, were dead within him. Books, and the studies which had formerly pleased and occupied his time, now grew distasteful to him, and he left college and went out into the world. For six months he was absent, and, when he returned, so changed had he grown that his former college chum did not recognize him until he gave his name.

Once more he took up his studies, nor laid aside his books again until he entered a lawyer's office in the city of New York. Here he commenced practice, and his mother lived to see her fondest hopes realized; for, five years after he became a resident of the State, he was elected to a seat in Congress, and there, by lending his voice to the framing of wise and judicious laws, he did invaluable service to his country, and wore not unmerited the name of *champion* of the party he espoused. And Letty—what of her? Had he forgotten his first love? No. He lived a bachelor, notwithstanding the temptations which surrounded him in the gay life he led at Washington. He was sought after by fair women in the drawing-room as well as by statesmen in the Hall; yet his heart was adamant, which bright glances and winning smiles failed to soften. All wondered at the celibic life he led, for none knew of his early love for Letty Hague. The ladies, at the close of the term, set him down as a man with no feeling, and he became known among them as the "wise man without a heart."

An October sun was casting its brilliant rays aslant the horizon, painting the clouds which lay piled along the west in the soft mellow tints of autumn, when Ebenezer Burt, M. C., now a man of thirty-seven years, stepped aboard a boat at the North river landing, en route for Southfield. He thought it would be pleasant to look upon his home again, and he felt he could now bear to behold the cottage where he had loved, "not wisely, but too well." He had never met the parents of Letty Hague since her mysterious disappearance, and as they had often expressed a desire to see him once more, he resolved to give them a call.

He was standing out upon the dock that evening, for the air was soft and pleasant, and the moon's rays falling around them made the scene brilliantly beautiful, when the cry of "a woman overboard" fell on his ear; starting from his reverie he beheld a dark object struggling in the water. "Save, oh, save my mother!" cried a youthful maiden, grasping his arm, and turning her pale face to his gaze.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, as he met the face and blue, tearful eyes of the maiden, "it is Letty, come back again."

"Will nobody save her," cried the maiden, clasping her hands; but a moment more and Burt was in the water; he grasped the form of

the drowning woman just as it was sinking for the last time.

It was some time ere a boat was lowered to receive them, and when they at length reached the deck no signs of life were visible. Eben Burt left no means untried to restore the body he had rescued from the water to life, for he knew that form and face, changed as they were.

It is only the crazy woman, said the curious crowd. Why does the member of Congress make all this fuss about her? Their remarks fell unheeded on his ears; he stood with his head bowed low upon his bosom, and between his own hands he held clasped those of the dead Letty—the Letty he had known and loved, oh, so fondly, in his boyhood.

What her life had been since then he knew not. What mattered it now! As he thus stood bowed before the face of the dead, Hood's touching lines recurred to him, and without knowing it he repeated them aloud—

"Touch her not scornfully,

Think of her mournfully,

All that is left of her now is pure womanly."

"Oh, sir, what shall I do," said the poor child, clinging to him, for he alone seemed to sympathize with her.

"Tell me where you were going and I may perhaps assist you, young lady," replied Eben Burt, in a respectful tone.

"We were on our way to Southfield, where my mother told me we had relatives; but I have never seen them, and oh! to think of going without her. I have watched her very, very closely, but she eluded me, and in a frantic moment jumped into the river."

"But your father, what of him?" asked Eben Burt, glancing at her sable dress.

A cold shudder crept over the frame of the poor child at the mention of her father's name, and she replied in a whisper, "He is dead."

No little stir was created in the retired village of Southfield on the arrival of the Hon. Ebenezer Burt, and a crowd of old friends gathered around to give him a friendly greeting. All looked hard at the fair, frail lady leaning on his arm, and many whispered, "I have seen that face before;" but it was the likeness the fair Ethel bore to her mother that made her countenance familiar.

Neither Stephen Hague nor his good wife Rachel ever fully recovered from their first great sorrow—the loss of their only child; yet on this day he roused himself, for it was known in the village that Eben Burt was coming;

and among others Stephen Hague went forth to meet him.

"Can you make room for me and this young lady for a few days at your cottage?" asked Eben, after the first friendly greeting.

But Stephen answered not, for his eyes were riveted on the pale face of Ethel; at length he murmured, "No, no, it cannot be her—so young and fair, yet she is so very, *very* like her."

Seeing his emotion, Eben Burt drew him aside, and as gently as possible communicated to him the sad end of Letty, and what he had gathered of her history from Ethel. Beverly was one of a band of disreputable men who infested the city, and at the time he won the heart of the unsophisticated Letty he had been obliged to bury himself in the country to escape the officers of justice.

Though now and then some one of the numerous band were detected in forgeries or passing counterfeit money, Beverly, though not less criminal, always managed to escape, and Letty, who soon became aware of his real character, was obliged to follow him about from place to place, sometimes living in affluence, and sometimes suffering for the necessaries of life. Under his cruel treatment she soon ceased to regard him even with affection, and but for the close watch he kept over her, she would have fled with her infant from his protection.

But Beverly seemed deeply attached to Ethel, and never harmed her by word or deed, however he might abuse his wife. Yet the child soon learned to distrust and fear him; it was only in his absence that either she or her mother breathed freely, and thus they lived for years. After an absence of four days from their home, which was on the outskirts of the great city, Beverly suddenly made his appearance. His countenance wore a wild expression, and his clothing, usually neat and tidy, was soiled and dusty. "Oh, father!" exclaimed Ethel, surprised and frightened at his strange manner.

"Don't father me, but pick up your traps, girl. We must be off."

Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips when a police officer entered, followed by two men, who approached Beverly, but not soon enough to prevent his drawing a pistol from his pocket and firing at the officer. Missing his aim he drew another, and as he held it to his ear, exclaimed, "I warn you, I will never be taken alive;" as they sprang upon him he fell dead to the floor, the pistol ball having

entered his brain; and from that time till the day of her death Letty Beverly was a maniac.

None who looked upon the corpse of Letty at her burial would have recognized the beautiful girl who left them so full of life and health nearly a score of years before; and Ethel seemed, to the stricken parents, to be Letty herself returned to cheer and comfort them in their old age. It was with many tears that they resigned her two years after, to Eben Burt, who came to claim her as his wife.

"What has my Ethel so precious that she must keep it so securely locked?" asked Mr. Burt of his wife, as he glanced at a curiously wrought metal box upon her dressing-table.

"Oh, Eben, that is a box which was father's; and I have not had the courage to open it since his death. Will you please to look into it?"

Feeling an anxiety to know more of this strange man, he followed his wife's wishes and unlocked the box. It was filled with the private papers of the deceased, among which Eben Burt found a journal kept in the earlier part of Beverly's life, also a certificate of his marriage with Letty Hague. From this journal they learned that Beverly was an assumed

name, taken on his arrival in America, he being a native of Spain, and a younger son of Count Edouard Sibalos.

Wild and ungoverned in his youth, he quarrelled with his father and was forbidden shelter beneath the paternal roof. He then joined a band of robbers that infested the Pyrenees; but, in a year's time becoming weary of their barbarous life he escaped to France, where he became skilled in the art of counterfeiting, and embarked with a noted scoundrel for America, thinking in a country where officers were less vigilant they could better carry out their nefarious schemes.

His success was that which vice always brings to its votaries, and he—the son of a noble house—now sleeps in the "Potters' Field." A plain white slab with a marble urn, out of which myrtle twines and blossoms, marks the grave of the village beauty, Letty Hague; and twice a year Eben Burt visits the retired spot in company with his young and beautiful wife, and other eyes drop tears of regret on the green sod above one, who, by an early and irretrievable error, not only destroyed her own happiness, but saddened the lives of her friends.

THINK OF ME.

TO. M. F. N.

When the dark shade of sorrow
Is over thee thrown,
When thy hopes for the morrow
Are desolate grown,
When thy smiles and thy gladness
Far off from thee flee;
Oh! then in thy sadness,
Think, dearest, of me.

When lone is and dreary
Thy now buoyant breast,
When wayworn and weary
Thy foot finds no rest,
When nothing around thee
Brings comfort to thee,
When despair hath nigh found thee,
Oh! then think of me.

When thy fond hopes now gleaming
Are lost in thy fears,
When thy bright eyes now beaming
Are misted by tears,

When round thee, or o'er thee,
No light thou canst see,
When 'tis darkness before thee,
Oh! then think of me.

Think of me as one
Who, whatever befall thee,
Tho' life's brightness be gone,
And its shadows appal thee,
Will still be as true
In the future as now,
When joy's sunniest hue
Is illuming thy brow.

And should Time, in his flying,
Deep grief to thee bring—
Should sorrow and sighing
Be borne on his wing—
Should dark clouds be shading
Hope's bright ray from thee,
When her visions are fading,
Oh! then think of me.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY IONA.

I yearn to see thee, mother dear,
I would be near thee now;
In thought I feel thy fond, fond lips
Upon my fevered brow.
Thou knowest my wild ambitious hopes,
My proud, unyielding will;
They tore me from thy faithful heart,
And hold me from thee still.

Yet would I see thee! careworn—sad,
Upon thy tender breast
So, like a bird with weary wing,
My world-tried soul would rest.
When friends and friendships like vain dreams
Have perished all or fled,
And stranger's cold, hard eyes strike on
My heart like balls of lead.

When present hours are fraught with care
Oppressive and severe,
And all the future seems a void,
Or darkly vague and drear;
When, like the dead to judgment called,
Past wrongs and woes start forth,
Oh, mother, then I feel how much
Thy changeless love is worth!

Some wounds, some grief, some nameless pangs
All human hearts conceal—
Throes that no artist's hand can paint,
No poet's pen reveal;
But with my head upon thy breast,
The cold world's voices hushed,
I'd tell thee how my heart has bled,
What tears—what tears have gushed!

I'd tell thee how when faith has failed
In every human thing,
And I in evil's luring coils
My frantic soul could fling,
With every craving, fainting nerve
Shook by the tempter's power,
The mem'ry of thy truthful love
Has saved me in that hour.

I yearn to see thee!—can my hopes
Prove but a phantom spell?
Yet to their weird, mysterious charm,
I cannot say farewell!
Fighting o'er dead and dying ones,
Fallen in battles past,
Still like a warrior sworn to win,
I'll face life's battle-blast!

For hearts must bleed, and eyes must weep,
Sorrowful things must be!
The closest, tenderest ties must break,
Solving life's mystery!
But, of how many a victor-soul
Recording angels write—
"Saved by a mother's prayerful love,
God's brightest beacon-light!"

I yearn to see thee—yet, farewell!
Mother! my hopes cost dear!
Thy tears are falling—voiceless words
Thy guardian-angels hear!
And while I'm toiling I know well
All Heaven hears thy prayer:
Sin's subtle lures are powerless—
My name is whispered there!

HORTUS SICCUS.

One has some friendships, folded, put away,
Pressed into memory's leaves, like withered flow'rs,
Which, though we know their bloom hath all departed,
We give more love to than we often say,
And still rejoice that we have called them ours,
And feel because of them, the stronger-hearted.

And though we know one puff of healthy wind
Would soon reduce them to the dust they are,
One careless touch destroy their deadened beauty,

We only feel because of that more kind,
Avert more tenderly each threatened jar,
And count their cherishing a precious duty.

And when at eventide we are alone,
We bring them out, and live with them again,
And bygone fragrance seems to come upon them,
The years all pass away which since have flown;
A strange, dull aching at the heart, like pain,
Reminds us how the sunbeams once fell on them.

(865)



THE VILLAGE REVISITED BY MR. WILLIAMS.

THE TRANSFORMED VILLAGE;

OR, WHAT MAY BE EFFECTED BY PERSEVERANCE AND PRAYER.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "*East Lynne*," "*Oswald Gray*," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

The hot weather of June came in before the fever could be said completely to have turned its back upon Westhamlet; and it was, on the 24th of that month that an afternoon of holiday and thanksgiving was appointed to be held. So very few deaths, as compared with the last visitation, had taken place—only five in all—and so well had the rest attacked recovered from it, that they felt they could not be sufficiently grateful.

The men went to their work as usual on the morning of the 24th, but returned home at mid-day; and just before three o'clock, they and their families might have been seen wending

their way to the church, for a special service of thanksgiving was about being offered up by the rector. All were dressed in their Sunday clothes, and clean and neat they looked, as ever did a body of laborers yet. Neither was the service to be confined to the poor; all classes were eager to participate in it, and all had been making busy preparations in the shape of dress; the rich for themselves did not need to make busy, but they did for the poor. A new gown to one, a bonnet to another, a pair of shoes to a third, a tippet or little shawl to a child, and so on, as their respective wants required; and articles as diversified were given, where necessary, to the men. Grateful and

happy were they, as they put them on; grateful and happy as outside they met the donors, who, mixing freely with them, approached the house of God, to the sweet ringing of the steeple bells. Young Squire Hooper himself—he really did—walked by the side of Bowen and Simms, talking to them pleasantly; and Miss Ash, exclusive as she had hitherto been deemed, had actually given her arm to lame Nancy Bateman.

Oh, my readers, these times of affliction, these seasons of visitation from the Almighty, such as had been the last few weeks at West-hamlet, level the distinctions of the world; they make us remember that, in the eyes of that great Being, we are upon an equality; that our pride, folly, social positions—call them by what name you will—are distinctions for this world only, not for the next; and that when we die, as too many of those going into the church had been in recent danger of, and many more in fear, we must leave them behind us forever!

Miss Ash—she was the eldest of the family, and the lost child had been the youngest—was attacked with the fever a day or two later than her brother; the terrified servants, in the panic caused by the nature of the disease becoming known, and the fact that it was epidemic, scarcely dared approach the sick-rooms. Nancy Bateman hearing of this, hobbled up the hill, with a clean cap in her pocket, and begged that she might stop and nurse the young lady by night and by day, until the frightened servants' senses had come to them. Miss Ash recovered, partly owing, Mr. Jeff said, to Nancy's good nursing; but the opportunities for reflection which her illness gave had not been lost upon her, and there she was now, walking to church with Nancy Bateman, and helping her on. Bush, the gamekeeper, was there, although he had protested he never took holiday; the miller had shut up his mill for the day, and he came with his family and his men: Mason and his wife came; and, in short, the whole parish came, save James Cooke's widow, and those who were obliged to remain away to take care of very young children. Berry and his wife, who advanced arm in arm, with their children before them, had been in to try and get Ann Cooke out, but they could not. They were not the only ones who thought of her. Mr. Mayne found a moment to run down to her house. She was seated, in her black gown and widow's cap, her two quiet little girls standing beside her.

"Ann," said Mr. Mayne, "you promised me that you would try and attend the service."

A few moments elapsed before she replied, and Mr. Mayne saw that she was struggling to keep down her grief. "I did say I'd try, sir, and come if I could; but, indeed, I can't. My sorrow would break out in the church, and disturb others."

"You cannot doubt that your husband is better off?"

"Oh, sir, I don't doubt it, and it is my one happy thought. But to lose him just as he had turned round to be steady, and was learning to live for God, and was beginning to be such a comfort to me, is very hard; my heart is nearly broken."

"It was very happy so to lose him," returned Mr. Mayne. "Had he been taken in his careless days, then you might have sorrowed as one without hope; now you can look forward to the meeting hereafter in the place where there will be no parting."

"Yes, sir; thank you. You always seem to take part of my sorrow away when you talk to me. I wish, sir, I was stronger," she added, in a different tone.

"You mean as to bodily strength."

"That's what I meant, sir. Unfortunately, I was not brought up to hard work. I suppose that is the reason my strength is not equal to it; and yet it seems to be the only prospect before me. I turn quite ill, sir, when I think of the future, and how I am to go on."

"I see; you have been worrying yourself," said Mr. Mayne. "You cannot expect to be well and strong, if you do that. I fear you are losing faith."

"I have faith, sir; I know how merciful God is. But my prospects do look so very dark!"

Mr. Mayne's time was up; he made the best of his way to the church, and the service commenced. Very pleasant was it to see the congregation bent there before their Maker. Humbly, penitently, as with one accord, they sank low on their knees, and poured forth their hearts in prayer and thanksgiving to Him who had brought them through so dark a season of fear and trial. The service lasted about an hour, and when they left the church with the Divine blessing invoked upon them by their good minister, their hearts were serene and happy; and the next few hours were to be spent in rational enjoyment.

They trooped away to the school-room; the door, kept locked, save to a few, for the pre-

vious two days, was thrown open, and oh, what a burst of delight broke from each group as they entered! Festoons of evergreens, and flowers in profusion, made the bare, whitewashed walls of the room look like a beautiful hanging garden; the benches were spread round the room, three double, and a long table in the centre, stretching from the top to the bottom, was covered with preparations for tea, that some of them had hardly ever partaken of before. Piles of bread-and-butter, piles of plum-cake, mounds of buns, plates of biscuits, basins of white sugar, jugs of milk, and tea-kettles filled to the brim with smoking hot tea, made their eyes glisten. The poor little children had heard of fairies, and wondered whether they had suddenly got transported into fairy-land.

The laborers, and their wives and children, for whom the treat was intended, sat down; and the gentry and their wives and children were to wait upon them. Richard Dean and his wife joined to-day with the latter, so far as the waiting went; and Nancy Bateman, in spite of her lameness, thought to do the same; it would give her more pleasure, she said, to help the others than to eat. But she was only laughed at, and Mrs. Hurst, and Miss Ash pushed her into the governess's chair, which had elbows to it—soon to be the present governess's chair no more however, for she had given notice to leave, as she was going to be married, and live at a distance. Then one brought the bread-and-butter and buns, and another the cake and biscuits, until poor Nancy did not know which to take first.

Presently Mr. Mayne and some of the gentlemen came in; they had been holding a little private conference amongst themselves. "What about?" asked one of the ladies, when they mentioned this. "Only about Church and State affairs," laughed young Squire Hooper, in his merry way.

When the tea was over, which was not till nearly six, for there were many to help, and they were not soon tired of eating, Mr. Mayne requested them to remain as they were for some minutes.

"I have some words to say to you," he began, "but I shall not keep you long, for they are but very few. My friends, we have this day been thanking God for His recent mercy to us, in bringing us through a season of peril. But there is something else we ought to thank Him for; I do not know whether any of you remembered in your hearts so to do."

Some guessed what Mr. Mayne meant, and some did not.

"I must bring to your recollection—though I would not say one word intentionally to wound any one of you, and that I am sure you know—the period of my first arrival here. What was your state then? Do you remember it?"

Ay, that they did, as might be seen from their countenances.

"If I have recalled it to your memory," proceeded Mr. Mayne, "it is not to dwell upon it, (for that period we would all, I know, like to bury as deep as may be,) but only to contrast it with the present. Do you think you can ever feel sufficiently thankful to God, who has brought this light out of that darkness?"

"Never," was the audible murmur throughout the room, both from high and low.

"The period you have just passed through has been one of peril, and fear, and sadness; but oh, my friends, what has been this trifling peril, compared to the awful peril in which too many of you were then sunk? At the time of which I speak, you were living for—what?—I scarcely——"

"Ourselves," interrupted a voice.

"No, not for yourselves," said Mr. Mayne. "because you were your own enemies. I scarcely know what to say you were living for, unless it was for that dread enemy of mankind, the prince of the powers of darkness. You were not living for yourselves, for your families, or for God; you were living for sin, for destruction. But now you have learnt the great secret, that we make or mar our own happiness, according to the spirit that may be within us. None are truly happy in this world, save those who are living in the love and fear of God, who strive, not daily, but hourly, to please Him, who fear to offend Him, who humbly look for His mercy, through the merits of their Redeemer. My friends," he added, casting his eyes to every part of the room, "let us all pray, and watch, unceasingly, untiringly, that we may never fall away again; and then, whenever we shall be called hence, we may hear the blessed words addressed to us. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

Amidst the deep silence which fell on the room, suppressed sobs were audible; but Mr. Mayne did not intend that day to be one of sermons alone, but of pleasure as well. He waited while the tables were cleared, and the things carried away, and then, from two cases

which had served for seats, he brought forth books and prints, and a microscope, and some other aids to amusement. The children went to gambol on the green, and all were happy.

"What a pity Ann Cooke isn't here!" exclaimed Robert Berry, as he looked with astonished delight on the marvels of the microscope which were being presented to him. "I wonder wouldn't she come now, if I went for her?"

"Never mind Ann Cooke," said Mr. Mayne; "I am going there."

Accordingly, he and three or four gentlemen went out, and proceeded thither. She had given her children their tea, and was sitting with the Bible on her knee. Much surprised, she rose at the entrance of the visitors.

"You will not come to us, Mrs. Cooke, so we have come to you," said Mr. Hurst, gayly.

"To put you in possession of the day's proceedings," added Mr. Mayne. "What should you say, if we tell you that we have taken the Striped Tiger?"

Ann Cooke thought they must be joking; she could not quite make them out. Take the Striped Tiger!

"But not to be a Striped Tiger any longer," laughed Mr. Hurst. "To convert it into a school."

"Yes," continued Mr. Mayne. "We find the present plan of having only one room for it very inconvenient, especially as the number of scholars is increasing. So we have taken the Striped Tiger, as being well adapted for the purpose. The two rooms on the ground-floor will be thrown into one, making a room considerably larger than the one in use now, and the rooms up stairs will be given to the governess to live in."

Mrs. Cooke felt rather bewildered, wondering why they were telling this to her.

"But you know the governess is leaving us," added Mr. Mayne.

"Yes, sir, I have heard so," she replied. "It's a pity; for she was kind and gentle with the children, and brought them on well."

"And we have been fixing, this afternoon, upon her successor. And we think the place would suit you, so we have come to offer it."

"Rooms, rent free, coals, and twenty-five pounds a-year, are what our present subscriptions enable us to give," said Mr. Hurst. "Will it suit you? We know you are well calculated for it."

"Rooms, coals, and twenty-five pounds

a-year!" she mechanically repeated. "For me! oh, gentlemen!" The joyful intelligence overcame her, and she sank back with a feeling of faintness.

"I'll take these children to have a game with the others," cried young Squire Hooper, looking at the two little girls. And he led them away, one in each hand, to the green.

About that hour, or a little before it, a traveller, who left his horse at the large inn on the hill, strolled down towards the village. He stopped and gazed about him incessantly, now turning to this side, now to that, his countenance wearing a puzzled look of doubt. Yet it was a pleasant scene; for the evening sun shone on the well-kept cottages, groups of people in their holiday attire stood about, and the happy laughter of merry children arose from the green. "Is not this Westhamlet?" asked he, addressing a person he came up with.

"Yes, sir."

"It cannot be the Westhamlet that I left four years, or more, ago. That was a pet place for the sanatory commissioners to pounce upon; this would seem a model for the Board of Health."

"Changes have taken place since then, sir?"

"So it would seem. For then the place contained wretches, looking only as if they had turned out of the rag and bone shop. These I see yonder are patterns of thrift and neatness. Am I mistaken, or is your name Dean?"

"Richard Dean, sir. And I think I remember you—the Reverend Mr. Williams."

"Yes. I was within a mile or two of the place, so I thought I would ride as far, and snatch a call on my friend at the parsonage. How is he?"

"Very well, sir, and I should think truly happy this day to see the result of his labors amongst us. Mr. Williams, it was God sent him here; it was, indeed."

"Do you mean to say that he has effected all this?—this marvellous change from unsightly wretchedness to evident comfort and respectability?"

"He has effected more than that, sir: he has, under God, seen hearts that were sunk in apathy and sin, changed and converted to light and life."

"It is wonderful! Are those the children, of the rich mingling with the poor on the green?" abruptly added Mr. Williams, as he drew nearer.

"Oh, yes, sir; the rich are changed for them, quite as much as the poor. Here is Mr. Mayne," he added, as the rector emerged from Ann Cooke's cottage.

The clergymen stood; their hands locked together. "I seem to be in a maze, a bewildered dream," cried Mr. Williams; "and yet I am assured this is Westhamlet. I see comfort, where there was squalor; content, where there was recklessness; peace, where there was riot and sin. How have you effected this? By beating them?"

Mr. Mayne laughed. "No, not by beating or scolding either; I do not remember to have given any one of them a harsh word. It has been wrought by kindness."

"And that unblushing cause of diminished wages, the Striped Tiger, is to let, I see," added Mr. Williams.

"Its customers have deserted it, and it cannot flourish. But it is no longer to let; it is taken; to be converted into a school; the place we have now is not large enough."

Mr. Williams looked at his brother clergyman in all seriousness, "I told you you would never do good with them," he said: "I thought you never would; tell me how you have effected it."

"I can only tell you that I have prayed and persevered. There is the whole secret. You know not how much may be effected by per-

severance and prayer, crowned with the blessing of God."

And later, as the two gentlemen stood on the hill after the sun had set, and watched the groups, winding home in the twilight, all decently and in order; and the brilliant evening star came out, and rest fell on the face of nature, Mr. Williams repeated to himself, as if unconsciously, the words—"Perseverance and prayer. My dear friend, you and Westhamlet have read a lesson to my heart, which, it may be, I was sent hither this night to learn—perseverance and prayer, and the blessing of God!"*

* If any one should think that such results as the writer has pictured in the story of Westhamlet are only to be expected in the realms of imagination, let him read the following extract, descriptive of Richard Baxter's achievements at Kidderminster.—

"Before his coming thither, the place was over-run with ignorance and profaneness; but by a divine blessing on his wise and faithful cultivation, the fruits of righteousness sprung up in a rich abundance. He at first found but a single instance or two of daily family prayer in a whole street; and at his going away, but one family or two could be found in some streets that continued to neglect it. And on Lord's days, instead of the open profanation to which they had been so long accustomed, a person, in passing through the town, in the intervals of public worship, might overhear hundreds of families engaged in singing psalms, reading the Scriptures and other good books, or such sermons as they had wrote down, while they heard them from the pulpit. His care of the souls committed to his charge, and the success of his labors among them, were truly remarkable, for the number of his stated communicants rose to six hundred, of whom he himself declared, there were not twelve concerning whose sincere piety he had not reason to entertain good hopes."

QUESTION ME AS THOU WILT, LOVE.

BY FANNY LEMOTUE.

Question me as thou wilt, love! thy love and mine
Are still alike. A different light
Falls on the jewels, yet they ever shine
Here, as in yonder setting, full as bright.

Dearest, I know this crimson rose is sweet;
Grantest thou not the white one is as fair?
Royal in loveliness—in grace complete—
Charming the sense with odors rich and rare.

Question me as thou wilt, love! The stars are true
To the sad, lonely night, tho' clouds uprise
Darkly to veil the upper windows blue,
Where they are looking with such placid eyes!

Question me as thou wilt, exacting heart,
Thou shalt have love for love!—thou shalt not pine,
Craving, impetuous, yearning as thou art,
For the best offering so fully mine!

Mine is no boisterous love—hidden and still,
Calmly its fountains flow, as in the dell;
Softly and tranquil flows a bloom-wreathed rill,
Noiseless, and yet we know its pathway well.

And as that stream is redolent with life,
Flushing and brightening leaf and flower above,
Beautiful ever—so is my being rife
With the sweet freshness of this untold love.

MY BLIND HERO.

BY NURSE GRUEL, OF WARD E.

"Mrs. Gruel!"

I turned to face the door of my small nurse's apartment and Dr. W—— at the same time. "Can you make room for one more?"

"But, doctor," I cried, aghast, "every bed in the ward is full, and the double row even will not accommodate all to-day's arrivals. I am up to my eyes in work now," and I pointed to my waiter full of tumblers of punch, my piles of bandage, my soiled dress just from the hard service of receiving the new comers, and my long, long list of directions for the night.

The doctor sighed. "You are indeed overcrowded," he said, turning away—"yet! well, come with me for a few moments at any rate."

Through the long ward crowded with narrow iron beds, past pale, pain contracted faces, across the wide corridor heaped with knapsacks, canteens and blankets, we threaded our way to the office. Behind the desks, upon a settee used generally for an anxious seat for visitors, there lay a tall, stalwart form. Some kindly hand had thrown a white handkerchief across the face, but the tightly clenched hands, the short, hard breathing, and the rigid stillness of the whole frame told of some deep, deep agony, pent up by iron will from loud expression.

"It was a mistake in number," whispered the doctor to me, "they sent one more than I reported we could accommodate. I might send him back, as he was the last taken from the ambulance, but it is fearfully hot, he is nearly exhausted and—look here!"

He drew aside the white cloth from the poor face. I, nerved as I was to cruel sights, inured to scenes of suffering that it would sicken weaker women to describe—I, hardened as I had deemed myself, almost screamed with the pang of fierce pain that seized my heart as I looked. So young, not over twenty-five, so noble, with the high white forehead, the brown cheeks, childlike lips and clear cut features, he was almost revolting, for where the eyes had once finished the manly face, two blackened holes, a deep cut furrow crossing the nose and cheek, told where the bullet had passed across the face and carried away both eyes. I turned

to the doctor, sick and shuddering—"Take him to my room, on my bed. Let him go now, now!" I pleaded, in a hoarse whisper.

"Thank you!" he answered, gratefully. "It is only for a time. We will send for more beds, and meanwhile you shall have the settee. Here!" and he beckoned to the attendants. "Nurse's room, Ward E."

Tenderly as a mother would lift her suffering babe, these war-worn warriors lifted their burden. One drew the cloth again over the poor face, the other said in a low tone—"We'll carry you easy, old boy," and back through crowded corridor and ward I followed the sad burden.

I dared not trust my voice as the necessary dressing was applied to the ghastly wound. A nurse has no business to make fountains of her eyes, which are so needed for "active service," and a tremor of the fingers is altogether forbidden in her indentures. So I nerved myself to an assumed indifference, brought water, bandages, linen rags and sponges, and was eyes, fingers, and ears only for the doctor.

"There, Mrs. Gruel, give him this mixture every hour, keep the bandage wet, let him have a good bowl of beef tea, and I'll come in again after awhile. Do you feel easier now, my man?" and the doctor's voice sank to almost womanly tenderness, as he spoke.

The pale lips moved to answer, but only quivered, and with—"There! there! I see!" the doctor moved away, not in the least blinding me by an affected carelessness of manner, as he said, "slightly nervous, keep him quiet."

Keep him quiet! I looked at the locked fingers, the painful tension of every muscle in that nerved-up face, and I thought no wail of a strong man's agony could be half so pitiful. I was alone with him, and the bandaged face spoke volumes of mute appeal to my woman's heart. Crossing the room lightly, I bent down to bring my face on a level with my patient's, and took his hand in mine. "You bear your heavy cross bravely," I said, trying to keep a steady voice, and failing ignominiously.

The strong, hard hand clasped mine convulsively, the brave lips quivered, but my hero said, "Thank you, marm! I—I didn't know

there was a lady here. Why," and the pale lips actually smiled, "it is almost as good as getting home!"

There was something so pitiful in that child-like smile and tender voice, as contrasted with the huge frame of my stricken giant, that I found great tears wetting my cheeks, and before I was aware two rolled down on the strong hands grasping mine. "Oh, don't marm," he said, groping to find my face, "don't ye cry, now. Taint so bad as that. I didn't expect to be a soldier and get none of the hard knocks. Besides," and a strange, wan smile came on the pale lips, "it makes some things easier."

I did not question him, though the phrase set me wondering what romance was hidden in that manly heart; but what a woman's hand, voice and sympathy could do to ease his pain and cruel sorrow, that I freely offered, meeting grateful words and a touching, submissive patience for my reward.

Of course, with a ward full of broken bones, bullet holes, shattered limbs and gaping cuts to attend to, Nurse Gruel had but little time for sentiment over any hero, however he might appeal to her heart, so after making my blind boy as comfortable as circumstances would allow, I left him, promising to return as soon as I could to his side. It was night before I could steal a moment. After seeing that all was in order, hot things on the stove, and cool ones on the ice, narcotics swallowed and grimaces reduced by wee doses of jelly, bandages moistened, the doctor's last orders obeyed, the lights turned down and the night attendants turned out, Nurse Gruel at last sought her own little snuggerly at the end of the ward, fully prepared for any summons between 10 P. M., and 6 A. M., that the exigencies of those hours might require.

My patient lay very still, but the relaxed muscles and peaceful face told that the first bitter agony of blindness was over. As he heard my step, he smiled and held out his hand. "You must be very tired," he said, gently. "I have heard hour after hour strike since you left, the ward-master has been here twice, the doctor once, and you were always reported as 'very busy.'"

"Not too tired to raise your head and turn your pillow to the cool side," I said, "nor to wet the bandage, and give you this drink I am mixing."

"Would—would," the words came very reluctantly.

"What is it? Do not hesitate to tell me," I said.

"Only—that—mother does not know yet," and again the fingers clenched, and the pale lips were crushed together to keep back a cry of pain.

"I will write in a few minutes," I said, letting my hand fall on his thick curls. "You need only tell me the name and address. I will add the rest."

But he had no idea of shirking a duty because it was painful, my brave blind giant. "Tell her," he said, keeping his voice steady and his lips firm, "that it was three days ago, but I was not conscious until to-day, about an hour before I came to this room. I heard the doctor tell some one down stairs. It was rather hard to bear there, all alone, but God knows best. Tell her that I am willing to give my sight if it will help to end this cruel strife, and—and—you may write please—give my love to Sarah, and tell her that it was for the best. I can see now why we were permitted to part so. Bid her comfort Sarah for me." There was much more, patient words of Christian faith and gentle submission, and as I signed the "John Harding" to the letter, more than one tear had to be cleared from my dim eyes.

Two days passed, and my blind man had become my solace and rest from the day's toil. He slept but little, and I had much night nursing to occupy me, but at whatever hour I came to rest for a time in my big chair, I found his smile awaiting me, his word of cheer ready to greet me. In these quiet chats, the still ward sleeping near us, he grew confidential. Shut out from the light he grew to talk himself out to me, and simple in his confidence told me his romance. There was nothing new about it, only the old story of a vain woman's caprice, a strong man's deep love turned back upon his own great heart. He never reproached Sarah, but spoke proudly of her beauty, her sweet voice, her winning ways. "She did not want me to 'list,'" he said, ignoring her selfishness, "and perhaps it was not right; but the old mother, who had only me, bade me God speed, and the country needed all her sons; so, marm, I had to go. It did not seem to me a matter of choice but of duty, and I came out. Sarah hardly thought I would go till she saw me in the blue dress, and then she grew angry, and said if I loved my country better than my promised wife I might take it in her stead, for she would never marry a common soldier."

Perhaps, marm, she did not exactly mean that, but I was ordered off that very night, so she had no chance to take it back. You see God dealt kindly by us, for now we are accustomed to thinking of separate lives, and it would have been hard to have to give her up for *this*," and he touched the bandaged brow, "my little Sarah."

All the women in me had been roused to indignation over his tale, but the infinite tenderness of his tone as he spoke the last three words, stayed the torrent of language on my lips. I could not disturb his gentle, forgiving heart, and only pressed his hand in silent sympathy.

The next morning, while I was trying to persuade a refractory "boy," of forty-five or so, that lying in a strong draft was *not* the best medicine for rheumatism, my orderly, touching his cap, informed me that two ladies were in the office, asking for the nurse of ward E. It was an everyday occurrence, so I followed Jim's red shirt and blue trousers to the anxious seat in the office.

A pale, elderly lady, in widow's mourning, rose as I entered, and a girl of about nineteen turned a pallid, grief-stricken face to mine. She had large violet eyes, pale golden hair, and a pretty, winning face—so small, that many a child of twelve was taller; her anxious eyes and quivering lips seemed strangely out of place combined with her *petite* form and girlish face. "My name is Harding," the widow lady said to me.

"John's mother!" and I held out both hands, "we hoped you would come! He is better!"

"Can I see him?"

"Now," I answered, eagerly, "if you will follow me!"

I went in first to speak a few words of preparation, and would have stolen out again, but even while he was in his mother's arms John held my hand fast. Mrs. Harding was very calm, stilling every emotion to speak words of love and sympathy; but even as she spoke I saw John's lips part and his whole form quiver with eager listening—"You are not alone! I hear—I hear," and he dropped my hand, to reach both arms forward as he cried, "Sarah!"

"Oh, John. Oh, John, forgive me! I will be a true, faithful wife"—and I stole away, leaving her kneeling by his pillow, his strong hand smoothing back her curls, his lips smiling as I had never seen them before.

The Hardings were not poor. John had left a comfortable home to follow a soldier's fortune, and there was no dread of poverty to add to the sting of his blindness. Of course he was "honorably discharged," and if, at parting, I pressed my lips upon the pale ones that had let no murmur pass them, why, Sarah took the kiss again from mine, and Mrs. Harding gave me a mother's blessing before she took her road homeward with her blind hero.

WHEN THE GREEN PATHS THAT I HAVE TROD.

BY FRANCES HENBIETTA SHEFFIELD.

"Raise no stone with its graven folly
To feed the scorn of my fellow men,
But let the evergreen pine and holly,
Wave o'er the tomb of your Captain Glen."

When the green paths that I have trod
No more shall by my feet be pressed,
When ye beneath the grassy sod
Shall lay my shrouded form to rest,

Oh, raise no stately marble where
Ye give my dust a calm repose;
The last one, for I could not bear
To wake the smile or jest of those

Who oft, perchance, when lingering near,
Would gaze on it with scornful eye,

Though never to the senseless ear
Could come their tones of mockery.

But let the mournful, sighing pine,
But let the holly o'er my grave,
"When I in death shall calm recline,"
Their ever vernal branches wave.

And oh! let early violets weep
Their precious tears above my eyes;
My vines loved branches round me sweep,
And wild winds breathe their melodies.

Yes, lay me in some quiet nook,
Where no rude sound of worldly care
Can enter in; but song of brook,
And song of birds shall thrill the air.

TO * * * * *

BY JULIET PARKER.

Hark ! how the night wind shrieks about ;
Hear how it rants and raves !
Like howlings of a ghostly troop
Marching from empty graves ;
Now loud and clear, now deep and low,
As the voice of distant waves.

Oh ! long ago we heard it howl,—
It had no sound of dread,
And in the quiet of the calms
I heard your heart instead ;
For then your precious bosom was
The pillow for my head.

Oh, darling ! I have loved you long,
Through sickness, sorrow, pain ;
And striven with a desperate will
To crush that love, in vain ;
I know that peace will never come
To this poor heart again.

Oh ! in the olden, olden time,
(So old and yet so late,)
A happier soul than mine ne'er passed
Through heaven's pearly gate ;
But now the future offers me
A life all desolate.

No more I feel your gentle arms
About my neck entwine ;
No more I feel your bosom beat
With answering throb to mine ;
No more your kisses thrill my blood,
Like a draught of olden wine.

Oh, blasted heart ! oh, lonely life !
Hope nevermore will come ;
Peace ne'er within my weary breast
Shall find again a home ;
Life has no promise in it now,
Since your dear voice is dumb.

SHADOW AND SUNLIGHT.

I remember a sad summer morning,
Dark clouds which the sun could not part,
I remember, I ne'er may forget it,
A shadow that came o'er my heart.

'Twas no gloom from the dark skies above me,
That shadow is over me yet,
Will its shade o'er my path not be riven
Ere my life's-sun forever shall set ?

I had woven bright day-dreams before this,
I had lightly and gayly dreamed,
And life's pathway lay sunny before me,
In the light which from fancy beamed.

There had passed o'er my dreams fitful shadows,
Premonitions of this there had been,
But my dreaming ceased not for their coming—
It went on as though they were unseen.

But since then when my visions are lightest,
When they come as they came before,
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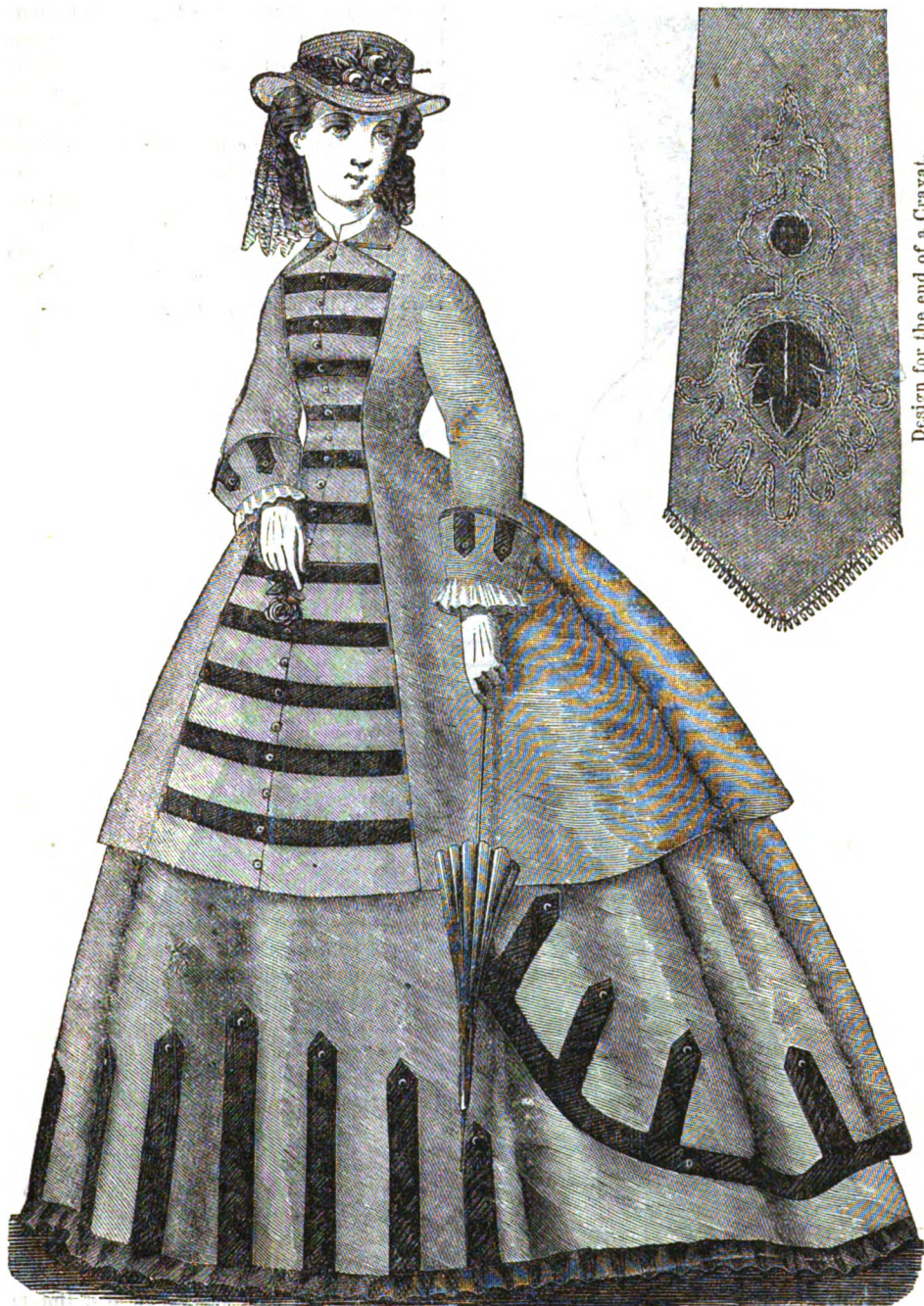
There's a darkening hue from that shadow,
Will it rest on them evermore ?

I have cared far too much for earth's sunlight,
Too little for that from above,
I have sought far too feebly the sunshine
Of my Heavenly Father's love.

But this sorrow and those with it mingled,
Are drawing me nearer to Him,
I must keep in the light He hath given,
Earth's light o'er my path is so dim.

I must walk in the path strait and narrow,
If the light I would always see,
There's a ray from the cross that forever
Will lighten that pathway for me.

And this is the last of earth's shadows
I ever shall have to bear,
For my God is the sunlight of Heaven,
No darkness can enter there.



Design for the end of a Cravat.

NEW STYLE OF PALETÔT.—Dress and paletôt of brown mohair; skirt bordered with a volant of brown silk, and trimmed with stripes of brown silk arranged as shown in the cut, with a large gilt button set upon the end of each. Similar buttons fasten the paletôt.

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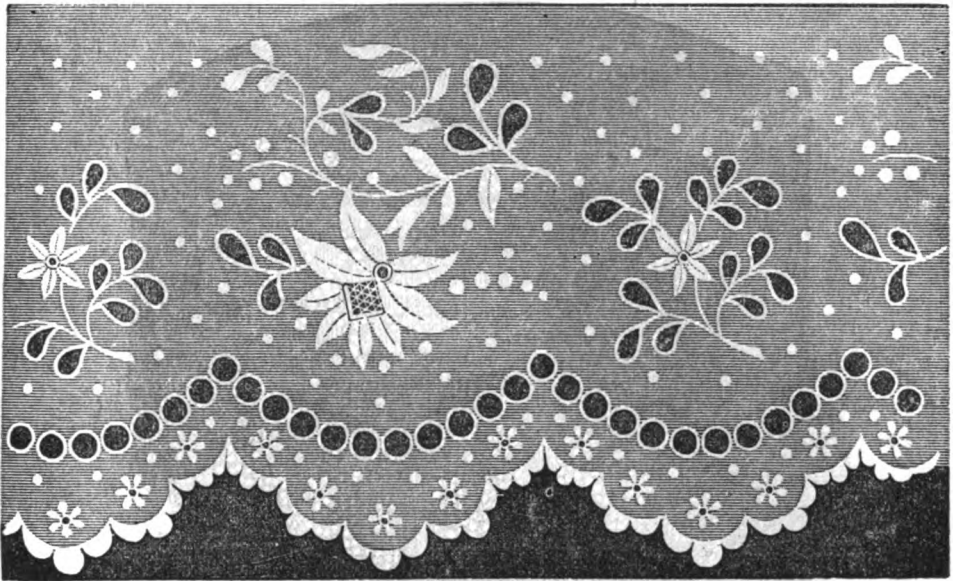


CRAPE AND SILK BONNET.—Any ingenious young lady could make this bonnet for herself. First procure a good shape, cover the crown with silk, and, after having gathered the crape in the middle and at one end, lay it on the bonnet, and secure it round the edge of the crown. The front is caught down on the shape at regular distances to form flutings. The curtain is made of silk, and is next put on. The bandeau is composed of roses: these with the puffed tulle for the top should be mounted on a velvet band. The whiskers at the side should be pinned in separately.



THE GILETTA ROBE.—Suitable for a promenade or travelling dress. Made of gray alpaca; the casaque bordered with a bias fold of the same material, corded with purple silk; vest and

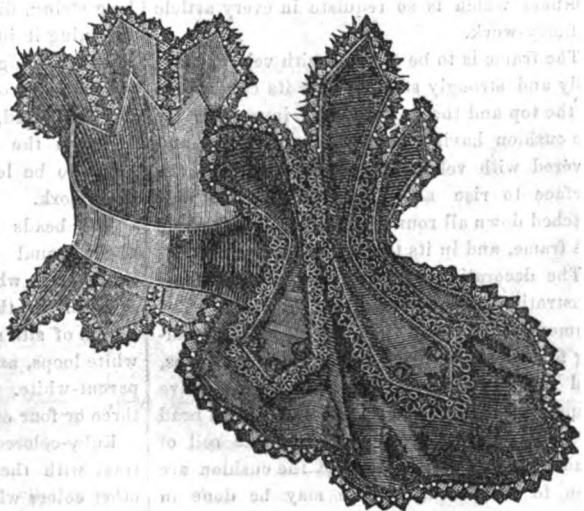
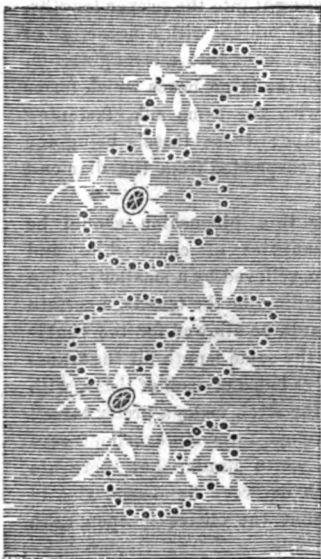
casaque trimmed with silk fringe of a tint to match the dress; silk buttons, gray, circled with purple.



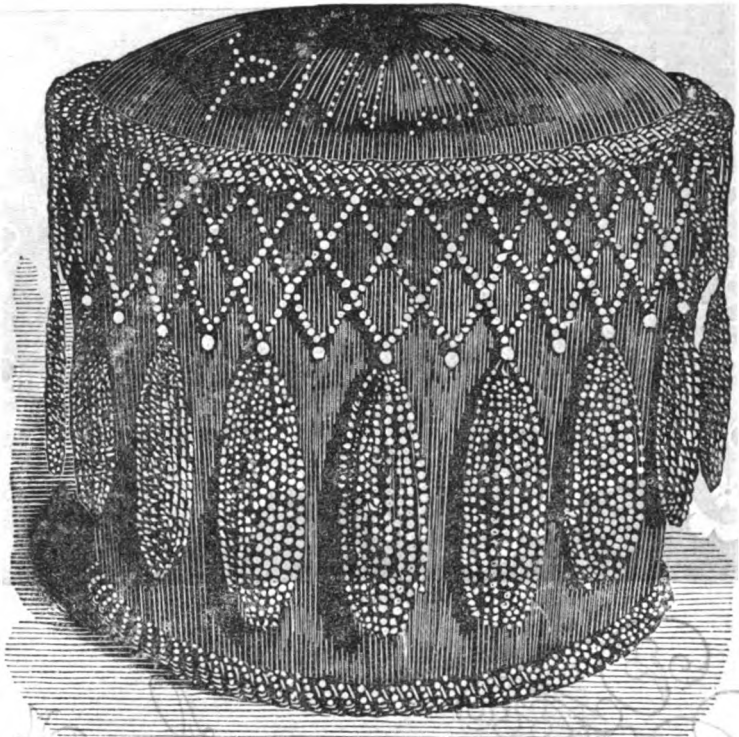
Embroidery.



Name for Marking.



THE DORALICE GIRDLE.—Made of black silk or velvet, and trimmed with guimpe and lace.



TASSEL PINCUSHION.—This novel pincushion is very easily made and has an elegant appearance. The foundation must be strong and firm. It can be made of cardboard; but in this case extreme care must be used for the joins not to show, as that would much detract from the neatness which is so requisite in every article of fancy-work.

The frame is to be covered with velvet, carefully and strongly stitched over its edges, both at the top and the bottom. An inner case for the cushion having been filled with wool, and covered with velvet sufficiently large for the surface to rise above the shape, also well stitched down all round, must be inserted inside the frame, and in its turn carefully secured.

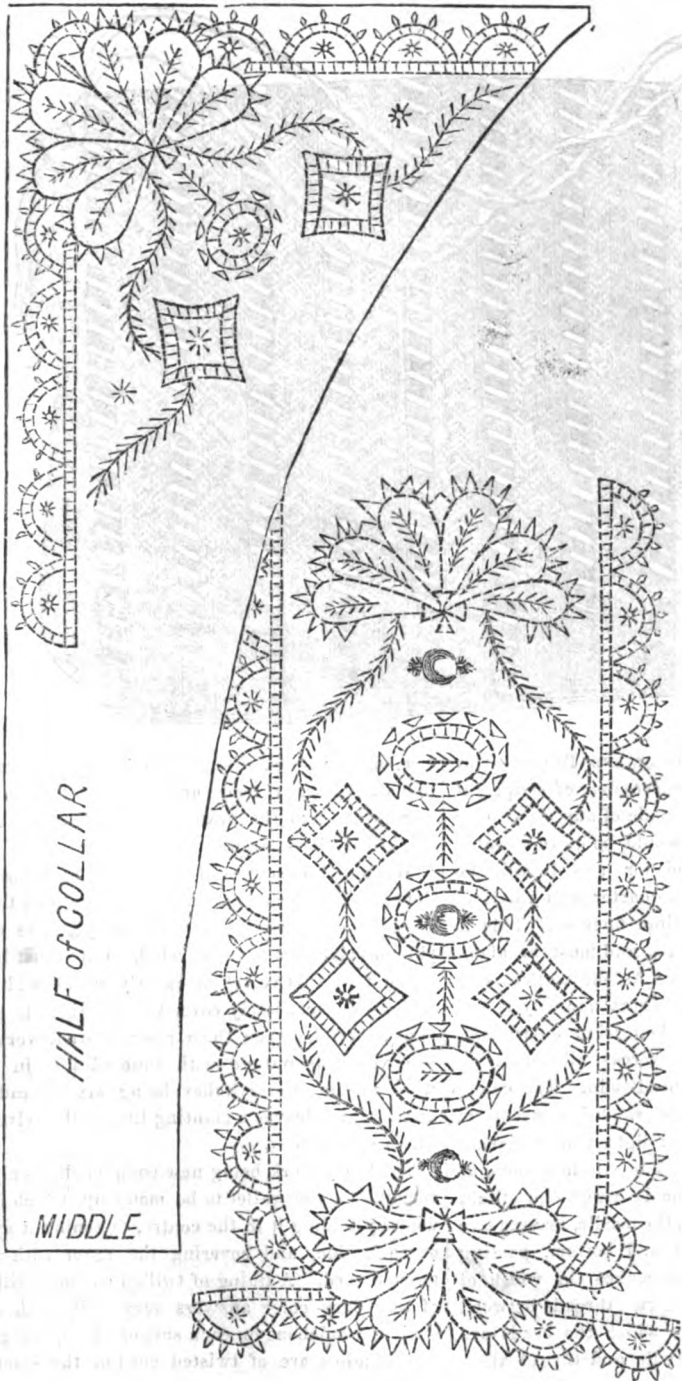
The decoration now remains, of which our illustration will furnish a clear idea. The diamond-work round the top is done by threading first a row of loops at the given distances, and then forming the diamond by successive loops, continued by taking up the central bead of the first; and so repeating. The roll of beads at the top and bottom of the cushion are then to be added. These may be done in different ways, according to taste; a roll or a plait of beads, look equally well. The

roll is easily done, by taking a few strings of heads, and sewing them on, the silk of each encircling-stitch being also covered with beads; but always remembering to take the same number on the needle.

The tassels are best made by threading a long string, dividing it into the proper lengths, fastening it in the middle with a needleful of silk, threading both ends into a strong needle, passing it through the large beads which forms its head, and, with the same silk, fastening it on to the shape; these tassels being too heavy to be left suspended from the diamond bead-work.

The beads for this pincushion should be about equal quantities of chalk-white and transparent white, relieved by a smaller portion of steel. In threading for the tassels, a certain length of silk should be allowed for the chalk-white loops, and the same length for the transparent-white. Five loops of each of these, with three or four of the steel, make a pretty tassel.

Ruby-colored velvet forms an excellent contrast with these white beads; but there are other colors which are very handsome also in their effect, so that the choice is open as a matter of taste.



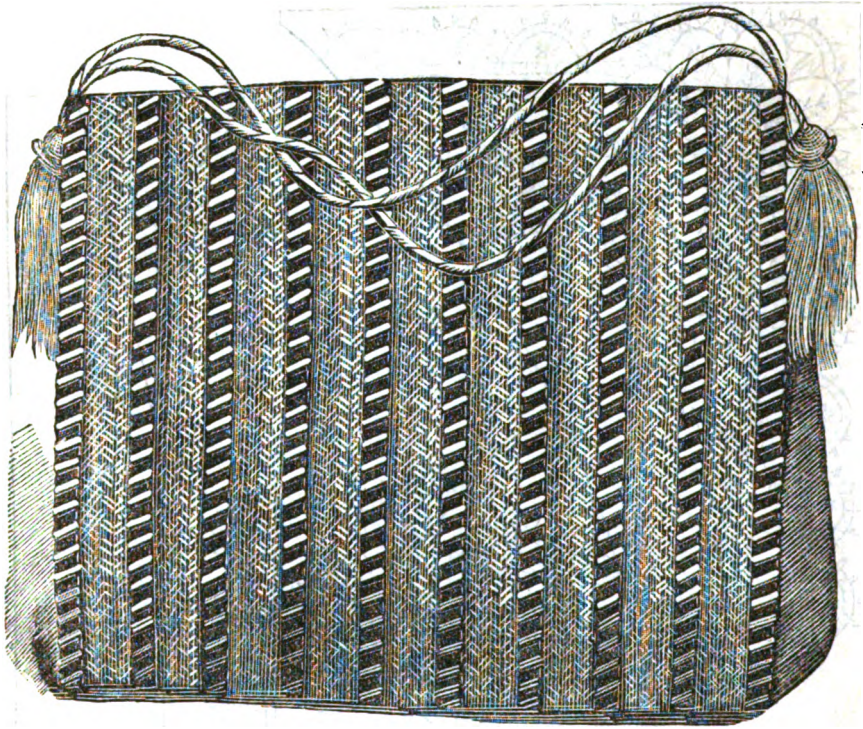
HALF of COLLAR

MIDDLE

HALF of BAND

MIDDLE

Design for Collar in Point Russe.
Cuff to Match.



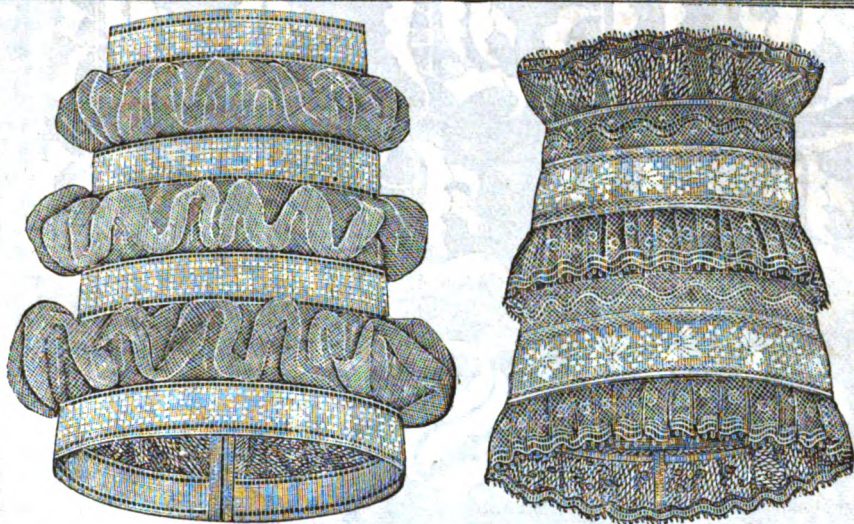
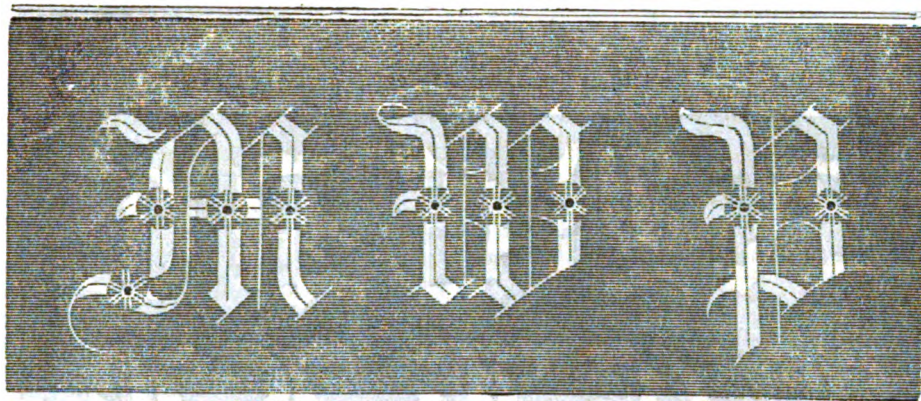
WALLET IN BERLIN WOOL AND BEADS.—Our design representing a succession of stripes, it allows the wallet to be made of any size. One twelve inches in width would be quite suitable for most purposes, and for this it will be necessary to purchase a quarter and a half of Penelope canvas of medium fineness. This is to be folded in the middle, and must be about twenty-two inches wide. As the wallet is to be ten inches deep, the extra quantity is left for turnings-in. The size being thus determined, the canvas must be well overcast all round.

The wool is to be double Berlin. The colors used for the stripes are shaded down from yellow to brown, as thus: light yellow, darker yellow, orange, brown. The stitch is done as follows:—It is simply the herring-bone stitch, taking two threads upon the needle, leaving two between each time, top and bottom, passing over four threads, which makes the width of the row. This will leave two threads between each stitch uncovered, on which the beads are to be inserted with a needle and thread after the wool-work is done. Four rows being thus worked in—namely, the four shades, light yel-

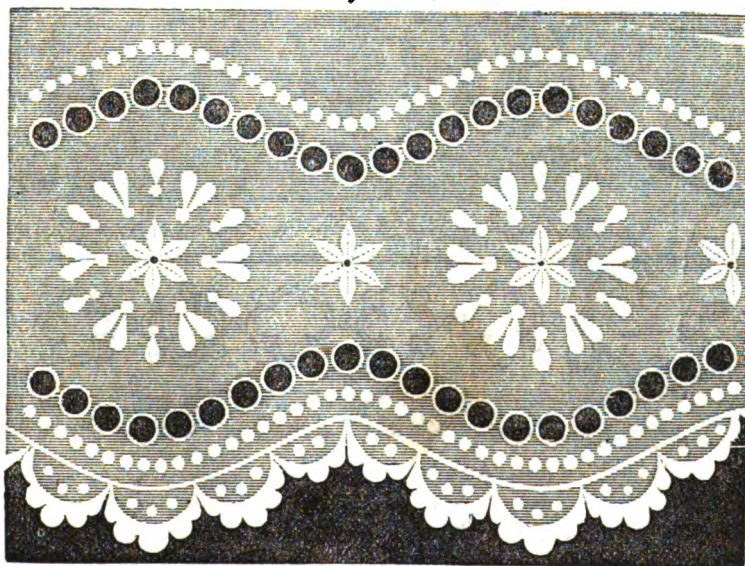
low, dark yellow, orange and brown, forming one stripe—six threads are to be left clear between that and the next stripe, which is to be worked in the same way.

When all the stripes of wool-work have been done, and the beads put in (steel beads look the best, but chalk white are very pretty), rows of ribbon velvet are to be inserted. Care must be taken that this velvet is exactly of the width which will accurately cover the six threads of canvas left between the stripes of wool-work. The velvet is put on with blue *chenille* in a wool needle, the stitches being six threads apart, which leaves a slanting line on the velvet like a spiral twist.

The fancy work being now completed, it only remains for the wallet to be made up, which is done by folding it in the centre, fastening it up at each side, and covering the seam with a twisted cord. A lining of twilled calico or silk of any dark color answers very well, with a strip of whalebone on each side of the opening. The handles are of twisted cord of the same kind as that carried up the sides, and the tassels of variegated wool or silk.



New Styles for Cuffs.



Embroidery.



Alphabet for Marking.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

OUT-DOOR LIFE.

In the pleasant summer time, and all through the still bright autumn days, we understand how it is that women in France, and Spain, and Italy, are comparatively so neglectful of their houses and so choice in their street attire; living in the open air, and caring not how bare the home-nest may be, so it serve the simplest necessities, nor how narrow its space, so it give the means and room to smooth their splendid plumage for the next day of song and sunshine. A careless, butterfly-life, quite unworthy of rational beings, doubtless, yet we sometimes see it differently. In this and other northern countries, women over-do the stay-at-home duties. Houses are made as complete as possible, and this very completeness becomes a snare, involving the possessor and dispenser thereof in a routine of cares that keep her bound within four walls while the long, sweet summer days go by. Better the house were less perfect, and the mistress more free. Without deciding that those gayly-apparelled ladies whom you would take for princesses abroad, and for beggars at home, have chosen the better part, we are yet able to see some wisdom in it. What if the home be poor and mean, when a step admits them into the wide, magnificent palace of nature, with its glorious dome of blue, its inspiring breezes, its waving trees, its far outlook over hill and vale? How many pine away, through successive stages of incompetency and disease to premature death, because the vitalizing influence, physical, mental and spiritual, of that beautiful out-door world is not considered in their plans—no attempt made to secure it!

But the perception of this necessity is growing. In the cities, parks are multiplied, and it is more and more the custom for mothers to go with their children as French families habitually do, taking embroidery or book, and spend hours in the open air. With the prevalence of sensible habits of living, we may expect a corresponding improvement in the health of American women—that much-discussed topic. It is for us of the temperate zone to strike the golden mean between neglect of home on the one hand, and enjoyment of nature's bounties on the other. We hear of saints and sages renouncing all worldly possessions, and finding in such renunciation freedom and dignity and peace. But they lived under kindly skies, and the earth they trod was spontaneously fruitful. In northern climes, where cold is king three-quarters of the year, poverty has no such benign aspect, turn it about as you will. We must shut ourselves up in houses much of the time, which complicates the

problem of living, making the gypsy solution of it impracticable. Poverty in an empty house is another thing from poverty under the open sky, amid the munificence of nature. We prefer the burden of care with the comfort which is its reward. And we take it up so zealously that the joys of liberty are lost sight of; cares fill up our world—daily recurring, inexorable home cares,

“That hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and the
violet dingles back,
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the
shining river's track;
That bar us from our heritage of spring-time hope and
mirth,
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumber-
ing dust of earth.”

So it is with women, whom the manifold claims of civilization tend to place in the position of martyrs to the necessities of a well-ordered household. Youth and bloom are offered up a daily sacrifice on the altar of family comfort. Now if this only took place where it was inevitable, we should hold our peace; but often after the necessity has ceased, the sacrifice continues. The head of the household stays at home as a matter of course, whoever else goes out, and strength of body and elasticity of mind imperceptibly depart, life itself ebbs away, and the light of the home goes out, when the whole quiet tragedy is needless. If the wife and mother were sufficiently alive to the worth of out-door recreation, she could arrange the family comforts upon a more evenly-balanced scale, simplifying food and dress, and gaining thus some daily or weekly seasons of freedom which would prove of infinite value.

If you have ever started out for a walk, listless and weary, and succeeded in gaining some elevation commanding a wide prospect, some terrace overlooking the broad river or limitless sea—somewhere free and open to the breezes that bear on their wings exhilaration from afar, and after an exertion you had thought yourself incapable of, returned home fresh and vigorous, you have felt the kind of stimulus that over-faithful housekeepers miss—one worthy to be sought as a very elixir of life.

A HINT TO TOURISTS.

If any one considers September late in the season to offer suggestions to travellers, we beg to differ from such opinion. A month later, October, is the finest time in all the year for thorough enjoyment of travelling. Never are the wooded hills and vales of our country so gloriously beautiful as in the rainbow-tints of autumn, and never is the weather

so perfect, and mere physical sensation a luxury so unqualified. Here is our quotation:—

"My *first* item of advice is this—acquire facility in the practice of sketching out of doors: the *second* item is this—when travelling, avail yourself of this highly desirable accomplishment to as great an extent as may consist with your limits of time, and with the convenience and plans of your companions in travel. You may, if you like it, take with you the incumbrance of a photographic box and its chemicals. As to this modernism, I have no quarrel with it; and if you relish negatives, get them; but take with you what is better—better in relation to the recollections of after years; better for the soul-enjoyment of the stores of travel: take with you the artistic (or *quasi* artistic) practised eye and hand, and the consciousness of color, and of form, and of the picturesque and also of the *pictorial*, which is quite another thing. I give you my word for it, that the stored products of the hand, the eye, and the feeling, although they may be far—very far—beneath the authentic artist level, will be looked at a thirty, or a forty, or a fifty years afterwards, with incomparably more pleasure, and they will take a firmer grasp of the imagination, than could any—even the most consummate of the lens-and-chemistry marvels of the photographic conjuror's box. At this moment, while I am wistfully turning over the rude pencil sketches of those distant years, what, think you, are my regrets? They are these two—*first*, that these random pencil-sketches were not taken with far more care than they actually exhibit; and, *secondly*, that they are not—as easily they might have been, for I had then abundance of leisure—ten times as many as they are! *One for one*, I would now gladly accept *another pencil sketch* in place of a modern photograph of the same scene."

The practice of this accomplishment will add a new and rich element of pleasure to your delight in every picturesque spot. Photography has not superseded it, lacking as it does the personality, the infusion of your own spirit, life, self, into the work, which make it in after years a precious and fragrant memorial of your unreturning youth.

A little culture of this kind heightens your enjoyment of the triumphs of professional artists. What lovely landscapes were in the Art Gallery of the Sanitary Fair! What wonderful, unapproachable nature in Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains, as if the painter had dipped his brush into vials of veritable sunshine, for those marvellous reflections in the water, those golden lights on the green sward about the tents. And Paul Weber, holding up his magic frame, that we may look through upon beautiful, matchless Italy itself! And Moran's gorgeous Wissahickon woods; and the choice, delicious forest nooks of Richards, from which the spicy woodland air seems stealing out, so direct and fresh they come to us from the deep heart of nature. The skill of the painter who gives his life to his art, is of course only attainable by such devotion; but the happiest possibilities of paint and canvas are but a faint transcript of the radiant ideal in which the amateur may equally share. If you have the artist-eye that takes in rapturously

the varied harmonious points of beauty within its grasp, you may, with limited powers of accomplishment, seize and prison down upon your paper such features of the vision as will recall it, to yourself, at least, in after years, glorifying your simple sketch with

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

HONITON LACE.

A traveller in Devonshire, that beautiful garden of England, gives the following charming description of the village of Honiton, and its location:—

"That valley, in the orchard-shadowed cottages of which the lace-makers find their homes. A gently flowing stream, the Otter, runs softly through it, reaching the sea at Budleigh Salterton, adjacent to the village. There is a range of hill shutting in this valley westward, which is bounded eastward by the heights, under the bluffs whereof Sidmouth shelters itself. Thereabouts in Devonshire everything is snug—the cottages are embosomed, and they quite meet the taste of those who could make themselves happy—through long summer days and winter days too, in a stone, thatched-roof cottage, with its cement floors; a sleeping room next the thatch, the casement in the dormer window looking out into the apple orchard:—all this, and the delicious feeling that the world of noise, and of eager competition, and of progress and improvement, with its well-built brick houses, is a hundred, or, for aught I know or care, a thousand miles far away! So be it, and then, tormented by no ambition, out of hearing of strifes, a man so constituted may relish all seasons—in doors and out of doors.

"We betake ourselves just now to the hill top. Glorious is the day:—barely is there a breath stirring on the sea; the lanes thitherward tending are tortuous cuts through the hill; they are quite overshadowed, and here and there the pink marble for which the county is famous crops up, pushing itself out of the bank; and so its prominences have been polished by the constant rubbing of the saddles of the pack horses that carry the marketable produce of the cottage-farms to Honiton or Exeter, twice in the week.

"From the hill I look down upon the roof of the tower of Budleigh Salterton church, peering up from its leafy surroundings. About it are the roofs and the gable-ends of the village, thick set in apple orchards. Here it is, and in the labyrinth of lanes around it, that the famous Honiton lace-making nestles itself. At every step upon the hill-side there comes into view a bit, and again another bit, of that choice embellishment of a Devonshire landscape—the warm azure of the sea, with its fringing of foliage—so luxuriant, and so near upon the salt of the deep, that their festoons almost dip into it. In those tranquil times there would often come across this patch of the ocean, seen in between the trunks and foliage, such an accident as the glistening sails of the fisherman's boat; but never had that rich harmony of colors been spoiled by the spectre—or what must we call it?—the steamer of these progress-times, smearing as it does, the pure horizon with a trail of soot, a mile in length.

"In both Devon and Suffolk the women and girls are at work at their cottage doors; but the product of the bowery abodes of South Devon passes at once from the fingers of the lowly to the necks of the lofty—even of those that tread on tiptoe the saloons

of palaces; and what is there comparable to this rich, massive, free, Honiton lace? But might it not be outdone by machinery? Wonderful are the doings of machines in almost every line of art, and in lace-making too; and yet it is certain (or we think it so) that the genuine 'Honiton' will stand its ground, and always maintain its price. It is a proper work of art—it is free (as to the pattern) and expressive of mind, in its way. Thus it takes its place along with the highest samples of what issues from the soul, and the hand, and the eye of the artist, and with which no machinery will ever compete, and which no miracle either of mechanical ingenuity or of chemistry, will ever displace.

"The Honiton lace on the one hand, and the wool spinning on the other hand, are boundary instances in the circle of the industrial arts; as to the workers, they are apparently on a level; but the products, in the one case, are of a kind that defies the rivalry of machines; in the other case they are of a kind that invites, or, we might say, loudly calls upon mechanic ingenuity to take it up. And so it is. The spinner has long ago been driven from her wheel, the lace-maker holds fast to her pillow and bobbins.

"We are used to speak of the *manufacturing* districts—Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the rest; but in the gigantic mills of those counties what you see are not *manufactures*, but in truth are the exclusion and suppression of human handwork. If we would see a *manufacture*—unquestionably such, and unrivalled in its kind—we must return to South Devon."

DIAMONDS.

These popular jewels are apparently quite common at present, but of course the greater proportion of those we see are false. When we read in fashionable novels of noble ladies in pecuniary difficulties leaving in pledge their ancestral diamonds, and wearing meanwhile an imitation so like the original as to escape suspicion, we are naturally curious to know what they could be composed of to counterfeited successfully so brilliant a jewel. The Scientific American thus enlightens us:—

"The paste imitations of the diamond are known by different titles; sometimes as the 'California diamond,' 'Australian pebble diamond,' etc.; but the basis of all of them is quartz or rock-crystal, pulverized and fused in combination with the oxides of certain metals. The paste is technically known as *strass*, after the discoverer, Strass, of Strasburgh, who, by a series of experiments in the 17th century, was very successful in making imitations of precious stones. 'Strass is composed of silex, potash, borax, red lead, and sometimes arsenic. This mixture is put into a covered Hessian crucible and kept at a great heat in a pottery furnace for twenty-four hours. The longer the mass is kept fluid the clearer it will be when turned out.'

"Strass of this kind is used for imitating the diamond, rock-crystal, and white topaz. There are many signs, however, by which this strass, or California diamond, can be detected by the experienced eye. These signs are its inferior specific gravity, its want of hardness, and the absence of coldness to the tongue-test, or when it is applied to that organ. Good strass is so hard that fire flies when it is rubbed on a file, but it is readily attacked by fine quartz-sand on a grinding plate. The small air-bubbles in the strass may be readily detected with a good magnifying glass, and the breath re-

mains much longer upon it, on account of its bad conducting power, than upon real gems.

"The electrical power of jewels is also another test, for it is stated that genuine stones retain their electricity from six to thirty hours, whereas the false stones retain it scarcely as many minutes. The appearance of some 'California diamonds' will deceive many persons, for they have a lustre and evanescent fire which is extremely beautiful. This is soon lost, however, by wearing; perspiration, moisture and dirt, washing the hands, etc., soon destroy the appearance of this paste, and in a few days it becomes as dull and lack-lustreless as the eyes of a dead fish."

THE NEW BONNETS.

The prettiest effects of color can be legitimately and picturesquely obtained now by aid of these curtainless bonnets. Seize the chance while it lasts, if you do not object to being deemed rather in advance of the fashion and a little peculiar, it is not likely to last long; it is too fantastic. Everybody knows how everybody wears her hair at this present period. The Roman coin arrangement "has obtained," as the phrase is, and so we all draw it back tightly over the ears, bind it with a velvet fillet, and tie it up in a more or less luxuriant club behind. No more effective arrangement for displaying the shape of the head, if the head has any shape at all, was ever designed. That it is felt to be graceful and good in itself, is proved by this fact, that those autocrats, the milliners, have adapted bonnets to suit the hair, instead of, as usual, forcing the hair to adapt itself to the bonnets.

The great gain in the altered bonnet shapes is this, that it admits of flowers being placed immediately upon the hair, and every artist knows that this is a great gain. To be sure we have always had flowers in front of the bonnets, but, though they were under the brim, they were either separated from the hair by tulle or pressed down so low on the forehead that the effect was missed altogether; besides, the hair is usually dressed in such a way upon the temples that it is utterly impossible for it to form the soft elastic background for the flowers that is now afforded by the luxuriant club at the back. There will no longer be any difficulty in painting a woman in her bonnet, provided she will stand in such a way that the artist can do justice to the fair substitute for the banished bavolet.

A scarlet japonica, a crimson or a buff tea-rose, on dark hair, would be a delicious bit of color, a soft, flexible bit of lace or tulle falling down to meet it, every leaf thrown up by the dark brown or black background. Why, the sight would almost reconcile a woman to the possession of dark locks, even though she does live in these days of glorification of golden hair. It would be such a thing as Giorgione painted—such a thing as Philip has found heretofore nowhere save in Spain. What if the sense of beauty, suddenly awakened, should throw off entirely those rigid lines which have too long surrounded the female head out of doors, and, joining hand in hand with fashion, should insist that the votaries of the latter do henceforth wear soft wire-ess combinations of cloudy lace and silvery tulle, rendered distinct by deftly selected flowers alone. Remembering the spoon-shaped bonnets of a while ago, it can but be hoped such a result may be achieved.

The three graces were represented always of little stature, to show that this virtue consisted in little things—a gesture, a smile, or a respectful air.

PATTERNS OF NOVELTIES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

Full size paper patterns of the following articles will be sent to any given address upon receipt of the price:—

| | |
|---|-----|
| Coralie Jacket (pattern traced with coral design), | .50 |
| New Style of Paletôt, | .50 |
| The Doralice Girdle, | .25 |
| Also in August No. | |
| Boy's Zouave Suit, for a child of four or five, vest, jacket, and knickerbocker, with braiding design traced on each, | .75 |

"A LITTLE WHILE."

And is it so? *A little while,*
And then the life undying,
The light of God's unclouded smile,
The singing for the sighing!
A little while!—oh, glorious word,
Sweet solace for our sorrow;
And then, "forever with the Lord,"
The everlasting morrow.

Then be it ours to journey on
In paths that He decrees us;
Where his own feet before have gone,
Our strength, our hope, our Jesus.
In lowly fellowship with Him
The cross appointed bearing;
For oh, a crown no grief can dim
One day we shall be wearing.

"*A little while,*" and He shall come,
Light of our eyes, our longing;
His own voice bid us welcome home,
And we his people thronging.
Shall rest our hearts in his embrace,
Dear refuge! ours forever;
Look upward to His blessed face,
And fear its hiding never.

THE ART OF MAKING BOUQUETS.

In arranging flower-vases there is the same aim, perhaps, as one has in making up the pretty light sprays for wearing; one wants rather to have one pretty thing than an assemblage of gay flowers. We don't want to show our riches, we want to enjoy beauty. And just as we find in Nature that the loveliest flowers grow one kind on one tree, and that the most beautiful flowers are those most lost amidst leaves, so in arranging them for ourselves, we may follow out those hints well.

A little vase may be filled, or a spray may be formed most charmingly with one bright red flower, such as a crimson rose and one deep blue convolvulus, and then a scrap of pure yellow; the harmony of those colors is evident, and the green and the neutral gray of heliotrope sets them off, and at the same time finishes the perfect little group. I have seen such groups repeated, too, and woven into one large group by means of knots of clematis and

green leaves that run between, but they don't bear repeating often, nor do the same flowers bear mixing. If you have many flowers, use them as paints, and just work them in till one beautiful shaded cloud is formed amidst the green. This requires a painter's skill. With fewer flowers, group them carefully in distinct and separate groups, and they look very pretty, but still there is an air of sameness. The repetition is too frequent—you find too much of one design. But if you take some foliage—the fern, or the fir, or the myrtle, or the sprays of the dark rose-leaves, or of the green and sweet and velvety geraniums, and place it in high barriers, so as half to shut in each flower-knot—you then are surprised to see how good is the effect, and how very far the flowers go.

ROSE-LEAF PATTERN FOR KNITTING.

BY EMMA W——.

This pattern requires nineteen stitches for each repeat, and each stripe is separated by two stitches of pearled knitting and those two are always exactly the same and over each other, with a plain stitch on each side. The pattern can be adapted either for four or two needles; thus in a baby's sock the leg can be knitted in rounds, and the little instep bit in rows. I will write the receipt for two needles, but for four needles the alternate row may be one plain, two pearled, one plain for dividing stripe, the rest plain, except the centre stitch of those of the pattern pearled, in all but the eighth round, when it is knitted plain, like the rest.

First Row.—One plain, two pearled, one plain. Wool round the needle, to make an open stitch, one plain, slip a stitch, knit one, and pass the slipped one over, one pearled, two together, one plain, one pearled, one plain, slip a stitch, knit one and pass the slipped one over, one pearled, take in, one plain, throw over.

Second Row.—Three pearled, one plain, two pearled, one plain, two pearled, one pearled, two plain, one pearled.

Third Row.—One plain, two pearled, one plain, throw over, one plain, throw over, take in by slipping, one pearled, take in, one pearled, take in by slipping, one pearled, take in, throw over, one plain, throw over.

Fourth Row.—Four pearled, one plain, one pearled, one plain, one pearled, one plain, four pearled, one pearl, two plain, one pearl.

Fifth Row.—One plain, two pearl, one plain, throw over, three plain, throw over, knit three together, by slipping one, knitting two together and pulling the slipped stitch over, one pearl, take in three, throw over, three plain, throw over.

Sixth Row.—Six pearled, one plain, six pearled, one pearl, two plain, one pearl.

Seventh Row.—One plain, two pearled, one plain.

Throw over, as before, five plain, throw over; knit three together, throw over, five plain, throw over.

Eighth Row.—Pearl fifteen, pearl one, two plain, one pearl.

Two or three repeats of the above pattern on No. 10 needles, and Pyrenean or Shetland gauze-wool, make a pretty necktie. When worked in two colors, the join assumes a scalloped or waved shape, as it used to do in the old feather patterns, and I have also employed it for fine knitted mittens, and many other purposes. If the lady who wishes for it has never worked it, I should recommend trying it once or twice over on separate needles and wool before commencing a sock, as when once master of the plan of the pattern, there is so much less doubt about whether the stitches are right or wrong.

New Publications.

Hotspur. A Tale of the Old Dutch Manor. By Mansfield T. Walworth, Author of "Lulu." Carleton, Publisher, New York.

This writer has a genius for plots of the sensational kind, for thrilling adventures, hair-breadth 'scapes, incidents of fascinating horror, that you are bound to see the end of; a profusion of picturesque scenes and poetic images attest his luxuriant imagination. He has also an enthusiastic, often a correct eye, for womanly beauty and excellence, and a sense of what is most captivating in youthful manhood: we can fancy the book pronounced "a love of a story" by romantic maidens; and for a large class of readers it has all the requisites that make up an attractive novel. Indeed, there is genuine beauty in the heroine's ideal of love, and it is expressed with true poetic feeling in her letter of rejection.

But the book is disfigured throughout with faults of taste which cannot escape the most superficial critic, such as, "She came *tearing* into the apartment." "She *dashed* into the bedroom." "The violet-eyed girl of seventeen, the *rampant* impersonation of the bloom and freshness of spring." These things might have been avoided by submitting the work to some judicious friend, with cart-blincho for erasure and alteration.

Miscellaneous Receipts.

PRESERVING AND PICKLING.—The old-fashioned pound for pound preserves that used to form so large a part of the housekeeper's autumn labors, will be more out of favor than ever this year, owing to the high price of sugar. Canned fruits take their

place, and sweet pickles, preferred by many, are undoubtedly more wholesome.

Tomatoes prepared in this way are particularly valuable as a relish for supper when the season for this popular vegetable is over. We have found no kind of fruit that is equally acceptable to our family. The recipe is the usual one—half pound of sugar to a pint of vinegar, with whole pepper, cloves, or other spices to taste. The small red or yellow kinds of tomatoes are best, but the large would probably answer.

EGG PICKLE.—Obtain a moderate-sized, wide-mouthed earthen jar, sufficient to hold one dozen eggs; let the latter be boiled quite hard; when fully done, place the same, after taking them up, into a pan of cold water. Remove the shells from them, and deposit them carefully in the jar. Have on the fire a quart (or more, if necessary) of good white wine vinegar, into which introduce one ounce of raw ginger, two or three blades of sweet mace, one ounce of allspice, half ounce of whole black pepper and salt, and half ounce of mustard seed, with four cloves of garlic. When it has simmered for half an hour take it up, and pour the contents into the jar, taking care to observe that the eggs are wholly covered. When quite cold, stopper it down for use. It will be ready after a month. When cut into quarters they serve as a garnish, and afford a nice relish to cold meat of any kind.

INDIA PICKLE.—Two cauliflowers torn into sprigs, two white cabbages cut in slices, one pint of small onions peeled, one pint of shalots; put a handful of salt on them and place them in a pan, with sufficient boiling water to cover them. Let them remain a night; the next morning take them all out and spread on a tray covered with a coarse cloth; put them in the sun to dry for three days, taking them in-doors each night. When quite dry put as much vinegar as will cover them, and let them remain a day or two; then put all together into a kettle with half ounce of turmeric, two ounces mustard, one ounce cayenne pods, one ounce black pepper, one ounce allspice, quarter ounce mace; all to be boiled together for a quarter of an hour; then throw in any green pickles you choose, such as gherkins, French beans, radish pods, nasturtiums, slices of cucumber; a few capsicums add much to the appearance.

HOME-MADE WINES.—The "working," or "fermentation," which is the same process in all cases, commences naturally a few days after the wine is made. It sometimes continues fermenting for weeks, and in order to ascertain when it ceases, the ear should be applied to the bung of the cask, and should no singing sound be heard, it may be concluded that the "working" is over. The following is a recipe for green grape wine, which will be

found nearly equal to champagne. Gather the grapes when they are just turning color, or about half ripe. Pound them in a tub with the stalks, and to every quart of pounded fruit put two quarts of water. Let this stand in a mash-tub fourteen days, then draw it off, and to every gallon of liquor put three pounds of loaf sugar. When this is dissolved, cask the wine. After it has worked, bung it securely down, and keep it for six months. Then bottle it, and tie down or wire the corks, if it be intended to be kept more than one year.

ELDER WINE.—Take the juice of three gallons of elderberries, which will about equal six quarts (imperial measure). Add twenty-four pounds of sugar, and wash the husks of the berries in sixteen quarts of water. Boil six ounces of ginger in water, strain, and boil a second time. Add this and the juice of the berries to the water in which the husks have been washed. Cask it, and when the fermentation is over, put into the cask some well-dried spices.

ANOTHER.—To every three quarts of elderberries add one gallon of water, and let them stand for three days in an earthen pan; then boil up altogether. For every gallon of water, take three pounds of good moist sugar, and place it in a small copper; strain the liquor off on the sugar, and for every ten gallons of wine, take one ounce of ginger, half an ounce of cloves, and one ounce of whole allspice; tie the spices in separate bags of muslin, and boil up the whole for about twenty minutes or half an hour; let it stand in the pan till cold, placing in the liquor a thick piece of toast with a little yeast on it. When quite cold, pour the liquor into the barrel; let it work out of the bung-hole, and fill up as you would for beer, as long as it works. About Christmas it will be fit for bottling, and a little brandy added to each bottle is a great improvement. This receipt has always been found to make excellent wine.

GLOUCESTER JELLY FOR INVALIDS.—This jelly is known to have been of the greatest use in cases of extreme weakness. Rice, sago, pearl barley, eringo root and hartshorn shavings, of each one ounce. Place these in three pints of water, and let them simmer until the water is reduced to one pint. Strain it, and when cold it will be a stiff jelly, of which a spoonful or more may be dissolved in the tea, milk, or broth, given to the invalid.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Choose ripe tomatoes, and bake till tender; pulp through a sieve; to every pound of pulp put one pint of Chili vinegar, one ounce garlic, one ounce shallot, and plenty of horseradish, half ounce ground white pepper, half ounce salt. Boil the whole together until every ingredient is tender; rub the mixture through a sieve; then to every pound add the juice of two lemons. Boil

the whole together until it attains the consistency of good cream. When cold, bottle it; keep it dry and cool.

TOMATO TOAST.—Remove the stem and all the seeds from the tomatoes, they must be ripe, not over-ripe, stew them to a pulp, season with butter, pepper and salt; toast some bread (not new bread), butter it, and then spread the tomato on each side, and send it up to table, two slices on each dish, the slices cut in two, and the person who helps it must serve with two half-slices, not attempt to lift the top slice, otherwise the appearance of the under-slice will be destroyed.

TO DRESS VEGETABLE MARROW.—Have ready a gallon saucepan, rather more than half full of boiling water. Just before putting in the marrow, throw in a teaspoonful of salt and half a one of carbonate of soda. Cut the marrow into four parts, lengthwise, without peeling it; or if it be the very large kind, divide each quarter transversely, making eight pieces. The small delicate Persian variety need only be halved lengthwise. Throw the pieces quickly into the water, keeping it rapidly boiling all the time; they will take from a quarter to half an hour, according to the species and age. They are best when ten days or a fortnight old, but are excellent whatever age they are. While the marrow is boiling, make about the third of a pint of melted butter, and a round of toast; cut the crust off, and dip the toast twice into the water in which the marrow is boiling; lay it in a dish, and pepper it slightly. When done, take up the marrow carefully with a fish-slice or large spoon, and lay it on the toast; pepper it well, and pour the melted butter over all. It should be served up as hot as possible. Prepared thus, vegetable marrow is scarcely inferior to asparagus, and forms an elegant and wholesome supper-dish; as a dinner vegetable, it should appear with roast mutton. Be sure never to peel the marrow.

PORTUGUESE TOMATO SAUCE.—Slice tomatoes and onions, and stew them in a nice gravy, with small slices of bacon, and pepper and salt to taste. A most appetizing dish.

POTATO DUMPLINGS are made thus:—Peel some potatoes and grate them into a basin of water; let the pulp remain in the water for a couple of hours, drain it off, and mix with it half its weight of flour; season with pepper, salt, chopped onions and sweet herbs. If not moist enough, add a little water. Roll into dumplings the size of a large apple. Sprinkle them well with flour, and throw them into boiling water. When you observe them rising to the top of the saucepan, they will be boiled enough.

POTATO CAKES.—Take two pounds of very mealy-boiled potatoes, mash them very fine with a little salt, mix them with two pounds of flour, and milk enough to make this into dough,

beating it up with a spoon, and put a little yeast. Set it before the fire to rise, and when it has risen, divide it into cakes the size of a muffin, and bake them. These cakes may be cut open, and buttered hot. They are particularly nice.

BOSTON CREAM CAKES.—Take a quart of new milk, and set it on the fire to boil. Moisten four tablespoonfuls of sifted flour with three tablespoonfuls of cold milk. Separate four eggs, and beat them up well; add to the yolks five *heaping* tablespoonfuls of sifted loaf sugar; when the milk is hot, on the point of boiling, stir in the moistened flour; let it thicken, but not boil. Now stir up the whites and yolks of the eggs together; beat them up, and stir to them a little of the hot milk, and then stir them into the whole quart of milk. Let it boil for three minutes, add the grated rind, and the juice of one lemon to it, and set it away to cool. You must now proceed to make the paste. Take a pint of sifted flour, and a quarter pound of butter (fresh, of course), place it over hot water till the butter melts, add a quart of milk, and stir in three-fourths of a pound of flour. Let it scald through and become cold before you beat all the lumps out into a paste; separate twelve eggs, beat them, and stir in (first the yolks, and then the whites) to the paste. Butter twenty-four round tin pans, line and cover with this paste, bake thoroughly; when cold lift the lid and fill up with your cream; put the edges together, and wet them with a little egg. These Boston cream cakes are nicer than any cheesecake, but they are not made to keep. They should be eaten the day they are made.

CORNUCOPIAS.—Mix in a basin a quarter pound of fine white sifted sugar, and two ounces of flour; break two perfectly fresh eggs into this, and beat it well. Rub a little white wax on your baking-sheet, take about a dessert-spoonful of the mixture, and spread it in a round on your tin. Bake these three minutes, take each off with a knife, and as you do so, carefully roll each, at the oven's mouth, into a jelly-bag or cornucopia shape. Dry them a little before the fire after they are rolled, fill them with pink or white whipped cream, and send them to table on a nicely-folded napkin. They will keep for some little time if placed in a tin box in a dry place, without the cream, which must be put in fresh when they are to be served up.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Robe of white muslin, a rich garland of roses designed upon the skirt; corsage high, sleeves halftight. Scarf-mantle of rose-colored taffetas, trimmed with two volants of lace; the middle of

the scarf is fastened with a large bow of taffetas. Hat of white tulle, the plume falling over the front.

FIG. 2.—Skirt of white silk, with a little cuir-colored stripe, finished round the bottom in scollops. Ceinture of cuir-colored taffetas, with a long broad sash behind; corsage of muslin, in narrow pleats; bows on the shoulders, and cravat matching the ceinture in color. Coiffure of blue ribbons.

FIG. 3.—A Foulard or Alpaca Dress looped up over a striped petticoat. The material of the petticoat is alpaca; the edge of it is cut out in vandykes, and bound with a narrow braid. A long jacket with *revers*, cuffs, and collar of the same color as the stripe upon the petticoat; buttons and brandebourgs to match. Louis XV. waistcoat. A Windsor hat, ornamented with ostrich and eagle's feathers. Russian boots, with high heels and tassels.

FIG. 4.—A silk dress with lilac spots; skirt deeply festooned, with a scalloped edge of lilac, and a volant of black lace. Beneath a deep volant of *pensée* silk, bordered with black velvet, in large scollops. The corsage, which terminates in a basque, is similarly scalloped.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For morning wear, crinolines are decidedly on the decrease, but for evening toilettes they are as expansive as ever, although considerably altered in shape. The best, and indeed the only plan to pursue, is to have two crinolines, one for morning, and the second for evening wear. That to be worn out of doors, under dresses which are either drawn up with cords, or fastened up in festoons by means of the patent hooks, should be narrower, less pointed at the back, and considerably shorter than the crinoline which supports an evening dress with a trained skirt. The Parisians are very particular and discriminating on this point, and the result is greatly in their favor. There is quite as much difference in the form of their morning and evening crinolines as in that of their morning and evening dresses. Under the former, the petticoat is simple, modest in circumference, without any disposition to swell at either side, and with the point down the centre of the back but slightly accentuated. Under an evening dress the contrary is the case, and the aspect is altered entirely. The crinoline then should expand like a large fan at the back, the swell commencing a little above the knee; round the hips there should be no steels.

Dresses with paletots to match, partially fitting the figure, are universally worn. If the paletot can only be worn with the one dress which it accompanies, the best plan is to make it without sleeves, and to finish it round the arm-holes with epaulettes; the dress-sleeve will then serve for both paletôt and dress.

The newest white petticoats have a box-pleating

round the edge, and at the top of each pleat a small scarlet and white cotton tassel is sewn. These can be washed with the garment.

Looping-up skirts, so as to show the edges of petticoats, is leading to the still older fashion of looping them back so as to show their front breadths.

Skirts scolloped out round the edge in small deep scollops, are "all the rage" at the present moment. The scollops are bound with a double binding of taffetas to match the material of the dress. If the dress is green and blue plaid, for example, one scollop is bound with blue and the next with green taffetas. But these bindings are inconvenient, inasmuch as they wear out quickly. Many ladies who study economy replace the taffetas binding with one made of silk braid, and under this they sew a worsted braid, which is scarcely perceptible on the outside. This silk braid produces the same effect as the taffetas binding, and is much more durable. These scolloped out skirts are particularly pretty when looped up over the petticoat. In white alpaca, the scollop trimmed with narrow black guipure edging laid upon, not at the extreme edge of the scollop, has a charming effect. Scollops answer better than vandykes, as the latter are apt to roll up at the edges.

If the petticoat matches the dress, which is always the case with self-colored materials, the scolloped edge is preferable, but if the contrary is the case, then a straight hem is better.

The mixture of black and white appears daily to be more and more popular in every detail of the toilette, such as dresses, mantles, bonnets, &c.

The "coat" forms a part of almost every toilette, more or less modified, according to the taste of the wearer and the style of the toilette. We must warn our readers, however, that it is not considered as an out-of-door garment; it is merely a new style of jacket with a longer basque at the back. A paletôt, burnous, or mantle of some kind, must be worn over it for walking; a waistcoat or chemise Russe, according to taste, is worn under it. The shape of the waist often changes; it may be pointed, have small or large, square or round basques; the most stylish, however, have very large ones, with pockets. Chemisettes to wear with a coat and waistcoat are made with a full frill or jabot, to show in front.

The "Princesse Robe" is a fashionable style. It is made without any waistband, the body being cut all in one piece with the skirt, while to make the latter wider, gores are inserted between the widths. In this style of dress the seams are often marked with thick pipings of another color, or, at least, of a darker shade than that of the dress. Some of these seams begin about half way up the bodice. Sometimes borders of gimp or velvet, or strips of lace insertion, are substituted for the pipings. Deep lace silk fringe is a favorite trimming for dresses just

now. It is placed in waves or scollops over the skirt, and forms very pretty epaulettes. The same is also put on round the paletôt or the circular cape. Rows of buttons are often the sole trimming of paletôts, coats, and jackets.

The skirts of white piqué dresses look well with bands of buff cambric, embroidered or braided in black; these bands are arranged at each side of the front breadth and are then carried round the bottom. Skirts are looped up everywhere except in the larger cities, at the fashionable hours for promenading. The tucking-up is done by means of gimp and tassels, or ribbons matching or contrasting with the color of the skirt, which, with the bows which fasten them, form in themselves a trimming.

The fashion of wearing looped up skirts and petticoats heavily trimmed has brought about the double dress—one of the most elegant novelties of the season. This may be simulated by making the lower part of it different from the upper; but then to assist the illusion, and to give more grace to the whole, the edge of the second simulated skirt should not be straight. It must either be vandyked or festooned. If the festoons are small, they should be edged with black lace; if large, with either a fringe or a thick notched-out ruche. Even when the effect of a second dress is not desired, by making the lower half of a skirt different from the upper, it forms a trimming like any other; it is likewise a contrivance for strengthening a thin dress, and also of renewing a silk dress the skirt of which is worn round the edge.

Another plan of renewing these long skirts is to cut off the lower part, and to substitute a border of a darker shade of silk than the dress, thus—dark green with light green; iris with violet, &c. A plaid border is also occasionally used upon a plain dress, and *vice versa*. Sometimes, also, a different material, for example—poplin with cachemire, taffetas with foulard, &c. The *revers* of the sleeve, the epaulette, the *revers* of the bodice, the edge of the paletôt should all match the border of the skirt. All these minor details will be found useful, because dresses are costly affairs in these days, and many ladies are glad of a hint by which they can, with a little contrivance, render them more durable.

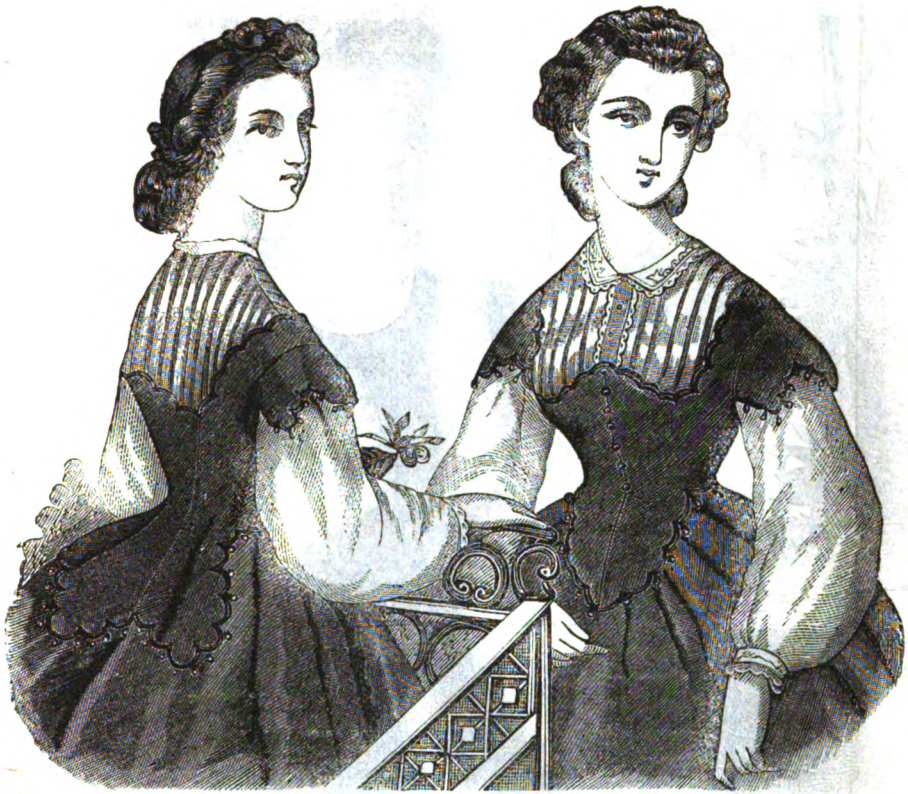
Ear-rings are worn large and in the antique style. One of the prettiest novelties is what is called the "net-comb;" this is made so that it falls upon the back hair with a long fringe of dead gold, and proves very becoming. All these patterns are inexpensive, because during the summer more imitation jewellery is worn than real, for the reason that many ladies prefer changing their jewellery whenever they change their toilette.

The high boot for ladies, made of kid to match the dress, with silk tassels, is the accepted style for travelling and for the country.

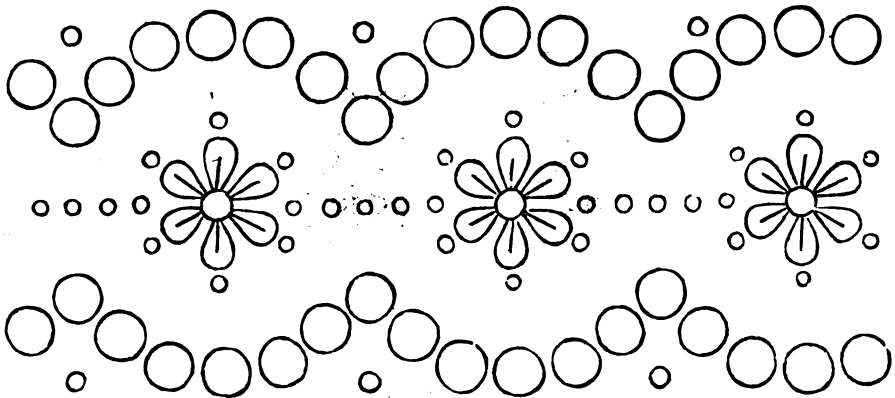


Dr. J. J. J. J. J.





HALF-HIGH WAIST—Of material like the dress, or of black velvet scalloped and bound with a bias fold of any color, finished with a grolot trimming. Chemiset of pleated mull.



Embroidery.



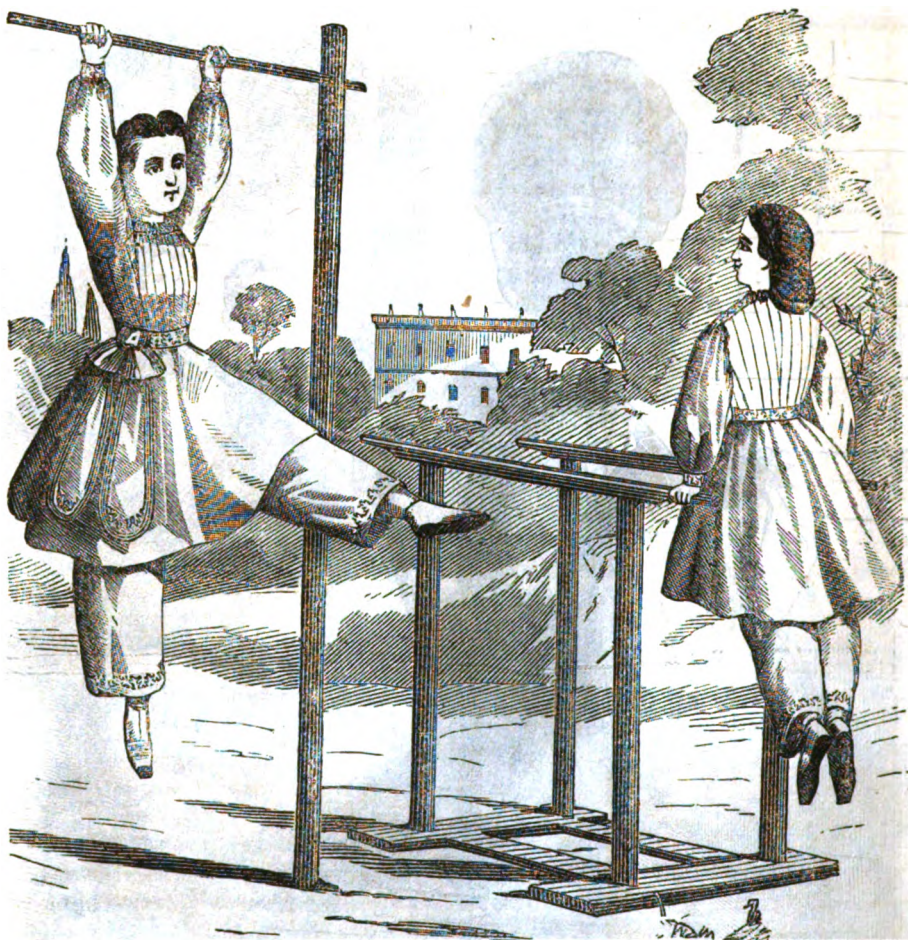
(Front View.)

THE TRELLISED FICHU.—This elegant novelty is made of heavy black silk, edged with narrow black lace, and trimmed with ball fringe; the trellis-work of narrow black velvet. The



(Back View.)

waist buttons in front; girdle and bretelles | thin white this Fichu would be exceedingly
fasten with large buckles. Over a gauze or | dressy.



GYMNASTIC DRESS for girls from nine to twelve, made of fine gray linen, braided with black or red. Flannel is in some respects a preferable material.



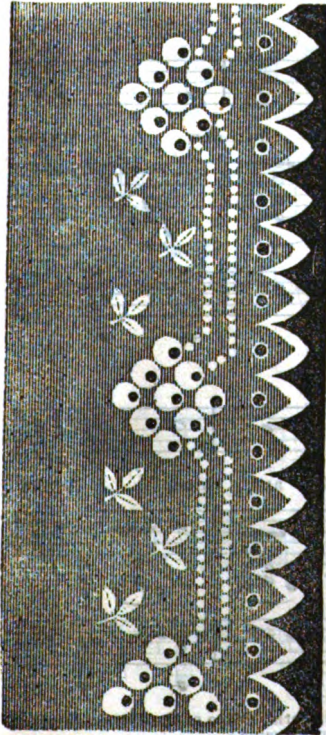
Name for Marking.



Edging.



White Tulle Bonnet.



Edging.



Bonnet of Corn-colored Crape.

I LOVE THEE, DEARLY LOVE THEE.

Words by N. W. G.

Music by CARLO PATTI.

Furnished for the LADY'S FRIEND, by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ESPRESSIVO.

love thee, dear - ly love thee, As the flow'ret loves the dew, As the

moon-beam loves the billow, Swelling beauti - ful and blue, As the

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1864, by LEE & WALKER, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

rain-bow loves the cloudlet That lies slumb'ring in the air. O

This system features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

yes, I love thy sunny brow For - ev - er bright and fair, I

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with some chordal variations in the right hand.

love thee, dear - ly love thee, As the flow'ret loves the dew, As the

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with some chordal variations in the right hand.

moon-beam loves the billow, Swelling beau - ti - ful and blue.

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with some chordal variations in the right hand.

Dal segno. 3.

2. In
3. I
4. I

cres.

2.

In sunshine and in darkness,
In sorrow and in care,
In festive hall or silent grove,
I love thee everywhere.
'Mid thrones of fragrant flowers,
In sadness or in glee,
Thy pure unsullied countenance
Is ever bright to me.

8.

I love thee, wildly love thee,
And I would this sentence brief
Were written with the crystal dew
Upon each tender leaf.
I would that it were murmured
By the laughing meadow streams,
That it might dwell in all thy thought
And all thy glowing dreams.

4.

I would that every happy bird,
On every bush and tree,
Would sing it to thee softly,
Yet with warble wild and free.
I would that every zephyr,
That comes from o'er the sea,
Would bear upon its bosom
Those burning words to thee.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Vol. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1864.

[No. 10.]

SCATTER BLESSINGS.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

Parson Gillette said in his sermon last evening, we must scatter blessings, and Amy Woodford went home thoughtful. She was the wife of a year—a happy, beloved wife. Her home a perfect gem, everything new and nice about it, a strong, handy Scotch girl to do the hard work, and Amy only had the parlors and her own room to put in order, and an occasional choice dish to prepare for her husband, to look after things a little, and then she read and sang, and dallied over her sewing as she pleased. A quiet, happy life she led; but through it crept a shadow of dissatisfaction, for she was doing so little to promote any good, and just seeking her own enjoyment.

The sermon had set her to thinking. Perhaps the work she might do went straying through her dreams, for she had not forgotten when Monday morning dawned the good resolutions of the night before, and after Mr. Woodford had gone to his office, she stood by the parlor window, idly scraping the frost from the pane with her slender fingers, and then she walked up to the fire and held the small, soft palm of her chilled hands to catch the refreshing warmth. "'We must scatter blessings.' Well, and what can I do, in my little humble sphere? There are no prisons into which I can carry the cheering light of human kindness, and with the finger of faith point the poor, doomed criminal to that world, where, through the mercies of a forgiving Saviour, he may one day be free: no hospitals, where I can soothe and cheer the brave, noble men who have given their lives a sacrifice upon the altar of liberty; no cases of real, abject poverty which I can relieve, for I know every one in this quiet village; so what can I do?"

Amy sat down almost discouraged, for the want of something to present itself right there by her own fireside; but it seemed in no way likely to come; so she went about her morning work a little less cheerfully than usual.

It was a cold winter morning. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and the tread of the few passers-by sounded out sharply from the crisp, hard walks. Amy went to the kitchen upon some simple errand, and found Macdown, the housemaid, washing the breakfast-dishes, with one foot upon the chair; the tears running down her plump, red cheeks, and the usually neat apartment in a sad state of confusion. "Why, Macdown, what is the matter?" was Amy's involuntary exclamation, in a kind but surprised voice.

"Oh, Miss Amy, but I have had the dread-fullest fall! I was going down the icy steps to hang out my last basket of clothes, and down I went, with my poor ankle turned right in, and it does pain me bad. I shall have to take the work easy to-day, mem; I'll get through it in time."

"Indeed, you will not do anything more, Macdown. Why did you not come directly to me?"

"And what good would it do to worry you, dear child?" You felt at once the kind-hearted housemaid loved the young housekeeper, and that she deserved it.

"Now wipe your hands immediately, Macdown, and let me wheel the settee before the dining-room fire, and you come right in and lie down. Let me help you, poor thing! how cruel for you to try to work in such pain!" Amy put her arm about the girl, and almost

lifted her along, Macdown in too much pain to offer any resistance. She bathed the swollen limb, adjusted the cushions under her head, and covered her with a warm blanket, and telling her never once to think of the work, went out to her task in the kitchen. It was quite a formidable one, unused as she was to hard labor, but she knew how it should be done, and an hour brought order out of confusion, and she went back to tell Macdown how everything was complete, the dinner all ready to put on in its proper time, and that she felt better for the exercise; but Macdown was crying bitterly. Amy pulled a footstool to her side, and sat down, laying her hand upon the hot forehead. "Poor Macdown! I'm sorry you suffer so," she said kindly.

"It isn't the pain, ma'am; I believe it is all gone; at least, I am so happy I cannot feel it. I have been thinking how good God is to give me such a home—me, a poor orphan girl, that hasn't anybody in the whole of this big world to care anything about her, and there was such a great, tender feeling came over me I could not help crying. You dear little soul! God will bless you."

It was pleasant to hear those words, even from the lips of a servant, and Amy thought for the first time of the soul of the poor ignorant girl, that had been in a measure given to her keeping, and learned with surprise that the poor serving-girl was far in advance of her in the Christian graces of faith and love, and that it was this that always made her labor so faithfully and cheerfully. Then Amy went to answer the door-bell. It was a boy who had followed a load of coal which Mr. Woodford had ordered, and he stood twisting his chilled fingers awkwardly as he asked—"Please, ma'am, and can I put in the coal?" He looked into her face very wishfully, as if his life, almost, depended upon her answer.

"Certainly, if you wish to," Amy replied, with a little laugh, for to her the putting in a ton of coal was a light matter, and she had never before been troubled with such errands. The little fellow sprang quickly away, and caught up the shovel. Amy half closed the door, and then upon a sudden impulse opened it and asked the child if he was not cold.

"A little; but I will soon get warm at work."

She went in and sat down to the piano, and running her fingers over the keys in a lively prelude, commenced singing a pretty

Scotch ballad, she knew particularly delighted Macdown, and she had left the door leading to the dining-room open. She glanced up at the window as she concluded, and the brightest, happiest face she ever remembered having seen, was pressed close to the pane; but soon as the child perceived he was discovered, he crept back to his work. Amy watched him till the last piece of coal was in, saw how carefully he closed the door and left everything safe, and then she went and called him to her. It was almost a miracle to see a child of his years so thoughtful and industrious. "You are a good boy," she said softly, "and here is a dollar for you."

"Oh, it is only half a dollar for one load, ma'am."

"Never mind; you may keep it all."

The child turned the bank note over and over in his hand, smoothed it affectionately, and looked up, with his eyes brimful of astonishment and joy. "I do not believe I ever had so much money in all my life before. It will help along so much."

"Is your mother very poor, little boy?"

"Oh, not dreadful. We are pretty comfortable when father has work; but lately there isn't much doing, and some weeks he does not get hardly anything, and then we have to live on potatoes and salt, and a little corn bread, and I thought if I could just get a little butter with my half dollar, it would be so nice."

"And where do you live?"

"Father owns a bit of land and the small frame house just out on the Monmouth road, and mother says we mustn't get in debt, 'cause it is so hard to get out, so we jest 'conomizes."

"What were you doing up at the window a little while ago?" Amy asked, with a twinkle of fun in her eyes.

The child hung down his head. "Oh, I couldn't help listening: it was such a pretty noise," he faltered, in affright.

"I am not going to scold you, my boy; but do you want me to play some more for you?"

The bright eyes grew still brighter, and fairly sparkled with delight when she struck into the quick variations of a popular air, which the child recognized at once. Then she sang a few simple songs, and finally raised the lid of the strange instrument, and explained its mysterious workings to the wondering mind, and was rewarded by a genuine, heartfelt "Thank you; I think when I get to be a man I will make one of them, and if yours is

worn out by that time, I will make you one too."

She set out a simple lunch upon the dining-room table, and went to the kitchen to add some coal to the wasted fire, and as the child watched her retreating form, he gave vent to his admiration by turning to Macdown, who was watching the happy child with pleasure, and exclaiming—"Oh, but aint she a beauty, though. She is the prettiest of anybody I ever did see!" And Macdown thought the child quite right.

Now no one thought of calling Amy Woodford a beauty, or even pretty, for her figure was very slight, her face thin, and her features irregular, her eyes and hair too light to be beautiful but there was always a sweet expression about the small mouth that made every one love the plain face after all, and her husband firmly declared she was charming; but Amy kept at her work without thinking or even caring whether she was beautiful or not, so long as she was beloved.

A big basket found its way down to the small brown house that morning, and there was, besides two tempting rolls of butter, sufficient to keep the small family in luxuries for a week, and the boy went dancing home with it upon his arm, the happiest child in the whole village.

Mr. Woodford came home late to dinner that day. Somehow everything had gone wrong with him, and Amy saw at once there was a cloud upon his brow. She did not question him, however, and though he was unusually moody and taciturn, she did not chide, and when he spoke almost sharply to Macdown for her carelessness, she did not reprove him, though the words trembled on her lips, but went on telling him how much she had accomplished that morning, how light-hearted she felt, for all she was a little weary, and at

length the cloud began to uplift itself, and by and by vanished altogether, and her husband kissed her and called her his little sunshine.

He produced a pile of blanks that must be filled that afternoon, said his clerk had gone off to the city, his partner was sick, and he had an argument in his brain that he believed would help him gain a case, if he only had time to note it down before he lost the *thread*, and Amy begged that she might do the writing. Her husband jestingly told her it would not be fair to make a lawyer of her, but seemed in no wise reluctant to accept of her proffered assistance, and after taking down names and boundaries upon slips of paper, left her to her task. Her penmanship was very fine, and she had a great deal of ingenuity, though little knowledge of deeds and mortgages; but when her husband returned at evening, it was all done and well done, and he praised her. She had not been free from interruptions, however. Once a peddler had come into the hall, and she felt like sending him away in anger; but he looked cold and weary, so she had given him a seat by the kitchen fire, and made a trifling purchase.

At another time, an Irish woman had come to the door, inquiring if she knew where she could get work, and Amy had spoken kindly, and recommended her to an acquaintance who was in want of a girl, and the poor woman had gone away with a blessing, telling her, the sight of her pleasant face had done her good.

Amy felt that evening that she had not scattered her blessings very widely, but her heart was light and joyous, and a glad, happy tear stole into her eyes, as the last verse of the evening lesson fell from her husband's lips:—

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

GONE ARE THOSE DREAMS.

BY EMMA M. CASS.

Gone are those dreams, so strangely sweet,
Gone, like the summer's dust and heat,
And hope's sweet blossoms at my feet

Lie chilled and dead as last year's flowers,
That decked so rarely last year's bowers;
Ah, me! as dead as last year's hours!

All that's life of those visions fair

Is a tress of amber—amber hair,
All tied with the ribbon she used to wear.

Out in the creeping stream she lies,
Above her the cruel, pitiless skies,
Above her my passionate tears and cries.

Gone are those dreams so wildly sweet,
Gone like the summer's dust and heat,
Gone like the autumn's rain and sleet.

TWO YEARS LOST.

BY EMMA D. RIPLEY.

Summer and youth—love and roses—blue skies and careless mirth. These are all akin. But Marian Leigh went about in the warm sunshine with smiles that poorly veiled her inner trouble, and the heart that should have danced lightly in her breast lay there heavy as lead, save when a sharp twinge of pain aroused it.

Three weeks ago she had been a different creature. The world had looked almost too bright; such splendor in its moonlit eves, such glow of promise in the days that grew and gained in beauty! That was all over now. Midsummer was not reached, but the sadness of change, and waste, and failure, brooded over everything.

You would have smiled, I dare say, to see the cause of all this trouble. Regarding him attentively you would have discovered nothing to account for effects so striking, either way. Cheerful blue eyes, a rather heavy figure, a style of dress that bordered on the negligent. What was there here to wake depths of poetry and passion, or to darken life? If it had been some young Apollo—handsome, accomplished, brilliant—you would have understood it better. But Edgar Mervine—so quiet, so little distinguished in any way. You could not have solved the mystery.

A year before old Dr. Danforth had taken Edgar into partnership. The Mervines were poor. The mother had been left a widow, without means, and had struggled along as such people will—who can tell how, through what pinching poverty and self-denial? She had brought her children up respectably, and Edgar, the youngest boy, had studied a profession. Looking at his broad shoulders the feeble little mother thought, with joy, that they were well-fitted to bear those burdens which had almost weighed down her own. While he, with filial pride, determined that she should turn over to him all her weary cares, her long anxieties.

The world went smoothly with them. Dr. Danforth, a rough old person to mankind in general, showed his young partner the best side of his nature. Little comforts began to brighten the frugal housekeeping; Edgar was

well received in the youthful circles of the village. Marian Leigh came home from school, and he found no place so pleasant as the parlor where she sewed of mornings or sang in the deepening twilight.

"Do you know," she said to him one day as he sat snipping bits of paper with her embroidery scissors, "that we are to have an acquisition to our society next week?"

"I had not heard of it," he answered, "and I don't think we need one," he added with his customary blunt sincerity. "Our set is just right as it is, in my opinion."

"Ah, but you don't understand. This is no ordinary arrival. Miss Mortimer is a *belle des belles*. She has been in Paris, she can talk half a dozen languages, she is a perfect artist in dress. I am ashamed to think how we poor rustics will look beside her."

Edgar took a slow survey of the pretty figure before him; the white hands, the brown hair, the girl-face, sweet and blooming. "I cannot believe," he said, announcing the result with candor, "that you have anything to apprehend."

Marian colored a trifle. He watched the pink glow stealing over her cheeks; and his pulse quickened. How charming she was, how lovely! Tender words trembled on his lips but he kept them back. "Too soon," he thought; "she has not known me long enough. I must wait, trying meanwhile to let her understand my feelings." And Marian herself was in no haste. Just on the verge of a great happiness; gaining brief glimpses of it now and then in a word, a look, she asked for nothing more definite or assured.

Miss Mortimer came, according to announcement. All the young people were on the *qui vive* for her arrival; little else had been talked of for a week. When a night or two after she dawned on the village world at Mrs. Lansing's strawberry party, all eyes were turned towards her. As usual, opinions differed. Those who had expected a brilliant, aggressive beauty, had hardly words for their disappointment. This Miss Mortimer, this the famous belle! This dark, thin girl, with features so little marked; no bloom, no sparkle; nothing about her but those

eyes, and even they too large to look well. If this was what New York admired! Female critics, who had anticipated some dazzling wonder of the toilet, could not understand the tulle dress and the black hair without ornament save milky sprays of acaasia-bloom. But others, better judges, saw in her great capacity to charm; recognized in the soft flow of her garments, the slender grace of the flowers she had chosen, an artistic beauty and fitness. Long ere the evening was over they were justified. Miss Mortimer at rest was not effective. Neither is the piano when nobody is playing. You can easily go over all its details; a dark gleam of rosewood, so much ivory, of ebony not quite as much; what is it, more than a chair or table? But a master-hand strikes the keys, and joy and passion, glory or grief, rise from the swelling chord, and bear you onward, resistless, in their course. So with this girl; she dropped her quiet mask. The slight features grew mobile with expression, the pale cheek warmed, fire lit up the great orbs. She was transfigured.

But her dancing was the enchantment. All the girls in Ashby danced; Marian Leigh did. They went more or less vivaciously through quadrille and schottische with an honest enjoyment in the motion and the music. Not one of them had ever imagined anything like Miss Mortimer's floating grace or the atmosphere of poetry that encompassed her. It was a picture to hold in memory and look at in quiet hours, years after.

"Well, Nelly," said the young lady, that night as she stripped her braids of their white contrast, "did I answer?"

"What a question, Leonore! But why do you ask? What interest can you have in these little rustic triumphs? It is Jenny Lind singing in a shilling concert."

"I dare say she would wish the audience to applaud. She wouldn't like her voice to fall cold and lifeless even there."

"It didn't fall so; there was no end of enthusiasms. I'm not going to make you vain by telling half I heard."

"Don't. It would be a pity to spoil such unconscious innocence. Who was there, Nelly? Any one worth captivating?"

"For you, probably not. There were two or three whom we less aspiring ones would be glad enough to charm. Horace Gramby and Mr. Weston—and our best match, Arthur Lovering. He was very attentive, I observed."

"Yes; a pleasant young man. I've seen five hundred like him this winter. Who was the tall individual with that pretty girl in pink?"

"Somebody entirely out of your line; a young doctor, just beginning the world, after going through much hard work to get the chance. The girl was Marian Leigh; the Leighs are one of our best families; still people think it will be a match. Edgar Mervine is very much thought of."

"Although he has nothing, you tell me?"

"Yes, spite of that. He showed so much energy in fighting his way through all sorts of unfavorable circumstances. Then he is the best son in the world, they say."

"Of course your townspeople are bound to patronize such solid virtues. It is a pity that all these excellent qualities can't impart a little grace to their possessor. What does Miss Leigh see in him?"

"Oh, Edgar is very pleasant when you know him. Not the least in the world gallant, never pays a compliment; the most sincere, straightforward creature. But you are not very likely to understand him. He's out of your line, as I said, and then Marian takes all the time he can spare from his home and his patients."

Miss Mortimer disclaimed any wish to withdraw his attention from such deserving objects, and added a few little sarcasms on his general style of getting-up. Natural enough, thought Nelly White, even while she defended him; Leonore could not be expected to appreciate that sort of person. Meanwhile she *did* appreciate him perfectly. After three or four years of unquestioned belle-ship she was rather *blasé* of clothes, and air, and exquisitism; character interested her much more. The moment of entering the room she had singled out that fine head and firmly-set mouth, quite oblivious of the careless neck-tie and sturdy figure. A little chagrined that he had not once come within her orbit, she determined to be more attractive the next time that they met.

I have not much to say in defence of Leonore Mortimer. She liked power, and here was a fresh subject. She understood the men of her own world pretty well; a great deal of seeming and very little reality; elegant polish on a thin slip of veneering. "Sincere, straightforward, not a particle of gallantry!" these were the very traits to strike her fancy. Not, indeed, if their owner had possessed no other claims; she never could tolerate stupidity; but there was no lack of brain, she was certain, behind

that broad white brow. So she went on, eliciting by bits such information as she could, and feeling more and more that here was game worthy of her weapons. Besides, he had never once come near her, and she owed it to herself to vindicate her charms from such a slight. As to Marian's rights she did not give herself much uneasiness. She rather considered it a merit to withdraw him from a pretty, commonplace girl like that, and fill his mind with those bright poetic visions which she felt herself fully able to awaken.

For the first two or three interviews the aspect of affairs was not encouraging. Edgar admired her, it is true, but much as he did the moon; as a remote resplendency which he had not the slightest notion of appropriating. He talked of her sometimes to Marian, who praised her without a shadow of foreboding. Such coolness piqued Miss Mortimer; she became more than ever determined to assert her power. For this decided advances were needful, but she made them. It grew evident to even his unpresuming observation that this brilliant beauty liked to have him near her, looked for him on entering a room, was pleased to have him come and talk with her. He was grateful for such notice from such a source; hardly human had he felt otherwise! There was nothing like flirtation, no coquettish glances or lingering tones. They talked of every-day matters, sometimes harmoniously, sometimes with amicable dissent. Once in a while, not often or obtrusively, she spoke of foreign lands, their scenery, customs, manners, and he could not but notice the charm of her descriptions. Something unique, ideal, tinged her thoughts and their expression. He said as much to Marian, who made but slight reply. So it went on and on, so gradually that Edgar himself could hardly say when the soft hazel eyes vanished from his dreams, and dark orbs, full of fire or languor, usurped their place. As little could he tell how the every-day topics dropped from their discourse, which grew full of sentiment and meaning. Nor how the glances which used to meet his own with friendly openness were downcast now, or stole at him furtively through long lashes. He only knew that days and nights were beautiful, unquiet, with a strange glory and restlessness such as he never had conceived. His love for Marian had been quiet and tender, stirring the emotions pleasantly; it blended with home life and daily duties. But this new passion was a thing apart; it came

between him and all other ties, filled him by turns with bliss or torment.

As for Miss Mortimer, she was going with the tide. Determined to interest, she had herself grown interested. She studied him that she might charm more wisely, and was herself charmed by the strength, the unselfishness of his nature. When to draw him out she paraded her own views only to hear them combated, she said to herself, "This is a man! He is earnest, noble, true." Ere she was aware she had gone beyond her depth. New feelings woke in her, the reality of emotions she had so often simulated. At first there was a struggle. She thought of the little cottage, the old-fashioned mother, the hum-drum country life. What a finale to a career which she had always meant should culminate in splendor! She refused to see Edgar the next time that he called, then spent the evening in regretting it.

After that she said, "No matter. I have plenty for both if it must be so. He has talent; we will make him a career. But I doubt if it comes to that. We are in our summer—let it have its way. Perhaps the autumn winds will end it." And so gave herself up.

Thus came Marian Leigh's unhappiness. Judge what it was for her to watch these two, pride forbidding her to show a trace of what she felt. Do not blame Edgar too harshly. He had never told his love; diffident of his power to please, he had never presumed that it would be accepted. And when this strong flood overwhelmed him, he did not dream that Marian was made wretched by it.

It did "come to that." When the harvest moon was filling night with glory Edgar had spoken. All Leonore's doubts vanished in a wild whirl of delight. She surrendered absolutely. There came a month or two of lovers' bliss, and then Miss Mortimer went back to town. Rumor had preceded her. "What's this I hear about you, Lenn?" asked her cousin Hubert, a few mornings after her return. "I can't believe it. You fettered—bound hand and foot!"

"Why not I as well as another?" she answered, lightly, with a glowing cheek.

"Because it seemed your forte to lime the twigs for others rather than to be caught yourself. But is it true that a village Esculapius is the captor?"

"You must choose your own terms," she replied. "Mr. Mervine is a physician, and he certainly lives in the country."

"Does he patronize a city tailor, or depend on some rustic Stults? What perfumes does he use? Professional ones, such as rhubarb or senna?"

"He does not owe much to tailors, Hubert. I should not regard him as I do were he that sort of manufacture."

"You mean to carry it off, I see. Oh, Lena, I blush for you! What a sequel to all your conquests! It must be a savage country up there, or you never would have done it. If I had known you were so deserted, I would have taken compassion and come on myself."

"You were not needed. There were several fac-similes within a short drive of the place."

"How cutting! But when will this princely courser be trotted out for the benefit of admiring friends?"

"Hubert, you are very disagreeable."

"I beg your pardon. Let us be serious then. Are you really engaged?"

"Yes."

"And you have thought of what you were doing?"

"Yes, again."

"I'm afraid you have made a mistake," he said.

"I think not," she answered, bravely. "I know there is nothing in outward circumstances to recommend him. It is only himself!"

"Himself! The personality must be of weight."

"It is. 'Tis for that I have chosen him."

"And you're willing to give fashion, and place, and wealth, the go-by?"

"Perfectly willing."

"Poor little puss!" said Hubert, not unkindly. "You think it all so easy now—and how soon you will find you are not the woman for it. But I suppose it is of no use to talk to you."

"Not a bit," she answered, laughing, as she left the room.

But alone, a shade of sombre thought stole on her mood. This was the way that every one would take the news—with wonder, pity, sarcasm, perhaps. She had known it before, but somehow it had not come home to her till now. Well, let them, she said, defiantly, remembering Edgar's farewell look—and taking out his last letter forgot herself in that.

Meanwhile Hubert reflected on the conversation. "How handsome she was as she stood up for the fellow! 'Himself!' with such a flash of those magnificent eyes! What a

destiny for her! If the man has sense enough to suffer they will both be miserable; if not, she will eat her heart out with chagrin. I must not let it happen. If the folly does not cure itself I must intervene."

The season was a gay one; Leonore entered into all its brilliancies. Yet the summer romance was not forgotten. There were quiet morning thoughts, tender evening reveries. Delicate missives sped to the distant village and brightened Edgar's winter. Nor was she idle in his interest. A word here, a suggestion there; strong influence brought to bear on Hubert, who hated exertion, yet had not energy to resist her will. A successful physician was about to retire from business, and Dr. Mervine was invited to fill his place.

Now, Leonore expected, life was to be once more ideal, as during the delicious summer. She had felt herself, of late, getting back into the old way, measuring things and persons by the old standard. Edgar's coming was to rescue her from all this, and bring her up again to nobleness, and belief, and beauty.

He came. He was introduced to society. Society, though civil, gave not the least evidence that it was enchanted. Years after, he conquered his place in it, won its consideration by eminence in his calling. But there was nothing in him fitted for the drawing-room hero. Leonore, disappointed, chid herself. What did she expect, she asked. And a little voice, hushed as soon as possible, responded that Edgar was different—or had looked differently in the country. Could it be that he wore such boots last August? Love and boots! She felt the incongruity—and the first theme being paramount as yet she drove the other from reflection.

But it returned; and there were other troubles. "Edgar," she said, one evening, "remember you are promised to Mrs. Roosevelt for tomorrow night."

"Am I? Who has pledged me?"

"I have, sir. Who else has a right to dispose of you, pray?" she asked, with pretended arrogance, giving him at the same time one of those glances which he never could meet without a thrill of ecstasy. It took him a minute or two to recover from the effect.

"No one, certainly," he answered. "I will go if possible, dear, but do not be disappointed if I cannot get away."

"Oh, but you *must*. Mrs. Roosevelt never will forgive you if you don't."

"I hardly think she is so vindictive."

"Well, then, I never will."

"Little despot! But listen to reason. I have engagement on engagement, and a physician's time, you know, is never his own."

Leonore's brow clouded. "I think there is always some excellent excuse provided whenever I want you to go out with me," she said.

Edgar looked at her astonished. "Do you call that just?" he inquired, gravely.

"Yes," she answered, five or six occasions of similar fancied wrong rising to her mind—"I have seen it this long, long time. You don't care to be with me——"

"Leonore!"

"It is so," she said, nervously pulling to pieces the beautiful rose in her hand, "you don't wish to know my friends, nor to gratify me. Your profession is a great deal more to you than I am!"

"Think what you are saying, Leonore! These are very serious accusations."

"I don't care;" and the mood ended in a burst of tears. What could a lover do but kiss them off, protesting against the folly of her suspicions, soothing her with vows of un-failing affection? But Edgar having once assured her that only duty ever could stand in the way of her wishes, expected to be believed. He was not prepared for fresh petulance, renewed complaints; he resented them as an imputation on his faith. Utterly sincere himself, he did not comprehend that Leonore said these bitter things with only half-belief; incapable of wounding her, he knew not how reckless pride and vanity can be of others' feelings. The second difficulty ended like the first, with penitence, but the peace that followed it was brief.

"You are unhappy, Lena?" said Hubert one morning, as she sat with her white hands crossed listlessly, dejection written in every line of her face. Wont you tell me what it is?"

"It is nothing I can tell to any one."

"Not to me?" he asked, with meaning. "Do you not remember that I warned you?" But she was too proud yet to own herself mistaken, and Edgar's power, though sadly weakened, was still acknowledged.

"You are intrusive," she said, haughtily—"I stand in no need of sympathy." And she went on thinking how different life was—how different Edgar, from all that she had fancied. She thought his influence would lead her into all truth and nobleness, his devotion satisfy her

most ardent longings. Instead, she was filled with jealous doubts and torment. Her shallow, impulsive nature, changing in a moment from petulance to tenderness, could not understand the quiet strength of his affection. She was miserable that it did not overflow in passionate words, endearments, constant attendance. She wept her beautiful eyes out over his imagined coldness, and met him with reproaches that wounded and estranged.

In time, resentment mingled strongly with her grief. There were some she knew, who would have given her all the idolatry she craved, and who was this that refused it? She had condescended—by this you may know that love was far in its decline—to a man whom everybody thought beneath her; and how was she rewarded?

"It is hard to see you so unhappy," Hubert said, when this point was reached, "and be compelled to silence."

"Speak, then," she answered. "I have not so much sympathy, that I can afford to refuse a kind word."

"This from you, so beautiful, so beloved!"

"Once," she said bitterly—"not now."

"Why not? You have lost no charm. What has wrought the change?"

"I don't know," she answered, drearily. In truth, she did not fully understand.

"I could tell you if you would bear it. You are trying to achieve impossibilities—to kindle fire in ice—turn the veriest prose to poetry. You have made a choice unfit for you. The man is a worthy person in his way, but he comprehends you about as much as the ox can comprehend the panther. The greatest kindness to him, as to yourself, would be to break the tie between you."

"No, no," she said, hurriedly, "I can't do that. Not yet, at any rate," she added, in her secret thought. But the idea came up sometimes. It flattered her vanity that Hubert believed her uncomprehended where she ought to be most understood. And that simile of the panther caught her fancy—the wild, fiery, untamable nature—well, he was right, perhaps; it wouldn't mate well with the solid, steady-going virtues. And was there anything more than mere cousinly kindness in Hubert's solicitude? He was so *insouciant* always, she had never suspected him of much feeling. The problem interested her.

As a relation, he had of course certain privileges of intimacy, and he was now promoted

to the post of favorite attendant. No *élégante* need blush for such a cavalier. Born to her world, he was thoroughly at home in it. And Edgar, he came in late, often weary, preoccupied with grave cares; beside the faultlessly-dressed exquisite, he was not a brilliant figure. Leonore said to herself with something like bitterness, that he was awkward, boorish. She had once imagined that nobleness of nature outweighed externals: that graces of manner and appearance were beneath the notice of a man. But those days of visionary romance were over. Then Hubert, at least in this light, was a novelty, and anything new was so welcome to the *ennuyée* coquette. There was nothing to be learned about Edgar. But did Hubert's careless courtesy veil deeper feeling? Did he look and long, believing her beyond his reach? Such possibility lent piquant flavor to every moment of their intercourse.

She was more than ever impatient of her lover's manner, so quiet, so undemonstrative. In his eyes, she had fallen from her height of angel; she was but an exacting, often unamiable woman. A future spent with her no longer glowed with unimaginable bliss; it held for him trial, endurance. Still, he had never thought of parting. Leonore was beautiful, and beauty keeps the victim long in its toils. He saw her the star of gay saloons; and could not be ungrateful for the generous love that had chosen him amongst so many. He would cherish her, forbear, forgive; he had not a hope or plan in life where she was not the central figure. So he went about, faithful to duty, constant in heart, while she whirled through bewildering mazes of excitement, without a thought beyond her selfish pleasure.

Meanwhile, the third person in this trio had definitely arranged his part. It was time for him to marry; an addition to his income would not be unacceptable. He had admired Leonore

always; her wayward impulse, her fitful grace, stirred his dilettante nature to enthusiasm. There was a little zest, too, in carrying her off from that easy, confident proprietor, who considered her as much his own as his watch or his pocket-book. So, while Leonore imagined herself mistress of the situation, he played skilfully upon her vanity, felt some emotion, feigned a great deal more, was reserved and ardent by turns, and stood at last confessed the conqueror. Edgar came one night to the dwelling of his beloved only to find it in the wildest confusion. Miss Mortimer was missing, and the traditional letter on the dressing-table informed her friends that she had eloped with Hubert. There was not the slightest need of an elopement, since no one had the will or power to force her inclinations; but the romance of the thing, the secrecy, the excitement, captivated her. And then the talk among their set, the nine days' wonder, the making that cold-hearted Edgar feel *something* at last—oh, it was irresistible!

He did feel enough to have flattered her immensely, had she known it; but the revelation of her real character was his most efficient cure. He eschewed society, and gave himself to business. Leonore had scant opportunity to observe how her desertion had affected him. The next summer, destiny took him to Ashby, and he met Marian Leigh once more. She was unmarried yet, and prettier, he thought, than ever. Old memories came up, old fancies, old feelings. He wondered if she would think a heart worth having that had been made such a foot-ball. And wondering, he lingered long amid the rustic shades, till encouraged by her blushes, he found voice to ask her. Her answer you may readily surmise.

Thus it all came right at last. But Edgar, happy in the brightest home, the dearest little wife in all the world, can never forgive himself those two years lost from both their lives.

PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN.

All are good lasses; but where come the ill wives frae?

A man must ask his wife leave to thrive.

A man's best fortune—or his worst—is a wife.

All women are good; good for something, or good for nothing.

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A virtuous woman, though ugly, is the ornament of the house.

An obedient wife commands her husband.

Ladies will sooner pardon want of sense than want of manners.

While the tall maid is stooping, the little one hath swept the house.

LIFE IS GOOD.

BY MISS ANNIE F. KENT.

In seasons of joy, when the young heart is glad,
And the hours flit gayly away,
Why should we be sombre, and sullen, and sad,
When we know there's a pleasanter way.
There are times to be thoughtful, when, turning
within,

We feel that One *greater* is nigh,
But gloomy forebodings of sorrow and sin
Neither fit us to live nor to die.

We know there are sorrows that soften our love,
And trials that temper our mirth—
We know that the sunlight that streams from above
Makes shadows sometimes on the earth :
There are billows to toss us, and winds that will
sweep

Our vessel still farther from land,
And the best we can do at such times is to keep
Courageous of heart and of hand.

The hopes we have cherished, the plans we have
laid,

May fail when we deem them secure,
Our faith and our trust may be basely betrayed
By those we believe to be pure ;
But friends are around us, the tender and true,
Who will stay when the summer has fled,
And the heart that is hopeful finds impulses
new,

Much better than those that are dead.

Then thanks be to God for the beautiful way
That the feet of his children must tread,
Ennobled with labor and brightened with day,
Made holy by thoughts of the dead.
Our cares and our trials are blessings when borne
In the strength of a purpose sublime,
Our sorrows but cords that are leading us on
To the shore of the River of Time.

THE IMPORTED HEN.

A SKETCH.

BY H. W. S.

"Mr. Candy, we are going to have a celebration and dinner on the coming Fourth, and I am sent to solicit something from you to help—"

"Sent? Who sent you?"

"The ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society. All the proceeds of the dinner are to go to the sick and wounded soldiers."

"I don't b'lieve in such things. Let the soldiers take care o' themselves. They have wages. I haint got nothing to give. I don't b'lieve in such things at all. I wont give nothing for no such purpose. Oh—yes—stop! there's an old white hen—you may have *that*. Take it and cook it—it's tough—or sell it raw—do what you jest please with it."

"I was not instructed to deal in live stock," replied the young lady, turning coldly away from the unpatriotic solicitee.

This colloquy took place in a pretty little New England town, a few days before the recent anniversary of our nation's birthday.

When the agent of the Soldiers' Aid Society reported her various successes, she told of her interview with Mr. Candy, and his unseemly

offer of the old white hen. The ladies, forthwith determining that they would deal a little in live stock, had a "bird-cage" made of slate, just large enough to contain the hen, and sent for it, perhaps half expecting that Mr. Candy would back out of his stupendous offer. But he did not refuse to give up the ancient and respectable fowl. Accordingly, on the fourth of July, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, in the beautiful grove of A—, appeared a conspicuous notice posted upon a tree in front of the speakers' platform.

"IMPORTED HEN

TO BE SOLD

THIS DAY

AT PUBLIC AUCTION."

The poor old biddy, "white with the snows of many winters," was exposed to view in her box of slats beneath the prominent placard. Two boiled eggs from the table were placed in the cage with her. The imaginary merits of the venerable Gallina were in all mouths. In-

numerable were the conjectures on the part of the "uninitiated" as to what were the antecedents of the wonderful biped.

The day passed pleasantly away. There were speeches, and toasts, and music, and, best of all, plenty of purchasers for the meats and pies, coffee and lemonade, ice cream and cake, fruit and confectionery, with which the table had been loaded by patriotic hands.

At last eating, and speaking, and singing, and toasting, were over; the day was drawing to a close; and, not *least*, even if it was *last*, came the promised sale of the hen.

Mr. Saud, the impromptu auctioneer, mounted the speakers' stand amid the cheers of the spectators. He held aloft the caged bird that all eyes might see and be satisfied; then lowering the box, with a professional flourish he began:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the ecstatic pleasure of displaying before you this imported hen—a hen of most rare and unattainable qualities—a hen that can't be beat, even with a stick, unless you first take her out of the cage—a hen that is supposed to be of the best breed of hens extant—an im-port-ed—hen—im-port-ed—I say! Who'll give me a bid? This hen is to be sold for the good of the cause. She's a hen that will fetch just what she'll bring, and no mistake—a real, live, jolly, happy old hen. See her laugh! A facetious old hen, I tell you. Hear her chuckle! A profitable old hen—is said to lay fifteen eggs in ten days, and sometimes a good many more. Finest old hen to be found this side of kingdom coming. Who starts a bid?"

"Fifty cents," cries a voice from the crowd.

"Fifty cents I am bid—grand old hen—like aint to be found outside o' this cage—fifteen eggs in ten days!—an egg and a half a day!—fifty cents for the best white hen—the oldest and the toughest—bile her a week and she wont mind it—hang together jest as strong as ever—fifty cents for this imported hen—old and wise—knows how to lay as many again eggs as a young and silly pullet—tough and strong—better constitution than hens that are not imported—has stood transportation across the water, for we fetched her over the river on the pontoon bridge erected for this occasion—has stood transportation, gentlemen, without a single touch of sea-sickness, without making a wry face or losing a meal's victuals—fifty cents for the finest white—"

"One dollar."

"One dollar I am bid. Who says two? Give me the two. Who'll bid the two? Who—"

"Two dollars."

"Two dollars I am bid—gentlemen, only consider what a small sum for such a big bird! Two dollars I am bid—who'll give me the two fifty? Two—"

"Two fifty."

"Two seventy-five."

"Three dollars."

"Three dollars I am bid—who says the three fifty?—who'll give the three fifty?—going at three dollars—the finest fowl in featherdom—lays an egg and a half a day—so they say—and sometimes probably two or three—here are two boiled eggs laid to-day, gentlemen—rare hen—very rare hen—going at—"

"Three fifty."

"Going at three fifty—who'll say the four?—who'll give me the four?—who'll go the four?—can't afford to sell an imported hen so cheap—who'll give me the four?—who says the four? Who—"

"Four dollars."

"Four fifty."

"Four seventy-five."

"Four seventy-five I am bid for this rare old imported hen—four seventy-five—who says the five?—who'll bid the five?—who says five dollars?—who'll give me the five? Who—"

"Five dollars."

"Five dollars for this magnificent hen. Now you begin to talk up, gentlemen. Five dollars I am bid for the best imported hen to be found on the ground—going—going at five dollars—who'll give me the five twenty-five?—going for the good of its country, a fine old white-feathered biddy—old and stiddy—worth dozens of your wild young trash—going—going—"

"Five twenty-five."

"Five twenty-five I am bid—five twenty-five. Why, gentlemen, are you going to look on and see this splendid specimen of live stock thrown away?—absolutely thrown away? Going at five dollars and twenty-five cents! Raise on the bid, gentlemen! Think of our poor sick soldiers, of our poor wounded soldiers, perhaps this very day lying mangled and bleeding before Petersburg or Richmond—going—going—at—"

"Five fifty."

"Five seventy-five."

"Five seventy-five I am bid—going at five seventy-five—fine imported hen—going—going—at—five sev-en-ty-f-i-v-e—going—going—"

gone! Struck off to you, Mr. Read, at five dollars and seventy-five cents. Sold dog cheap. F-i-n-e imported hen! Given for the pure love of the cause," and Mr. Sand handed down the caged bird.

"Put her up again," said Mr. Read, handing over the necessary amount of greenbacks and small currency.

"Yes, put her up again," shouted the laughing crowd.

Again the old white biddy was put up and sold off at a high price. Again the money was paid down and again the ancient fowl was given back to be resold. For six or eight successive times she was struck off, bringing to the treasury of the society upwards of fifty dollars, and producing an amount of fun too great to be estimated in dollars and cents. At length some one "changed the subject." The hen was borne away in the crowd by her last purchaser, while a genuine, bona fide silver five cent piece was offered to the auctioneer, who put it up for sale and struck it off at something over fifty cents. "All goes to the patriotic fund," remarked the auctioneer. "But what do I see! Spirit of despair! That imported hen again! Can't I get rid of her? I've sold her more than a half dozen times already."

"Put her up again! Put her up! Put her up!" shouted the mirthful crowd.

Once more biddy was sold under the hammer, adding several more dollars to the funds of the Soldiers' Aid Society. As her purchaser was about to bear her away, Mr. Sand, the auctioneer, cried out, "Here, reverend sir, the hen is yours, and you shall have her, but the box is quite another affair. You must buy the box if you want it to carry the hen home in."

This last purchaser was a popular clergyman, whose home was some miles away from the picnic grove. Rev. Lucius Dowell pulled off two or three slats from the cage, took the hen in his hand, and handed the cage to the auctioneer. The laugh of the crowd was loud and uproarious.

"A very fine bird-cage—made of the best kind of slats—built on the most approved plan, in the very latest style—right from over the water—how much am I offered, gentlemen?—very latest fashion—a perfect none-such!—who'll give me twenty-five?—who says the twenty five?—who bids twenty-five?—who'll go the twen—"

"Twenty-five," laughed the Rev. Lucius Dowell.

"Thirty cents," cried a man at his elbow.

Here the white hen flapped her wings and made one short but desperate effort to escape from her clerical captor. "Thirty-five cents," shouted he, tightening his grasp upon biddy's yellow legs.

"Forty cents," shouted the first voice.

"Forty-five," cried the minister.

"Fifty," said another voice.

"Sixty," responded the clergymen, subduing another struggle of the upside-down biddy.

"Sixty-five," shouted his first opponent.

"Going at sixty-five," continued the auctioneer, "sixty-five cents I am bid—who'll go the seventy?—who'll give me the seventy?—who says seventy cents?—who—"

"Seventy cents."

Thus the box was run up to eighty-five cents, and struck off to our ecclesiastical friend, who, with a look of relief, had deposited the uneasy fowl within it and taken up the slats to fasten them on, when Mr. Sand cried out, "Those slats don't belong with the box. They're a separate affair. You must buy them if you want them."

The slats were accordingly put up at auction and bidden off by the clergyman.

"Now hand us up those eggs, if you please. I mean to do this business up thoroughly," cried the auctioneer. "Two boiled eggs—laid to-day—found in the nest of that imported hen, and supposed to have been laid by her, already boiled, since she came into this grove, as they were not in the nest when she was brought here. Their being laid ready boiled is proof positive of the imported hen's unequalled patriotism. Two freshly laid boiled eggs—great curiosity—how much, am I offered? Twenty cents did I hear the gentlemen say? Did any gentleman say twenty cents?—or was it twenty-five? Who'll give me the twenty-five?—who says twenty-five? Here, let's wrap them in a piece of paper to keep 'em nice. There, you've all seen what they are—who goes the twenty—"

"Twenty cents."

"Twenty cents I am bid—who goes the twenty-five?—who'll give me the twenty-five?—who—"

"Twenty-five."

Thus the eggs were run up and struck off. The happy purchaser was bearing them away when he was called back and required to give up the scrap of paper in which they were rolled.

This the auctioneer wadded up into a ball and sold for a few fives more.

The proceeds of the hen, cage, eggs and paper, amounted to over sixty dollars. The last we heard of the imported hen it was suggested that she be returned to the unpatriotic donor thereof, that he might lose nothing by

the operation, and that with her might be presented the sincere thanks of the ladies of A—— for the great material aid which she had brought to their Soldiers' Aid Society: I have only to add, that this story is no flight of fancy, but is only an imperfect sketch of a laughable fact.

A SONG.

BY FRANK.

The lingering airs of evening now
Breathe mild as moonbeams o'er my brow,
As, whispering o'er the boughs, they sigh
Like spirits as they wander by:
The influence of the silent hour
Lends to my soul its sombre power,
And memory, waking with the night,
Brings back the hours of past delight,
And lovely scenes—too bright to last—
Rise from their cold, cold tomb—the past.

The stars in heaven have dimly met;
But in the west the glow hath set,
And all its light hath fled away
Like hopes which gild life's early day,
Or hours of love, in youth so bright,

Which melt to manhood's gloomy night,
And leave the soul, on earth below,
No vestige of its early glow,
Save that cold, star-like, flickering gleam
Which memory brings—a dream—a dream!

Ah! well! 'tis something still to trace
In visions yet each vanished face,
As in some brook, where faded flowers
Are pressed—pale ghosts of springtide hours,
Which bring us, in the wintry clime,
Sad thoughts of that lost summer time,
When all around was warm, was fair,
And fragrance breathed on every air;
E'en thus the heart, in wintry hours
Of life, still keeps its faded flowers.

EVENING.

BY MARY H. COX.

When draws the evening hour round about us,
We seek the secret cloisters of the heart,
And leave the tumult and the care without us,
For the soul's inmost part.

We turn with reverent hands those old leaves
over,
While the eye wanders down the sacred page,
And a soft spell around us seems to hover
From the far distant age.

When the deep founts of grief break from their
prison,
And surges the strong will,
Comes the sweet memory of the Great Arisen,
And bids the waves be still.

We seem to feel His presence by us standing,
With all the old love in His look and tone—
To see His smile divine anew commanding
Our weary spirits home.

Then the dark shadows closer gather round us,
While dim and dimmer grows the sombre room,

And the white moonbeams, thus when thought has
bound us,
Glide noiseless mid the gloom.

We hear the clock's slow ticking close beside us,
We see the flickering firelight's fitful blaze,
We think on hopes whose treasures were denied us,
Dreams of our childhood's days.

One after one they flit from out the shadow,
Waked by old memories' charms—
They troop around our chair, those dark-robed
figures,
Those silent, solemn forms.

Gently they whisper in the night's deep voices,
In the wind's rustle round the gables high,
Of ancient times—the which my soul rejoices
To find once more me nigh.

Thus, with the sacred page spread out before me,
I muse of curious thoughts and solemn themes,
As the sweet peace of even settles o'er me,
And hurls to quiet dreams.

A TURN IN FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER I.

In the drawing-room of a handsome country house, within a dozen miles of Dublin, a merry party sat around a card-table. There were six in all; first the young master and mistress of the house, the Delaneys, a handsome pair but lately wedded; then Delaney's bosom-friend, Captain Barry, who out of sympathy had deserted the corps of Benedicts and married the prettiest girl he knew, a month after his friend had taken the same step. This blissful quartette beamed upon each other from either side of the table, whilst an envious young bachelor, who professed to be wretched, but who really seemed pretty comfortable, and Lady Betty Ryan, a very old and very contented maiden-aunt of his, completed the party. They had been playing a round game, and great laughter and confusion had been the result; now they paused; Lady Betty held the cards, and looked around her before cutting them. "Shall I tell your fortune, Derry?" she asked, addressing her nephew. "You see you and I are the only two here that have anything to ask of Fate."

"Oh, Lady Betty! can you tell fortunes?" cried Mrs. Delaney—come, Laura, let us hear all about the future."

"Yes, pray do tell us how our husbands are going to turn out, Lady Betty; I begin to be suspicious of my lord's devotion already," said Mrs. Delaney, denying the statement, with a gay laugh and fond glance at the object of her distrust.

"Well, then, I'll begin at Derry, here, and come to you all. Cut, now, and you'll see what I have to surprise you with, Derry. A woman! Oh, Derry, Derry, but you're sly! Here you are breaking your heart about a girl, and none of us suspecting it!

"Now, Aunt Betty, you may as well stop there, for not a word you say shall I believe, after beginning with such a fabrication. I'm ready to fall in love at the first opportunity, but I solemnly declare it has not yet come." Derry Ryan affirmed this with a great appearance of earnestness, and his aunt, bending her sharp black eyes over the cards she had spread out before her, replied—

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"Well, you're right, Derry, you've not seen her yet; but you'll not have that to say long. See, here she is, right at the door to you, and a handsome creature, too, as any one would wish to see."

"Let me look at her," exclaimed Derry, excitedly. "Well now, aunt, you're a wonder, for no one but yourself would discover charms there;" and he regarded the queen of diamonds with a critical air.

"Wait till you see her, and she'll be pretty enough to break your heart, it seems," returned the sibyl. "Cut the cards, Captain Barry, and I'll tell you what's before you. Well, well, this is strange enough—here she is again, you see! But don't look wild, Laura, for you're delighted with her, entirely. Yes, somehow she'll do something for both, that will make you love her very name. Now, let me see, Mr. Delaney, if this pretty girl is going to cross your way, too. This is your cut, is it?"—well, Heaven bless us all," cried the old lady, excitedly, but here she is, too, as sure as the fortune I'm telling you. And what's this—a wedding ring? No, that can't be, and yet it seems so, as plain as the cards before me."

"Why, this is capital," said Mr. Delaney, laughing. "Derry falls in love with an unknown beauty, and Barry and I start up into rivals. Well done, Lady Betty—is there anything more?"

"Dear Lady Betty," begged his wife, "try and find out from those wonderful cards when we shall see this gem of a woman; or, have we seen her already?"

"No," answered Lady Betty, in an entirely different tone from the gay banter of her young friend, "we'll see her before long, for she stands on the threshold of the hall-door."

"Let's have her in by all means," cried Derry, in a mock heroic tone. "Captain Barry and Mr. Delaney, you see in me, gentlemen, one prepared to defend the object of his devotion with his heart's blood;" with that he tapped an imaginary sword-hilt, and struck a defiant attitude, ending by bursting into a hearty fit of laughter, in which the whole party, except Lady Betty, joined gayly. She

shook her head, gathered up the cards, and shuffled them together, sighing ominously the while. After a little time, she looked around her with a troubled air, and said solemnly—

"Take heed, will you, to what happens to-morrow; it may be that I'm wrong; I hope I am; for what I've seen in the cards to-night will work great changes if it comes to pass. Anyhow, if there's truth in what I've told you, you'll see the pretty girl before to-morrow night."

"What an age for an impatient lover to wait," said Derry, dejectedly. "Pray, aunt, shorten the time if possible."

Lady Betty smiled. "It will be soon enough, and maybe too soon. Let us deal for a game of Pope Joan, now," she said.

The card-party were guests for a fortnight at the Ridge, Mr. Delaney's place, and the time had passed merrily in pleasure parties and home amusements, varied by an occasional stately dinner or two with the surrounding gentry. The day following Lady Betty Ryan's appearance as Cassandra, was a wet one, and hung heavily over all, for an excursion had been planned, and the disappointment was particularly provoking, as they expected to meet a party from Dublin, among whom Derry had declared his determination to find his predicted lady-love. "How stupid it is in the weather to fly in the face of fate in this way, is it not, Lady Betty?" yawned Mr. Delaney, who, with the rest of the gentlemen, had got up and sat down every five minutes, and tried to be as restless and uncomfortable as possible with the means within his reach.

Lady Betty was knitting with a provoking placidity of manner, but now laid her work upon her knee, and looked around her. Mrs. Barry, with an open portfolio of pictures she was not looking at; Mrs. Delaney, with a frame at which she did not embroider; and Derry with a book he did not read. "Do you remember the story of Perseus?" she asked. "His grandfather dug a cave for his mother to be kept securely in, for fear she would have a son who would be his murderer; but in that very cave was Perseus born, for fate cannot be thwarted."

"Classic authority, and beyond suspicion; so we need not despair, it seems," returned Derry. Just as he spoke, Michael, an old servant of Delaney's, appeared at the door, and made a mysterious motion of summons to his mistress. "What is it?" said Delaney; "speak out, Mike."

"Sure, sir," returned Mike, "it's the Widdy Donovan, jist."

"The Widow Donovan, Mike?"

"Yes, sir, and her daughter Peggy, sir, if ye please."

"The Widow Donovan and her daughter Peggy! What does he mean?" asked Delaney of his wife, who had risen to follow Mike from the room.

"Why, you see, Arthur," she explained, blushing slightly, "I wanted a girl as a sort of maid, and this Widow Donovan had a daughter for whom she wished a place; so I suppose she has brought her here to see me."

"Thru for ye, ma'am; long life to ye, and to yez all," interrupted a clear, cheery voice.

"Sure, Peg," says I, "we'll be findin' the mistress at home, if we take a bad day for it; so when we saw the rain settin' in, we tuk it as a sign of good luck."

The speaker, a hale, bright-looking woman of fifty, in a clean but common dress, edged herself with numberless courtesies, into Mrs. Delaney's presence, glancing encouragingly over her shoulder meantime, and beckoning earnestly to some one without.

"Your daughter is with you, is she not?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am, she's in the hall beyond, ma'am, and I can't draw her in, yesee, for she's fairly dyin' wid shame at the sight of yez all."

Derry Ryan, who had been making an irregular promenade up and down the drawing-room, paused with a look of interest on his handsome face; and Mrs. Delaney, looking into the hall, where a shrinking figure stood, said kindly—"Come in, Peggy, please!"

A young girl, with a tall, slender figure, advanced shyly, and dropped a courtesy. She wore a short blue cloak, the hood of which, falling backwards, left her head and face exposed to view. A perfect oval in shape, with a complexion sufficiently lovely to have made its owner a beauty with no other charm; large, well-set eyes, a full red mouth, and hair that rippled in bright yellow waves over her head, and now sparkled with the fresh rain-drops, that hung upon each curve. She raised her eyes—full, brownish-gray in color, and rather deep than bright in expression, to meet those of the pretty bride who sat before her. The look of painful shyness fled from her in an instant, and with a natural grace and quiet deference, she courtesied again, and stood waiting till Mrs. Delaney should speak.

"I want a maid, Peggy," she said, "that I can trust in every way, and your mother and Father Corney speak so well of you, that I am willing you should come for a fortnight, and see how we shall like each other. You can go and see Mrs. Murphey, the housekeeper, now; and Mrs. Donovan, I should like her to come at once."

"Sure, ma'am, what plases you delights uz; and if it's this blissed minute you have to call for her, she's at your command," returned that worthy dame, and calling unnumbered blessings on the house, she withdrew, followed by her pretty daughter.

"What a perfect beauty, Mrs. Delaney!" cried Captain Barry, with an enthusiasm that moderated as he met his wife's eye.

"Yes, she is pretty," said Mrs. Delaney, "but I scarcely noticed it as she stood there. There is something in her expression that has quite caught my fancy."

"She has a remarkable figure for a girl of that sort," said Derry Ryan, with an air of critical approval.

"And such a complexion!" murmured Delaney, thoughtfully.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Barry, slowly. "Yes, she has that style of red and white some people like."

"Red and white are good colors, after all," cried her husband, laughing, "and the girl is wonderfully pretty for a girl of that sort, as Derry says."

Meantime, Peg Donovan laid off her cloak in the housekeeper's room, and having in that good lady's phraseology "conveyed her mother the length of the hall door," returned to the care of Mrs. Murphey, who was to instruct her in the art and mystery of waiting on and keeping her young mistress's room in order. Evening and Pope Joan came to relieve the dullness of a disappointed day to the party below, and getting together around the table again, Lady Betty began to shuffle the cards, when the whole party broke into a fit of laughter. "Now, Lady Betty," they cried, "you may as well give up neeromancing from this forth, for we are at the same hour we consulted the oracle last night, and the only strange feet that have crossed the threshold have been Widow Donovan and her daughter's."

"That's true," said Lady Betty, and she joined in the laugh, rather grimly, to be sure, but that was her way, and shuffled and dealt for Pope Joan.

CHAPTER II.

The fortnight soon passed, and the party broke up, and the Bidge was left to the quiet of fading summer and the Delaneys. Peggy had been in the household just long enough to learn its regular routine and become accustomed to it, when her mistress found herself sufficiently at leisure to bestow a thought upon her. With a slight disposition to cavil at her grace and beauty, Mrs. Delaney was free to acknowledge that her new maid was strangely gifted with both, being likewise blessed with a ready quickness in despatching the light duties that devolved upon her; and being of a cheerful, light-hearted manner, she gained favor daily.

The Delaneys' marriage had been entirely a love-match. Arthur and Nellie had been childish lovers, and were still most devoted to each other. In their minds, as in their persons, there was not the slightest resemblance between them. She was a small, bright-eyed brunette, sweet and engaging in disposition, but thoughtful, and a trifle distrustful in her nature; whilst he, with a frank, fair face, had an equally open soul, being quick and fervid in temper, and full of a warmth of soul that his pretty wife could not in her quiet, measured way, either return or fathom. Peggy being more in their presence than any other of the establishment, they were both interested in watching the simple, gay nature, that being an embodiment of cheerful life, made the house seem gayer as she moved through it. Going into the little room occupied by her maid one day, Mrs. Delaney found a small collection of books, being mostly translations of Latin poets, which filled her with surprise. "Where did you get these, Peggy?" she asked.

"Father Corney gave them to me, ma'am," she returned; and noticing that still greater surprise dawned on her mistress's face, she continued: "He taught me to read, you see, and then divided what books he had with me."

"And can you really read, Peggy?" Mrs. Delaney inquired, the astonishment conveyed in her tone intimating how few of the peasantry she had known to stand possessed of that accomplishment. Peggy blushed with pleasure as she avowed her ability to decipher the smallest print; and partly from being idle, and partly from natural kindness, Mrs. Delaney volunteered to instruct her farther. Pleasantly the lessons went on, interrupted only by an occasional visit of a week or two to some neighboring country house, or the reception of

guests at home. One evening, when the autumn winds had begun to whistle freely, and the early sunset was followed close by night, Mrs. Delaney, sitting at her drawing-room window, looking out on a little strip of garden at the side of the house, saw her pretty maid issue forth with an air of mystery, and looking around her on all sides, begin to pace the walk slowly, making motions meantime with her hands. "Arthur," she said, turning to her husband, who had stretched himself on a lounge by the fire to rest after a long ride—"Arthur, pray look at Peggy, she is performing some mystic rite that is inexplicable to me."

"Why, Nellie," answered her husband, gayly, "this is Halloween; I heard the servants talking about the charms they meant to try, this morning. Peggy has commenced hers early."

"Do look at her," cried his wife; "see, it is seed she is sowing; something annoys her and she throws it away. Ah, there she goes; her plan, whatever it was, must have been a failure. I wonder if any one ever does believe in those things?"

"Surely," said Mr. Delaney, who had not left his post by the fire, "what can be more natural than to believe in what we wish to happen, and they generally manage a trial of fate so that it shall fall out in that way."

"I am so curious to know what Peggy has been doing, that do you know, Arthur, I mean to have her in here and ask her about it. Pray, stay quiet there in the shadow, she would not speak as freely if she thought you were by."

Ring the bell at her hand, Mrs. Delaney carried out her intention by sending for Peggy, and presently Peggy stood before her. "Did you finish the frill I wanted for the toilet cover?" asked her mistress.

"Oh yes, ma'am," answered her maid, "I was through with that, and so not wishing to disturb you, I was just waiting till you should call."

"I did not need you, Peggy, but pray tell me what it was you were doing with such an appearance of mystery in the garden awhile ago."

"Oh, sure, ma'am," cried Peggy, laughing and looking down shyly, "and you'll think me foolish if I name it to you."

"No, Peggy, why should I? it was some piece of fun, was it not?"

"Yes, ma'am, you see I was just playing the trick of sowing hempsced. You just take a

handful and walk to the East, saying, 'hempseed, I sow thee, let him who is to be my true love come after me and mow thee;' and the saying is, that if you look round you'll see your future husband at your shoulder. Not that I wanted anything but the sport of it, ma'am."

"Well, Peggy," cried the mistress, laughing, "this is very exciting, I think; and pray did you see your husband, Peggy?"

"Oh, ma'am, it wasn't for anything but a joke I did it, but the master himself and another gentleman came and looked at me, so I felt ashamed to be watched by them and ran in."

"My husband go and look at you, Peggy? Think of what you are saying; you must be mistaken, girl; think."

"Sure I am thinking, ma'am, and I have nothing to say against the master or any other gentleman either, but I did not like to stop when they were watching me, and so I ran away into the house."

"Mrs. Delaney, without speaking further to her maid, motioned her to retire; then rising hastily, she hurried to the sofa where her husband lay watching the glancing firelight. "Arthur," she said, in a low, earnest tone, "what made that girl say you were watching her?"

"I cannot tell," he answered, in a tone that convinced his wife he had heard, and was startled by Peggy's words. "It was nearly twilight, not a good time to guess at figures. She was mistaken it seems."

"That could scarcely be with such a quick eye as hers. She measures people at a glance, she is always correct."

"This is an exception to her usual penetration. Pray, Nellie, do not trouble yourself about such a trifle."

But Mrs. Delaney did trouble herself considerably, revolving in her mind again and again the strange fancy of her maid, and Peggy found herself regarded, whenever she chanced to look up suddenly, by her mistress' large, dark, questioning eyes, and felt herself repelled whenever she spoke by the silent reserve that hung like a cloud over the lady of the Ridge since the night of Halloween.

CHAPTER III.

Christmas was drawing near, and the Ridge was in a flutter of preparation; a gay party was expected to make merry there, and Mrs. Delaney, who, despite her fond husband and

happy home, had been moping a little lately, threw off the shadows, and applied herself energetically to the task of devising amusement for the coming guests. There would be a skating party she decided, and having her bright brown eyes fully opened to her own personal loveliness, she determined to have a Polish dress made, and insist on the ladies each choosing a costume and making a gay scene on the frozen lake. Then they would select all the musical talent for a concert, to end in a dance in the great hall; and lastly—what would they do lastly? It was quite puzzling to know how to complete the festivities in proper style, and full of perplexing plans, the little hostess turned to her husband reproachfully—"Really, Arthur," she said, "one would think you had no interest in our friends. You know we go to the Barrys almost directly after they leave us, and yet you don't see how necessary it is for us to get up something they cannot possibly equal at Hazel-wold."

"No," replied her husband, smiling, as he slowly revolved the proposition in his mind. "I own I do not see the necessity, Nellie; but if you will explain it, I dare say I shall."

"Stop being provoking. I have an idea which I shall tell you, though you don't deserve it. Derry Ryan reads Byron beautifully. Pray, don't take the trouble to make that gesture; I know you don't understand the Corsair, and I remember you once called Lara a fool, though you know I dote on him. Well, I have insured myself to that, but hear my plan. We will have some Byron pictures, and Derry will read selections as they are shown. Oh, Arthur, if anything becomes me it is a Turkish dress, and so I'll be Gulnare; I know the attitude, and can borrow Barry's dagger for it. Oh, it will be perfect!"

"Yes, but I can't see how you can get a fierce flash in those brown eyes of yours, and that uncomfortable young woman with the knife relied chiefly on the baleful light of those orbs."

"Arthur, that is just like you," said his wife, reproachfully, "you always speak of me as if I were a half-grown sheep, with but one expression to my name, but I intend to astonish you. Laura Barry, with her long, fair hair, shall be the witch of the Alps, in white floating drapery, that will become her exactly."

Peggy Donovan sat by the window at work, putting fresh covers on the pincushions for the

guests' chambers, but from the moment her mistress named the mysterious entertainment, her large eyes grew larger, and her hands moved slowly. Mr. Delaney put on his cap, took his gloves and whip, and started on his morning ride; and left alone with her mistress, an intense desire to fathom the wonderful enigma overcame her. "Well, then, ma'am," she began, in a timid voice, "would you please tell me what way you take to make a picture of a living lady like yourself and Mrs. Barry? Sure, I know I'm taking a liberty to bother you with questions, but I'm choking to know."

"I don't know that I can explain it to you, Peggy, without your seeing," returned her mistress; "but they dress the person just like the pictures, and they stand perfectly still in the same positions. Wait, and you shall see ours; we'll need your help to dress us, and you'll know all about them then."

Peggy took the view of the case presented to her, and found it so very brilliant that her simple mind was quite overpowered, so bursting out with, "Sure it must be the most beautifullest thing that ever was heard of," she endeavored to subside into silent pursuance of her duties, which she found a difficult task, as her mistress began to gather pieces of bright silk lace and gold trimming together, and thoughtfully contrive a dress for the great occasion. In Mrs. Murphey's room that evening, she went into the subject at length. "Oh, sure," she cried, "but it will be a great sight entirely, the mistress and the gentry, made up into pictures, shining with gold and beautiful outlandish things on them. I'm thinking the time will never pass till I see them, for I'm just daft ever since the mistress laid out the beautiful veils covered with gold, like a thin cloud, and the stars peeping through them." All of which enthusiasm on Peggy's part, occasioned Mrs. Murphey to remark to old Mike—"Sure, she's a fool craythur, this Peggy; and if it wasn't for the lively way she has, a body would have enough to do to put up wid her."

The time that seemed to Peggy so long, wasted away, and Christmas came, and brought the guests and Christmas cheer. Everything went merrily at the Ridge, and Peggy, to her own delight, was mixed up in the preparations. She owed her good fortune to herself, and it happened in this wise. They were rehearsing the tableaux, and Derry was reading the poems they illustrated, when they

came to the dead Medora—a part assigned to Mrs. Barry in consequence of her beautiful golden hair and pure complexion—and a division took place as to the proper disposition of the pretty waxen looking hands, which the fair owner resigned to the arrangement of the bystanders.

"They don't look naturally so—pray, Derry, tell me how they should be laid," said Mrs. Delaney, in a vexed tone, looking around for an idea. Peggy, who was moving and carrying things as directed, stood at her side, and her face gave it to her in every bright, earnest feature. "What is it, Peggy?" she asked, petulantly, "no one seems to know." In an instant, Peggy, running to a vase, produced one of those cold, beautiful looking white hot-house roses, with an impalpable tinge of gold in its opening heart, and laid it loosely in the idle white hand that no one could place, saying—

"And the slight flower her slighter hand had pressed."

"Let that girl help you," whispered Derry Ryan to her mistress; "she has artistic taste, you see; where in heaven's name did she get it?"

"I cannot tell," she answered, in the same tone. "I don't like to spoil her, but it will be necessary, the rest seem to have so little knowledge of these things."

So Peggy helped to make the gentry into pictures. It was she who arranged the veil of the Bride of Abydos, and wound the scarf around Kaled's waist; she smoothed the couch of Medora, and bound Gulnare's brows with its scarlet turban. It fell to the happy lot of Mr. Delaney to personate the kneeling Manfred, lest Captain Barry in that character should take advantage of his back being to the audience, and grin or otherwise contort his visage, to the distress of his wife, who in her aerial character, perched on a tall stool, hidden by the clouds of blue tarlatan, and secured by the waist to an invisible pillar, likewise tarlatan, did apparently suspend herself in the air for his behoof. A rainbow, formed of gauze and wire, and warranted to bear an instant's glance, spanned the air above her, and with her sunny hair that fell like light around her, and her bright spiritual face, she was really something to kneel to, as Mr. Delaney vowed while in the act. A burst of admiration from the guests, hailed this as the climax of Mrs. Delaney's elegant design, and repeated demands were made for a second sight. "One instant,

please," cried Captain Barry, springing forward with something of pride in the triumph of his pretty wife, as they were about to withdraw the curtains again; "just wait an instant there; Laura, hold that arm out more, and throw back the drapery, so."

It was an unfortunate movement; in a moment the thin material he had thrust back was in flames—the motion he had made threw it backwards into a lamp held by Mrs. Delaney as Gulnare—a cry of horror rang back in answer to the plaudits on the other side. The ladies rushed madly out, while Barry caught his wife and tried to drag her down. The effort was vain, and happily needless. At the first gleam of light, Peg Donovan, who stood at his side, caught up the richly-wrought piano cover that was spread on Medora's couch, and with a bound like a cat was on the stool beside the blazing figure; in a moment more they both fell to the floor together, the girl undermost, with both arms tightly clasping the cloth around the lady, and one hand holding the dagger, with which she had cut the cord, and which Mrs. Delaney did not know had left her hand. "Lift up your wife, Barry," said Delaney, kneeling; "the poor girl struck her head in falling; she's insensible, you see."

"God bless her!" cried Barry, stooping down and kissing the white face that lay on her master's shoulder. "I'll speak to her by and by, thank her I never can."

Mrs. Barry's white arms and her beautiful long hair only had suffered. The first were slightly blistered, the last was nearly gone. When she had made this manifest, and the terror subsided, they carried her to her room; and Delaney's voice was heard demanding, "Will some one bring me a glass of wine?" An ancient Hebe produced it, none other than old Lady Betty Ryan.

"Who is it, Arthur? Peg Donovan, no less; well, well, was it she? She who had her wits left when you all lost yours! See that now. The Captain and Laura will love her very name for this, I'm thinking; and what do you say, Derry?" She turned her sharp old eyes on the young man, who stood like one in a dream, his eyes fixed on the girl's face, in which consciousness, like a faint morning light, began to struggle.

"I say she's a noble creature," he answered, without raising his eyes.

"Ay, ay, no doubt, no doubt; ha, ha, ha!" and the old woman laughed a sharp, cunning,

laugh, that rang with a hollow, jarring sound, and made Mrs. Delaney, just returning from her friend's room, pause and contemplate the picture with a start of pain.

CHAPTER IV.

A month had gone before the Barrys were able to leave the Ridge; at first the lady's injuries from the fire had seemed very slight, but the burns were long in healing; then she had a fever from her fright; and at last being entirely recovered, she had staid a few days to review the *fete* that would have been so charming but for the untoward accident. It was the night before their departure, and the two friends talked together in confidence. "Now, pray, Nellie, do not disappoint us at the Wold; you know how long we have hoped to welcome you there, and then we will go to London together, for Barry promised I should go with you, and he won't deny me now, I know."

"Ah, here they come, he and Arthur, and we'll have it settled now," said her friend.

"Captain Barry, you are going to take Laura to London, when we go, are you not? I heard you tell Lady Betty Ryan so, and only ask for her's sake, you know."

"Does Laura want to go?" he asked, smilingly; "but I have something to ask seriously of you both; it is this, and in granting it you will confer a great favor on Laura and me. Will you let us have that maid of yours? Peggy, you know. I tried to talk to her about what she had done, and—and endeavored to—to make her a present; but by Jove the girl completely awed me, you know; I never felt so contemptible in my life; and the deuce of it is she pitied me; yes, really; 'I know you did not mean it, sir,' she said, 'for you're a gentleman, and could never mean to insult a poor girl.' If I could have thrown the d—d money (I beg your pardon, ladies) into the bottom of the sea, it would have been a relief, I assure you." Being quite overcome at the thought of poor Peg's dignity, the Captain paused, and his wife explained his intentions.

"Barry thinks," she said, "that as Peggy is really a superior girl, and so very young too, we might send her to school or something like that; of course it rests with you, but you would do us a great favor if you let us have her, though I know it is asking a great deal."

"Not at all," returned Mrs. Delaney, hastily, "not at all. Of course we could not be selfish

enough to deprive the poor girl of such advantages; and if you can make anything of her, I am sure Arthur will agree with me in being glad of it."

"I shall miss her very much," said Delaney, slowly. "I do not think Nellie does her justice. I don't mean that you are unkind to her, darling, you know that of course, but there is a positive charm about her, she seems full of happy influences, and sheds them from her presence like light or perfume."

"Why, really, Delaney," said the Captain, "it seems to me that we are doing the right thing in taking her away, or our friend Nellie, here, might entreat us to do so in time."

"Oh, Nellie is a sensible woman," said her husband, laughing. "I look on poor Peggy as a mere child—she is little more, you know."

But childish as Peg was, and sensible as was her mistress, Captain Barry was right in guessing her mind; that Peggy should leave the Ridge was the wish of her heart, and without the ability of devising a plan to send her away, or the courage to suddenly dismiss her, she had brooded over the idea till it became a worm in the bud of her content. Still, now that it was nearly accomplished, and that it devolved on her to break the plan to her, she really dreaded broaching the subject so much, that she avoided her own room, where she must see the girl alone.

"Oh, pray, Nellie, speak to Peggy about the change, wont you? it seems more natural suggested by you than coming from any of us, you know," urged her friend, for the third or fourth time within the hour; and Nellie, no longer able to refuse, rose and sought her dressing-room, where Peggy sat at work.

"How very pretty she is," thought she, almost angrily, as the bright face raised itself, with the clear light shining in every feature that her husband thought so winning, and that she had learned to hate.

"Peggy, you may lay down your work now," she began, with some abruptness, "I have something to say to you. Pray don't look startled or expectant, it is unnecessary; and you are really a trifle theatrical."

The severity of her manner alone affected her maid; the words conveyed no particular meaning to her, but she was quick in defining tones, and quietly drew herself up, and listened steadily, regarding her mistress in the meantime.

"Captain and Mrs. Barry are going home

to Hazelwold, their place, to-morrow, and they have been talking to me about taking you with them, Peggy. They feel that you acted with great courage and promptitude in putting out the flames that night, and wish to befriend you. So they proposed to me that they should take you with them and try what they could do in the way of educating you, if you showed yourself worthy, as I hope you will, Peggy; and I highly approve of their plan."

"You highly approve of their plan," repeated Peggy, without evincing any surprise or delight at the opening in life spread before her.

"Being anxious for your welfare, I highly approve of the plan, reiterated her mistress.

"And the master, what did he say?" asked Peggy, still in the same quiet tone. It was the most unfortunate remark she could have made. In a moment Mrs. Delaney's face flushed and her eyes flashed.

"Are you crazy, girl?" she cried, excitedly. "What should my husband say or care on such a subject? Does it seem likely that a gentleman who is scarcely conscious of your existence would trouble himself about your comings or goings."

Peggy rose and quietly folded the work she had finished, and laid it in her basket. As she turned again, she saw that Mr. Delaney had entered and stood beside his wife, so she addressed herself to both. "My dear master and mistress," she said, "I'll be leaving you to-night. It's ten days since my mother got a letter from foreign parts that called us to go there. Father Corney sent for me, and says he, 'Peggy, it's sixteen years ago last Michaelmas since your father left you a helpless baby in my charge, and gave you to the care of the widow Donovan, as honest a woman as lives, and one that brought you up as her own.' Sure, it was true for her, and the proof of it was I never knew I wasn't till that minute. 'Your father,' says his reverence, 'went to an uncle of his in the West Indies, and was to send for you when the time came that he had a home; he never had but one, and that the rolling sea. The widow and myself heard of it, and kept it to ourselves, she rearing you, as I have said before, as her own. Some way or other, it's beyant me to tell how, your father's people have lately come to know he left a child, and they have used both time and money to trace you out, till they reached you at last through me. Now, will you go home to them,

and the widow too?' says he—for I looked upon her as my mother—'they have enough and plenty for you both, it seems.' Ses I, 'Your reverence, how long have I to think of this?' Ses he, 'Peggy, take a fortnight.' Well, I did, but my mind was made up the first hour when I set my eyes on my mistress's face. It is not that I have been so long with you, but all belonging to you has grown into my heart, and I would never have opened my lips about the letter if it had not been for what you said to-night. You have shown me where my way lies, far over the sea, and I'll soon be on it, for to-night I say 'good-by.'"

An hour after, the whole party sat in the drawing-room, discussing Peggy with more interest than any of them would have acknowledged possible; her quiet determination, the strange change in her prospects, and the sudden loss of one who really had endeared herself to them all, were dwelt upon in every point of view, when suddenly the subject of their conjectures stood before them. She wore the same little blue cloak, and the short striped skirt, she had first presented herself in: but until they saw her in the dress in which she had entered it, the Delaneys never realized how much she had changed in the short time she had lived in their house. There was nothing bold or forward in her face, but the timid shyness was gone, and in its place was a quiet and respectful ease of manner. She stood irresolute a moment, and then came slowly forward and stood before her mistress, who gave her her hand. Bending over it, Peggy kissed it again and again in an earnest, impassioned way; then breaking away, she went hurriedly through the rest of the leave-taking and was gone. A silence fell upon them all; at last Barry said—"Now, Delaney, I'm going to tell you something 'that will astonish you, and as things have turned out, almost makes me believe all for the best. Derry Ryan was so struck with that same Peg Donovan, that, do you believe it, he entreated us to take and educate her, more than hinting how much his heart had to do with the interest he felt in her."

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Delaney, "the girl was a witch, and I'm heartily glad she's gone, all things considered."

"Still," said Delaney, quietly looking into the fire, "it's as well, all things considered, that she didn't go before the Tableaux party."

(To be continued.)

ON THE WHARF.

BY SARA J. RUMSEY.

The Sea-Bird lay at the busy wharf,
Her white wings poised for another flight,
And many feet were hurrying there,
Back and forth, in the summer light;

With merry partings, and gay farewells,
And lightsome promise repeated o'er,
Of a quick return, when the glad Sea-Bird
Should hasten again to her native shore.

We parted there on that busy wharf—
My heart ached with such terrible pain,
Little cared I who saw my grief,
Or noted the sobs that shook my frame.

I knew, in my face, no line or shade
Could change, unknown to your loving eye,
I knew two fond hearts were breaking then,
And wished that moment we both could die.

Lightly my quivering lip you pressed—
Our hands met each in a tender clasp,
Your hand *would* linger in leaving mine,
We knew full well it might be the last.

I stood alone on the crowded wharf,
A desert to me forever more—

And watched the Sea-Bird's glist'ning wings
Speeding away to a far-off shore—

Watching there, till they disappeared—
Watching still, till the sun went down,
And the dusky gloom of a summer night
Fell on river, and bay, and town.

I little thought as I sobbed away
The hours of that long, long day in June,
'Twas but the beginning of days and years,
Of mournful watching from moon to moon.

For summer and winter, in storm and calm,
I've wandered daily along the shore,
Or clung with toil to the highest cliff
That looks to seaward for leagues and more.

I took no thought of the howling storm,
Or the hungry tide, or the drenching spray,
For my heart was chilled with its deadly pain,
And my aching eyes looked over the bay,

But all in vain, was the hope and the pain,
And lonely watching upon the shore,
Or lightsome promise of quick return—
For the Sea-Bird—never was heard of more.

WHY I DIDN'T MARRY GRANT HEUSON.

BY IDA MASON.

The swift swish of silken flounces, the quick tap of dainty boot-heels, and without tinkle of bell or premonitory knock, straight through the parlors into my "snuggery," tripped my pretty friend Belle Duncan, tossed hat and shawl at random on the sofa, dropped like a bird of gay plumage on the music stool, struck two or three bars of a mad, intoxicating waltz, stopped suddenly, wheeled square round—"Isn't that exquisite, Ruth?"

"Very fine, I should think; please play the rest."

"Couldn't possibly; it is too tantalizing. Excuse me; how do you do, Ruthie; bowing like a dancing-master.

"Very well, thank you; and you?"

She, fluttering her azure flounces before the mirror, shaking out curls and replacing stray-

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ing ribbons, interrupted—"How do I look, Ruth?"

"Come here to the window, and I will show you. Do you see that bit of blue sky, with carmine and gold clouds above it?"

She stopped my mouth with a kiss. "There, don't talk poetry to me, when I've got on a new dress; one at a time is all I can bear; and isn't this lovely? perfect azure, you see. Ruth, if I look like that blue sky, and pink, and yellow——"

"Carmine and gold, if you please."

"You look like that fleecy drab cloud just below it, you dear dun-colored bunch of flowing muslin. Ho! you are funny! Your hair is brown, your eyes brown, browner, brownest; you've got a quaint little brown name Ruth, (she always gave my old-fashioned prænomen

such a musical trill that I loved it) and you wear such soft drabs and browns to match yourself. Hu! do you remember that queer story in Harper about 'Mellicent's Malady,' how Mrs. Dr. Niles was 'a plain brown fact?' Well, you are a dear drab dream; let me touch you to make sure you are not a myth."

"Nonsense, Belle! don't waste your pretty flatteries on so matter-of-fact an individual as myself. Give me some music."

She went back to the piano, and played the new waltz through with exquisite touch and expression, then sat resting her head on her hand, her elbow on the instrument, gazing at me through half-shut lids, studying me, I thought. Suddenly—"Ruth, I am dying of curiosity."

"You've been in that condition too many times for me to feel any alarm about you; you always recover, I believe."

"Well, yes, I always have; but shouldn't it be gratified. I'm *awful* saucy, I know, but I'm going to ask; will you tell me?"

"I don't know; let me hear your question."

She shook her curls down till they hid her face. "Well, then, why didn't you marry Grant Heuson?—there!"

I laughed a little to see her blush, seeing which, she took heart, and came close to me, settling herself on my foot-stool. "Wont you tell me, Ruthie? What on earth are you sewing? Kitchen towels?—here!" and she drew my work, and threw it under the table. "There, now! tell me."

"Bring back my work, and I'll see about it; that is not a kitchen towel, but a shirt for some sick soldier; we are hurrying to get a box packed this week."

She brought it with a grave face. "Let me help you; I can make shirts, too. The poor wounded soldiers! God forgive me for forgetting them even a moment."

Her thimble was on, her needle flying briskly. After a few minutes' silence—"Ruth, I don't think it was curiosity, but *interest*, that prompted me to ask you that question; for you know that I think more of you than any one else in the whole world."

"Lieutenant Graham excepted, of course, Belle!" I interrupted.

"Yes, of course; and Grant is such a perfect gentleman, such a nobleman, to all appearance, that for the life of me, I don't see why you broke the engagement; for 'all the world' knows 'twas you who did it, not he."

"I did it simply because I learned in good

time that he was not worthy to be my husband."

Belle's pink cheeks turned scarlet, her blue eyes blazed. "Really, I have never given you credit for such self-love. Grant Heuson is as good as you are!"

"Perhaps; but not good enough for me to promise before God to love, honor and obey. Belle, would you marry a man whom you had heard declare as his firm belief that woman is virtuous only by accident?"

"He never said such a thing! Somebody has been meddling, and——"

"I heard him say it, myself."

She dropped her work, and looked up wonderingly.

"I think I will tell you all about it, Belle. Grant was something more than a nobleman to me; I had him lifted up to some Greek or Roman height, higher than any man can or ought to be, until one day last June the pedestal slipped from under him, and showed me I had 'made me an idol to find it clay.' You remember that little trip I took last spring, travelling for my health? Well, one day of that journey saved me."

"Saved you?—from what?"

"From being the wife of Grant Heuson. Belle, I thought I knew that man thoroughly; I had known him long enough; but I learned more of his real nature in one hour than I had ever known before; and this was how it happened:

"In the course of my peregrinations, it befel me to miss a train at a pretty little village in O—— county, which would detain me until evening. I was not sorry, for I was travel-worn, and the town was quiet and pleasant—just the sort of place to rest in; shut in on all sides by high wooded hills, with only that one thread of iron thrown off from the world's shuttle to bind it to the web of towns outside. The hotel was clean and well furnished, the table well supplied, the waiters polite, the guests few; so that I had nothing to do but enjoy myself, which I did so well that I concluded to spend the night.

"The evening train had come and gone, leaving, I judged from sounds below, an addition to the hotel guests. That was small matter to me, as they could be no stranger than those already there. I was 'lolling listless in a rocking-chair,' reading a little, watching the flicker of light and shadow away out on the tree-topped hills, gazing at the clouds, and

dreaming just a little, when up through the open window there floated a faint odor, scarcely perceptible, but growing stronger—not unpleasant—the penetrating aroma of a fragrant Havana. You need not smile; you know my weakness for cigar-smoke; it soothed, made me almost sleepy, and I let it mingle with my dream until a low laugh came up with it, and I roused myself to think that cigar had a smoker; more, I knew that low tones of talk had blent with the aroma; there must be *two* smokers. Could I see them? I noiselessly pushed back the shutter, and looked cautiously over the ledge. I saw—four patent leather boots, perched like four crows on a fence, on the railing of the veranda, and judged from such demonstration that there were two gentlemen sitting ‘*à l’Americaine*’ back beyond my sight.

“I studied the boots awhile, and fell to speculating on the probable appearance of the wearers, wondering whether they were young or old, rich or poor, handsome or ugly; all the time half unconsciously listening to catch the voices, prompted only by the idlest curiosity, never dreaming that a thread of my destiny was attached thereto. There was silence for a few minutes, and then one of the gentlemen changed his position, so that it brought into view a hand and arm stretched out on the balustrade—a hand that seemed familiar. While trying to recall whose it might be, his voice reached me again, full, clear and peculiar; a voice that I could not mistake—Grant Heuson’s.

“I was more than surprised—I was astonished, and withal well pleased; there would be another surprise at the tea-table probably. He laughed—that well-trained, cultivated ha! ha! of his, and close upon it, I heard—‘Well yes, Fred, I must own the soft impeachment. About time for me to settle, isn’t it? Thirty last month, you know.’

“That sharpened my hearing a little. Was it wrong to listen, Belle? I did listen, and I am not sorry. A chair moved, and the other speaker’s words came to me clearly. ‘Yes, high time, I suppose, if you are going to do well. May I ask who is to be the honored fair one?’

“‘Miss Ruth Ashton Craig, only daughter and only child of Colonel Hugh Craig, of W——.’

“‘A fine name, quite high-sounding; good family, I presume; you are somewhat nice on

that score, if I remember rightly. What is she like?—Venus, Juno, or Minerva? Divinely tall and most divinely fair?—and you love, worship and adore on bended knee, I suppose.’

“The answer floated up on a long puff of smoke. ‘Ruth Craig is not after the goddess style in the least, but she is a very elegant, accomplished woman; not divinely tall, but certainly most divinely fair to look upon, and the only woman I ever saw in whom I could have one spark of faith.’

“‘What do you mean by that, Heuson?’

“‘I mean that I believe she is an exception to the general rule that governs the sex—that she is something besides vanity, deception, and whitewashed impurity.’

“Belle, I need not repeat more of the conversation, every word of which is burned upon my memory. They talked for at least an hour, his friend taking the ground of woman’s spiritual superiority, and Grant claiming that it was only through her superiority of artful dissimulation that she held such place in the minds of the many; heaping upon her the burden of all sin; saying that from Eve down, woman had tempted and led man to ruin; ending by declaring that no woman was ever virtuous except by accident.

“It may have been wrong to listen, but by no other means could I ever have learned the utter unsoundness of principle of the man whom I had trusted so much, and to whom I was so soon to trust my sacred honor, my happiness, my very life itself.”

Belle stitched away in silence for awhile, then dropped her work, and looking fully in my face, said—“Ruth, what on earth did you do? How have you lived so quietly and unchanged? Haven’t you mourned?”

“I simply told Grant the plain facts of the case, and gave him his dismissal the first time he called on me after my return. I have lived just as usual, because my nature and the nature of the case, both forbade any outward demonstration. As for the mourning, I *have* mourned for the fine gold grown dim; mourned for the misplaced, uprooted love; for, deny it who may, the dying of a love is no small matter, even when it has received such death-blow at the hand of the executioner, as mine had; for we women love not necessarily what a man *is*, but what he is to us; and there have been hours ‘in the dead unhappy night, when the rain was on the roof,’ that my heart has cried out wildly for the ideal it had created:

when I almost forgot that any stronger, better power than the ever-active feeling and emotion could, or ought to govern me. But the morning light always brought the better truth home to me, that there can be no permanent happiness where heart and brain do not act in harmony—always showed me that I had acted rightly. And to-day I could meet Grant Heuson without a sigh, save that for him I grieve

that such largess of noble intellect should have been so perverted. Is that sleeve done, Belle?" "Yes, heigho! we don't know much of what is going on in the lives of those about us. Let's have some more music." And she sat down to the piano, and poured her soul out through her fingers in the grand notes of some glorious Beethoven measures, while I sewed in the shirt sleeve.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Maidens, gentle maidens,
Blooming in your teens,
Listening to the beating heart,
Wondering what it means;
Gazing on the future,
Seeing visions rare,
Hope and Youth are busy
Building Castles in the Air.

Maidens, happy maidens,
While you smile and look,
Let Experience read a lesson
From her ever-open book.
She says, that though the onward path
Seem short, and smooth, and fair,
'Tis very seldom mortals reach
Their Castles in the Air.

And some will tell you 'tis a sin
To let such castles rise,
From spire, and shaft, and pinnacle,
They turn away their eyes;
They drag their heavy steps along,
Their brows are dark with care;
They prefer a mud-walled cabin
To a Castle in the Air.

Oh! cold of heart and dull of brain,
Each power that God has given,
So it be rightly used on earth,
Will go with us to Heaven.
If the toiling gnome informs us
Where the mine of gold to seek,
'Tis the Sylphid's fanning wing that cools
The labor-heated cheek.

Yet, fair though Fancy's masonry,
She builds upon the sand,
And when Misfortune's storms come on,
Her castles will not stand;
And those who crave Life's treasures,
(It has many, rich and rare.)
Must not spend too many hours
Building Castles in the Air.

Maidens, dearest maidens,
While Youth and Hope endure,
Let Faith lay for your spirit homes
Foundations that are sure;
So, when you leave the house of clay,
You'll find a mansion fair,
"Eternal in the Heavens,"
Not a Castle in the Air.

FOR A MANUSCRIPT ALBUM.

BY SADIE.

Thou, whose long lashes droop above the page
With a faint hope of finding beauty there;
Or thou, who, as a critic cool and sage,
Readeest with cautious, calculating care;
"Pass on," this leaf would say, if it could speak;
" 'Tis but a human heart thine eyes would scan,
A soul more childish, sorrowful and weak
Than thine perhaps, has been, or ever can."

But thou, sweet friend, whom I have loved so
dearly,

I cannot bid thee turn like these away;

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Even in dream-land, thou must still be near me,
That fairy country, where we often stray.

Yet linger not, where pen hath vainly striven
To tell what flowers, and stars, and winds have sung,
It is as if some angel-lay were given
For us to render into mortal tongue.

So earth's sweet fancies, when we fain would fold them
Unto our hearts, and keep them there for aye,
Like the light snow-flakes, tremble while we hold
them,

Then, in great tear-drops, quickly melt away.

FIRST AND LAST.

PART III.

BY M. C. P.

Continued from page 656.

CHAPTER I.

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June." LONGFELLOW.

May passed on in triumphal procession, gathering a still brighter and gayer retinue about her, and now her sweetness began to throb and deepen with the fuller life of June. Every tree stood full clothed from lowest branch to topmost twig, developed to summer fulness, even while the burnish and vivid green of spring-time still adorned their youthful prime. The flower populace glowed in richer hues than the pale tints of May's first children. In gardens and around bowery porches a rose put forth here and there, precursor of the royal bounty of beauty so soon to be lavished on the land. Birds sang with an intoxication of love and joy. The last faint remembrance of winter's cold melted out of the brooding warmth of the air. The whole earth palpitated with light, and life, and joy. Humanity shared in the jubilee of creation. A new sense of happiness thrilled through every heart. Life itself became a joy to rest in.

In Christina a new life blossomed forth. Ennui passed away. Her painting stood half finished on the easel. The artificial needs and desires of the last few years melted away from her, and her childish habits were taken up again, as if there had been no break in them since the days when she haunted the meadows and woods, and hunted eggs in the barn. There was danger, if Mrs. Morton had known it, that the desired work of disenchantment might be overdone, and so undone.

One bright afternoon Mrs. Foster sat in the sitting-room by the open window, spectacles on nose, busied over her darning-basket. Christina had moved her seat outside, and they chatted peacefully across the window sill. Boser, now superannuated, and long past all capacity for fun and frolic, true to his former allegiance to Christina, lay stretched on the cool grass beside her low chair, breathing stentoriously in his dozing sleep, disturbed

occasionally by a dream, in which he probably recalled the adventures of his youth.

"Aunt," said Christina, throwing down the crochet work with which her fingers had been rather idling than busying themselves, "aunt, I must go to the old strawberry patch some day. The fruit are ripe, I dare say, and I do not believe anybody has picked any for you this year."

"Law no, child," said Mrs. Foster, "nor last year neither; nor, for the matter of that, since you lived here before. I 'most forgot there was such a place. It's not worth my while to send a girl to pick them—good-for-nothing little things wild strawberries are anyhow. But if you like to go—though I don't like you to take that long walk by yourself, neither."

"Long walk! Why it's not more than a mile, I should think, and such a nice shady path all the way after the meadow is crossed. I think I'll go just now if I can find a little basket. My dear little old tin kettle has disappeared, I fear."

"Well, child, you'll find a basket in the little closet in the kitchen. But take care of your pretty pink frock, Chrissy," added prudent Aunt Martha, "Berry stain is dreadful hard on colors."

Christina laughingly promised intense care of her apparel, and, equipping herself with basket and broad-brimmed hat, prepared to start. Dr. James was entering the yard gate at this moment.

"Dr. James," said Christina, merrily replying to his greeting, "I hope you are intending to extend your visit beyond your usual jiffy, as Uncle John calls it, to-day. I should like to tempt you to take a tin cup and go 'a berryin' with me. Can you entertain that proposition at all?"

"I certainly intended that to-day's visit should be the exact length of a jiffy, and no more," said the Doctor, smiling brightly, as if the merry face before him lit his with sunshine. "I have three separate engagements for this

afternoon and evening. But—I really am tempted. What is the use of having good resolutions if one does not treat them once in a while? I succumb to temptation, Christina. But I must see your aunt first.”

“Shall I wait for you out here, then?”

“No, but come in, if you please. Beside my usual visit, I have something to say that you are interested in.”

The “something” proved to be that a picnic, which had been vaguely planned for sometime in the course of the summer, had been expedited by the influence of the Somerses, in consequence of the arrival of two young lady cousins from Philadelphia on a week’s visit to the Squire’s. The ensuing day was the one fixed upon for the party.

“And in calling there to-day,” said the Doctor, “I found Miss Somers so deeply engaged in culinary preparations that she was unable to come over, or even to take time to write a note to you, Christina, so I benevolently offered to bring the news and claim your co-operation. Mr. Dick looked quite disgusted at my taking the commission off his hands,” he added, smiling, “but his sister insisted that he would be fully occupied with the other invitations he had to deliver.”

Christina was full of animated pleasure in the prospect. “And you will go too to chaperone me, aunty?” said she, turning to Mrs. Foster.

“No,” said her aunt, “it won’t suit me to be out all day on the ground like you young folks. But I guess John and I’ll ride down sometime in the afternoon and see how you’re coming on. I’ll go see about the chicken and things for you to take right now,” rising with alacrity that betokened a good-natured desire to assist her niece’s pleasure.

“And I must stay and help you in that case,” said Christina, untying her hat.

“Not a bit of it, child,” said her aunt, “I don’t want you—or don’t need you, leastways. Bridget will give me all the help I want, and you may run along to the strawberry-field.”

Christina’s feet danced for gladness down the meadow slope. Her spirits were tuned to their highest pitch, and she frolicked round Dr. James like a mischievous kitten. He caught the infection of her gayety, and echoed with his mellow laugh her girlish treble as he returned with interest the handful of sweet clover blossoms with which she slyly pelted him. Across a gurgling thread of water, and then into the

wood-path, broad and grassy, near the beginning of which stood a great beech tree, scored over with initials and mottoes, mostly the registers of adventurous school-boys, though here and there two names, coupled by a flourishing true lover’s knot, betokened a more advanced stage of existence.

“Shall this desert silent be,
For it is unpeopled? No;
Songs I’ll hang on every tree,”

trolled the Doctor, as they came under its shadow. “Shall we stop here, Christina, till I immortalize you on this beech bark?”

“I am immortalized there already, you may be sure,” said she. “See the great ungainly C. under that knot-hole. That cost me an hour’s labor and the small blade of Uncle John’s knife, which I had borrowed that day. It doesn’t look so pretty as I thought it did,” she added, contemplating it with a comical, half-rueful look.

“Suppose I try my skill and fortune, then,” said the Doctor; “or, no, here is something better,” and from the root of the beech, imbedded in ferns and grass, he picked up a tortoise, which drew in its queer reptile head and paws, and shut to the door of its house with great quickness, as it found itself disturbed in its quiet meditations. “I will give this hermit here a record of you to carry about with him,” said he; and as they leisurely pursued their way through the sweet shadowy wood, he prepared to carve her name on the hard yellow plate of the creature’s lower shell.

“If it only don’t hurt the poor thing,” said Christina, peeping over his arm at it.

“No fear of that,” said the Doctor, “and even if he did feel it a little, a fellow who shuts himself up from the sympathies of the world in this way deserves to have his sensibilities disturbed sometimes.”

“Why that is a T.,” said Christina, watching him as he marked out the first letter. “I thought you were marking it for me.”

“T. stands for Tiny, does it not?” said the Doctor, scoring in the letter without looking at her.

“It is a long time since I have heard that name,” said the girl, softly; but her companion made no reply, and she did not like to speak the thought that was in her mind, that this was the first day she had felt that he remembered how he had formerly been Tiny’s constantly kind friend and protector.

“There,” said Dr. James, as they reached

the stile beyond which the path crossed the brook by the log foot-bridge, "the inscription is complete now, date and all:—

"Go choose you east, go choose you west,
Go choose the one whom she loves best."

"He betakes himself straight to mother Nature's bosom," said Christina, watching the creature as with hurried, ungainly waddle he hastened to ensconce himself in the most secluded nook under a rock hard by; and they passed on, and soon were mounting the hill towards the strawberry-field.

"You are my guide and pioneer, Christina," said the Doctor; "I should not have thought of coming this way to look for strawberries."

"O, you'll see!" cried she, eagerly. "How natural every step of the way seems! You will be struck with amazement when you see what a fruit-garden we come out upon here—Oh!—" and her exultant tone died away "in a quaver of consternation" as they passed the last screen of branches and stood in sight of—a well-ordered corn-field. The expanse of golden sedge-grass, bejewelled with scarlet berries, was superseded by strong, healthy rows of growing maize, with brown intervals of earth quite clean and free from weeds—a sight to gladden a thrifty farmer's heart. It had an opposite effect on Christina. Her wo-begone face and attitude made her companion laugh.

"Time has not stood still here, Christina," said he. "You cannot expect this work-a-day world to turn round for six years and not crowd some pretty, useless things out of existence."

"I am so sorry, so disenchanted," said Christina, as they retraced their steps. "I have always thought of that place as a sort of fairy-land, and now it is all gone!"

"Like fairy gold, all turned to leaves," said the Doctor.

"Yes, only the leaves are not withered ones. An ugly, vulgar thing maize is, at any rate!"

"You are really spiteful," said the Doctor, laughing again, "and unpatriotic too, abusing our national plant in that palpably unjust manner."

"Well," said Christina, brightening up presently, "we have had this lovely walk at any rate. Confess it has done you good now, to come!"

"It has given me pleasure," he assented; "yes, and done me good, as you say," and he looked down softly and long at the girlish face beside him.

"It has been good to me," said Christina, breaking the silence; "like old times entirely. Do you know that the last time I was here was the day I first met you?" she continued. "A thunder-storm came up, so I went up that path yonder to the highway, and when the rain came on I crept under the bridge. Do you remember finding me there?" She looked up with dancing eyes, laughing at the recollection, but met his still fixed on her with such a look glowing in them as she had never seen there before.

"Remember?" he said, at last. "Should I not remember?" Shall I tell you why? Shall I tell you what I have thought and felt a premonition of almost from the first moment I met your eyes coming from under that archway, Christina?" He held her hands, he drew her towards him, looking into her eyes. As she saw the strange light in his, heard the strange tremor in his voice, a thrill shot through her every pulse so keen she knew not whether it was joy or pain. Her heart-throbs dizzied her. She stood silent, breathless, waiting for the coming words that trembled on his lips.

They stood near the stile, her back turned to it. She saw Dr. James's face change suddenly, as if a shadow passed over it. The look passed from his eyes; he softly loosed her hands, and turning she faced Clarence Morton. His hand clenched the top bar of the stile, a frown was on his handsome face, and a baleful light in his blue eyes. But the evil expression vanished instantly as she turned towards him, and vaulting lightly over, he stood before her, greeting her with undisguised lover-like looks and tones. "Christine! what happiness to meet after this long, long absence."

He grasped her hands and bent to gaze in her face, ignoring that other silent, motionless presence that looked on the meeting.

"Have I startled you too much, Christine?" he said, still more tenderly. "I was thoughtless to come upon you so abruptly!"

Her face was indeed very white, and her lips quivered with the effort to speak. No lover's agitation was that, but a shock and revulsion as if something fearful rose up to frown upon the summer beauty of life. But a keen eye may sometimes mistake the signs of the one for the other; though it may be doubted if Clarence Morton was the one who was entirely deceived. Christina rallied her self-possession—"You surprised me, indeed, cousin Clarence," said

she, withdrawing her hands from his clasp and moving a step backward. "I did not even know that you had returned from France."

"Then you have not received Aunt Isabella's last letter?"

"Not if it told me to expect you. I should certainly have given you a more hospitable reception if I had known. Allow me to recall Dr. James and Mr. Morton to each other's recollection."

"I, at least, do not need the recall," said Clarence, extending his hand with grace and suavity. "I am happy to meet Dr. James again. I trust he will excuse my not recognizing him at first in my eagerness to greet my cousin," with a just perceptible hesitation in the tone of the last word. The Doctor's greeting was as grave as perfect courtesy could be, but calm and self-possessed. It seemed that he resumed a position long since accepted and but for the time forgotten, as he quietly gave place to Mr. Morton in the path, too narrow for three to walk abreast.

"But how came you to start up in the woods thus?" said Christina, striving to speak with cousinly ease. "I suppose you came from Uncle Foster's, but how could you find your way here?"

"I'm very good at following a trail," said Mr. Morton; "and there are some instincts almost strong enough of themselves to guide one. But your aunt, finding me too impatient to await your return, gave me very distinct directions thus far and farther. She assured me that you had gone on an expedition to gather strawberries, but I suppose she was mistaken in regard to the aim of your walk," glancing at the empty basket. Christina explained her disappointment, and made inquiries for her aunt.

"Aunt Isabella is at home in New York, very well, and looking forward to your return. But a letter of which I am the bearer will probably explain all that." And then, as the path widened, and Dr. James joined them, the conversation trickled on in the well-known channels of ordinary topics till they reached the house.

Dr. James had the plea of his unfulfilled engagements to excuse his hasty departure, which Mrs. Foster's pressing solicitations had no effect in delaying.

Dick Somers made his appearance early in the evening, having, he declared, felled a whole primeval forest of intervening engagements in

order to have time to come over and assure himself that Miss Christina was in tune for the morrow's merry-making. The reminder was not unneeded, for the last two hours had quite crowded the pic-nic from her thoughts, and Dr. James had left without any farther reference to its arrangements.

Mr. Morton accepted, with apparent readiness and pleasure the cordial invitation to join the party which Dick extended to him; and as he fell in gayly with the young law student's merry talk, while Mr. and Mrs. Foster threw in an occasional remark, good-natured or tartly shrewd, according to their several ways, Christina's unusual silence passed unnoticed, or seemed to do so; until, when Dick had taken his leave, Mrs. Foster remarked, "Chrissy, you don't look yourself to-night? what's the matter, child?"

Christina owned to feeling a little fatigued, and having a headache, and her aunt proposed that she should retire at once and sleep it off. "It won't do to be sick to-morrow with the picnic ahead of you," said she. "Your cousin'll excuse you for going to bed early, I am sure. He must be tired himself with his long ride."

Christina thankfully availed herself of the opportunity thus offered her, and sought her chamber. Not to sleep, however. Long she sat gazing into the summer night, so full of warmth and flower-odors, silent, save when some nested birds twittered in the apple tree boughs, or Boser sent forth an occasional bark to proclaim his sentinelship. She did not think she was dreaming. She had intended to calmly consider the question, too long deferred, of her position towards Clarence Morton; the conversation she had had with her aunt the night before she left her; and what her decision must be; but she could not entertain the subject. Her mind wandered away to go over and over again every incident of her walk that afternoon. She did not allow herself to spring at once to that moment when she and Dr. James stood still near the stile in the wood, but minutely retraced every step of the way they had trodden together; recalled the laugh with which he threw the handful of clover blossoms that caught and clung in her hair; how they balanced hand in hand like two children over the stepping-stones in the little water-course; the pause under the beech-tree; every gay or careless word that he had spoken; and then at last, that low, deep "Christina!" in the tone and look that thrilled through her

now with the same emotion that shook her pulses then.

What would he have told her? Why did he look at her so? Could he mean——? Her face burned with so intense a blush as she half formed the question in her thought, that she clasped her hands over it as though the darkness had eyes to see.

The touch recalled to her Mrs. Morton's letter, which had remained in her hand unopened till now. She struck a light, and resolutely closing the curtain and turning from her dreams, opened and read it.

"MY BELOVED CHRISTINE," so the letter ran, "You will be surprised to learn by this that I am again domiciled in New York. I had hardly thought to open the house again for the short time that will elapse before the commencement of the season at Newport, whither I intend to take you this summer, but there are circumstances which have induced me to take the extra trouble. I think you will be still more surprised and a great deal more delighted by the visitor who will bring you this note. He is very devoted, hurrying off thus, scarcely taking time to rest after his journey. You should be—*will be*, a very happy girl! I take it as quite a providential blessing that the arrangement your poor dear uncle so thoughtfully made for your benefit should prove so consonant to your and Clarence's feelings. It is so beautiful to see love blessing such a union! For you know, my love, that the arrangement does not for you, admit of a question. My home is, in effect, Clarence's home also, and it is *only* as his wife that you can with propriety

share it. How fortunate a girl are you, then, to find the most attractive, the most devoted of lovers in the husband assigned to you by Fate! I fear you have been very weary of your long exile. It is now at an end, for I hope to welcome you next Saturday when you return with Clarence to your affectionate

"ISABELLA MORTON."

"Assigned by Fate!" There was a resentful, half sullen look on Christina's face as she repeated the words. There was a covert threat under the honeyed sentences of the letter which she felt arousing her defiance. Was she to be disposed of in this way, like a piece of property? She felt the indignity a thousand times more than when her aunt had first suggested it. No! she would explain her feelings to Clarence at the very first opportunity. And if Mrs. Morton truly meant what she said about having no home for her but as his wife—she did not believe she really meant that—but even then she would not be so very desolate after all. Uncle John and Aunt Martha had a home for her, she knew, and then—well—he would be glad not to quite lose his little friend again.

She raised her eyes as the last thought floated through her mind, and met in the mirror the reflection of a pair of bright dark eyes, cheeks crimsoned by emotion, soft falling, silky hair—an image to be gazed on with pleasure, not seeing so much its outward fairness as the look it might waken in other eyes.

So she betook herself to rest, and slept sweetly undisturbed by any dreams of coming trouble.

(To be continued.)

THE MEADOW SPRING.

BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

From the caverns of the mountain,
From the silent halls of night,
Leap'd the sparkling, infant fountain,
Flashing in the sun's pure light;
Singing a *memento mori*,
As it silver'd o'er the plain
On to tott'ring ledges hoary
Clad in summer's robes again.

Midst the woodland aisles 'tis shimmering,
Like a sunbeam flashing bright,
Through the ebon darkness glimmering
Of a rayless, starless night.

Soft adown the vale's green pillow,
Silent it is treading now,
Mirroring the graceful willow
On its pure and crystal brow.

Curling round the water lily,
Calm as yonder moon's pale beam,
Sleeping on its bosom stilly,
Silent as a midnight dream,
There at last 'tis fain to linger
In the meadow's carpet green,
While the lustrous night queen's finger
Glides the fount with silvery sheen.

HELEN LEROY.

BY MRS. JAMES ———.

"A peremptory summons from my lady mother to return home immediately. Well, it must be obeyed, I suppose, particularly as my own feelings have of late a homeward tendency. I'm about tired of this rough and ready life. A lounge in one of dear mamma's luxurious rocking-chairs, or a siesta on a comfortable sofa, would be quite as agreeable a change as was a three-legged stool when I first came to this half-civilized region. But," and here the voice of Mr. Arthur Glenn, speculator in western lands, and traveller in search of health and pleasure, took a more serious tone, "what is to be done with my rustic lady love, sweet Helen, who has helped me to while away these long summer hours so delightfully? Marry her? Egad! I should like to, if only for the pleasure of witnessing the storm which such a step would create in the hitherto peaceful atmosphere of my maternal mansion. *Marry her!* All these summer nights I have had pleasant visions of a cottage home; of dark-eyed children, who should wander at their 'own sweet will' over house and grounds; of a beautiful young mistress, loving and beloved, flitting about 'on household cares intent,' and ministering to the wants of little ones cheerfully as doth the mother bird. I have heard gentle voices calling 'Papa,' and one the sweetest of them all say, 'Husband, darling.' What nonsense! The other side of the picture, with its bread and butter reality, appals me. *Marry her* and offend my mother, upon whom my father saw fit to leave me dependent, and what is before me but a life of toil and privation and sacrifices—and subject *her* also to slights and mortifications! No, I can't do it. Well, I've never committed myself at any rate, and one can't help talking a little love to a pretty girl, especially when he can read such sweet answers in her eyes. I must go this evening and say good-by, and be off with the stage in the morning."

About one mile west of the village, on a little eminence commanding a view of the town site, stood a long, low, brown house, not brown with age, for scarce a year had passed since its erection by Stephen Leroy; but it was built of

black walnut, and as yet unpainted. There was a large yard in front, very tastefully laid out and planted with flowers, for his daughter Helen was a busy little thing, and, naturally fond of beauty, she had given much time this summer to the adornments which Nature furnishes in such profusion to those who seek her storehouse.

She stood now at the gate where terminated a long walk leading to the house, patting her little foot impatiently, and gazing earnestly in the direction of the village, forming a charming figure for the foreground of the picture—the brown pioneer-looking house, the shed around which were gathered the sleek-looking cattle, the ripening corn and wheat-field partly cut. In the distance, on a high hill and through the clear atmosphere well defined, stood a large college building, erected through the generosity of eastern friends; several houses surrounded it, and behind all the western sky flooded the whole scene with glory. The beauty of our summer sunsets can scarcely be imagined, and never described. Blue and gold and silver fringes edging white clouds set in red or orange color, and purple beams from the invisible sun spreading widely over the heavens, formed this evening a scene to tempt yet mock the artist.

Helen Leroy loved beauty, yet she turned from that gorgeous coloring, and stood looking towards the hotel yet visible in the twilight. A smile of satisfaction passed over her face. He is coming, nearer and nearer, and the rosy blush deepens on her cheeks, and the light sparkles in her eye. How many evenings she had waited thus, and how seldom was she disappointed. Arthur was too fond of the shy, loving admiration which shone in the girl's bright eyes, to deprive himself of it when it was possible for him to be with her. But this evening he came so slowly, and, when he did arrive, his greeting was forced and absent, and an instinctive dread fell upon the hitherto happy heart, over which no care had cast a shadow. And then, too, in place of lingering at the gate, or asking her to walk with him in the moonlight, he seemed in haste to enter the house, where, in the sitting-room, the family were assembled—father, mother and three boys, stal-

wart, healthy fellows, splendid farmers, stout of heart and strong of limb; honest men they were too, who would scorn a mean action or a dishonorable thought. Yet, as Helen sat there, she could not help contrasting their rude, uncultivated manner and speech, and their coarse clothing, with the dainty garments and polished elegance of her lover; and no wonder, with her ignorance of the characters within, if she gave the preference to the latter. Brought up in a western State, she had possessed few advantages before coming to Kansas, and her grace and beauty were Nature's free gift, which seemed all the lovelier from its rude surroundings. But would it bear transplanting? Arthur Glenn had decided not; so he sat there and conversed coolly on different subjects with the boys and father for some time, and then announced his intended departure on the morrow, thanked them all for their kindness and attention to a stranger, bade them good-by, with ardent wishes for prosperity and happiness, and was gone.

Gone!—it was some time before Helen could realize it, and then she ran hastily up stairs to her own little room; wounded pride, outraged love, grief, and indignation, with an occasional spasm of self-condemnation, swept over her soul in such a wild storm as almost threatened the destruction of her reason. Hitherto her life had been such a calm summer day. Happy in household duties, the pride of her three brothers, all older than herself, and the pet of her parents, life had seemed so bright; she had flitted about like a butterfly, gathering sweetness from every flower. Now the heavy storm was spent, and the poor butterfly lay crushed and broken on the hard, bare ground. Sometimes she blamed herself for allowing her heart to be won without asking. But truth would say—"He did ask it; if not in words, oh, how many times in looks and actions, treating me always as if I were a princess. But I am not a princess, only a little rude, ignorant country girl, and I might have known he would never take me to the home of those haughty sisters he has told me about. I didn't think he meant to take me there; I didn't think *anything*, only that he loved me, and that he was the most lovable man I had ever seen; but now I hate him, I despise him," and a torrent of tears came to the relief of the little overburdened heart, and she slept.

Morning came, and Helen arose five years older, at least in experience and feeling, than

the bright, happy creature of the preceding day. She had a secret now, "And I will keep it too. *They—nobody* shall ever know that I was so foolish as to give my heart unasked; besides, mother would pity and pet me so, and father and the boys would be so angry at him, perhaps they might harm him. No, it is best not to tell." So calling up the semblance of an old smile, she went singing down the stairs, and with a step which had lost none of its elasticity, assisted her mother in preparing the breakfast, swept and dusted the sitting-room, even the chair on which he had sat, and by this time the family had assembled around the breakfast-table.

Now with all her stock of resolution, Helen made a failure; she could not eat; she tried to make-believe, but there were too many pairs of loving eyes upon her that would not be deceived.

"Are you sick, daughter?" asked her mother.

"Oh no, only a slight headache."

"She has not taken a ride this morning with her city beau," said Bob, her youngest and most mischievous brother.

Happily the poor girl's father came to her assistance most opportunely. "Well, if a ride is all she wants, she can have a long one. You know where Tim Collins lives?" addressing Helen.

"Oh yes," said she, eagerly, "it is on Cross Creek, about ten miles from here, near Will Hunter's claim."

"Right. Now could you ride over and tell Tim that I should like to have him come and help us through with the harvesting? We have an awful sight of work to do, and there's all that fence to be put up; those tarnation cattle knocked it down last night."

"Yes indeed I could."

"Come on then, boys, we must be off."

"I'm going to saddle Helen's pony," said Bob.

"No you needn't, I can do it myself when I'm ready to start; you go and help father."

And so she could. The self-reliant little maiden did not want to be obliged to wait the boys' slow motions when she took a sudden notion to be off on a visit to some of her neighbors, or down to the village to make a few purchases, so she had early learned to saddle and bridle her own pony, a beautiful and gentle creature, which had been bought expressly for her, and had also learned to picket him out on

her return. She was soon galloping off in the direction of Tim Collins's claim, glad to be relieved from the heavy burden of a mask—to her a strange and weary thing. And now, free to give vent to her feelings, she went furiously on, as if she longed to leave behind all familiar things. And anon she would slacken her pace at sight of some tree or bluff which they had visited together.

"It was here he told me that I was more charming than all the beautiful ladies he had met in foreign lands; and there, by that stream, he bade me look upon the shining surface and see the fairest wild flower of the prairie. What a silly little fly I was, and he a great ugly spider. It reminds me of that little poem of the spider and the fly we used to read at school. Pshaw! to be caught with such silly flattery! Helen Leroy, I'm ashamed of you!" and the pony received a sharp tap from the little riding-whip, and again went swiftly onward.

Thus she yielded to her changing moods, galloping fiercely as indignation gained the mastery, or cantering slowly as pleasant memories stole over her with their olden harmony, then on again when the bitter ending jarred upon her heart-strings.

She reached Tim's cabin, and his bare-footed wife and five little tow-headed squatters came out to greet her, so happy at the sight of a female face that they insisted on her dismounting for dinner, which was almost ready, and then "Pap would be in, and he'd say whether he could go or not."

Helen accepted the invitation; in fact, it was a relief to watch the children's antics, and listen to Mrs. Collins's quaint remarks on the budget of news which Helen unfolded for her entertainment; and so entertained was she that the preparations for dinner went on rather slowly. With her arms akimbo, her mouth open, and her bare toes turned in, listening to some interesting tit-bit of village gossip, how could she be expected to give her attention to such sub-lunary things as corn bread, potatoes, or wild grape pie?

"Pap" began to grow impatient, and finally remonstrated openly upon the unwonted delay. So Helen thought it best to devote herself to the younger members of the family—a very wise plan—and the dinner was soon on the table. By this time her appetite was so improved that she did ample justice to the homely fare.

The meal over, she insisted upon starting

immediately, though they would gladly have detained her still longer. A heavy black cloud, just visible in the eastern sky, was her excuse for haste. "I shall just have time to ride home before the storm reaches here."

But she was mistaken. The east wind grew more vigorous, and the dark cloud came swiftly on. Though riding at her most furious pace she had not accomplished half the distance when the heavy rain-drops began to fall, the thunders muttered in the distance, and the fierce glare of lightning blinded her. Almost in despair her eyes wandered over the prairie in search of a shelter. Houses were few and far between, but oh joy! there was a new cabin about a mile off, she had not noticed it in the morning; that was no wonder, however, her mind was too intent on other things. But the rain was coming down now in torrents, and before she reached the open door, and felt herself lifted by a pair of manly arms, and borne into the house, she was thoroughly drenched. "Excuse me, there was no time for the ceremony of asking permission," said the gentleman, for such he certainly was, you could tell that when he spoke by the modulated tones, which always betoken cultivation.

"You are certainly excusable," said Helen; "and I am very much obliged to you for a place of shelter."

"A poor one indeed. How the winds rock it to and fro, it seems as if we must go over, and the very earth beneath us trembles as the thunder reverberates nearer and nearer. Are you not frightened?"

"No, I think not. It accords with my mood better than quiet and peace. Did you never feel so?"

"Often, very often. There are times in every human life when a calm sunny sky produces painful discord with the jarring elements within. The fierce spirit boils and bubbles, longing to break over every hedge and ditch of propriety, and sweep onward till it loses itself in the sea of oblivion."

Helen made no answer, and the stranger continued, "Such storms do us good, I think. Just as in the natural world the lightning clears the atmosphere, making it purer and better, so I think does the soul come out of tribulation purified, wiser and better, ready to understand and appreciate a higher life, with more exalted aims and purposes."

"Aims and purposes;" the words fell on Helen's ear, not unheeded, carrying her into a

train of thought which made her forgetful of her strange situation, and the wild storm raging without. "Aims and purposes!" did she ever have any? None, unless a determination to enjoy herself as much as possible, might be called a purpose, unless the wish to make herself handsome and attractive to the large number of suitors in her train might be called an aim. Was there not something better than this? something more ennobling than this flirting, and dancing, and flattery, the pleasant fruit of which she had just found turned to bitter ashes in her mouth.

At length she looked up. "A higher and better life? how should one begin, sir?"

"That is rather a difficult question. To speak advisedly, one should know the past pursuits, and present standpoint. A general rule only I can give you, which is, to direct every act in the light of duty and right, and if possible, let no day pass without feeling that you have accomplished something morally and intellectually. But see, the clouds are breaking, and though your presence is very agreeable, yet duty bids me remind you that your garments are still damp, and it would be best to go home immediately."

"Yes, indeed, for mother will be so anxious about me during the storm."

"I hope you will allow me to accompany you and introduce myself to your parents; I am a stranger in this part of the Territory, and should be very happy to form some acquaintances."

"I have no objection, sir, and I am sure father will be glad to see you."

They were not long in traversing the homeward path, and the stranger soon introduced himself to Mr. Leroy as "Dr. Edwin Morris," from Philadelphia. He was not a *very* young man, having had poverty and obscurity to contend with in the pursuit of his education; but when at last his diploma was obtained, it came not to a beardless youth with little experience and no judgment, but to a man of firm principles, unwavering energy, cultivated reason, and sound judgment. He was a man to be trusted. Helen had felt this instinctively, when she first looked into his eyes in the lonely cabin on the prairie, with the lightning flashing and the thunder quaking the earth beneath them. It was the magnetism of his presence, quieting the storm within her own bosom, which gave her that feeling of safety.

He was a man who had thought much, and

read much on many subjects, and who knew how to adapt himself and his conversation to all persons, so that he was soon at home with the Leroy family—father and sons, and received a pressing invitation to remain to tea, which he accepted, remarking that fare in a bachelor's cabin was not so inviting as to render such variations unacceptable. He remained the evening, and though scarcely a word of the conversation was directed to her, yet Helen listened with a new delight. She was surprised, too, to find her brother William knew so many things which the Doctor seemed pleased to converse about. That's what Will reads, I suppose, in those prosy looking books which he pores over continually, and a new feeling of respect arose towards him whom she had during the last few months characterized as the roughest, homeliest, and most unpolished bear of them all. He looked almost handsome now, as his eye sparkled and his face became animated in the discussion of some philosophical subject. The Doctor was not a handsome man either, but the broad intellectual forehead and expressive eye now seemed glowing with beauty.

"Aims and purposes," said Helen, as she retired that night. "Mine must be to make my parents and brothers some return for the love and kindness which has been showered upon me for so many years."

But the autumn faded away, and gave place to winter. Doors and windows must be closed and cheerful fires built, round which the family group may gather. No cruel war had called for heart-rending sacrifices of brothers, sons, and husbands, so the Leroy family, one and all, met at eve in the comfortable sitting-room, to read, or sew, or converse, as best suited their mood. And there was always an easy-chair in a warm place, kept ready for one who was a welcome and expected guest, Dr. Morris, and who very seldom failed to drop in if only for a few minutes. The Doctor had already obtained the confidence of the community, and was making an excellent reputation for character and skill. But though many firesides would gladly have given a seat to such a cheerful companion and interesting talker, yet he still retained a preference for his first friends, the Leroy family, and the greater part of the time spared from his patients was given to them. "Madame Rumor" said he meant to carry Miss Helen off to his claim, when the new house in process of erection should be entirely finished.

If this was true, the young lady herself was wholly ignorant of any such intention, as one might see with half an eye. True, she read, talked, walked, and rode with the Doctor, seemed very happy in his presence, and really thought him the best and noblest man in existence. But that perverse little heart still cherished in its inmost depths the image of another face, which prevented the enshrinement of a better. Dr. Morris, with all his wonderful penetration of human nature, had failed to discover the hidden image. Yet he knew instinctively that he had himself never stood within the inmost portals of her heart, and sometimes there would be a look of sadness about his eyes when those merry black ones looked into his so earnestly, in search of explanation and information which he was ever ready to give.

Helen had improved wonderfully. How much time she found for her books, which were all selected under judicious direction, and proved exactly what was needed in the formation of her character.

She could join in the conversation now, even when the subject touched the borders of the most abstruse of sciences. "Take at least one step forward every day, both morally and intellectually. Do you remember that?" said she, addressing the Doctor one evening the following spring, as they were riding towards home in the moonlight, having been to the cabin of our old acquaintance Tim Collins, on a visit to a sick child.

"I do not, indeed. To what have you reference?"

"Only a piece of advice given by yourself to a storm-stayed maiden some months ago, and which I have ever since endeavored to follow, and with the aid of yourself and brother William I think I have taken the step intellectual; but do pray tell me how I shall grow better, as well as wiser. There is no sacrifice I can make in the cause of truth; I cannot be a martyr, in this enlightened age; there are no suffering poor around me whose woes I can alleviate. In fact, there is nothing for me to do."

"True, but there are petty sacrifices of in-olination to duty which may be practised daily. Every time we subdue an unholy or impious thought, or conquer a selfish desire, we have cast out an unclean spirit, while every generous and ennobling thought expands the soul. The very desire you express to become better, is a proof to me that your growth in grace has begun."

They were nearing the Doctor's house, now almost completed. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and with that young face gazing so earnestly into his, how could he longer resist the temptation of telling her how dear, how very dear she was to him? It was an eloquent tale. He spoke of his lonely, uncheered life; of days and years of toil; of the rich reward now in view; but oh, how worthless, ease and wealth, and reputation, compared with the possession of one heart, which he feared would never be his own.

It was eloquently told, and the conclusion found his listener in tears. "Oh, I'm so sorry, my dear, dear friend," she said—"I do love you—oh, so much! but—" and here was sobbed out all the sorrowful tale of the past summer—"I could not deceive you, and you would not want a wife without a heart to give."

Then there was silence for a long way, but as they came near her home, Helen said—"You will come and see us as usual, will you not? They would all miss you so much."

"Yes; that is, after a time;" and as he left her—"Good-night!"

Why was it that Helen could not sleep for a long time that night, but lay oppressed with the sense of a wrong act committed by herself, and that when asleep, she dreamed of walking in tortuous, difficult paths, and where the way was roughest, with her own hands extinguishing the friendly light held out by a kind hand?

* * * Oh, how wearily passed the day, and the next day, and the third day. The boys wondered why the Doctor did not come, and Mr. Leroy wished the Doctor would come; and mother thought it very strange; and poor, guilty Helen, in her secret heart, echoed all their desires to see him. But the fourth day brought a change to her. Who should make his appearance again but Arthur Glenn. The agent whom he had appointed to attend to his Western affairs proving untrustworthy, he had found it necessary to make the trip himself, and then of course followed a string of pretty speeches about his ardent desire to behold again the little Western rose who had so charmed him. But how insipid it all sounded. She made herself believe, though, that she was perfectly happy at seeing him again.

He went in, and all were pleased at his return; but somehow they had all so grown into the habit of taking a share in the conversation, and of leading it into deep channels, that Arthur Glenn soon found himself beyond his

depth. He made a desperate effort, and finally succeeded in substituting an egotistical account of his own travels and adventures, intermixed with allusions to distinguished friends, and finally ended in persuading himself that he was still the hero of the day. At a late hour he bade adieu, after asking Helen to take a morning ride with him. She acquiesced, but her last thought was—why am I not happy?

With the morning came the lover, and the fresh bracing air and excitement of riding brought a glow to Helen's cheeks which the last few days had faded; and Arthur Glenn really spoke the truth when he praised their beautiful hue—the truth only, when her eyes were compared to stars, but how silly it sounded! “I am no wiser or better,” said she to herself, when these visits had continued perhaps two weeks, during which time she had not once met the Doctor; though he came often to the house, it was always when she was out with Arthur. “I am no wiser or better, and I am very far from happy. I think, after all, that though Arthur makes a most agreeable companion when one wishes to be flattered and spoiled, yet it would be very tiresome living with him.”

And so it happened that when her cool, dignified and distant behaviour had produced the very effect which it should not have done, and the prize which was cast aside as worthless, when within the grasp, was vanishing from his reach, Arthur Glenn put forth his hand with eager haste to secure it. She seemed more beautiful to him than ever; pride melted away, and he stood at the gate, pleading for the heart which he had once trodden upon. “Arthur Glenn, I do not love you,” said she calmly.

“But you did once; you will again.”

“I think not. Last year I was but a child, and you captivated my fancy. My innate love of refinement made your polished manners very agreeable; your flattery pleased my natural vanity, and your position pleased my pride; rather the ignoble part of my nature, you see. I am a woman now, and have put away childish things, and I think I can say with truth, Arthur, I never have loved you and never can.”

He strode away fiercely, and she turned to go to the house. There, right in the path before her, stood the man whose image within the last three weeks had replaced that worthless one which she had ejected. The first place in her heart had been his, all the time, only her imagination had clothed the true man's spirit with that other form. Here was the embodiment of mind and soul which she had fancied belonged to another.

He had been coming down the path; he had heard all. He opened his arms, and with a glad cry of joy, she sprang forwards, and laid her head in his bosom. “Shall I have a wife without a heart?” he whispered.

“Oh no, no!”

The old brown house is lonely now, for its brightest light has gone to make sunshine in the handsome building erected on the site of the cabin which we once visited in a storm. Will and Charley, too, have made homes of their own not many miles distant. Mischievous Bob alone remains, “the black sheep of the flock,” he says. But the old roof frequently resounds to the merry patter of children's feet, and gay young voices are heard making a cheerful noise at grandma's.

AUTUMN.

BY REV. ANDREW J. BIDSON.

'Tis Autumn time, and Nature's form
Is clothed in robes superb and gay;
Her calm's the hush before the storm,
Her flush the hectic of decay.

Soon in the chill and leafless woods,
These fair things mould beneath our feet,

And o'er our heads the tempest broods,
And Winter drops his winding-sheet.

For even now the distant wall
Prolongs its melancholy strain,
And mournful clouds the Heaven veil,
And Nature weeps her tears in rain!

MISSIONARY WORK.

BY FRANCES LEE.

November was fairly outdoing herself in dreary weather. The sky was gray and cold and cheerless, as though all sunshine and brightness were forever shut out from the world; if, indeed, light and hope were not gone from the universe itself. There was nothing but gloom and forlornness from the sombre clouds above to the sodden earth below—nowhere any promise of future cheer and merry weather.

All over the blighted earth, down upon the dead grass, up among the leafless trees and against the heavy sky, swarmed multitudes of crows, flapping their black wings and dismally cawing out what seemed like evil omens. It was everywhere

"Dreary and chill as November can be,
The heavy rain beating the leaden gray sea."

Everywhere, excepting in Farmer Haviland's kitchen. That was lighted up as by the brightest sunshine, from the tin pans drying on the hearth to the tin cage before the window, where the brown-winged canary sang himself dizzy, dancing from ring to perch and from perch to fountain, quite wild with gladness.

The spot of sunlight which shone upon the farm-house and all that came in its way, was a woman, young though past the first blooms of early girlhood. But for all she made so much brightness about her, it was not the charm of beauty, for

"She was not as pretty as women I know."

Indeed, I do not know another one so plain. *Plain*, did I say? May the great host of the unbeautiful pardon me for thus putting Hannah Haviland in their ranks! She was not merely plain, not simply homely, but positively and inexcusably ugly in face. Scarcely human, in fact, and to a stranger actually frightful. Yet one had only to hear her speak to discover her attractiveness, and in a few moments, though it was impossible to understand why so lovely a soul should be enshrined in so repulsive a body, everyone forgave the uncomely husk for the sake of the exquisite kernel.

On this sullen November day, Hannah was sitting alone in the tidy kitchen, busily twisting her fingers in and out among the meshes of a

purse she was netting of steel beads and scarlet silk. Presently she put the little basket which held her work in a chair, and going into the bed-room opening from the kitchen, stood for a moment before the looking-glass which hung there.

According to the Apostle James, as well as according to the probable experience of each of us, a man—as undoubtedly a woman—behold-ing his natural face in a glass, beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. Beside the likelihood, in consequence of this great natural law, that Hannah had a distinct portrait of herself in the eye of her mind, there was an additional reason why the vision of the fashion of the clay she inhabited should be indistinct. For from a tiny slip of a girl, ever since she had learned to know her right hand from her left, and become conscious in any faint degree of the hideousness of face which set her apart from her fellow-playmates, she had avoided a mirror as one would shun a fever, never looking in it voluntarily, and turning her head aside whenever she passed by necessity near one. So this long look at herself on the dismal November day was a look of real curiosity, leavened with a faint hope that the reflected face might not be wholly repulsive. But, alas, no! There was not a redeeming feature. The small eyes were faded and expressionless—at least when in repose, as then—the nose was shapeless, and the wide mouth far more like a radish than a rosebud.

"If I were only *decently* homely, like Anastasia Smith!" sighed she.

Then she pushed the wish down to the very bottom of her heart, there to stay, unnoticed and unremembered, forever after, for our Hannah had other things in life to think of besides herself, and, what was least in importance of all, the mask a beautiful soul hid itself behind. And so completely had she trained herself to renunciation and sacrifice, that abnegation in her was no longer praiseworthy. The very quality which in the rest of mankind is a rare and precious virtue, took on such a morbid excess in her that it became a flaw, indeed a radical defect, in her character. So at least it

seemed; but it is needful to tread softly when one would look with disapproval on an error so faultless, an imperfection so unprecedented.

Little and light of figure, and graceful as a fawn, Hannah came back to her shining beads, and went on twisting them, as before, among the loops of crimson silk, while her thoughts were busier than her fingers.

"No," said they to her, "you must not marry Doctor Parker. Even if he is not already tired of your face, he will be when he has it before him as a living mortification. No! You must not allow him to marry you; and because he is so generous that he would never allow this reason, you must not tell him why."

Hannah's decisions were according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which alter not, and so from henceforth Doctor Parker's fate was irrevocably signed and sealed, only waiting for a convenient season to be delivered. This immovability of purpose was another fault belonging to Hannah's character—and yet hardly another, for in reality it came from the first, and both had grown out from the deformity which had put its mark upon her features, making her stern towards herself as one who should have no right and privilege in common with her kind.

Everybody who knew her, loved Hannah Haviland, and, added to this universal love, young Doctor Parker had the excuse of close acquaintance for a love beyond the ordinary which he professed to feel. For, according to the most approved custom of heroines, he had been nursed by her back to the full vigor of manhood from the deepest depth of sickness.

Doctors even are mortal, and if they do not succumb to measles and the like infantile disorders in childhood, they are as likely as any other mortal to fall a victim to them in maturity. Why not? So when the Andersons upon the hill, from A to Amperzand (and there were on pretty well towards the alphabet number of them) took socially to the measles as ducklings take to a mill-pond in a brood, and Doctor Parker was sent for at morning, at noonday and at midnight to see the stricken household safely through, what was left for him but to follow after at a respectful distance, in the course of a couple of weeks to grow feverish a little, to cough a great deal, and to feel almost ready to lie down and die with weariness?

Ans for these over-careful, misguided mothers, who, taking destiny into their own hands, turn aside their little ones from the walks of

their daily lives, in vain strivings to wrest them from the inevitable pitfalls of mortality! Not that they should send forth the children with outstretched arms and open mouths in quest of all manner of epidemics, according to the manner of one of my great-grandfathers somewhere this side of Japheth, who, as I have been credibly informed, sacrificed his twin boys in undue anxiety to have them go through with the whooping-cough at a tender age, bearing thereafter a reproaching, unforgiving conscience on to his grave. But not commending going out of one's way after contagion, neither should the mother, if she have the future quiet and comfort of the child at heart, go out of her way to keep aloof, smuggling it away from even the fresh air in unavailing attempts to make humanity immortal.

Right or wrong, at least so thought Doctor Parker, as, weak and half sick, he walked wearily over the little foot-bridge and saw Y, Zed and Amperzand of the Anderson clan, already through with their part of the measles, up and out paddling with their bare feet in the brook below, ruddy and glowing with restored health. Just beyond the foot-bridge was the Haviland farm-house, with its kitchen door invitingly open, so Doctor Parker took his flushed face and aching limbs inside, for the rest they so cried out for, on the old chintz-covered lounge under the windows where the grape-vine nodded and waved its green banners in the summer air. A long rest it proved to be, for who could turn a sick man out of doors, especially when he had nowhere to be turned to excepting the friendlessness of a lonely room in a large hotel? Not motherly, hospitable dame Haviland surely, nor, kindest-hearted among women, her daughter Hannah. So this was the way it happened that he had been nursed back from the deepest depths of sickness to the full vigor of manhood by the homeliest face, the prettiest figure and the sweetest soul in the county. He had a long and severe illness, as one must expect who had tormented himself half a lifetime in trying to escape the inevitable.

"Anyway, I am glad it is likely to be over at last. It is an absolute relief, O, most tender and mistaken mother! to have the measles no longer to dread and dodge," said he, while his face was the face of two, and before his blood-shot, painful eyes all manner of weird, gibbering images loomed and leered.

Slowly he went up through all the stages of reluctant convalescence into full health again.

Meantime, Hannah brought him lemons; they were bitter and nauseous, to be sure, as everything else was; but she might not have been to blame for that, though he did have at one time serious suspicion that a particularly plump and outwardly-tempting orange had been made the surreptitious vehicle for Dover or some other noxious powder. She had a capacity, too, for remembering to change the glass of water, which stood within his easy reach, as often as it grew warm and insipid; and, what was worth more than all the rest, she read to him by the hour together. This, although it did him no lasting benefit, inasmuch as he could not have told when she had finished so much as the subject, yet for the time being, by the pleasant music of the reader's voice and the enlivening matter read, beguiled the tedium of the weary hours, and helped the sick man to bear more patiently the infirmities of disease.

Thus the kindness and genuine goodness of Hannah stole in more and more upon the heart of the young doctor, and by the time he was quite well he had, as it seemed, forgotten she was not as beautiful as Juno. So they were engaged, and for a space "all went merry as a marriage bell."

"The paly-green bloom of the grape gave perfume" through the open window at the farmhouse where Doctor Parker put the ring upon Hannah's finger with its circle of gems—a D-diamond, an E-merald, an A-gate, a R-uby, an E-merald, a Sardonox, and a T-urquoise. The grape-blooms swelled into grapes, which the sunny summer and golden autumn rounded into purple globes of sweetness and fragrance, till at last frosts came, and then the cheerless November weather. And now, whether with reason or without reason, Hannah had come to fancy that her lover wearied, or would weary, of her plainness, and therefore she had pronounced for herself a law hard enough to be of Moloch; and though the furnace of sacrifice were one seven times more heated, she would not wince as she entered it.

"No, I will not write, it will be easier for him to agree that I am right while he is seeing at the very time how ugly I really am," said Hannah to the pleading weakness within, which shrank from plucking out a right eye.

So, inexorable and relentless, she set her judgment and gave back the ring with its tender motto of gems, together with the netted purse which was a sort of farewell token, a souvenir of the shining past, which the uncon-

quered heart would not be held back from throwing out into the waste hereafter beyond the stormy present.

Whether Doctor Parker was glad or sorry for his release it was all one. Hannah was pitiless to herself if not to him, and to all his pleadings and questions she only replied, "It is not best. It can never be." Whether he suspected her motive for giving him back his promise and his ring, and inwardly thanked her for it or not, it was the same. She was immovable, strengthening herself in her very weakness and sending her beloved forever from her, while her whole heart cried out in yearning after him. "Call me if you ever repent," said Doctor Parker, in leaving.

"I shall never repent, for it is not best; it can never be," repeated Hannah, and so she sent him on his way.

Then she went back to her dairy and her pantry, assured that she had done her duty. Perhaps she had, but it would seem to us whose eyes are not anointed by the wisdom of such martyrdom, that the man had an inalienable right to know at least her reason why.

Whether Hannah had cause most to congratulate or to blame herself in the result we may never know, but the fact remains that Doctor Parker, in the years to come, turned into an ordinary wine-bibbing sinner, so perhaps after all she had an escape, and was in this case blessed by the blight of her homeliness. However that might be, the years to come carried, in their coming, the old lovers farther and farther from each other, so that at thirty Doctor Parker was one of the last men in the known world whom Hannah Haviland, though she had been fairer than Venus, would have cared to marry.

The years as they came, brought, besides, manifold changes to the Haviland farm. Not alone to the grape-vine, which, vigorous and thrifty, put forth leaves, and flowers, and fruit more and more plenteously; which strengthened its feeblest shoots into woody boughs and climbed in its sturdy daring to the very ridge-pole, giving the whole house front a graceful drapery of living green. It was not alone that—

"The sweet brier's arms had wrestled upward
In the summers that were past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last."

Other and heavier changes have broken in upon the old house. Motherly, hospitable

Dame Haviland laid down the burdens of life one day, and found them too heavy to take up again. Paralytic and almost helpless she lingered awhile upon the earth after her work seemed done, as a summer day lingers and lightens the landscape after the sun has gone down. Thus Hannah had no necessity to go abroad seeking a mission and a sphere, but found a ready work brought, not only to her door, but put into her very hands. And she entered upon it with cheerful heartiness, faithfully ministering to every possible necessity of the poor wrecked body, and only thankful that her mind had not been touched in the desolation which had put its terrible fingers upon the Dame.

Then, when a second attack clouded also the mind, leaving it in a dumb trance from which it could never waken this side of the river of death, Hannah still found cause for patient thanksgiving in remembering that the sufferer was no more conscious of her privations and maimed existence, waiting upon her still more tenderly as a charge now wholly in her keeping. For a time yet the breath remained in the body, which showed no other sign of life, as a burnt paper holds for a time the semblance of its old forms and the tracing of its printed lines, then at a touch falls to ashes, so she at last suddenly dropped away from the place that had once known her, and left Hannah instantly and doubly bereft; her hands empty of the only duties she had lived to do. Doubly, for through the months and years of the Dame's second helplessness Farmer Haviland had long before—

"Thrown down the shovel and the hoe,"

had betaken himself to his easy-chair and his fireside corner, sorely beset with rheumatic and the like manner of evil disposed racking pains and weaknesses.

So Hannah had done double service as nurse, bringing flannels and liniments to one patient, while she brought food and every means of existence to the other, lighting up the farmhouse which had been else so desolate, with her homely, cheerful face, better than blazing firelight, better than brightest sunshine, and finding in the comfort of others her own greatest ease and happiness. It might seem that from such a dull existence it would be a release to Hannah to be freed when the two old souls, united in their lives and in their death not divided, were taken within two days of each

other, home to that fair land where the inhabitants shall not say, "I am sick."

Yet even if she had not with them parted from her nearest of kin and best beloved, if there had been no feeling of bereavement mingled with the sense of loss, we can, the least care-burdened of us, dimly perceive what a feeling of emptiness and "vague unrest" must come into the life of one who has suddenly seen her work, be it great or small, taken from her hands and put away forever. Thus bewildered and oppressed by lack of care Hannah looked about her in the first strangeness of her new life, but she was not long in slipping into a groove which seemed to have been left for her and arranged beforehand from the foundation of the world, leastwise from the foundations of the Haviland family. For all this while, out of sight but not out of mind, Hannah had a brother, yea, two of them.

One, married and settled comfortably, with a wife who was a trifle, perhaps, above the angel average, and a goodly supply—in fact a whole quiverful—of children. Merely a few specimen copies, however, of the coming generation, which, before we have had half time to note our bearings, will hustle us, bag and baggage, off the stage into the superannuated ranks of old men and old women, while we are yet, as it were, right in the prime of life. I wax indignant at thought of our hastening wrongs, looking upon these coming men and women with a little dread even now, and feeling constrained to treat them with a degree of incipient respect of which, happily for their manners, they are entirely unconscious.

So, as I was saying, when the obstreperous future prematurely thrust itself in, all this while Harrison Haviland and his wife Harriet, were holding their brief authority, during the inch of time which is allotted to us transitory mortals, before Harrison and Harriet the juniors should arise and reign in their stead. Oh, yes. Of course there was a niche for a good-tempered, deft-handed aunt in such an establishment. Between teething and trowers there can never be a day when such a pearl is not of great price. Never a day when a willing aunt need fold her hands and say, "In the labors of life there is no need of me." Still, though one might have thought so, this was not the niche reserved—

"Never for this, never for this,
Was her being lent,"

For here was a mother, and if that was not

enough, as of course it was not, here was also money to secure nurses, seamstresses and governesses withal. So Aunt Hannah, although a charming addition, was not an imperative necessity to the household of her brother Harrison.

But afar off, from the wilds of Australian backwoods, came a wailing cry which called for her; not one cry, but two, the cries of twin babies, motherless and forlorn. These were the children of Hamilton Haviland, who had spent the days of the years of his life—from the time he was big enough to toddle off the door-stone and run away through the gateway to lose himself in the tall meadow grass beyond, to the moment when he appeared suddenly at the door of the old farm-house with his boys—in ranging and roving up and down the face of the earth. Hamilton had persisted all this while in turning up at unexpected times in unexpected places; so this abrupt visitation was not so unaccountable a surprise to Hannah, who had hardly set her house in order from her last labors of love and of nursing. So she opened her home and her heart to her little nephews, and found again in them an object in life, a mission, a career.

During the last years of the old people one might have thought Hannah was fit only for a nurse; but now, seeing her in this new position, one would have said, decidedly, that she was born to romp with, train, teach and provide for little boys. Without doubt in twenty situations, each quite unlike the other, Hannah Haviland would have carried herself with equal aptitude, doing thus with her might whatsoever her hand found to do as becometh one who goeth to the grave in which there is no work, nor knowledge, nor wisdom.

For fifteen years, while the father went back to his old wanderings, she lived for and in her nephews; then the nestlings were fully fledged, and so, having a little heritage of their father's roving disposition, flew away. One joined the army and the other the navy, leaving Hannah alone again at only forty-five. Just in the full-blown prime of life, whatever you pink-lipped, unformed little Miss, not yet past the teens, may think, with your wise opinions, and your affectations of womanhood. In a century, in a cycle, in an eternity of ages, what is a score, more or less, of paltry years? The days of the most ancient, the veteran of four-score and ten, the patriarch among patriarchs, what are the few days of the very eldest of us

that you should put on airs of superiority, mincing and stepping daintily for pride of your youth, you who sprung from nothing but a point of time ago?

So in the full-blown prime of life, here was Hannah Haviland left alone again, with her plain face and her beautiful soul, ready for the next duty which might be put in her path. Nor was it long in coming, for behold the feet of him that bringeth it are even now at her door.

The man who tied a half blind old horse, fastened to a high-backed, springless wagon, to the post before Hannah's gate, was perhaps no handsomer than she, measured feature by feature, but then manly and feminine beauty are such different things that one would not count him as marvellously homely. He was simply a common, ordinary looking man in his very best Sunday coat, which was blue with brass buttons, and had probably been worn at his own wedding, which was ages before as looked at from one stand point, and only just past from another. His hat, probably, had been in fashion at some period, but not within the memory of the oldest hatter. Inside the coat, and under the hat was a hard-working, honest, common-place man. He was named Saul Field, and such as he was, having had the misfortune to bury the companion of his youth and middle age, he had come to offer to Miss Hannah Haviland, himself, his house and farm, (or a third of it,) four cows, six pigs, the half blind horse, and an undivided right in a family of children of the John Rogers number and ages.

To one with his needs "what was beauty but a name?" Beauty was nothing, and capable goodness was all, so it was quite in vain for Miss Clementina Green to settle her scarlet head-dress and smile so blandly from her window. Not that she would have accepted the distressed widower if he had made her the proffer of a division of his cares, but of course he did not know it, and the refraining from tying his horse at her gate showed him sensible and redounded to his fatherly foresight.

"I called up, Miss Hannah," he began, sitting upon the edge of a chair and grasping his hat, as though it were a straw and he were a drowning man, "I called up to see if you had ever felt any call to missionary work."

Miss Hannah stared a little in astonishment, but assuredly she had, for where is the fervent young Christian who has not felt at some period such an impulse of self sacrifice? So universal

is this phase of earnest emotion, that from no seminary or fireside throughout the length and breadth of our land a bereaved missionary, coming home from foreign shores to replace a lost wife, can find a devoted spirit willing to lay down life itself for his sake and the Gospel's but that we hear also, that in her early youth she had felt a longing for this very work. Chiefest among these ardent ones of course was our Hannah. So the question coming now from the lips of Mr. Saul Field, though it surprised her, yet touched an old chord not yet too much untuned for vibrating.

"Because there is missionary work to be done down to my house, and I run in to see if you did not feel any call, that is, if you wouldn't be willing—in fact to know if you would have me," continued Mr. Field, wiping his face with a red cotton handkerchief which he took out of his hat.

So it was all out, and Hannah had had her second offer of marriage. Homely, uncouth, and every way unlike the first, set in its loving alphabet of gems, yet honest and earnest, with a touch of pathos, and if he did but know it, with its strongest plea on its very face.

"I cannot answer you at once. Let me think of it until to-morrow," answered Hannah.

Saul Field hesitated. "I have just been taking my grist to mill, and it won't be done until day after to-morrow. If that will suit as well I will call again then."

"Certainly," replied Hannah.

Mr. Field rose and put on his hat. "I wish you a very good day," said he, opening the cellar instead of the hall door and ducking his head in an awkward attempt at a bow.

Hannah watched him through the yard, and then, after clambering into his clumsy wagon and seating himself stooped over something like a bag of meal, drove along the quiet country road calling out, continually, "Get up, get up," to the half blind horse, in a sort of monotonous refrain, twitching the reins for an accompaniment as he went. Then she left the window and sat herself down to consider. Outside and in, upside and down she turned the subject, as one looks over a partly worn garment in deciding what use it can best be made to serve. She kept herself face to face with the subject a night and a day; then decided that in no other known position could she do so much apparent good as in taking the place of mother to the ten small Fields. But before she thus cast away

all hope of anything better she looked again in the little mirror at the reflected face, which in the changing years she found had grown no more comely, in spite of the beauty one would think might shine through it from within. So with the decision which benevolence and unselfishness made there was, perhaps, the faintest possible admixture of feminine despair which is only a token of her entire Womanliness.

Having once decided, of course forty wild horses could not turn Hannah, much less the indignant protests of Mrs. Grundy; and so after the grist was taken home, and the hurry of corn planting was finished, quite in season for spring house-cleaning, Hannah Haviland became Mrs. Saul Field.

Ethiopian maiden and cultured matron be not displeased. If the story had not been true, your sense of the fitting and love of the beautiful should never have been shocked by so distasteful an ending. In becoming the wife of Saul Field, Hannah Haviland sacrificed her cultivated tastes, and her right to the "great opportunity of leisure," solely from fancied duty to a group of neglected children, and it is not for us in our indolence to pronounce upon the sacrilege of receiving the holy sacrament of marriage from such a motive, surely not an "unadvised or light" one.

Whether or not she had a right to take it, it is certain this step had brought her fairly into missionary work. Not that which called for putting far from her lover and friend and turning the back upon every tree and rod of earth she held dear; which sent her a tedious voyage across seas, and landed her among people who perhaps hungered and thirsted far more for her flesh and blood than for the bread and water of Life Eternal. Not this, but one with less privation, and which was also in a corresponding degree less fascinating and sustaining. There was no romance in removing to Mr. Field's old red house over beyond the tannery, and not even the charm of novelty which might slightly support one in going to a foreign country, where not only the men and women, with their persons and habits, but the very trees and flowers and stars, have a strange aspect, and the mystery and magic of the unknown and the far off smooths down a little the hard ruggedness of self-denial and sharp sacrifice. But no less than they who die at their work in a heathen land shall she receive in the hereafter, as I believe, a missionary's reward.

WORK-TABLE.



SKATING 'JACKET, IN DOUBLE CROCHET.

In arranging this useful article, care has been taken to suit the form to the present style of

dress, especially in the shape of the Sleeve, so few warm coverings being now made to protect the upper part of the arm. The Jacket is of

(748)

one color, and, if preferred, a plain Border may be substituted for the ornamental one given in our illustration.

Materials.—For the Jacket; 1½lbs of 4-ply Fleecy; and for the Border ½lb of a color to contrast. The most durable colors are Claret, Dark Green, or Violet; with Black, Scarlet, or Gray for the Border. The Needle should be Walker's Penelope, No. 000, being the largest size made in steel. In the Border given in our illustration, each point is fastened with a small steel or jet button.

THE JACKET.

Commence by working 72 chain, which is for the length of the front.

1st row—Miss the 1st stitch, and work a row of plain crochet along the foundation chain to the last stitch, in which work 2 stitches both in the last chain, which will increase a stitch; turn back.

The whole is now made in double crochet, that is, putting the needle in *both* edges of the stitches of the previous row, still working a plain stitch. The chain-stitch worked at the beginning of every row is for the selvedge, but it is omitted when single stitches are worked for the shaping.

2d row—Make 1 chain, then in the 1st stitch work 2 plain both in one to increase; work the rest of the row plain.

8d row—1 chain, the rest plain to the last stitch, then work 2 plain in one.

Repeat the 2d and 8d rows alternately 6 times more, the last row being 86 stitches. The straight side of the rows is for the Edge of the Jacket, and the slanting side for the Neck. As a guide for the size of the stitch, the work should now measure 22 inches in length.

Now, to form the Shoulder, decrease at the neck, thus:—

16th row—1 chain, miss the 1st stitch of the row, and work the rest plain.

17th row—1 chain, then work the row plain to the last 2 stitches, then miss 1, 1 plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows 9 times more, when it will be decreased to 66 stitches, the wool being at the slanting side.

86th row—Miss 1, 14 plain, 2 single stitches, turn back, leaving the rest of the row unfinished.

87th row—2 single, 14 plain, turn back.

88th row—Miss 1, 15 plain, then work the plain stitches of the 85th row, which will bring the wool to the straight edge. The Gore at the Hip is now to be formed.

89th row—1 chain, 43 plain, 2 single, turn back.

40th row—2 single on the last 2 single, 43 plain.

41st row—1 chain, 40 plain, 2 single, turn back, leaving 3 stitches of the last row.

42d row—2 single, 40 plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows 11 times more, working 3 stitches less each repeat.

66th row—1 chain, 9 plain; then work 3 plain stitches on each of the 3 stitches left at the previous rows, making in all 45 stitches.

66th row—1 chain, 46 plain.

67th row—1 chain, 7 plain, 2 single, turn back.

68th row—2 single, 7 plain.

69th row—1 chain, 9 plain; then on the 66th row work 1 plain and 2 single, turn back.

70th row—2 single, the rest plain.

Repeat the last two rows 9 times more, working 3 stitches more on the 66th row of each repeat.

89th row—1 chain, 39 plain, and on the 66th row 4 plain, 2 plain in one, turn back.

90th row—1 chain, and work the row plain.

91st row—1 chain, the rest plain to the last stitch, then work 2 plain in one to increase.

92d row—1 chain, 2 plain in one, the rest plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows 8 times more; the increase stitches being for the arm-hole.

99th row—1 chain, the rest plain. At the end of this row make 6 chain.

100th row—Miss 1 and work 5 plain on the 6 chain, then work the stitches of the last row all plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows twice more.

106th row—1 chain, the rest plain; at the end work 18 chain.

106th row—Miss 1, and on the chain work 11 plain, then 2 single on the last row, turn back.

107th row—2 single, 11 plain.

108th row—1 chain, miss 1, 12 plain, then on the lower row work all the stitches plain.

109th row—1 chain, the rest plain.

110th row—1 chain, 2 plain both in the first stitch, the rest plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows 9 times more, the increased end being for the Shoulder.

Then, for the Back, work 10 rows plain, which finishes one-half the Jacket.

Commence again with 72 chain for the other Front, and repeat the whole of the direction exactly the same; when finished, place the last row of each piece together, and join them with

a row of single crochet, putting the needle into a stitch of each side and working them as one stitch.

Sew the slanting sides of the Shoulders together.

THE SLEEVE.

Commence with a chain of 51 stitches.

1st row—Miss the 1st stitch, and work the rest plain.

2d row—1 chain, the rest plain; working in double crochet the same as the Jacket.

3d row—1 chain, 2 plain both in one stitch, then 9 plain; repeat to the end, increasing in every 10th stitch.

4th row—1 chain, the rest plain.

5th row—1 chain, 2 plain in one, then 4 plain; repeat, increasing in every 5th stitch.

Work 7 rows plain, without shaping.

13th row—1 chain, 2 plain in one, 10 plain; repeat, increasing in every 11th stitch.

Work 11 rows plain, without shaping.

25th row—1 chain, 2 plain in 1, 9 plain; repeat, increasing in every 10th stitch.

26th row—1 chain, the rest plain.

27th row—1 chain, the rest plain to within 6 stitches of the end of the row, then turn back; these stitches left are at the straight edge of the sleeve.

28th row—6 single, the rest plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows 5 times more, leaving 6 stitches more each repeat. This finishes one side of the Sleeve.

Commence again with 51 chain, and work another piece the same, then join the two edges together with a row of single crochet.

Sew this Sleeve to the Armhole of the Jacket, placing the shortest seam to the plain stitches at the front.

The other Sleeve is to be made the same.

THE BORDER.

1st row—With the wool selected for the Border commence at the back of the neck, and work a row of single crochet down the left

front, along the edge, and up the other front to the commencement of the row; the stitches should be rather loose, so as not to tighten the work.

2d row—Work a plain row along the single stitches, putting the needle into the upper edge of the single stitch, which will leave the lower edge in front; the corners should be increased to make them lie flat; at the end, turn back.

3d row—Work a plain row in double crochet, the same as the Jacket. In working up the right front, the button-holes should be formed by working 1 chain-stitch, missing 1, and working 12 plain.

4th row—Plain all round, in double crochet. Fasten off.

THE POINTS.

Commence at the shoulder seam of the right side, and work on the edge of the single stitches left at the 1st row, then 2 single on 2 of the stitches; and to form a Point work 15 chain, miss the last 5 chain, and on the remaining 10 chain work 2 single, 2 plain, 3 treble, 3 long; then on the single stitches of the Border miss 8, 3 single (3 chain and 3 single, 4 times); repeat from the commencement of the Points all round, taking care to make a Point at each corner, and that they correspond up the fronts. The Points are to be attached to the Jacket with a button.

BORDER FOR THE SLEEVES.

1st row—With the colored wool, work a row of single crochet on the single row which joins the back of the Sleeve, and continue the same stitch round the Cuff, then turn back.

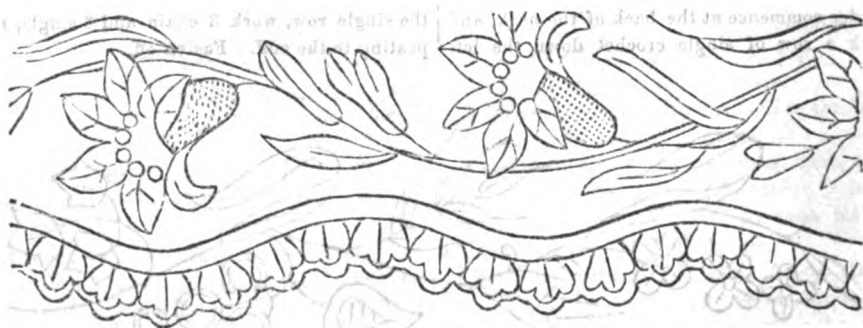
2d row—Work the Points to correspond with the Jacket, but making them smaller; thus, 10 chain, turn, and down the chain, miss 5, 1 single, 1 plain, 2 treble, 1 long; then on the single row miss 3, 2 single (8 chain and 3 single, 3 times). Repeat up the side of the sleeve to the top; then down the other side of the single row, work 3 chain and 3 single, repeating to the cuff. Fasten off.



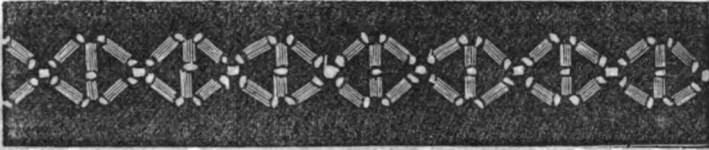


PAPER BASKET.—This useful article, of which every tidy housekeeper well knows the value, may be made simply and inexpensively, yet have quite an elegant appearance. The bag of purple cashmere is attached to the rim of the frame, and a ruche ornaments the inner edge. The decoration may be of Berlin work, similar to that used for window-sills, mantels and etageres in country houses, with woollen or

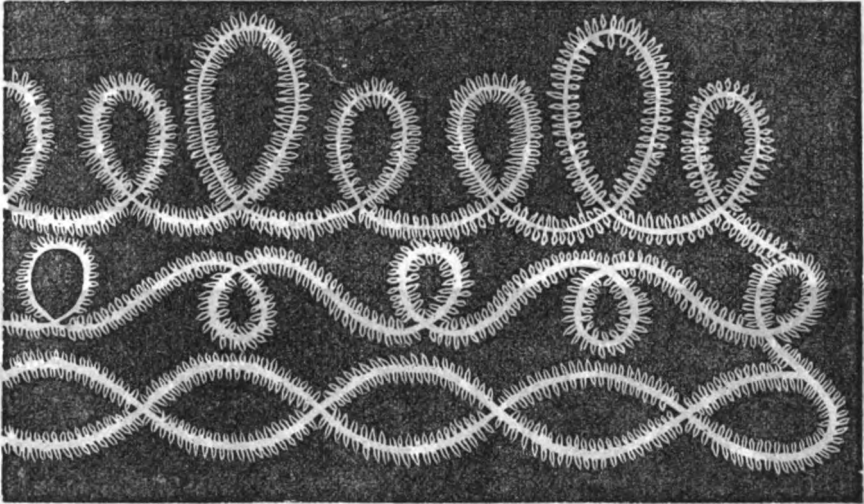
silk cord and tassels. In our illustration it is of gray merino, braided with purple silk braid and silver thread; the central ornament application of black velvet, set on with silver lace, and circled with a design work with black, white and lilac saddler's silk. The rosettes are of purple silk with a handsome button in the centre, and silver cord and tassels.



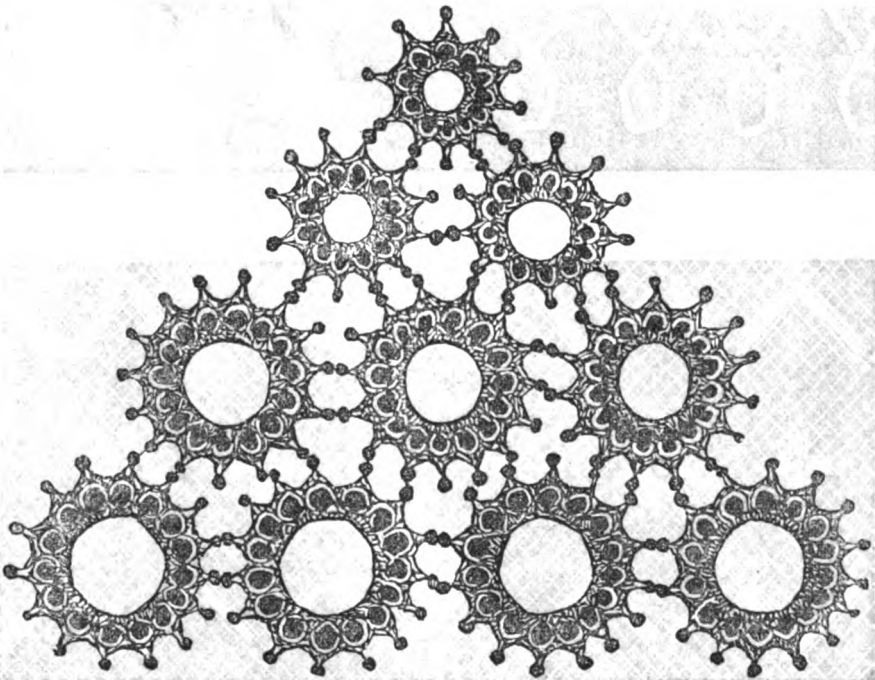
Embroidery.



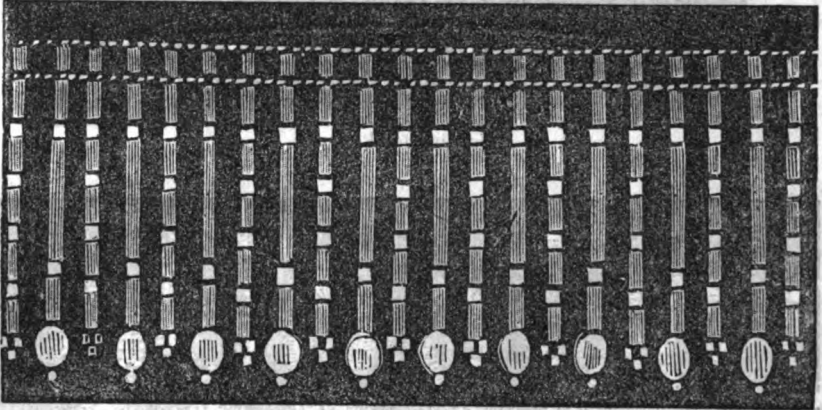
Heading for Flounces.



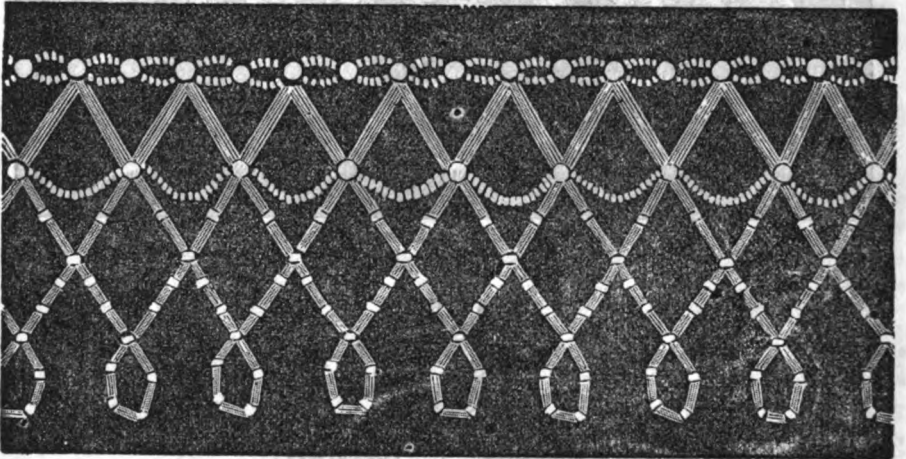
Braid Trimming for Morning Dresses.



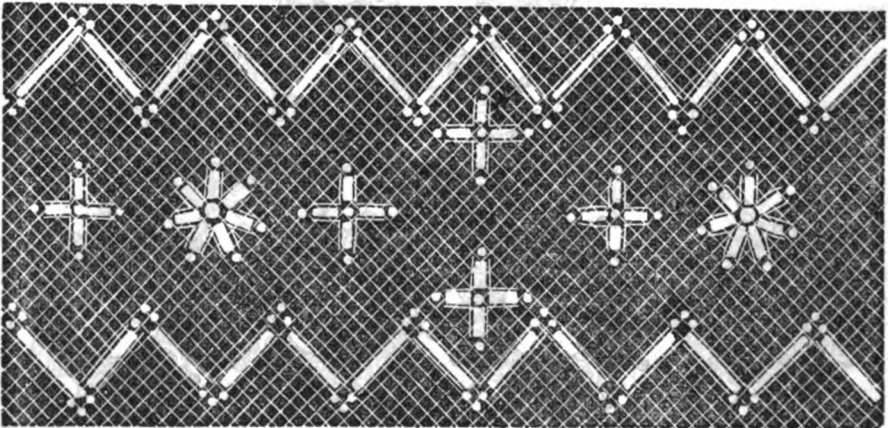
Crochet and Bead Trimming for Skirts of Dresses.



Fringe for Bonnet Trimmings.



Fringe for a Berthe.



Insertion for Evening Dresses.

JET, OR WHITE BUGLE TRIMMINGS.

Materials.—White or jet bugles, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, and $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch, in length; some clear white beads of small size, and some two sizes larger, also some satin beads of an oval shape, and white sewing silk.

HEADING FOR FLOUNCES.

Take a long length of the silk, and thread a small needle at each end of it, thread a large bead, and secure it in the centre of the silk, * thread 1 small bead, and 1 of the shortest bugles, and 1 small bead; take the other needle, thread 1 bead, 1 bugle, 1 bead, 1 bugle, 1 bead, 1 bugle; pass the other needle through the last bugle, the bead, and the next bugle; draw the silk tight, to keep the beads in their proper form; thread 1 bead, 1 bugle, 1 bead; and on the other needle, 1 bead, 1 bugle, 1 bead, and 1 large bead, pass the other needle through the large bead, and repeat from * until you have the required length.

BRAID TRIMMING FOR MORNING DRESSES.

This trimming is made of a new and very fine description of Cordon braid, the size and make of which is correctly given in our engraving.

Trace the pattern on thin paper, and tack it on the dress, sew on the braid and tear the paper away.

This braid is most suited to washing dresses, but may be used for any light material.

CROCHET AND BEAD TRIMMING FOR SKIRTS OF DRESSES.

Materials.—Fine black purse silk, and small jet beads, crochet hook No. 26 Eagle gauge.

Thread a quantity of beads on the silk, then make a chain of 30 stitches, unite into a circle.

First Size Circles.—1st round—Work 1 single stitch under the circle, drop a bead, close down to the stitch, work 1 chain, to fasten it, 2 single, under the circle, drop a bead, 1 chain, repeat until you have 15 beads, 1 single, under the circle, to finish.

2d round—5 chain, 1 single, in a stitch, between the beads, 5 chain, repeat, and fasten off.

3d round—1 single, in the centre stitch of one of the 5 chains, * 2 chain, drop a bead, 1 chain, to fasten it, 2 chain, 1 single, in the same stitch, 2 chain, 1 single, in centre stitch of next 5 chain, repeat from * and fasten off, make 3 more the same size.

Second Size.—Make a chain of 25 stitches, unite into a circle, and work as before directed, you will have 18 beads in this circle, work 8 of this size.

Third Size.—Make a chain of 20 stitches, and work as before, you will have 11 beads in this circle, work 8 of this size. Join the 4 large circles together, with a needle and silk. The wrong side of the crochet will be the right side of the trimming.

Sew the 3 next sizes together, then 2 of the small ones; now sew the rows together, and the remaining ones on the top, make as many of these vandykes as you require, to go round the dress, separate them by one large circle, as shown in the engraving.

FRINGE FOR BONNET TRIMMINGS.

Thread 2 needles the same as before directed, for the heading use the small beads, and the shortest bugles, thread a bugle and pass it into the centre of the silk, thread 8 beads, and 1 bugle; and on the other needle, 8 beads; pass the needle through the bugle, and draw the silk tight; repeat until you have the required length.

For the first pendant, thread * $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch bugle, 1 large bead, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch bugle, 1 large bead, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch bugle, 1 satin bead, and 1 large bead; pass the needle through the satin bead, and up each of the others to the top, then through the 3 small beads in the heading. The second pendant, thread $5\frac{1}{2}$ inch bugles, with one large bead, between each, and 3 small beads for the end, pass the needle through the bugles and large beads, in the same manner as before, repeat from * to the end.

FRINGE FOR A BERTHE.

Thread 2 needles as before, pass on a large bead, and secure it in the centre, thread 5 small beads, and 1 large, with the other needle, thread 5 small, and pass the needle through the large bead, repeat until you have the length required.

For the next row, use the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch bugles, and the large beads, thread 1 bugle, 1 bead, and 1 bugle; miss one of the large beads in the heading, and pass the needle through the next large bead, thread 1 bugle, 1 bead, 1 bugle, and repeat to the end.

For the next row, thread 14 small beads, and pass the needle through the first large bead, thread 14 beads, and repeat to the end.

For the next row, use the shortest bugles, and small beads, thread 10 bugles, with 1 bead between each, pass the needle through the fifth bead, to form the loop, thread 5 bugles, with 1 bead between, miss one of the large beads, in the last row, and pass the needle through the

next; repeat to the end. Make another row the same, passing the needle through the large beads which were missed in the last row.

INSERTION FOR EVENING DRESSES.

This insertion is worked on white quilling net, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width, and must be worked from the pattern, due care being taken to measure the distances so that the vandykes on either side may correspond, and the stars and

crosses at equal distances, also select the bugles of equal length.

Use a fine needle, and silk, at each edge between the long bugles, there are 3 small beads, and in the centre of the stars and crosses, 1 large bead, at the end of the short bugles, of which the stars and crosses are composed, 1 small bead.

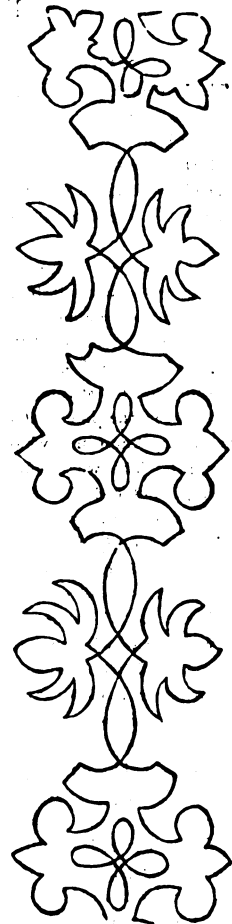
This trimming is slightly frilled on the dress so as to form waves or puffs.



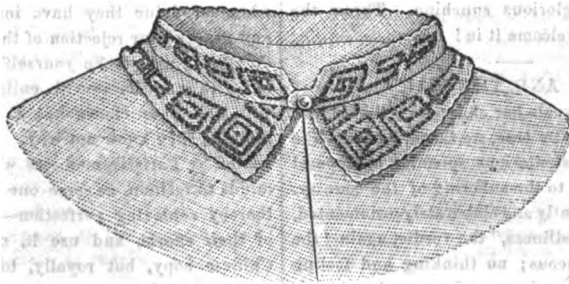
FRENCH ROBE, printed to represent braiding; the prevailing colors being buff, violet, and delicate tints.



THE FLORIAN OR HALF-FITTING PALETOT.—Made of same material as the dress, or of black silk, of which it will take five yards, if of three-quarters width. The seams may be closed to the edge, or left open and trimmed round as in our illustration.



Braiding Design.



Novel style combining the Stand-up and Sailor Collar.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

DARKENED HOUSES.

The heat and glare of summer are over; flies have ceased to be a nuisance; there is no longer any excuse for housekeepers shutting out the light. The mild October sunshine is altogether pleasant and beautiful, yet there are those who in the name of neatness and order refuse to admit the blessed visitant. Their dwellings are regularly swept and garnished, till everything shines with cleanliness; the sun waits without to light up the pictures, to make rainbows among the lustres, to give the last resplendent finish to all their treasures of beauty; when, lo! his royal favors are rejected, the shutters are shot, and the stillness and chillness of the tomb settles over the house that was built to live in. Truly, they know not what they do who shut out the light. The worst effect, that upon the atmosphere, is not considered. How many a fatal cold has been caught by coming in warm from a walk and sitting or lying down in a darkened room! The whole mischief is in the exclusion of the life-giving sun, without which a house is not healthful, not habitable. You do not take cold if the air of the room in which you rest after fatigue is vivified and purified with sunshine. The impure vapors gathering in a close and dark place are what you have to dread, more than the simple closing of the pores from cold. Be as clean as you please, careful housekeeper, but unless you let in the sunshine to complete your purification, your house will only be, as some one quaintly expresses it, "deadly clean." We have entered dwellings, exquisitely kept in every other particular, but from which we have hastened to retreat as from bodily peril. And though your carpets will not fade, the same cannot be said of your children's faces. Hair and eyes and cheeks stunted of coloring, slender and wan and blanched like shoots grown in a cellar, such are the children of darkened houses. Brilliance and bloom and cheerfulness, health of body and mind, are the good gifts of the glorious sunshine. Throw the shutters wide and welcome it in!

DRESS AND THE WAR.

A lady's dress reveals her character; this is true at all times—especially true, we think, in times like the present. An ostentatious splendor of apparel argues insensibility to the suffering of the country. If we see a dress intently and elaborately ornamented, "stiff with lavish costliness," the verdict against the wearer is instantaneous; no thinking and feeling woman could make such use of money in view of the appalling waste of life and treasure going on in our midst. The pledge against superfluity in dress adopted by the ladies of New York (and also of

other places, more noticeable in that city because inordinate expensiveness has been more common there than elsewhere,) shows the general feeling of its glaring inconsistency. The practical working of that pledge will be good in many ways besides the immediate economy. For one thing the ladies will find that they lose nothing by making simplicity an object; that on the contrary they gain immeasurably in the eyes of all who are worth pleasing. The charm of womanhood is lost in multiplied adornments,

"The dazzle of the jewels that played round you
Hid the beloved from me"—

complains Max Piccolomini, when he sees the choice of his heart for the first time as the Princess Thekla at her father's court. It is a mistaken idea that expensiveness itself is a dignity and an attraction; it may be to shopmen, whose practised eyes take in the money value of each article at a glance, which is more their misfortune than their fault, but men in general see the whole effect only. The true man, rough or smooth, with heart and brain worthy an American lady's winning, will not see whether she wears velvet or cotton; or seeing will honor the more whatever radiant effluence of sense, and grace, and spirit throws lustre over the cheap material. The test of perfection in a lady's dress, it has been well said, is that one never knows what she has on.

But, it may be objected, why then present to us the latest and choicest Parisian fancies. Because the perfect result can be thus most surely attained. It is necessary to be aware of the best and newest ideas in regard to dress in order understandingly to choose and to reject. What we trample underfoot as unworthy lifts us a step in the scale of being. Say that you admire magnificent apparel, that "barbaric gold and pearls" are pleasing to your eye; if, notwithstanding, you eschew them as unfitting the hour and the scene, whatever value they have insensibly enters into and graces your rejection of them. If you want to do a thing well, make yourself thoroughly conversant with it. Choose with enlightenment and free-will, and your choice has a dignity that people defer to, they know not why. Take the styles invented by Parisian modistes who give their whole minds to fashion, as some one did to his neck-tie, thereby achieving perfection—take the ultimatum of their efforts, and use it, not servilely as the Chinese copy, but royally, to idealize the plain material you have decided upon as suitable to the times. "Nothing is so cheap as beauty," says Mrs. Stowe, in one of her admirable "House and Home Papers," and what is true of house arrange-

ment is equally true of dress. By adapting your costume to the best of the current ideas you may attain the object of dressing, a pleasing appearance, with the least possible outlay of thought and money.

THE PRESENT GENERATION OF CHILDREN.

It is one of the encouraging evidences of human progress that the children of the present day are superior as a race to those of old times. They may not be as obedient. The old fashion of dogmatic command and blind unreasoning obedience produced specimens excelling in the outward signs of that most important virtue. But we doubt if the difference even in that point is not less real than apparent. A more advanced principle in the management of children, that of self-government as responsible beings, has won its way into general practice, and is bearing good fruit. Miss Edgworth, and the host of able thinkers since her time, have not labored in vain. The rational faculties of the young are now considered from the first, and respected in proportion as they are manifested. And the moral nature has profited by this consideration and kindly culture even more than the intellectual. Children who would tell a lie, or steal sweetmeats, or use unseemly language to their elders, used to be all too common, even among the better classes; now they are hardly to be found in carefully-bred families. They understand what is expected of them, the ideal is ever before them, and they would not so demean themselves. This self-respect, fostering dignity and elevation of character, results logically from being respected—from the substitution of reason for the rod, love for fear. What parent in these enlightened days attempts to rule his family through the slavish sentiment of fear? Why, we are ashamed of the poverty of our resources if we cannot control the soulless animals beneath us by our spiritual power. How much heavier the reproach for barbarism and stupidity if the rude weapon of physical force is the best we can use to train the little ones set in our midst!

We were reminded of the contrast between past and present by an old book, familiar in childhood, that has chanced again to fall in our way—"Divine Emblems for Youth," by John Bunyan; published by Matthew Carey in Philadelphia, 1792. Dear old quaint Bunyan! rough and unrefined, but so aglow with the truth and so penetrated with the sweetness of Divine love, that thy name is fragrant still—how many a good laugh we have had over these primitive specimens of thy verse-making! Penned in deadly earnest as they were, they used to amuse us immeasurably. Their effect was heightened by the appropriate style of wood-cuts that illustrated them, figures with hair standing on end individually, dots for eyes nose and mouth,

and forms such as children draw on their slates—very expressive, and comical in proportion to the tragedy conveyed—how different from the charming designs by Darley and Billings that grace the books for children now-a-days! "Upon the Disobedient Child," is headed by a picture of a mother pursuing her little girl with a rod in her hand lifted threateningly, the moral of which we read thus—such mothers will have such children as surely as effects follow causes. Then come the verses:—

"Children, when little, how do they delight us!
When they grow bigger, they begin to fright us.
Their sinful nature prompts them to rebel,
And to delight in paths that lead to hell.
Their parents' love and care they overlook,
As if relation had them quite forsook.
They snap and snarl if parents them control,
Altho' in things most hurtful to the soul.
They reckon they are masters, and that we
Who parents are, should to them subject be!
If parents fain would have a hand in chusing,
The children have a heart still in refusing;
They by wrong-doing from their parents gather,
And say it is no sin to rob a father.
They'll jostle parents out of place and power,
They'll make themselves the head, and them devout.
How many children by becoming head
Have brought their parents to a piece of bread
Thus they who at the first were parents' joy,
Turn that to bitterness, themselves destroy."

And it ends referring to parents:—

"But now, behold, how they rewarded are,
For their indulgent love and tender care.
All is forgot, this love they do despise,
They brought this bird up to pick out their eyes."

Such children would indeed "fright us." In these days, however, we would not set up exceptional cases of such iniquity as types of a class, nor yet throw back their sin upon poor human nature, but dismiss them with Goneril and Regan, as unnatural, monstrous.

In justice to "the inspired tinker's" attempt to minister to youth, we give a few more specimens:—

"MEDITATIONS UPON A CANDLE.

"Man's like a candle in a candlestick,
Made up of tallow, and a little wick;
For what the candle is before 'tis lighted,
Just such be they who are in sin benighted.
Nor can a man his soul with grace inspire,
More than the candles set themselves on fire.
And biggest candles give the better light,
As grace on biggest sinners shines most bright."

"UPON OVER-MUCH NICKENESS.

"'Tis strange to see how over-nice are some
About their clothes, their bodies, and their home;
While what's of worth they slightly pass it by,
Not doing it at all, or slovenly.

"Their houses must well furnished be in print,
While their immortal soul has no good in't.
Its outside also they must beautify,
While there is in't scarce common honesty.

"Their bodies they must have tricked up and trim;
Their inside full of filth up to the brim.
Upon their clothes there must not be a spot,
Whereas their lives are but one common blot."

"UPON THE SWALLOW.

"This pretty bird, oh! how she flies and sings!
But could she do so if she had not wings?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace;
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease."

"UPON THE SUN'S REFLECTION UPON THE CLOUDS IN
A FAIR MORNING.

"Look yonder, ah! methinks mine eyes do see
Clouds edged with silver as fine garments be!
They look as if they saw the golden face,
That makes black clouds most beautiful with grace.

"Unto the saints sweet incense of their prayer,
These smoky, curled clouds I do compare;
For as these clouds seem edged or laced with gold,
Their prayers return with blessings manifold."

New Publications.

Margaret and her Bridesmaids. By the author of "The Queen of the Country," &c. Loring, Publisher. For sale by Ashmead & Evans, 724 Chestnut street.

A book, as may be inferred from its title, peculiarly attractive to girls. A young lady of good taste, who has read it through with delighted interest, tells us that the real heroine is not Margaret, nor yet any of her bridesmaids, but a certain uniquely charming little Lotty, who wins the reader's heart in the first few pages, and keeps it to the end.

Snook Arden, &c. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet-Laureate. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

A plain tale of humble life and pure, all-powerful love; with an ending that breaks up the fountains of the heart in uncontrollable tears at the simple grandeur of its heroic self-denial—told as only Tennyson could tell it, with a full melodious sweep of entrancing word-music, holding you fast to the end—clear thought and strong feeling pulsing through the lines with the magnetism of life itself. The second poem in the volume, Aylmer's Field, is the Locksley Hall tragedy repeated, with the difference that the victim escapes through the opportune mercy of a fatal fever from the living death of a loveless marriage. From the miscellaneous pieces at the end we quote the first verse of *The Sailor Boy*. What a concentration of life is in the picture!

"He rose at dawn, and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,
And reached the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star."

Azorian. An Episode. By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott, author of "The Amber Gods," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

No writings have a more marked individuality than Miss Prescott's. Her way of thinking, always poetical however fantastic, and her modes of expression, daintily fitting the thought, are so much her own that it would be useless to deny, superfluous to acknowledge, the authorship. The present volume is unusually pleasing. With the characteristics stamped upon others—keen love of the beautiful and the ideal, luxurious, artistic tastes, subtle heats of passion underlying gurgles and graceful im-

aginations, we find in this some descriptions of flowers—the Gentian, the Dog-tooth, the purple Hepatica, the May-flower—that delight us. Those who see not the glory of flowers, only their form and color, might dismiss as a rhapsody, a fanciful exaggeration what is, indeed the very truth about them—a glowing presentment of the airy evanescent charm for which they are loved.

Miscellaneous Receipts.

QUINCE CHEESE.—Have fine ripe quinces, and pare and core them. Cut them into pieces and weigh them; and to each pound of the cut quinces allow half a pound of the best brown sugar. Put the cores and parings into a kettle with water enough to cover them, keeping the lid of the kettle closed. When you find that they are all boiled to pieces, and quite soft, strain off the water over the sugar, and when it is entirely dissolved, put it over the fire and boil it to a thick syrup, skimming it well. When no more skum rises, put in the quinces, cover them closely, and boil them all day over a slow fire, stirring them and mashing them down with a spoon till they are a thick, smooth paste. Then take it out and put it into buttered tin pans or deep dishes. Let it set to get cold. It will turn out so firm that you may cut it into slices, like cheese. Keep it in a dry place in broad stone pots. It is intended for the tea-table.

SPICED PEACHES.—Take nine pounds of good ripe peaches, rub them with a coarse towel, and halve them; put four pounds sugar, and a pint of good vinegar in your preserving kettle, with cloves, cinnamon and mace; when the syrup is formed throw in the peaches, a few at a time, so as to keep them as whole as may be; when clear, take them out, and put in more; boil the syrup till quite rich, and then pour it over the peaches.

CEMENT FOR CHINA.—Into a small bottle press as much isinglass as will all but fill it; then pour in, by degrees, some gin, which will gradually sink in and fill up entirely the interstices left by the isinglass. Keep the bottle in a warm place, but not very near the fire, until the isinglass is perfectly dissolved, when the cement is ready for use. Should it become stiff after having been kept some time, let the bottle stand in a cup of hot water a little while before the cement is required.

PATTERNS OF NOVELTIES IN OCTOBER No.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Half-high Waist, | 25 cts. |
| Trellised Fichu, | 25 " |
| Gymnastic Dress, | 25 " |
| The Florian, or Half-fitting Paletôt, | 50 " |

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—White silk dress trimmed with small volants of tulle. A wide black lace volant with a heading of pleated white satin ribbon forms an *encadrement* in front of the dress and behind. Drapery of the corsage trimmed with black lace; small tulle sleeves. A cherry-colored ribbon falls from the waist on the left side, and passes underneath the black lace, forming two long ends.

FIG. 2.—Dress of mode-colored tissue, the upper and under skirt alike; the latter trimmed with a small volant, surmounted with a gothic ornament in taffetas the color of the dress—the same repeated upon the pelerine. The upper skirt is raised at intervals with bands of taffetas. Straw bonnet with violet strings; the crown composed entirely of violets set closely together.

FIG. 3.—Dress of eorn-colored foulard; skirt festooned with jet buttons fixing a bow of black velvet ribbon. The same buttons are set upon a fold in front of the dress, and fasten the vest corsage. Spanish Jacket trimmed with louns of black velvet upon a heading of the same.

FIG. 4.—Dress of white cashmere, *Mossein de soie* or *Linos*. It is of the *Soutans* form, that is, the body and skirt are cut in one piece without seam at waist. There is a row of small blue buttons all down the front, on each side of which is a narrow blue ribbon, edged on both sides with black velvet, and on the outside with narrow lace. The trimmings on the dress sleeves, are shaped pieces of blue silk, edged with two rows of narrow black velvet, and a narrow black lace, these trimmings at the sides form large lappets, which are continued on to the body under the arms. Leghorn hat trimmed with *Marguerites*, feathers, and black lace.

CHILD'S COSTUME.—Dress of rich brown silk; the skirt open in front *à la tunique*, and having the *revers* lined with green silk and edged with a green *râching*. The body is cut square in the *Watteau* style, and has large square *revers* in front, which are covered with green silk and edged and joined together by a green *râching*; the same *râching* is also carried round the waist; the front is cut in open diamonds, the edges of which are trimmed with a narrow band of green silk. Under the body is worn a *chemisette* of white plaited muslin, and the petticoat is of muslin, trimmed at the bottom by a row of open diamonds, formed of narrow green silk. Hat of white ship, trimmed with green velvet, and having a white feather in front.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A picturesque style of arranging the hair has, by degrees, become an established fashion. For morning toilettes the classical style predominates; the hair is *crêpée* and bound

close to the head, and at the back a large knot is worn; this knot is either combed over a frizette, or distributed into bows or plaits, the single knot or bow being the most popular; and then, colored ribbon-velvet is bound as a fillet round the head—the velvet should run at the top of the back hair, and then flat round the front (either one or two rows, according to taste); a bow of velvet is added to the front round, which bow is not fastened to the band, but is slipped on to it, so that it can be placed at the side or top of the head at pleasure. For grown-up people the flat bow is worn, made of velvet one inch wide, but the *resettes* formed with the narrow ribbon-velvet are still very popular for children. The color of the velvet should always be regulated by that of the dress and trimmings.

A far more elaborate style prevails with evening toilettes; the mass of hair is retained at the back, but the front is scaffolded with tier upon tier of puffs. The effect of these elaborately arranged heads of hair in a ball-room is exceedingly picturesque; they look unstudied, and no two are alike. In Paris, the scaffolding of rolls and bands is crowned with a thick plait; but in London these plaits are not so much affected; the *rouleaux* taper at the top, and look light and feathery.

Both white and colored gauze dresses, embroidered with bugles, are worn. These look as though they were sprinkled all over with dewdrops. Fashion appears to seek only, after what is effective, therefore we see very eccentric things. For example, entire sets of jewels which have the form of padlocks—ear-rings, brooch, sleeve-buttons, bracelet snaps—these are all made of gold, with an ornament of diamonds forming the lock; upon others lanterns figure. Chenille embroideries, although very heavy, are frequently used upon dresses. These latter have at least the advantage of being showy, pretty, and durable.

Plaid trimmings are not so much in favor, they are now mostly used for children's costumes and for sashes. For a young lady, a dress of white muslin trimmed with plaid bows, and worn with a rich plaid sash, has a very charming effect.

Petticoats are now made much longer than formerly, and to be fashionable they should touch the instep; they are now so frequently made from the same piece as the dress, that in reality they form the first skirt, the second skirt being looped up over it, and thus the effect of a double dress is gained.

The bodies of dresses have generally *pointing* jackets at the back. Some of them are of very large size.

The bodice and sash cut in the same piece, is a style of make which is now very fashionable for handsome taffetas and *moiré* dresses for afternoon wear. The bodice is pointed in front, and the side pieces are cut each with a long end to form the sash. These ends are not left hanging in straight

lines down the skirt, but each is again out about two inches along the waist towards the centre of the back, and then pleated with a single pleat; by doing this the bodice and sash are in one piece, and the trimming, which is carried round the bodice, is continued round the ends of the sash. An ornament is always placed in the centre of the back. Velvet ribbon, an inch and a half wide, beaded with black lace edging laid flat upon the material, has been much used of late for trimming self-colored afternoon silk dresses by those who do not wish to go to the expense of gimp.

The ornamental black and colored corsets are very useful. Some are simply braces, waistband, and chatelaine bag all in one piece, made of velvet, and ornamented with steel; others are made with black lace and velvet, and embroidered with jet; some with net, and lace, and velvet; the shape of these is more like a very small pair of stays which fasten in front, than anything else we can think of.

These black ornamental corsets are worn over a white bodice, and are better calculated to assist in finishing up half-worn silk and gauze dresses than any other contrivance we know of. The broad waistbands are at least three inches wide, and are made of the waist-ribbon, which every one knows to be a thick ribbed silk with a satin edge. The buckles to wear with them are at least four inches long, and do not fasten with the double clasp which we have so long been accustomed to, but with the sharp teeth down the centre, in the old style. These wide waistbands and long formidable looking buckles are rapidly becoming general.

Their adoption has necessitated the invention of a new waistband to accompany them—that is to say, a band that will fit the figure. The wide ribbons wrinkle and make uneven folds round the waist, anything but pleasing to the eye. The dress-makers have, therefore, found it necessary to make a waistband which is cut to the shape of the figure, with small strips of whalebone inserted between the lining to keep it in its place—in fact, something like a small pair of stays. If pleats are made in the band exactly as they are made in the front of the bodice, then the band will fit perfectly. These waistbands are made of either the same material as the dress or of black *gros grain*, and are trimmed with narrow black ribbon-velvet edged with white.

Butterflies are very popular ornaments, and are made in a variety of materials. When composed of mother-of-pearl they are used for hats, and are placed in a *pen* of velvet for the centre of the brim. When made of gauze, and lined with tinsel, they are worn in evening head-dresses. They are also made in black lace, and these are sewn upon the corners of collars and upon the cuffs of white sleeves; they are embroidered upon pocket handkerchiefs, and even upon table-linen.

Broad ribbons are not confined to waistbands, but

are also much worn upon hats—especially by girls from ten to fifteen years of age. A broad black ribbon-velvet is carried straight round the hat and tied at the back, where it falls with very long ends; a small feather, a humming-bird in the centre of a bow, a bouquet of flowers or grasses—any small simple ornament is then placed in the centre of the front.

Bonnets are now made on an entirely different plan, expressly to suit the manner of dressing the hair. The falling crowns, and the apologies for curtains, have gained a decided victory, for as many bonnets are now made without a curtain and with a soft crown, as with stiff crowns and curtains. They are usually embroidered with either jet, white, bugles, or straw, with a fringe to correspond round the edge. Not so long ago, these white and black nets, embroidered with beads, would have been apostrophised as trumpery when used for bonnets, but now-a-days they are worn by those who lead the fashion.

Natural flowers are fashionable for bonnets and hats. Upon the latter, the flowers are placed in a bunch in the centre of the front, and the gardeners now daily set aside the most beautiful rose in the garden, or the most precious hot-house production, for certain of their favored customers.

Colored gauze and tulle are used for trimming morning caps instead of flowers and ribbons. A *hériçon* of this colored gauze is placed at the top of the small cap, and a bow of the same upon the hair at the back. This bow at the back should consist of two long falling loops with ends of the same length. The empress also wears for evening head-dresses colored gauze in her hair, but then it is usually mixed with diamonds or flowers, and proves very soft and becoming to the face.

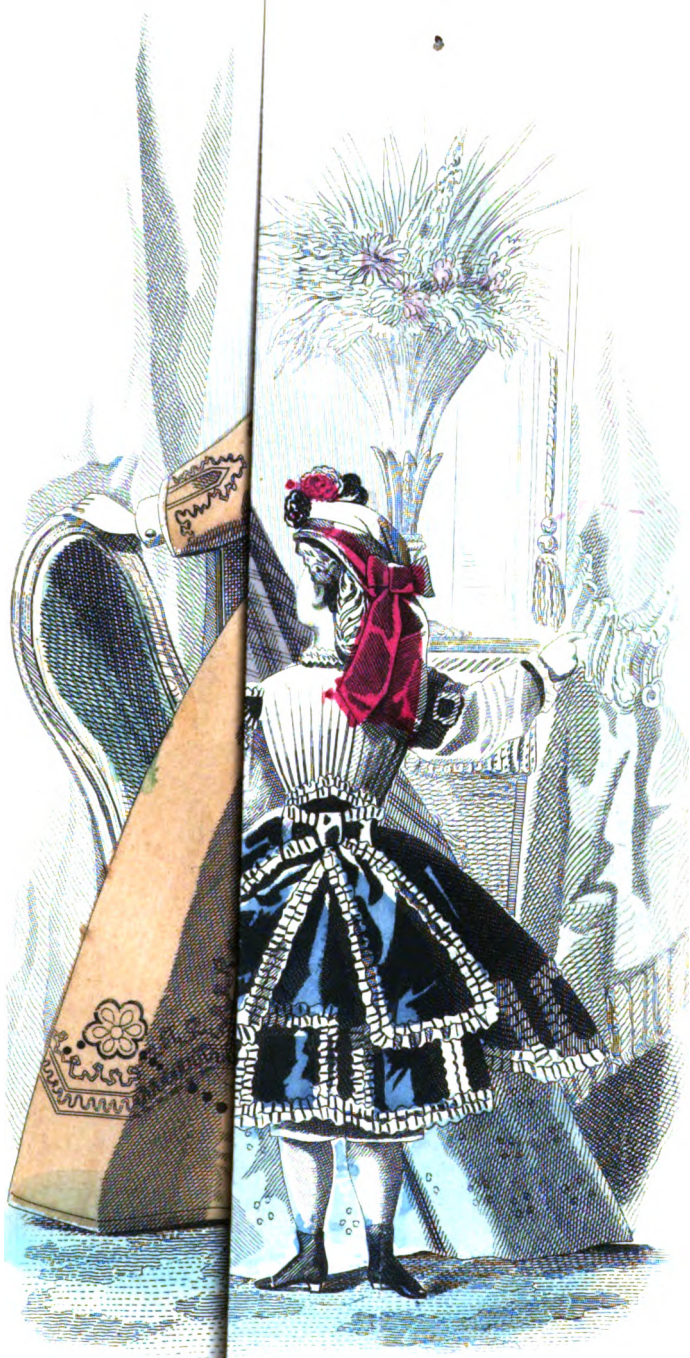
Bows of all styles are greatly in favor at the present moment; they are placed upon the shoulder, at the back of the bonnet instead of the curtain, upon hair nets (at the back, and falling very low); they are also much used on *lingerie*.

Gloves for evening dress are made rather longer than the usual two-buttoned glove, and are laced with fine black or colored silk cord from the wrist to the top, the ends of the cord, which are about four or five inches long, being tied in a bow, and terminating in a small silk tassel. The lace-holes are metal ones. The gloves are made in white and all light colors, the latter being now more fashionable than white for evening.

The sewing-machine proves a most useful invention to aid in making the elaborate toilettes of the present day. To ornament with a profusion of stitching and braid, such as is now generally seen upon both outer and inner garments, would be an impossible feat without its aid. The dresses, ornamented with applications, are amongst the introductions brought about by the sewing-machine.



THE LITTLE GRACE



Emma.

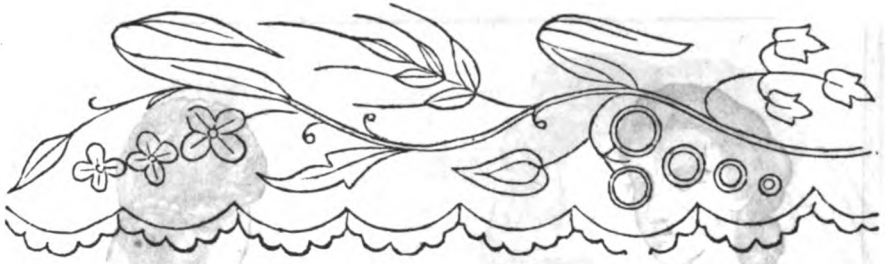


THE COUNTRY JACKET.—This is suitable for young girls. It may be made of brown linen or piqué for summer; for the present season, of gray alpaca or merino, the ruche of blue silk, and the bands of blue velvet or of black edged

with white. It would look well also made in black silk. It is worn with a pleated chemiset, and is fastened in front with hooks and eyes, the buttons being merely ornamental.



DRESS OF MODE COLORED FOULARD, trimmed with bands of black silk edged with black lace, and crossed with an ornament composed of black lace flowers and leaves; those at the base of the skirt finished with a silk tassel. **Casaque** made of the same material as the dress, similarly trimmed.



RIDING DRESS, back and front view, with a double point in front, and postillion basque.



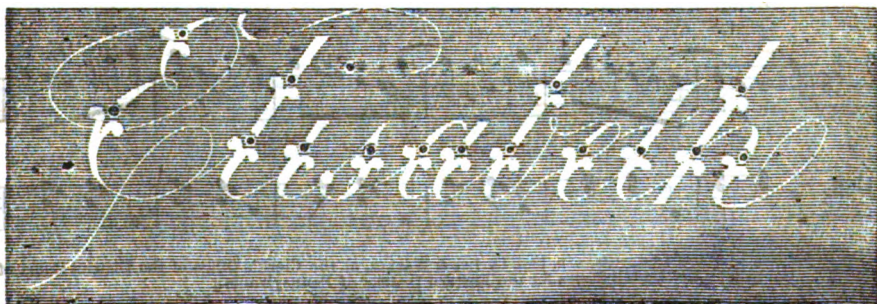
HIGH WAIST WITH BASQUE. (Back and front view.)



Name for Marking.



BASQUINE for a young girl of twelve or fourteen. Made, like the dress, of dust-colored
foulard, trimmed with rows and bows of black velvet ribbon, and with mother of pearl buttons.



MARQUERITE WALTZ.

Arranged by

J. A. GETZE.

Furnished for the LADY'S FRIEND, by Messrs. LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Prelude.

PIANO.



Waltz.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1864, by LEE & WALKER, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(764)





THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1864.

[No. 11.]

"FAITHFUL FOREVER."

BY LESLIE WALTER.

While Napoleon was yet in the zenith of his power, all France participating in his glory and proud of his fame, a young peasant girl from Arles came up to Paris to bid farewell to her soldier lover, enrolled in the "grande armée," and to spend the period of his absence in learning a trade in one of its many milliners' shops, then, as now, the most celebrated of their kind.

Arles is famous for its beautiful women, whose ancestry is said to be enriched with a little Spanish blood; which declares itself in the small exquisite foot, the black southern eye, full of softness and fire, the slow, gliding grace of step, the elegant contour and carriage of the head and shoulders. Add to these the tall, straight, slender shape, the sparkling smile, the gay and graceful wit, the ready intelligence of the French woman; and one begins to comprehend their inherited claims to admiration.

These Southern natures ripen early; at fifteen their beauty is in full bloom, and they are as calm in consciousness, as majestic in self-possession, as at five-and-twenty in any other part of the world, ready to accept or reject homage, to receive and return love. Therese Montanvert—more beautiful than most of her countrywomen, and not less impassioned—at sixteen had given her heart away to a young vine-dresser, the neighbor friend and playmate of her childhood; who was just old enough to be included in the conscription a few months later, and after a hasty preparation in Paris was to march thence with his regiment not many days after his enrolment.

Therese had her own little plans, worthy of

an older and wiser head. She was an orphan and alone; no one had any special claims on her; her partial descent from the impoverished branch of an old and noble family, though it might entitle her to be proud of their hereditary virtues, had been of little other advantage hitherto, and was likely to be of less in the newly revolutionized state of the republic. She determined, therefore, with no false shame barring her way, to follow her lover to Paris, and employ the time of their separation in acquiring a profession by which she could support herself while awaiting his return, and succor him if the fortunes of war should send him back to her wounded, crippled and helpless. Moreover, news of the absent heroes, swiftly and surely received in the capital city, would be long in reaching the provinces, and vague and uncertain when it arrived there, and, to her impatient mind, a day's delay in the receipt of tidings from a battle-field quite counterbalanced any disadvantages in the change of residence. What was life to her but a sojourn and a probation till she saw him again—a lapse of time, a waste of existence, comprised between his departure and his return? What did it matter where and how she spent that dreary interval, that insupportable void—whether her tent was pitched among strangers or friends? To Paris, therefore, she resolved to come.

Her beauty and intelligence soon procured her a place in the establishment of a first-class modiste, where she was to remain on merely nominal wages till she acquired skill and experience, deserving of more. The mistress of the shop, inwardly determined to reimburse herself in the future, allowed her also to spend

a small portion of each day in the week which remained to them with her lover, who, by unusual favor escaping the stern discipline and strict surveillance under which the conscript soldiers were held, passed the precious hour thus allotted for their meeting in strolling by her side through the crowded boulevard, where, isolated by their grief and love, they felt as much alone among the hurrying throng as in the green bowers and flowery meadows of their native Arles. Hand in hand they wandered vaguely on, absorbed in a dream-like emotion, half pleasure, half pain, unconscious of the notice their youth and beauty attracted, and only pausing sometimes to ascend the steps of some wayside chapel of the Madonna, whose ever open doors invite the worn and weary, to lay their burden of care and sorrow at her feet, who has tasted deeply of both.

Jean Bertrand was not ignorant of the double risk he ran in leaving Therese, of which indeed every glance at her lovely face reminded him; but he was quite powerless to prevent it, and could only shrug his shoulders after the French manner of deprecating the attacks of fate, and prefer to his patron saint the most hearty and incessant petitions for his benevolent interference. They could not marry, for the French laws on marriage were more elaborate and complicated even than at present, and required time, credentials, and fees, which the lovers did not possess. Therefore they could only solemnly re-betroth themselves, standing hand in hand before a favorite image of the Virgin, and promising most fervently and sincerely, with every form of words that could make such vows binding, through years of parting, poverty or pain, through every change and vicissitude that time could bring them, together or apart, to live for each other only, to wait, and hope, and love, and trust, and be "*Faithful Forever*."

Many men would have placed little trust in the vows or declarations of a beautiful girl of sixteen, about to be left in a gay capital, unwatched of friend or guardian; but Bertrand had confidence not only in the honor and constancy of his betrothed; he knew the stock from which she sprang, the land from whence she came, and looking into her deep dark eyes he read there a promise of faith and truth unalterable as the words her fervent voice repeated.

When they left the confessional, in which each had ratified the vows just made by reciting them in the ear of a listening, unknown

priest, Jean took the girl's small hand in his and suggested one by one the doubts the confessor, more worldly than himself, had instilled into his mind.

"The father says I shall be long away, Therese," he faltered.

"I shall await you here."

"You will be exposed to many perils, so young, so beautiful, alone in a strange city."

"God will take care of me."

"I, too, shall be in great danger of never returning to protect you."

"He will watch over you also," she whispered.

"Perhaps I shall come back wounded, enfeebled, an unsightly cripple."

"I shall be the more proud to become your wife."

"And if I die?"

Sobs and weeping interrupted her answer. "I shall be a soldier's bride, the widow of a hero."

"But if, so widely separated, you remain uncertain of my fate?"

"I will wait."

"For days, for weeks, for months, for years?"

"Forever!" Her Spanish eyes lighted at last, and flashed out from her tears like stars at sea reflected in dark depths. "We said it before the Virgin, but my word would have been enough—I am of the blood of the St. Croix, who never forget a friend or broke an oath. Were we ever known other than faithful or less than true? Come when you will, or how you may, you will find me waiting, unless death comes first!"

And Bertrand believed it, and, brave and proud as he was, he did not disdain to crave her pardon or deprecate her anger. But she had forgotten it with the passing words, and, clinging to his arm again, remembered only her sorrow, and showed the roses in her childish cheeks, blanched with bitter tears. Two days later he departed, and pressing a first kiss on her innocent lips, felt their warm breath revive his sinking heart as she whispered, "*Faithful forever!*"

The career of triumph ended so disastrously, was then only just begun, and the eagles of Bonaparte swept victorious through Egypt, Italy and Spain, through Germany, Austria and Prussia. Intoxicated with conquest, no pause was given, no rest allowed; furloughs were granted only to the invalided; and strong in a good constitution, and fortunate in

his choice of a patron saint, who performed the duty of protection in an exemplary manner, Bertrand was hurried from climate to climate without an illness, from battle to battle without a wound. At intervals, a battered scrawl came to Therese, written in her lover's unclerly hand, or that of some fellow soldier, and sometimes on a pay-roll, or in an army-list—for he was a subaltern officer now—she could read at least the name of her beloved, not yet copied into the black record of death. Then came the dreadful Russian expedition, whose horrors so few returned alive to tell. The flower of the French army strewed the frozen soil of Muscovy—the peasant and noble, chief and vassal, the proudest and the poorest, huddled in an indiscriminate mass of starved and slaughtered humanity, lay piled beneath the snows, and pinched beneath the frosts of the most inclement climate in the world. Among the few who escaped this ghastly burial and wandered back to France, was not Jean Bertrand, nor could such of his comrades as survived, give any news of him. Benumbed by cold, weakened by famine, stupefied by suffering, they had hardly noticed his absence, or remembered when it began. Thousands had perished, why not he? What was one man among so many. "France has lost another brave soldier, that is all," they said to Therese, who, pale and steadfast, questioned the returning Guards. "She needed him more than you, mademoiselle. Take another lover, and forget him!" But the missing soldier's love, who had grown a stately, handsome woman now, only looked at them half scornfully, half pityingly, with her dark eyes, and simply answered—"You know not what you say—I shall wait for him, and he will come."

So year after year she waited, growing more beautiful and more pale, yet with a proud coldness in her beauty that became it well. For she had many suitors, not only of her own bourgeois rank, but from stations high above her, whose born nobles desired to raise her to the position she would so well adorn. She was a prosperous woman, too, having worked her way up to be principal of the establishment in which her lover placed her, and pre-eminent among the dressmakers and milliners of the capital. The court ladies came to her, the city dames followed, custom flowed into the little dark shop, and golden pieces into her money-drawer. Her loveliness and her coldness made her a sort of celebrity, whom men praised and

toasted, and about whom they quarrelled and fought duels in vain. The poor private's betrothed was true to her trust, and when youth, and beauty, and celebrity had departed, respectability remained. Fashions changed, broader and gayer streets contained finer magazines, newer modistes, but Mademoiselle Montanvert could not quit her old stand when custom fell away from it. She only took down her useless sign, and dismissed her unneeded assistants; then investing her earnings in the most reliable securities, lived on alone and patient, confidently waiting for her soldier's return.

And where then was he? Somewhere in the interior of Russia, a poor, half-starved, half-frozen soldier, crazed with a wound in the head, and saved at first to amuse his drunken captors, toiled for years among the serfs, on a vast inland estate, hardly conscious of his sad fate, and thinking only of the food that satisfied his hunger, the fire that warmed his body. Two sentient points alone remained in his feeble, darkened mind—love for Therese, and for his cross of the Legion of Honor, bestowed by the emperor's own hand, for a deed of heroic valor, during the drear march to Moscow. He had made for this, and for Therese's love-tokens, an artful hiding-place among his tattered rags of uniform, and even in sickness and delirium, guarded them with a never-failing instinct of vigilance and cunning. What powers of intellect he still retained, were devoted to this concealment and to keeping his vows of loyalty to both, unbroken, in an enemy's country, seeming with peril, and not devoid of temptation.

The family of peasants who, half from pity, half from stolid indifference, kept the crazy invalid left on their hands by a party of Russian soldiers, would have had little claim upon his gratitude had he been in a condition to feel it. They suffered him to lie on one of their bearskin couches, dirty and neglected, through the long nights and miserable days of his fever, tossing in helpless pain, or lying quiet in muttering delirium. Youth and an iron constitution, however, prevailed, nor less, perhaps, the vital energy of a mind which even in ruin and disorder, governed the physical powers by the strength of its ruling passion, and defied death himself to break the vow that bound the parted lovers, or to keep forever sundered those who had promised, with faith and truth unsullied, to meet again. So, weaker than a

child in body and spirit, the wounded hero struggled back to life again, in spite of the draughts of abominable cabbage soup and sips of fiery brandy, with which his hosts sustained their own sturdy frames, and nourished him during his convalescence.

Feebleness and suffering had not entirely destroyed Jean Bertrand's masculine beauty, and as his health and strength returned, he began to find favor in the eyes of his host's only daughter, a stalwart Tartar damsel, who had viewed the sick man with contemptuous indifference while he lay prone in more than feminine weakness; but seeing him gradually redevelop into a dashing dragon, found herself moved by tender pity for the lonely foreigner, in proportion as he recovered his good looks. She did not let concealment feed upon her damask cheeks, but when his health and her regard were firmly established, she stated the case, according to the custom of her nation; nor did the damask vary while she spoke. Her parents were free; they possessed some little property in flocks and herds, which would become hers in time, and she the handsome Frenchman's, if he would, in spite of the difference in their race and religion. Accepting, he became her husband, and the son of her parents, living in freedom and honor; refusing, he remained a slave, and a prisoner of war, liable to be subjected to the most barbarous treatment, or even to be put to death, at the pleasure of those whose property he became. She made this clear, even to his enfeebled mind.

Jean listened vaguely. She was a beautiful girl with the beauty of her country; tall, straight and strong; a stately step; an elastic carriage, a flood of rich black hair, a high complexion, a keen glance. His dark eyes had often followed her admiringly, with an innocent, childish admiration, that had perhaps tended to fan the flame she now confessed. But her words fired a train of long dormant recollections, and in simple speech, half proud, half melancholy, eked out by gestures, he told her the story of his love, and made her understand how absolute was his devotion, how irrevocable his vow. Weeping with emotion, he knelt and kissed her hand, and implored her to use whatever power her position gave her, whatever interest her love, to send him safely back to his adored Therese, from whom Fate had too long parted him; and to the sovereign, scarcely less adored, who needed his services

still. Few women of a civilized race, I should hope, would have been unmoved by this ingenuous appeal, or by the pitiable condition of its author; but the Russian girl proved adamant or steel; she was not only naturally indignant at his preferring another to herself, but vexed that a sentiment so idle and visionary, for an absent person, whom it was almost impossible he should ever see again, should stand in the way of the real and practical advantages she offered him. Her affection ended in a way not unusual to such natures, by an impulse of hatred, in which Bertrand was sent to join the serfs of the nearest estate, and be ill-treated by them—the slave of slaves.

Protected by the darkness with which Heaven had mercifully clouded his mind, from realizing all the privation and suffering of his lot, he lived through years of this existence, and toiled faithfully for his unknown master, without thought or hope of escape—sustained by his vague, unreasoning faith in Heaven, and in his beloved, and in the promises they had exchanged of being reunited again. Sold or gambled away to new owners, he was found to possess much manual dexterity, and taught a trade, and was finally hired to the government with several others, as ship-carpenters, at enormous wages, and sent to the capital.

Here he found a countryman, a slave and a prisoner, like himself, and powerless to aid him except by a clearer brain, a spirit less submissive and resigned. Their intercourse was rare, and conducted with extreme caution, but the sweet accents of the mother-tongue, and the friendly interest and affection of his new comrade, restored Bertrand to some of his lost intelligence and energy. He was a middle-aged man now, prematurely worn and broken by toil and suffering, with but few traces left of the spirited and dashing young soldier, whose daring bravery had won the emperor's favor. There was something strangely affecting in these marks of age in one who should have been in the prime of manly vigor, and who still retained something of the splendid beauty which had distinguished his youth. In his grave, gentle manner, in the soft melancholy gaze of his full dark eyes, in the very weakness of the noble mind which still clung in faith and hope to its idols, through years of suffering and separation, his new companion found a powerful appeal to his chivalry and affection. He vowed to help and protect his poor countryman, and bring him safely home again.

Jean was silent and reserved by nature and habit; he worked on quietly, and did as his comrade bade him. Their communications were necessarily brief and rare, and they were carefully restrained from approaching French vessels; but at last, being sent to work near an American one, found friends among the crew, and sympathy, and help, and pity. They were taken secretly on board at the very moment of departure, the ship spread her white wings, and bore them from the scene of their captivity forever.

They landed in New York, to find it frantic with excitement at the breaking out of a war, and for the first time heard true news from France. Jean wept bitterly over the defeat and overthrow of his emperor, his captivity and his misfortunes, but could not believe in his death. Poor soul! he thought all minds were disordered on that subject but his own. A recruiting officer took advantage of this hallucination, and enlisted him to fight for his cross and its giver, with the proviso that he should first go back to Therese. His comrade was absent while the deception was effected, trying to procure means for their actual return to France, and finding his indignant attempts to rescue his poor friend unavailing, nobly enlisted to take care of him. The captain who commanded Bertrand found him a treasure, he recovered his soldier-like bearing and habits, was neat, obedient, active, upright; a model automaton on parade; brave as a lion in battle. They promoted him from the ranks and made him a subaltern officer—his friend also received a commission besides the one self-assumed, to watch over him. The two fought side by side throughout the war, and were found on the hard-won field of its decisive battle lying together, bathed in blood, one dying, and one dead. By the loving care of his men, the little life lingering in Bertrand was cherished and preserved; they left him in gentler hands than theirs, and many months later, he woke one morning, saved and restored, but an invalid and a cripple for life, in the Sisters' Hospital at New Orleans.

He had his full senses now, poor fellow! but they availed him only to realize the vast gap between his past and present life, and the waste of years that separated him from his love. He never feared for her constancy, but sometimes a shuddering dread of death seized him; it had been so cruel to his idols! It had conquered the mighty emperor who had con-

quered the world, how should a poor weak girl escape? It had taken his close and constant friend, that gave up home, and country, and life itself for his sake, how could that loving woman have lived and suffered through all these lonely, silent years? The good religious women had hung a little crucifix above his bed, and a picture of the Virgin—to hasten his cure, they said. He shared their simple faith, and used to pray many hours of the day and night, for the intercession of the gracious Mother and her Son, in favor of his beloved. If she were dead, he prayed to die too, but mostly asked that they might both live, and keep their vow. Meanwhile, an unworldly peace soothed his long troubled mind, and set his poor heart at rest. His cure progressed rapidly; his gentle nurses ascribed it to the holy influences they had invoked upon his sick bed—he himself did not doubt the miracle and felt new hope. The habit of faith and patience was strong in him—again he rose up, and went out into the world of men, submissive to his lot, and sure that on some sweet future day his vow should be fulfilled, and he and his beloved meet once more, beyond the pain of parting.

The sisters' aid and influence set him up as a barber, for he was expert with his fingers in many ways, and soon learned his new profession. His countrymen came to him; genial, kindly, and agreeable, chatting in the dear mother-tongue, proud of Napoleon's brave soldier, who bore the Cross of Honor on his breast. Others were attracted by the noble, gracious old man, whose white moustache and hair, and dark, melancholy eyes, and the plain dress he wore with stately grace that made it seem finer than many a new uniform, were in such striking contrast to the sparkling Order, and the brightly-colored miniature of a beautiful young girl with brilliant eyes, and red lips blooming like rosebuds, that hung about his neck. The French are fond of sentiment, they rather liked this display; but those who called it frivolous, or affected, little knew that to the old soldier, these tokens were dear and sacred, as the relics of patron saints, and that he needed to wear them very near his poor brave heart, to keep faith and hope alive.

He never told his story to any, for he had heard his compatriots scoffing at the constancy of woman, and knew with what doubt, and pity, and good-natured incredulity, they would listen to the tale he had to tell. His chief friends were among the children, pretty little girls

whose ringlets he trained and trimmed, as they sat upon his knee; but who—infant skeptics as they were—gave his faithful heart many a sharp pang, as they prattled about the decorations he wore, in their odd American-French.

"Qui est-elle, Monsieur?"

"Thérèse, my child."

"Does she live?"

What it cost him to smile and say, "yes," with a secret prayer to the saints that it might be true!

"Elle est belle—furieusement belle. Est-elle mariée?"

"Non."

"Ne pourquor pas?"

"She will marry none but me."

"Mais vous? You are too old, Monsieur, your beard is white, and she is but a young girl."

"She has promised, and will keep her promise."

"Where is she, then?"

"In France."

"She waits you there?"

"She will always wait."

"She has waited how long?"

"Forty years."

And then the laughing children would scream and clap their hands, at the droll stories Monsieur told them; and he, with momentarily heavy heart, would put them gently down from his knee, and go for his favorite walk on the banks of the great river whose waves rolled seaward, mingling with the green ocean that washed the shores of his native land. He whispered fervent prayers as he went, poor worn, patient heart—the pious words cheered and solaced him. Not long before he would come back, serene and hopeful, with peace again in his troubled breast, and his sweet, melancholy eyes.

Three times he saved almost enough from his earnings to carry him to France, and again and yet again, sickness or disaster, or the charity he could not refrain from lavishing on others poorer than himself, swept his little hoard away. At last there came a day when standing at his shop door, he saw one of his playmates and favorites, thrown down by the wheels of a passing carriage, and in danger from the horses' trampling hoofs. Feeble and crippled as he was, the brave soldier rushed to rescue her; the child was saved, uninjured, but her preserver was cruelly hurt. He was borne away to a hospital, and the little girl sent home to her parents. The tide of city life

flowed on. At dusk, the sufferer, lying alone, fevered from his wounds, half delirious with excitement and agitation, and hopeless now for the first time, of attaining his grand object, felt his poor mangled hands bedewed with tears, and found the parents of the rescued girl, weeping beside his bed. They had sought through the city for him, they brought him comforts and luxuries innumerable; they besought leave to take him home with them; they begged for his confidence that they might know how best to serve him. Their emotion swept away the barriers of his reserve; he told them the story of his life; they listened and wept. As soon as he was able to leave his room, they thanked and blessed him, and his little favorite kissed him good-by, in the cabin of a vessel bound for France.

All the long voyage he could hardly eat or sleep, though he was feeble still, and but half recovered from his injuries. His long patient heart rose now in eager, irrepressible rebellion, his warring pulse beat with the quick blood of youth. He paced the deck all night, wrapt in visions of the past and future; or leaned against the ship's railings, watching the foaming waves that sprang away from her bows, and marked each moment the progress made towards home. The passengers tried to interest him in conversation; he listened gently and courteously, but spoke little in reply; his eyes were always fixed on the dim sea-line, looking landwards, looking towards home. The French on board the vessel, returning after what seemed to them a probation in a foreign country, admired their compatriot's noble presence, and grand melancholy manners, his honorable scars, his decorations; and gracefully hoped they might be of some service to Monsieur, on reaching his native land again, after an absence no doubt long—how long? they politely prayed him to tell them.

"Forty years."

The chattering exiles were suddenly silenced; he had not sighed, he had not smiled, nor turned his eyes from their long look seaward, as if his heart were in that gaze; his voice was low and even, unbroken by the sharp accents of anxiety or impatience. That they were sickening for the sight of land beloved, they had daily vowed—what had this great heart felt, that was beating so quietly at their side?

They landed at last, and the custom-house officers, touching their hats respectfully to the cross on his coat, left the old soldier's small

portmanteau untouched, and bade Monsieur "pass on." It was his passport, all through France, where bustling landladies ran to show him the best rooms, and glib waiters served him deferentially with the choicest of the table d'hôte afforded; and mothers by the wayside, held up their shouting children to see the brave scars and decorations of the veteran returning home. Rough railway officials lowered their voices and bent their heads as he passed, in honor of his age and his suffering; and men and women thronged around him eagerly to welcome him back to France. He had gone away with Napoleon, he simply told them, and they did not ask him whence he came, or where he tarried, but only bade God speed him, and helped him on his road. So he came to the capital.

Mademoiselle Therese—called Madame, by courtesy now, and St. Croix de Montanvert, by those who knew her half patrician origin—lived still in the same little shop where her lover had left her, in the time of the First Emperor. Not a board or nail of its front was altered; the sign bearing the name of its former mistress, that had then graced it, all gilding and flourishes, disgraced it still, with its worn and faded legend, though its owner had long had another tablet to her memory in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise. The dark old building was the only blot on the brilliant street, otherwise completely remodelled by the new sovereign; and Madame Montanvert had been obliged to use all her own influence and that of her customers of rank, to procure the privilege of so keeping it. Most of those who knew the faithful Arlesian's reason for this tenacity, had passed away, but the tradition was handed down to those who succeeded; and hundreds of fickle and frivolous people, admired and respected her noble constancy. Her grief made her sacred, her piety and charity made her revered, her gentleness and goodness made her universally beloved, her melancholy and gracious beauty charmed and touched the hearts of the most ignorant and careless. Many years ago, she had newly re-fitted the whole interior of the house with great taste and elegance, especially a little bridal boudoir, furnished with white satin, and ornamented with emblems of Napoleon, and his victories, which had remained unaltered, through all the political changes that succeeded. The boudoir was never used, the bridegroom never came, the bride never inhabited the apartments intended

for her; yet they were not kept closed and locked, but ready for occupation, and open to the air and sun. The rich furniture, well made and chosen, was not yet faded, though long since out of fashion; the wreaths on the carpet were as fresh as ever, untrodden by intruding feet; the costly lace curtains grew handsomer with age; varnish, and paint, and paper, still looked fresh and new; birds sang in the cages, and flowers bloomed in the vases; the little house had been ready for its master—forty years.

In the plain front room, that had once been the shop, and in which was made no alteration, Madame always sat with her work, by the window. Here she sewed and knitted for the poor, and dispensed alms, or received the ladies of rank who had been her customers and came to call on her, not apologizing except by her sad sweet smile, for they who knew her, knew well that she could not live away from that window. Here came her little favorites among the children, and clustered about her knees, neighbors with gossip, and the poor with complaints; she listened in her gentle way to all, but rarely took her eyes from the window. Just above was her own chamber, with a casement looking the same way, and beside it a little oratory in which she prayed many hours every day, though I fear, poor soul! she could hardly keep her eyes turned whither her prayers were directed. She was always watching for her soldier; she prayed for his return; she did not doubt that he would come at last; she never thought he could be dead, she knew he would not be false; he had promised, and would keep his promise. She scanned every form that passed by, thinking it might be his; so had she scanned them every hour of every day, of every year, so, in faith and patience had she thus watched and waited—forty years.

Always, at the first dawn of day, she eagerly flung open all the shutters, and looked up and down the long street with a hopeful light in her eyes. In the last falling shades of dusk, she slowly closed them with a gentle sigh, and placed a lamp behind to burn all night, not trusting to the city gas lights, to show him the way home—in case he should come. One morning she stood at her door as usual, looking up and down the road; the sun rising opposite, cast its full glow on her graceful head, crowning with bright gold the black wealth of her hair, in which scarcely a silver thread was yet mingled, tinged with pink reflections the pale

oval of her cheeks, and defining the slender, stately outline of her figure, lingering in the silken sweep of her lashes, the light of her sweet eyes. It was a delicious summer morning, fragrant, cool, and clear; a day to inspire hope, and joy, and confidence. "He will come," she softly murmured to herself. "He will surely come at last!" She felt, as she looked, for a moment, the lovely impassioned girl her lover had left standing in that same place on the dark threshold of the door. A halting step sounded on the pavement stones, over the way; some one was then lingering there watching her; but the sunshine dazzled her eyes—she could see nothing. She put up a slender hand to shield them; the figure wavered, hesitated, crossed the street, came nearer; it was an old man, bent and crippled, with white hair.

How can I have the heart to tell, that the sol-

dier, living, tarried but one day, in the home so long made ready for his coming? How can I tell that the bride perished without her veil and crown, and lay in the satia boudoir paler than its linings? How can I bear to write that the great hearts long worn with pain and patience, broke with sudden joy, and that death kept the only feast that was held for the wanderer's return! They had much suffering here, and little joy at last; but I know they are counted "faithful," for they kept troth and plight, and broke no vow, and lost no trust in this world or in Heaven. Where they have gone is happiness that atones for all; and in the beautiful place that the French call "the garden of God" is kept to their memory here, a marble slab that bears their names and the legend,

"FAITHFUL FOREVER."

SPIRIT STRIVINGS.

BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Lean out, my weary soul, from thy lone chamber,
And drink the welcome, the refreshing showers
That steal so softly down the skies of amber,
Incensed with perfume caught in heavenly fountains.

Look where yon moon has swelled above the billow,
And fringed the clouds with sprays of diamond
light;
The lake beholds her now—and e'en the willow
Nods gentle welcomes to this queen of night.

Higher, still higher up the vault she presses,
And grows in beauty, grandeur and display;
The night has gathered up her sable tresses
Before this bright orb's vivifying ray.

Ah, weary heart, sad heart, to thee is given
A destiny as lovely and as fair
As the sweet moon, that sails the purple heaven,
Lifted so far above this world of care.

Thou too must upward soar, and strive and labor
Amidst temptations that beset the soul;
Arm thee with helmet, take the shield and sabre,
And fight the battle, and pursue the goal.

Up, up! thou pilgrim to the heavenly Mecca,
With staff and sandal climb the shining way,
And go unquestioningly, as did Rebecca,
To meet thy Isaac in the realms of day.

Beyond the tides of this uncertain river,
This fickle stream, which we have christened life,
There is a Sea, upon whose breast forever
Our barks shall wander, free from storm and
strife.

And as the moon, within the sapphire gleaming,
Moves ever onward with resplendent face,
In that bright haven of thy fondest dreaming
Thou'lt roam unfettered the clear steeps of space.

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTE SHEFFIELD.

Do not our dear ones wander lonely,
Even amid the bowers of bliss?
The lips that drink the wine of heaven
Remember touch of earthly bliss?

Oh! what were heaven with all its pleasures,
If those who loved us, love no more?

If cold and dim, they walk uncaring,
For aught that chanced on earthly shore.

Oh! earth with all its varied trials
Were dearer, than such phantom bliss,
For that is heaven where loved ones gather,
And missing that, we all things miss.

GETTING UP TABLEAUX.

BY HATTIE THORNLEY.

You know how wild I was to have you come to Cedar Glen this season, instead of going to that stupid, dressy, fussy sea shore, that your brother Tom insisted on as the only thing for your headaches? Well, it was partly because I knew the Finches, Ella and Carrie, were coming here, and you know what sweet girls they are, though I must say they have not done exactly as I wished in one respect—but I'll tell you of that in a minute or two.

The Coltons, you know, are exceedingly genteel, and only take the right set to board, and it's very refined and expensive, and all that. This summer the party was larger than usual. Besides that tiresome bridal pair, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, and her sister Jenny West, there is a delightful selection of gentlemen, which you and I know in these trying war times is a rarity; that was one reason why I was so angry with your brother Tom—it was quite a chance, you know.

Mr. Edward Eyre, to begin at the beginning, is perfectly exquisite; his father is in the wholesale trade, but he has been brought up to a profession, without any occasion for pursuing it, which gives him such a charming air of conscious power and all that. Then there's Jack Flutter, Bessie Brown's cousin; and Mr. Ringwood Grover, the bachelor, reputed so wealthy, that Mrs. Bond made so much of among her young lady guests last winter. Sally Lynn and Minnie Brierly came with their aunt, Mrs. Elwood, and her pretty daughter Grace.

When you introduce yourself to all these, and remember your humble servant and her pest of a brother, Jim Thornley, you know us all.

Poor Jim! I actually hate him when I look back on his conduct during this past month; his mission seems to be to drive me demented, and he accomplishes it nobly. When I wrote to you last, I told you of our boating parties; they were charming, until Minnie Brierly became angry about Carrie Finch's monopoly of Mr. Eyre, and Bessie Brown and Mr. Grover criticized Mr. and Mrs. Wallace's affection, and Jack Flutter forsook Grace Elwood for her cousin Sally. This occasioned a good deal of miffing, so we dropped the sails and tried early rides, till we were sunburned and looked like

Ojibway Indians. Then I sprang the grand idea of tableaux, and I must say that I never got any credit for originating it; they all said they had just been thinking of it, and all that; you know the way they do in such cases. Now Jack Flutter reads well; you know how he distinguished himself at the conversaziones, where no one had a word to say, and he read Dante so grandly; so I proposed we should do "Coltine's Ode on the Passions," and Jack was delighted to read the poem while we showed the pictures.

Wasn't that a capital plan? You know that I look well in blue—in fact it's my color—and I thought it would be so nice to be Hope. I had the dress—a delicate blue illusion over soft silk—and I relied on that torment, brother Jim, to make me an anchor, for you know he went to New York by sea once, and should know something of ships.

The parlors at the Glen are spacious, and we asked Mrs. Colton's advice about a curtain, platform, back ground, &c.; but she had never even heard of tableaux, and for a long time thought they were disreputable arrangements, in some way allied to model artists. What a shocking idea—was it not?

There was an old barn door that was stowed away in the shed, and the two men who work round the house promised to put some trestles under it for a platform; then we got some green baize for a cover and curtain, and the mechanical part seemed complete.

The only particle of honor they gave me for being the first to propose the thing, was that they elected me managersess. "Oh yes, do let Miss Thornley take charge of things," they said, and "Hattie knows all about it," and all that sort of thing; but really I was the only one that did, except dear Mr. Eyre, whose suggestions were invaluable.

The only drawback in the early stage of our arrangements was the arrival of the elder Mr. Eyre; and though he is a very venerable person, and I cannot look at him without a feeling of filial reverence, yet I really wished the wholesale trade had detained him in town, for he was cross about his dinner, and took cramps at the most aggravating times possible.

Mr. Eyre was to be Fear and Anger, be-

cause his eyes are so splendid, you know, and he is altogether formed in a classic mould. Mr. Rover was to be Revenge, because he had a magnificent bowie-knife presented to him in Washington by a member of Congress from Alabama. He is personally rather mild and fat, but he said he *could* glare, and of course we were obliged to believe him, particularly as he didn't seem inclined to lend his knife to any one else.

Of course it was dreadful to be reduced to take our Jim for Joy—but what were we to do? he's a handsome fellow enough, and there was no one else to get except Mr. Wallace, and he and his wife reduced to one could express nothing but extreme sensibility.

I didn't say I expected to be Hope, but I showed them my dress, and intimated that it was just the idea for the representation. Now what do you suppose Sally Lynn had the effrontery to remark? You would never guess; no, not even you, who can remember how she bought up the last scrap of that lovely shade of blue to prevent my having anything as becoming as her when we went as Flora's nymphs to Mrs. Bond's fancy party. Well, she said just as calmly as I write now—though it fires my blood to think of it—"You'll lend it to me, Hattie, I suppose, for I wouldn't have time to make one for the character, and I am the best representation of Hope here; am I not?"

Did you ever know such insolence?—and her eyes a dull gray, too. No, you never did, and nobody ever did—but I'm glad it happened, as I'll tell you. I was above any spite or envy, so I just said—"You're so sallow that blue makes you ghastly—but it's very kind in you to take the part without any consideration for that."

She only laughed—impudent thing—and declared that Minnie should be Melancholy, and wear black, so as to let cousin Grace choose between Pity and Cheerfulness. Don't you think that was making it all in the family? But I was determined that Bessie Brown should spite her, so I declared she was the proper Cheerfulness, though, as you know, she has a constant neuralgia, and a dejected expression in consequence. I let them settle the rest as best they could, and concentrated my energies on the wardrobe; it was dreadfully scant, and we were reduced to pitiable make-shifts; but it was such fun.

I got a lovely bow and made a quiver that was wonderful, though that mean little wretch,

Jim, constantly mistook it for a pasteboard coffin. I had one comfort, however, I would not let him touch an anchor for Hope; if she *would* take my blue dress, I deprived her of that, any how. Jim said he could no more have made one than he could have produced a model of St. Peter's at Rome; but he should have done it had I set my mind on it—in fact I could have made one myself with a walking-cane and half a hoop.

I found that Mrs. Elwood had suggested Grace for Music because her hair was fine. Now what on earth has music to do with hair? But I had made up my mind to say nothing, so I only smiled and remarked that Grace was given to giggling, which might be considered by some injurious to pictures. You know how she grins at everything, and I felt sure she would distinguish herself—but wait, and you shall hear.

We got the curtain made and commenced rehearsing. Jack read the poem through first, and we thought nothing could have sounded better, so before proceeding further we determined to invite guests, and sent over notes to Willow Grove, where half a dozen city families were staying.

Music, to commence with, had no lyre; there was nothing in the house but an accordeon; we tried that, but it didn't seem to carry out the idea, or look at all classic. "If I had some white pasteboard and gilt paper, I think I could make one," said Mr. Edward Eyre, with a sweet, delightful, diffident smile.

Now was that not charming? So we got the materials, and he began to cut and plan, when his horrid old father took a cramp, and he had to drop everything and run with Jamaica ginger.

Grace Elwood looked at the design he had sketched, which was really very much like a lyre, at least it was more like a lyre than it was like anything else, and she burst into such a vulgar fit of laughing that I felt dreadfully for her.

"I shall die of it, I know I shall," she said, "I never could stand up and hold that thing as if I didn't know it was ridiculous."

Mr. Eyre came back in time to go on as Fear, and he made a splendid appearance, for the afflicted old gentleman is very obstreperous when in pain, and grasps at whatever comes near his hand, which sometimes happens to be his noble son's luxuriant locks as he filially stoops to rub his limbs. Poor Mr.

Edward Eyre! though it is hard to have one's hair pulled, he looked just sufficiently wild and distraught for Fear, and made a great impression on us all. Bessie Brown drove me wild by mistaking the proper expression for Cheerfulness. I suppose it's the neuralgia, but I couldn't have made her look buoyant if I had flayed her alive.

I will give Minnie Brierly the credit of being a good Melancholy. She sat upon a rock, which was a collection of stools covered with green baize, to make believe moss; and although my brother Jim did his best to make her laugh by his antics as Joy, she looked as if she had lost every hope on earth. She afterwards told me it was the agony of sitting on slippery, unstable arrangements like the stools, that were all of different sizes; it was very fortunate for her that she was so uncomfortable, for the expression was complete.

I had made up my mind to do nothing but help, just to show Sally Lynn my opinion of her piratical behaviour, in appropriating my blue dress; but Mr. Grever insisted on my being Pity, and kneeling to his Revenge in such a complimentary manner, that I was forced to consent.

Old Mr. Eyre acted malignantly in having cramps just whenever young Mr. Edward was needed in the rehearsal, and my ill-starred brother thought it very comical to bellow—"Janet! Donkeys!" whenever a message came to that effect. The Willow Grove people sent word they would come, and begged permission to bring some new arrivals; so we looked for quite an audience, but did not mind it, as everything promised well. Jim got a violin for Joy, and made himself a tasteful laurel wreath to wear. He had sent to town for a page's suit of white silk, and had got some one to sew ivy leaves round the spangled border, to give it a rustic air. Carrie and Ella Finch worked really very hard, and although they laughed outright when they mentioned Bessie Brown as Cheerfulness, yet they "gemmed her buskins," with large pearl beads, and did all they could; but she was really provoking. When I got the things all ready to try on, she objected to the whole arrangement. "Why, I shall look like the sign of the 'Indian Queen,' she said, in a whining, distressed tone; "and what are those things hanging on my gaiters?"

"That's morning dew," I answered angrily, for she seemed bent on kicking it off.

"It doesn't look like it," she said; "and

these dangles," she alluded to the sprays of blossoms we had arranged to fall from her head, "feel like worms."

Encouraging, wasn't it? That wasn't all; I had the sweetest, softest white mull imaginable for Pity; I never saw anything sweeter than it looked under an illusion veil and my floating hair; but it became tumbled owing entirely to that horrid creature, Jim, who pretended to get shockingly alarmed at Mr. Rover's ferocious expression and knife, and rushed in, and dragged me off, shrieking—"Oh, spare my sister! shed not her innocent young blood!" just as if he had lost his senses. Then he trembled violently, and feigning to recollect himself, he cried—"Is it all fancy? Oh, thank Heaven! but what an artistic triumph of Mr. Rover's, to look so terrific and implacable! My heart beats wildly as I recall the glare of his eye." He might have been a fool in welcome, if he hadn't chosen to tumble my clothes; but when he got through mauling me out of the reach of Mr. Rover's knife, I was so creased and jammed that I could have cuffed him well for it. But girls daren't have a bit of temper where gentlemen are concerned, so I had to smile and look placid while I felt—you can imagine how. The cook at Cedar Glen is an aggravating creature, but she was ready to promise me an iron and the ironing-board to do my dress on, because, like the rest of those creatures, she is as curious as can be, and wanted to know all about what she called our "diversions." While I was smoothing it out, half a dozen came to the door to ask this and that, and so I got flurried, and what with the heat and being perfectly unused to such work, I actually ran the iron smack through the skirt, and made a frightful rent, that caused me to scream right out, although I saw Mr. Edward Eyre in the dining-room. So I had to give up all idea of Pity, and Carrie Finch came forward with an India muslin that she never named before, and offered to take my place. It seemed like a design, didn't it, never to speak of the white dress till mine was ruined? but those Finches are deep, although they seem so smooth. I felt generally exasperated, but having my professional skill, as one may say, at stake as a manageress, I determined that the Willow Grove people should know nothing of our mishaps.

Wednesday came, the appointed evening, and one thing I noticed particularly, which was that Minnie Brierly and Sallie Lynn were in

constant consultation with Mr. Edward Eyre, whose papa was provokingly free from cramp just then, and gave him a better opportunity to devote himself to them.

Did you ever notice a certain kind of people that can do nothing but stare at you? Everything you say or do is an eye-opener to them. Well, that is the style of Jenny West, Mr. Wallace's sister. She was always being trodden on in rehearsals for she would get as near everything as she possibly could, so that in retiring back you had to step on her. She made herself a nuisance by continually repeating the words—"How funny!" before everything, and every one wished her a thousand miles away, I'm sure.

When evening came, and the guests began to assemble, we were in wild confusion, for although I had implored them to keep their things in order, yet Revenge had mislaid the carmine to make his drops of blood with, and Music's lyre was lost behind the curtain; besides its taking us a half hour to gather up Melancholy's tears that she had dropped while waltzing with Joy. At last, we were all ready when that blessed Jenny West drove us frantic with her mere "childlike simplicity," as her sister called it, though I considered it diabolical stupidity. We had got Music in an attitude, and with her ivy wreath and lyre she really looked lovely, when Miss West began her usual feat of retiring backwards, gazing on her as if she had been a Gorgon. Presently she stumbled against the foot-lights, and knocked them over against the curtain, which instantly caught fire and blazed up furiously. Jim sprang to the rescue with an old piano cover, and put it out and dragged it down in no time, which being the only sensible thing he ever did in his life, I know you will be pleased to hear.

But think of us: there we were without a curtain, everybody alarmed, Joy all streaked with black, and that stupid Miss West fainting. Jack Flutter explained the disaster to the audience, and begged for a little patience on their part. He had a table and shaded lamp to read by, close to the door on the front parlor side, and order being partially restored we replaced Music on her pedestal, and rang the bell that warned him to begin reading. He began, I suppose, for we heard a faint, weak, piping sound, but could distinguish no words. "Louder," cried Mr. Wallace, who was going to draw back the doors. The trembling sound

ceased, then recommenced a little more audibly, but Mr. Wallace far from being satisfied with its strength, said, "Speak up Mr. Flutter," in a tone so eminently encouraging that Music laughed till she was red in the face.

Admonishing her to keep her countenance I gave the signal for the door to open as Jack made his third essay, in which we could now barely distinguish the words, "When Music, heavenly maid, was young." The two door-shifters tugged at their respective handles, but only produced a slight jarring in the frame-work; they were locked on their parlor side early in the day and had not been open since. Mr. Wallace addressed Jack through the key-hole, "You'll have to unlock the door," he said, "and start the reading again, please."

Poor Jack, it was a blow to his style, for he read with an inspired air, highly at variance with door opening. Still he did as he was desired, and had just got the first words of, "When Music, heavenly maid," uttered, when a cry in the background of "Mr. Eyre's, cramps, quick, ginger!" doubled up the heavenly maid in a paroxysm of laughter, in which position she was shown, with her lyre crushed under her arm and her wreath fallen over one eye.

Wasn't it shameful! after so much trouble, too; she needn't tell me that she couldn't help it, that the very fact of poor Jack's pitching his voice for the curtain, and not being able to comprehend the necessity for increased power to pierce the doors, was enough to make any body weak, laughing. I heard it all and never smiled, but some people have no self-command. I had enough to do to think of Fear, who was making mustard plasters, and dare not leave his frantic parent's side. Mr. Wallace buttoned up his coat and pushed all his hair up, saying, he would do it. It was very kind, but he hasn't a ray of expression. There was not a moment to lose, so just as Jack said, "When Fear his hand bewildered laid," the doors opened again to display the poor man looking a frantic prey to all manner of expressions in his effort to get the right one. The audience was shamefully merry, and their laughter was quite unrestrained. "The gentleman who lost his carpet-bag," announced Jim in an audible tone. "That's it," cried a young fellow from the Willow Grove, who ought to have been his twin brother, "and he looks it to perfection."

This made Melancholy laugh, and when they were showing her she giggled till she tumbled off her rocks and fell on her tears, which were glass, and cut her arms. Served her right!

But Cheerfulness had to get frightened. Oh, of course, it wouldn't have been her, if she hadn't got up a fuss, and she thought something was wrong and got nervous, and trembled so that the "nymph of sprightliest mien" looked as if she were condemned to the gallows, and her face was drawn with—she said it was neuralgia—but it seemed just intentional spite to spoil the picture.

Jack Flutter was in despair at the mirth of the audience, and I was perfectly wild, for to add to the other troubles, Mr. Edward's father had had a lull in his pain and he came back to be Anger, but Mr. Wallace who had practised the expression at the glass, vowed he would "go through with it, as he had taken the thing up." While they were disagreeing about it, Hope got into trouble through Jack's trying to retrieve the pictures by his elocutionary powers. There was quite a quantity of descriptive reading between some of them, and while Hope was waiting, he indulged in a good deal of dramatic effect, waved his hands, rolled his eyes and lost his place. When he again recurred to his book he began at Cheerfulness, instead of Hope. I could not really feel sorry for Sally, knowing how ruthlessly she acted about my dress, but when the doors unclosed and she heard that it was another goddess that was being described, her bright expression turned

to one of dismay, and she tripped down in fear and trepidation, to the astonishment of every one, just as Jack discovered his mistake and began to read in the right place. Pity was a beautiful figure, and the only thing one could see in the tableau to criticize was that Revenge forgot to be ferocious, and looked smilingly and affably towards the audience, to their unbounded delight. The way Mr. Wallace conducted himself was perfectly shameful, and I really blush to write it, but he and Mr. Edward Eyre got on the stage at once, and neither would give way to the other, so they showed them both together glaring at each other like wild animals, and the people from Willow Grove called it the gem of the evening. Jim's Joy came last, and I was too perfectly distracted to see it, but they say it was provokingly nice. Just to think of it—all the trouble I had, and the worry, and wear and tear of spirits I've gone through, to be so served. But the truly annoying part is to come. Sally Lynn sympathized so thoroughly with Mr. Edward Eyre that he told her the hue of her dress and her character were both bewitching, and Fear was lost in Hope! Did you ever! Mrs. Elwood has written for Mrs. Lynn to come down for a week, and you can imagine how things look when I tell you that she actually makes mustard plasters for that dreadful old Eyre's cramps, and Ella Finch told me this morning that Carrie and Mr. Rover are engaged. Now that I think of it, 'twas just as well you didn't come, for what would have been *the use*, you know.

CLAIRE.

BY JULIETTE H. BEACH.

Come, sweet, I will sing you to sleep;
Too tired, little darling, to creep;
Then lift your white hands, and my arms
From harms
And troubles, the baby will keep.

You're a musical name, baby Claire,
And the color of gold is your hair,
And your beautiful eyes, when they smile,
Beguile
The heart of your mother from care.

You are dimpled, and dainty, and sweet,
From your head to your pink and white feet,

And you talk in your curious tongue
Among
The angels you used to meet.

You have been with us—is it a year
Since we welcomed you first, little dear?
A year since the angels have kissed
And missed
The beauty that blesses us here!

Fall, snowy lids, over sweet eyes,
Sweet eyes blue as midsummer skies,
Sink, pretty one, into your nest,
And rest,
Dear truant from Paradise!

A TURN IN FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

Continued from page 721.

CHAPTER V.

There is no end to the changes that can crowd themselves into the space of five years; and they had been many and varied in the Delaney family, where time had taken his revolving flight so often nor paused to note the number of his journeys. Christmas had passed and the new year come again, but another party made merry at the "Ridge," now it was their home no longer. London life was so charming at the first taste, years before, that Arthur could not persuade his much admired, and therefore much delighted wife, to leave its fascinations, and so they had become people of fashion, and lived in a style that was very grand, but neither prudent nor economical. Delaney, who was naturally neither wanting in judgment nor decision of character, yielded to the desire of his wife, not through conviction of its practicability, but rather because she seemed happier and more contented thus, and that loneliness or dependence on each other's society had begun to pall a little on both. Two years of rivalry in lace and diamonds, made Mrs. Delaney an extravagant woman, so the Ridge was heavily mortgaged during the third year of her London experience, and before the fourth had commenced, Arthur Delaney, Esq., through the influence of his half-uncle, the old Earl of Landsmere, went out to India as Resident at some English station, leaving her a little faded, very much shattered, and entirely spoiled by gay living. Lady Betty Ryan's house received the wearied beauty, who had vowed to live secluded during her husband's absence, or to join him as soon as she grew strong enough for the journey. Neither event took place; the seclusion was unendurable, and Lady Betty, the venerable, was such a good chaperon, that it was impossible to give up the world with no reason on earth for doing so. As for the strength, it positively declined returning; so Arthur Delaney had a year of India life all to himself, when five years had come and gone since Peg Donovan left his old home, the Ridge.

It was one of Lady Betty's evenings at home, and her fair charge, still young and pretty, had

arranged herself on her own particular sofa, a little out of the glare of light, that had become too much for shadows under her handsome brown eyes. Shading them yet more with a Spanish fan she held, she bowed smilingly to a pretty girl who hurried towards her, exclaiming in a breathless whisper—"Oh dear Mrs. Delaney, mamma is bringing one of the handsomest ladies to-night you ever saw. She comes from Paris, and knew the Barrys there. She brought us a letter, and we've persuaded her to come with us. Ah, here she is!" The speaker, Miss Ellen Erskine, turned to the doorway, from which her stately mamma advanced, leading her *protège* up to Lady Betty for introduction.

"She is handsome; what is her name?" inquired Mrs. Delaney, with unusual interest.

"Mrs. Morrison," returned her young friend, adding in a whisper, as, after getting through with Lady Betty, they approached the young lady, "I forgot to tell you she's a young widow. So interesting, is it not?"

The object of pretty Ellen Erskine's admiration was a tall, fair young lady, with a face sufficiently handsome to justify a much colder critic; but though brilliant in complexion and symmetrical in feature, it was the warm, bright beauty of her expression that made her greatest charm; that, and an exquisite taste and grace in the arrangement of her dress and bearing of her form, made her distinguished even among handsomer women. She bowed low before Mrs. Delaney, and a bright light seemed to spring and glitter in her eyes at the sound of her voice; but it was one of that lady's dull evenings, and beyond the merest commonplaces she had nothing to say; so her guest, after a moment or two, was hurried away by her friends to be presented to some of the "dozens of people who were dying to know her."

The evening was a gay one to all but Mrs. Delaney, who somehow resented the beauty and brilliance of the stranger that every one began to rave about. There was something annoying in her manner, she could scarcely tell what, but it was enough to prevent her being fascinated as the rest were, and to Lady Betty she confided these conclusions the morning after-

wards as they were alone together in the drawing-room, the indefatigable old lady knitting and she lounging industriously.

"Well, Nellie, I agree with you entirely; there was something odd about the young woman, though, as you say yourself, what it is is more than I can tell."

Having thus coincided with her friend, Lady Betty went on at her needles, and seemed to think no more about the subject. Not so with the other, who presently broke out again. "Her eyes are very familiar to me—but now that I think of it, it is her freshness that spoils her—she's too rustic, you know, too enthusiastic, and flashes up with delight too suddenly. I can't endure that sort of thing; it is either want of tone or affectation, and I detest it."

"Which?" asked Lady Betty, in an odd tone, as she worked away busily.

"Oh, you know the changing voice and color, and all that sort of blooming fiddlesticks."

"Oh, that's it; well, you've a right to be opposed to bloom of every kind, for there's little of the same left in you, Nell; and now I'll tell you what I'm going to do, darling, either you'll stay home and look after your health, or I'll write out to Arthur and tell him that I would as soon have a death's head stuck up before me as his little wife, who used to be so well and bright."

"Lady Betty, what an absurd fancy people have about my constitution giving way, and such nonsense. I never was better in my life, and will write a denial of everything of the kind you may send to Arthur. Poor fellow," she added, sighing, "it seems dreadful for him to stay out there all alone."

Lady Betty Ryan was right in her opinion that her charge's health was weak and failing beyond her power to conceal; and soon perforce the only world she saw was the world that came to her, and her old friend had secretly written to India, telling the Resident that his young wife was both sad and ailing.

Nellie's mind, which, save for the industry with which it applied itself to the treasuring and turning over of trifles, was an idle one, received quite a strong impression in the course of time from the conduct of Mrs. Morrison, the young widowed *protégé* of the Erskines. With nothing common between them, she had steadily sought her society and companionship. In morning calls and evening visits, she constantly contrived to be near her, and anticipate the

changeable wants and wishes with which her petulant mind was filled.

"I can't tell what it is that makes her so devoted, but she's really growing pleasant; you know one forgets people's faults when they get used to them, and I'm positively getting to like her," said Mrs. Delaney one day, and, after making this confession of her faith, she added, "and really, for a beauty, she has very little pretension."

Perhaps it was this fact, rather than anything else, that made these two women friends, for such they became, as far as thoughtful tenderness and devotion on the one hand, and acceptance of it on the other, can be called so. The friendship of so bright and genial a woman as Mrs. Morrison could not fail to improve any object around which it entwined itself, and Mrs. Delaney, though failing in strength every day, was gentler and gayer in temper than her friends had known her for years; and so said the Barrys and Derry Ryan, who had passed the winter in Paris together, and who came back in the spring on their way to Hazlewood, their home. Yielding to Lady Betty's earnest invitation, they joined her household for a week or two, to make it cheerful to poor Nellie, who never left her sofa now.

"And so you have that beautiful woman, I just caught a sight of in Paris, here, aunt?" said Derry.

"Is it Mrs. Morrison, Nellie's friend, you mean? Well, yes, we see her often, for she's just bound up in poor Nellie."

"If Laura were not here, I would say I wish she were bound up in me, Lady Betty," said Captain Barry, laughing, "for I think I never saw so beautiful a woman—except my wife, of course," bowing gallantly to that smiling lady.

"Or," said Lady Betty, "you may say the most beautiful woman you ever saw of that sort, as Derry did of Peg Donovan."

"Peg Donovan!" repeated Captain Barry; "is Peg Donovan the name of any of Derry's admirations? Peg Donovan! and pray who was Peg Donovan?"

"See that now," cried Lady Betty, with her sharp, dry laugh, "who would call this an ungrateful world after that? Well, Barry, I'll help you to remember—Peg Donovan was an Irish girl that saved your wife's life one night, by having her senses when others went mad and took to screeching; do you mind her now?"

"It was her name I forgot, of course, Lady Betty; I remember the action well, and always

shall, but an outlandish name like that is not an elegant souvenir."

"She was a pretty girl; whatever you may say of her name. She died in Cuba, did she not, Nellie?" asked Mrs. Barry, raising her voice for the behoof of her friend, who was dozing on a sofa in the back drawing-room.

"Who died, Laura?" cried the invalid, in a startled tone, starting up and pushing back her hair nervously, "not Arthur, I trust?" But, oh, I have had such a miserable dream about him as I slept here."

"Arthur's well enough, Nellie, never fear," said Derry Ryan, kindly coming to her aid, and shaking the pillows on which she lay. "You have been lying here uncomfortably, and so fell to dreaming horrid things—that's natural enough, I'm sure."

Mrs. Delaney sighed wearily, saying—"What were you talking about just now?"

"Oh, we were discussing Mrs. Morrison's beauty," said Derry, who seemed anxious that Peg Donovan should rest in peace. "Aunt Betty says you are very particular friends, which means, I suppose, that you have divided Paris's golden apple fairly between you."

Nellie laughed gayly at the compliment, but shook her head. "Next season we will contest it, for I shall be well and strong then," she said; "but now both are magnanimous, I do not claim it nor she vaunt its possession."

The roll of a carriage was heard, and Derry glanced through the blinds. "Here she is," he said, "with Mrs. Erskine and her daughter."

In a moment more they were announced, and Mrs. Barry rose and hurried forward to greet her friends. Mrs. Morrison must have been a timid woman despite her quiet grace of manner, for she started and stood shyly, with downcast eyes, in the shadow of the doorway, responding to the earnest greeting of the party she had met in Paris in a hurried, uneasy way, that made her seem almost awkward. Nellie's voice from the sofa seemed to come to her relief, for she hastened to her side, and, drawing a low ottoman towards her, sat down and became absorbed in listening to the complaints and longings that possessed the impatient sufferer.

"I might as well have gone to India with Arthur at once; I should have seen quite as much of life as I do here, bound, like that unfortunate creature who stole the fire, to this rock of a sofa. Do talk to Lady Betty, dear Mrs. Morrison, she will listen to you, I'm sure; tell her I'm only tired of confinement, and will

be well and strong again if they let me go out."

Thus she had pleaded for nearly a month past, while her friend regarded her with yearning eyes, whose love and pity swelled almost to tears.

"Lady Betty is so much wiser than either of us, it would be wrong to doubt her judgment," she said, gently. "Spring is almost here, and it will do wonders for you, I'm sure."

Meanwhile, the Erskines and the Barrys talked together, but Derry sat quiet and idle, glancing over an engraving he held before him, but did not look at, to where Mrs. Morrison leant over her friend.

"Derry," said Nellie's voice at last, "come and tell me how many miles it is to Snow Hill Lodge, and what road you take. I'm going with the Berkeleys as soon as I can drive out; so is Mrs. Morrison, are you not dear?" Her friend nodded and smiled, but seemed to avoid speaking to, or even looking at, Mr. Ryan, whose eyes scarcely left her face or form for an instant. Nellie did not notice this or her friend's evident avoidance, but continued to pour forth question after question about Snow Hill and its gayeties, meanwhile declaring that she began to feel well at the very thought of being able to see something again. "You know I mean to join Arthur after next season, so it is positively necessary that I should go about a little before I am immolated on an Indian shrine," she said.

Mrs. Morrison rose and leaned forward to say good-by. "I have to be at home at three," she spoke in a whisper, as if to prevent her voice being heard. "I shall be back to-morrow—good-by."

She kissed her quickly and hurried past Derry with a slight bow, but he rose and followed her, saying—"Pray allow me," and held open the drawing-room door for her to pass.

"Are you going, Mrs. Morrison?" exclaimed Lady Betty, "Mrs. Erskine and Ellen have only begun to hear about every one in Paris, and Laura has volumes to tell."

"I will not interrupt either," she answered, smiling, "I am just going to walk round the square, and will leave the carriage for them."

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Delaney justified her prediction that she was improving with the thought of anticipated pleasure; in a few days after the Barrys' return, she was able to sit up and walk around the drawing-room.

"I want to talk to you about her, Derry," said Lady Betty to her nephew, one morning after her young charge had performed this feat, and was resting from its fatigues, with her friend Laura at her side. "No, she can't hear us," she continued, as he glanced to where she lay.

"And now, I'll acknowledge to you that I was so startled by her appearance three months ago, that I wrote to Arthur, hinting that I had fears of her ever recovering. A week or two ago these fears seemed almost certainty; but now, thank God, I see great hope; and so, Derry, would it not be well to write again, taking the weight off the poor fellow's mind.

"I wouldn't be in a hurry about it, aunt, for two reasons," returned Derry. "First, because there's no use in it; if he's going to be alarmed the mischief's done, and he's on his way here now, may be; if not, the sooner he comes the better, which is the second reason."

"Don't you think she's mending, Derry?" said his aunt, anxiously.

"She looks better," he answered, and walked away without waiting for farther questioning.

Better indeed she looked, and prettier than her friend had ever known her. She rested all day upon her pillows, only, she said, that Lady Betty might not scold her for being up too long in the evening. Then, when summoned by the few guests that her kind hostess, knowing her passion for excitement, contrived constantly to have as a sort of tonic after the quiet of the day, she looked slender and spiritual in the clouds of white lace with which she hid her wasted arms, but neither ailing or wretched. It was on one of the gayest of these home evenings, about a month after the Barrys' arrival, and Nellie had been unusually merry in arranging with her friends, the Berkeleys, the festivities of Snow Hill, and anticipating brilliant triumphs at a fancy ball that was among the number. "I shall be the 'White Lady of Avenel,' and rival Laura, who has always done the spirituelle before," she said. "There is something positively charming in delicate health after all; it has done wonders for my complexion, and I rather like it, if people would let me alone, and not be so sollicitous as to frighten me sometimes," she laughed, gayly, and shook her fan at Lady Betty, whose sharp black eyes were always full of kindness when they rested on her, and then she fell to coughing; at first only slightly, and in a half smothered way,

that yielded to the efforts she made to repress it, for a time, but grew stronger, recurring at shorter intervals and shaking her sadly. It grew late, and carriage after carriage rolled up, and rolled away again, till no one remained but Mrs. Morrison and the family. Rising at last, as if to retire, this lady, who had been sitting at Nellie's side all evening, made a slight motion to Derry, who followed her out into the hall. Standing there with the light falling on her noble face and form, she turned towards him for the first time since they had met, without a shadow of embarrassment or effort to avoid his glance. "Will you go for her doctor, wherever he may be, Mr. Ryan?" she asked, in a manner that gave her request the force of a command.

"You see the change in her face as I do—it is it not so?" he asked, quickly.

"I think her very ill," she returned, in a troubled voice. Derry turned and was gone.

In an other instant Lady Betty opened the drawing-room door. "If you've not gone, Mrs. Morrison," she called out, looking towards the cloak stand, where she stood waiting till Derry should return, "pray, come back, and send away your coach; Nellie is asking for you." In an instant more she was bending over the sofa to which they had carried her. She was breathing heavily, with half closed eyes and parted lips, and a whole lifetime of change seemed to have swept over her since an hour before she sat and laughed gayly with the rest. Between them and her a wide impassable river seemed to swell and flow, wider and wider, swifter and swifter, and across its broad current she stretched her hands feebly, and tried to fix her failing sight upon the forms that grew dim and indistinct on the other side. All gathered around awe-struck, and stood tearful and trembling on the echoless shore of death; all but her new friend, who knelt close beside her with one arm beneath her head, raising it gently for a moment when the black waves surged nearer and nearer, and would almost overwhelm the heaving heart.

A step upon the stairs, and a grave old man enters, quickly and quietly, followed closely by Derry. The doctor approaches; all move back, and he takes her delicate little hand in his for an instant, and then softly lays it down to pour a few fragrant drops from a vial into a goblet of water. "Give her this," he says to Mrs. Morrison, who obeys him silently. It seemed impossible at first to make her swallow,

but with much ado she gurgled it down at last, and falling back with open eyes they fix themselves upon the anxious white face that bends above her. Her lips move, and yet for a little while she cannot speak; at last the power comes to her, and her eyes brighten, while a light, such as the winter's sunset lends to snow, gleams upon her cheek. "Peg," she says, "tell Arthur I knew it years ago; it was to be, for you saw him in the twilight of Halloween; and—and—it is his fate."

Wider and wider, swifter and swifter, rolled the river, and the light upon the snow went out suddenly, and Arthur Delaney, sailing homeward on the sea, was a widower.

CHAPTER VII.

The ghostly black hatchment was taken down from Lady Betty's door, the drawing-room blinds were unclosed, and the curtains withdrawn once more. A sort of quiet relief had succeeded the shock occasioned by Nellie's death, and the gloomy sadness of the funeral week. Poor Mrs. Delaney had lived simply in her own enjoyment of life, and with but little sympathy beyond her dependence on those who made it enjoyable to her. The sudden terror of death had stricken them all, but there were few tender memories to bind them to the quiet form the coffin lid shut out forever from their view. The sofa with its pile of cushions was vacant, the childish voice, half petulant, half playful, was silent, and the pretty invalid face that had been part of their household so long, could not fail to be missed every hour of the day. But they persuaded each other that they had long looked forward to losing her, that it was a happy relief for the poor, patient sufferer, and with no strong grief to overcome, called fortitude and resignation to their aid and overcame it. Something had happened which the family, now looking back upon, quietly decided to be very strange and inexplicable. It was this, that in dying poor Nellie's mind should have wandered back to the Ridge and Peg Donovan, and that she should couple Arthur's name with hers.

"If one could have imagined poor Nellie troubling her mind long about anything in particular, I should often have thought she had some unexplained prejudice against that girl," said Mrs. Barry, to the little party who sat together one evening reviewing the subject. "Do you remember telling us our fortunes at the Ridge, when we were brides together, Lady

Betty? Well, I think that had something to do with it, and always shall think so."

Lady Betty glanced uneasily at the empty sofa, and said, "Tut, tut, the poor child wasn't one to take heed of such things, and I wouldn't have Arthur have such a thought for the world. He'll have plenty to bear, Laura, when it's broke to him, so don't be fashing yourself and us with such nonsense."

They were silent for a little while, and then Captain Barry said, "Lady Betty is right; pray, Laura, don't mention that idea of yours again. I have more than one reason for making the request."

"Derry is persuaded in his own mind, for what reason I cannot imagine, that Arthur is now on his way home, and that writing is perfectly useless. If he were really coming, how I should like Mrs. Morrison to meet him; she could tell him more of Nellie than any of us, and it would be such a comfort to him, I know." Mrs. Barry said this to her husband, as Lady Betty rose to place in a private drawer of her secretary the few little notes and scraps of verses she had been able to collect in Nellie's writing, and had been looking over before placing them with the long lock of dark hair and the few bright rings that had been taken from her cold fingers. Derry entering the room, passed her as she left it, and took a seat at the table where the Barrys were. "Did you see Mrs. Morrison when she called to-day?" he asked of Laura.

"No," she answered; "I was engaged with that person about the mourning shawls, and she could not remain. No one saw her, now I think of it—it was too early for Lady Betty when she came."

"Then I suppose she made her regrets and adieux; she has left London, is now, in fact, on her way to Paris again." He said this lightly as he handed her a note; but there was an air of embarrassment about him that he seemed glad to hide by taking a miniature from her hand, exclaiming, "Ah, this is poor Nellie's picture," and bending over it with his face shaded by his hand.

"Lady Betty," cried Mrs. Barry, in a tone of surprise, as that lady entered the room, "Just think of it, Mrs. Morrison has hurried off to Paris on what she calls 'a little legal business, requiring her personal attention.' She never mentioned it yesterday. I think people are bent on giving unpleasant surprises. I shall miss her very much; she was so connected with poor Nellie's loss;" and

Laura positively shed a tear or two, either for herself or her lost friend.

"Does she talk of making a long stay there?" said Lady Betty. I hope not, for like you, Laura, I had set my heart on having her see Arthur; Derry is right in thinking him on his way home."

"Did you know of Mrs. Morrison's intention to leave for Paris before to-night, Derry?" asked Captain Barry, observing that he neither expressed surprise or annoyance at the announcement.

"Certainly," replied Derry, without raising his eyes from the picture he held. "Did I not bring Laura the note, with all the kind remembrances and regards the Erskines could recall for the whole family?"

But Derry Ryan had brought something else from the Erskines, that he did not present to the family eyes. It was a letter written only for his own, and going early that night to his own chamber, he read it for the third time since its reception, and sighed deeply. It ran thus, with neither superscription nor signature:—

"Whatever you may have thought of my avoidance of you, do not attribute it to any silly pride I may feel in the present, or shame in the past. If I had hoped that no one would remember me, it was only that I might, as a new friend, be able to be near Mrs. Delaney. I would have told her my story at once, if I could have been the same to her after she had listened to it. I am no actress; I merely lived my new life before those who did not recall my old one. When I saw you had not forgotten me, I was distrustful of my powers, and did not wish to test them by encountering your questioning eyes. I knew it would last but a month or two longer, and wished to be near her to the last, or I could not have endured the deception I saw you suspected. My nature is not a double one, and I shrink from the imputation of deceit; if I had not loved Mrs. Delaney with the strength of my whole heart, I would have remained all my life in Cuba; but to see her again became the one thought of my whole existence, when I heard she was alone in London. I loved her when I had but little else to love; my foster-mother and Father Corney were my only friends beside. I clung to them; but when I saw her, she appeared to me as an angelic type of beauty, grace and elegance, and I had always felt a childish longing for these things. In the strange fortune that

awaited me, I became familiar with state and grandeur far beyond my early dreams, but she was infinitely above it all. I was a simple, awkward girl, when she took me into the dear old Ridge; and when in less than a year I left it as a woman, the past was Heaven to me, the present full of thought and ambitious longings, that made the upward path I took an easy one. She was the ideal I looked forward to and back upon—first, in the hope of meeting her, when I might tell her how much she had taught me, then in a sad self-reproach, for some pain I had unwittingly given her. You call this feeling folly—knowing well how entirely she had forgotten me; but it was my nature to be grateful and constant; I gave her nothing to remember in me, whilst she filled my heart.

"In Cuba, I found an uncle and some distant relatives; they made me completely happy, for I became a child again, at least in habits, and lived a life of study and improvement, that took away the feeling of change and distance that at first surrounded my new home. My uncle's heir was a remote cousin, many years older than I, and a sad invalid; but when my foster-mother died, two years ago, and left me in his sole care, he became anxious that we should marry, so that I might not be left alone in case of his death. My cousin, Ralph Morrison, urged my uncle's wish, and we were married two years ago. My husband died before my uncle, but both are gone now, and I came to England to stand by my dear dead mistress, and feel myself alone on earth. I tell you this, that you may see how little false I have been, in simply lingering by her as Mrs. Morrison, because she would not have received me as Peg Donovan. For the rest, let me, I pray you, return unopened the note you enclosed within the one I answer. When you wrote it, you could not have known that it is scarcely a year since I became a widow, and I believe you to be too kind and true to yourself to make me say more."

CHAPTER VIII.

Peg Donovan that used to be, and the stately Widow Morrison that was, went to Paris, and began to live there in a happy, quiet sort of a way, seeking after no one herself, and consequently, being a good deal sought after. Young, handsome, rich, she soon became admired, and not being without fine society, which the letters she had brought from Cuba insured her, she was in time the reigning queen of

many an elegant *salon*. But she was not an idle woman; with a warm and somewhat reckless generosity, she encouraged something more than the usual amount of charitable impositions, and did all the benevolent deeds she could find to do. Meantime, she read and studied industriously, as if she were a school-girl, preparing for a grand examination, and never lost sight of the work she had to do to gain upon those whose youth had been spent in school.

There was one firm resolution in Mrs. Morrison's life, that had become known to the world as such things do, no one could tell how, for her rejected suitors certainly would not boast of it; she had determined never to marry again; the bare mention of a lover was distasteful to her. Handsome and wealthy, it is not to be supposed for a moment that she had not many opportunities to break her vow; in fact, being through general report invincibly opposed to matrimony, she was much persecuted by admirers, and lived a life of siege. This solemn decision in favor of perpetual widowhood, she kept for five long years; to cast it to the winds ere the sixth began, in favor of an English earl, a handsome young man, but lately come to Paris. Mrs. Erskine, her old friend and chaperon, was the first to disclose the engagement, and great was the consternation it occasioned among the gay party in the reception room of that lady.

"It was the irresistible coronet won the day, be sure of that," cried half a dozen voices at once, to which Ellen Erskine, now a handsome woman, replied chivalricly—"Impossible; I will not hear it said. Listen, now, to the real reason. Six weeks since, Mrs. Morrison joined a riding party to Versailles; being in gay spirits, she dashed off, distancing her companions by several hundred paces, when a curricule, driven by an Englishman, whirled round the corner, struck her horse, and threw her, breaking and dreadfully bruising her right arm. I was at her side in a moment after they raised her, and seeing the distracted Englishman bending over her, in an agony of self-reproach, I felt sure that if he were not already married, he would be her husband."

"Why?" cried every one, laughing.

"Do you ask on his account, or hers?" returned Ellen. "If on his, the reason was plain; young, rich and beautiful, she was sure to conquer. If on hers—well, there are women so generous that they would sacrifice themselves rather than have any one feel uncomfort-

ably about them. The Earl of course felt wretched about injuring her arm—perhaps for life—as his wife, he will give her his to lean upon."

"Yes, yes," acquiesced a young Parisian, of a philosophic turn of mind, who leant over Miss Erskine's chair, "Yes, yes, most magnanimous, and besides, she is of Irish birth, and these females, all, from the Lord-Lieutenant's lady to the bogtrotter's wife, respect men who abuse them."

In her own drawing-room sat Mrs. Morrison meantime, a little of an invalid still, with her right arm in a rest, and a book she had been trying to read, while waiting for the appearance of the gentleman for whom she had broken her vow. It was a proof of the great devotion she felt to him in return for fracturing her beautiful white arm so terribly, that she was not at all conscience-struck for the change she had made in her principles, nor had ever thought of the terrible self-accusations that it might have been proper to visit on her own head. On the contrary, she was so completely and foolishly happy, as to sit in trembling expectation of his footstep, and flush up joyously as he approached at last. "How late you are, Landsmere," exclaimed this silly and inexperienced widow, entirely forgetting how improper it was to have him think she counted the moments of his absence, "I thought you would never come."

"I'll tell you all about it," answered her lover, who had not yet begun to take advantage of her folly; "an old lady whom I have always looked upon as a relative, and whom you will love, Margaret, when I tell you that she has been a dear friend to me and mine, hearing of our engagement, and meaning to come to Paris sooner or later this winter, crossed the Channel at once, and hearing that you are an invalid, waived ceremony at my earnest solicitation, and came to see you."

Mrs. Morrison rose hastily. "Where is she?" she exclaimed.

"I will introduce her at once," said the earl, and retired for an instant, to enter again accompanied by an old lady, with a dry, sharp face, and bright black eyes, at sight of whom Mrs. Morrison turned pale and faltered. In an instant, recovering herself, she said—

"There is no need of introduction, Landsmere; I know Lady Betty Ryan, and she remembers me, I think."

"That I do," exclaimed Lady Betty, cheerfully, "and heartily glad I am to see you as

Arthur's future wife. Long life, and good luck to you, as our old country people say. I heard your name, but I never thought about it being you, which shows how blind people can be."

"Blind indeed!" murmured Mrs. Morrison, sinking back in her chair, with her eyes fixed on her future husband's face—"blind indeed!" Lady Betty seemed likewise struck with sudden thought, and sat silent, her eyes fixed on the carpet.

Landsmere spoke at last—"Margaret," he said softly, at last, "forgive me, if I have not spoken more freely of my first wife; in the happy dream my days with you have been, there was nothing to recall pain or disappointment, and my past was full of both. I remember now that poor Nellie's best friend was a Mrs. Morrison; making my mind-picture of the lady, I have sought for and tried to find a very different person to receive my thanks. As you say, I have been blind indeed."

Still his beautiful companion sat looking at him, with a strange, half-terrified expression in her eyes, but neither spoke nor moved. "She is ill!—don't you see she is fainting!" cried Lady Betty, in shrill alarm. "God knows, she loved poor Nellie like a sister, and it's the thought of her that's overcome her."

Overcome she certainly was. Lower and lower sank her head, and Landsmere, springing to her side, just caught her as she fell from her chair. "Water, Lady Betty—quick! some water, in Heaven's name!" he cried, in alarm, raising her, so that the air might blow upon her face. White and colorless as marble,

it sank upon his breast. Eight long years had flown since it had lain there before, but neither time nor change had altered it, so that cold and expressionless, he now knew it at a glance. He looked upward to where Lady Betty stood as she had stood before, and exclaiming—"My God! it is Peg Donovan!" staggered, as beneath a blow.

* * * * *

It must have been a sacrifice for a gentleman, but lately inheriting a coronet, to find himself affianced to a female who had been his first wife's waiting-maid. But whatever struggle the soul of the Earl of Landsmere knew, if he knew any, it was a secret one, while the waiting-maid gave vent to hers in written words.

"The idea was doubly painful," she said, "since she feared its prophecy embittered her mistress's life; and so, whatever pangs the effort cost her, she was determined," &c.

But to break one determination is a bad precedent, and Peg had broken her vow of widowhood for Arthur, as she in twenty-four hours after it was made, broke another, never to see him more. He was an eloquent man, with the prospect of Parliament before him, so he plead well, sustained no doubt by the knowledge that while Peg appeared a servant, she really had great relations, who wanted to claim her; at any rate, they were married; "to prove," as Lady Betty said, "that she was a perfect witch at cards. Though," she added, "we'll never let this little story go out of the family." But she must have told it, or how would I have known it?

LILIAN.

BY AUGUST BELL.

The fairest maiden under the sun,
And my lily,
My delicate, graceful, drooping one,
So pure and stilly.
Oh, never a snow-drift than her brow
Was whiter!
Oh, never fawn 'neath the bending bough
Stepped lighter!

The star-like radiance of her eye
Beams mystically.
Her hair like sunshine floateth by,
With air to dally.

She comes, she goes, like some rare dream
Of a young poet,
Or smile of Heaven, and doth seem
Not far below it.

White lambs have not a meeker face,
Nor saints a fairer;
No nymph nor Naiad in her grace
Is any sharer.
But she's too pure, too white, too still,
For me to write it;
I paint her witchery so ill,
I only blight it!

THE LIGHT GONE OUT.

BY EVA.

A little child lay in the house. There were black and white foldings at the door; and flowing robes of white upon the sleeper in the great parlor. It went last night when the stars were out, when the moon had set, and the winds were silent. There was no struggle—the little hands clasped, and it went upward on its heavenward journey.

After all, there is nothing strange in such a going—nothing so sad in the passing dew-drop, in the melody of the voice now dumb forever; and we have often wondered what there was for tears when the little one was borne away from the arms of its mother. It seems to me there ought to be smiles instead of tears, and peace instead of wailing.

We lifted up the snow-white covering and saw smiles only upon the lip, and no trace of suffering or sorrow left. The summons came to it and it went away in gladness.

We saw the mother, amid tears, lay aside the forgotten toys, and fold up the little white robe, as if there was to be an eternal shadow and silence in the household, and we marvelled why this should be. For we thought of the sweet face wrinkled, when age came; the hair gray; and the man struggling in after years for mastery in the world.

Then we thought of the new life; the years of joy growing brighter through endless cycles; and we thought, too, of the little child waiting

in the better land for coming friends. Think of this link binding earth to heaven—held in the hands of a little child!

Oh, it is better, far better thus to go away in the first flush of life, than wait to be wrecked on the great ocean of the world, or go down in storm. We can be reconciled to all this; we can drop a tear upon the face of the sleeper and turn away without a sorrow.

One child in heaven—one angel from our household in heaven; and we dry our tears, and pass on in life, conscious that we and it will clasp hands at the threshold of heaven. We murmur no more, and follow the little household god to the grave, thinking only of its new glory and its angel robe.

We will miss the laugh and the sound of little feet; and we will miss it at the family meetings, and we may sigh as it passes on its journey to the sky, but it is not the sorrow of one eternally dead to us. Take up the little coffin in your arms, lay it on your lap in the carriage, dress it with flowers and lay it gently down in the grave. Drop no tear, but scatter roses above it, and go home, rejoicing and not weeping—now that God has taken it, and conscious that your darling little child is waiting for you up above the stars.

Think of it! a little child waiting, in heaven, for coming friends from home!

AUTUMN WIND.

BY MRS. BURTON.

Oh! the lonesome wind, how drearily,
How wildly it moans to-day,
How sad an echo it finds in the heart,
As it floats through the trees away.
How sadly we think of the olden time,
And the loved ones that are gone,
As we sit these mournful autumn days,
And hear the wind's low moan.
And when the silent evenings come,
And thoughts are thronging fast,
How the heart will wander back again
To happier times, long past!
For we've many a grief that no one knows
Deep in our bosoms hid,
And many a name falls on our hearts
Like clods on a coffin lid.

(788)

Ah! there's many a grief now past and gone,
And many a joy I ween,
And we think of them all in these quiet hours,
As we look through the crimson sheen,
Up to the soft-hued evening sky,
The beautiful, glowing west,
Still blushing where the king of day
His good-night kiss has prest.
But we quietly pass through a careless world,
With a smile for every one,
And no one dreams of the bitterness
That is in our bosoms lone.
And the musical, moaning, lonesome wind,
That comes with the early rime,
And sighs o'er the heads of the buried ones
Will rustle o'er ours sometime.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

"Hester, cousin Hester!"

The voice came from the back window of uncle Walter's old farm-house, as I rode down the lane that afternoon. The hay-cart, with its clattering boards, rattled over the rough road, where its great wheels had worn a track of their own; the sleepy oxen jogged on at an even pace, and I, Hester Dunbury, sat upon the loose boards in the bottom, with both hands grasping tightly the rude railing, watching the joyous face of little brother Ned, as he lay with his head in my lap, the prospect of a fine frolic running through his brain. "Cousin Hester!" Louder still came the anxious call. I turned as we came out from the shadow of a great apple-tree, to see the brown head thrust out at the small window, the pretty face all dimples and laughter, one white hand raised in playful warning. "The new teacher has come, and he and brother Tom are going over to call on you this afternoon."

"Tell them to wait till the barley is in," was the only answer I sent back, for at that moment the wheels sank into a deep rut, and it took all my ingenuity to preserve my equilibrium; the next, we had gone down the hill, and turned into the broad field, where all that was visible of either farm-house, was the flat roof and low chimneys of the one, and nothing of the other but the top of the brown-roofed barn, with a miniature wind-mill fluttering at its peak.

There was a soft, hazy atmosphere, the sun dodging in and out the floating clouds, and I stood watching the shadows creep over the corn-field, down the hill and across the meadow, till it came to the beech and maple forest beyond. The white grain waved in the wind, the corn rustled its leaves, the shocks of barley stood upright and stately, or were gathered in heaps like hay, and Ned and I stood waiting the coming of the loose mass over the railing.

I do not think my thoughts were upon my work, or upon the new teacher either, though when the soft golden grain came tumbling down in fast successive showers, completely burying me beneath it, I shook it off vehemently, and trampling it beneath my feet, exclaimed in wild merriment—"Oh, father, think what a position for the lady principal of Stapleton Academy."

But Stapleton Academy claimed very little attention for the next half hour, though its steeple was distinctly in sight, its gilded finger pointing to where its noblest minds were supposed to elevate their standard; not amid the frosts and snows of an Alpine summit, but quite as high, and through as many struggles, and mine was to be the helping hand. I was to commence my duties on the following Monday, in the recitation room up stairs, and imagining to myself an accession of dignity upon that day, I flung advanced honors to the wind, and let the breezes bear away my light, girlish laughter, and the shouts of our merry voices, my brother's and mine, till our usually quiet father put down his rake and joined the chorus.

The cart filled slowly, for father's arm was not strong; but gradually the shining grain was heaped to the top of the rick, and hung in festoons of gold over its sides. Ned was busy in making a nest where he could ride securely over the rough road, and when the last heap was in, I threw myself upon the soft mass, and gazed into the sky with a feeling of rare freedom. Not a sound to break the stillness, except the creaking of the cart-wheels and the tread of the oxen; not a person in sight, to break the charm of my fancied Eden; just the handiwork of God, visible alike in the smallest grain we were bearing home, and the sun creeping on its shining track towards the west. Ned, wearied out, was snuggled in his nest, and I, in the fulness of a heart that loved to contemplate the skill and wisdom of the hand that is divine, repeated the last verses of the sixty-fifth psalm; and it seemed as if the harp of the poet-king must have been attuned to melody upon a day like that, with the earth enriched with the rivers of God, the year crowned with His goodness, the pastures clothed with flocks, the valleys covered with corn, the little hills rejoicing on every side. I tried to call up one plea for atheism, there beneath that pure sky, to raise one cavil, to give one reason for the fool's saying in his heart, "there is no God," but I could bring no doubt to bear, and when we went up between the laden orchards, and our load swept against the boughs, I caught an apple in my hand and held it before my eyes.

Admiring its exquisite shape, its delicate blending of tints, I exclaimed aloud—"One man may plant a tree, but a thousand cannot make an apple grow upon it."

With a quick jerk, our loaded cart was impelled over the sill of the great doors, and instead of a vision of the blue, overarched sky, I found myself gazing at the dingy beams and rafters, the dusty, cobwebbed roof of the old barn. The sun penetrated the little crevices, and made a shining track down the dusky slope, gilding the motes that danced up and down. A few swallows twittered about their deserted, clay-built nests, and I was just ready to follow my brother into the land of dreams, when the cheery voice of cousin Tom, calling the name with which this story opens, brought back Stapleton Academy, its new teacher, and worse than all, the remembrance of the lady principal, with a flushed face, dishevelled hair, and torn wrapper, there upon the top of the load, rubbing her eyes to awaken herself from sleep. I peeped over the edge, the oxen were turned out, and catching a hasty bite of the fragrant hay, as they passed the well-filled mows, and father was just shaking hands with a young man, whom I rightly supposed to be the new teacher. I saw at a glance, he was tall, well proportioned, but the glimpse of his face as it looked from under his straw hat up to mine was so brief, I could only remember the laughing eyes, that seemed full of kindness and genial mirth, and the expression of surprise with which he became aware of my existence.

Ned awoke at that propitious moment, and catching sight of the two, he shouted gayly—"Hallo, cousin Tom! Hettie is up here."

"Ah, then I must beg the honor of assisting her from her lofty height." He placed the ladder by the side of the load, and springing up, caught my hand, with a gesture of mock politeness. In vain I shook my head, and begged my roguish cousin to desist; I knew by the merry twinkle in his eye, he was delighted at my discomfiture, for he had been the recipient of too many girlish pranks not to improve this opportunity for retaliation. I never tried so unsuccessfully to call up my self-possession, and in the most awkward manner, I gathered the rent in my dress beneath the folds, made my exit from the barn, and my entrée into the presence of my associate teacher, Horace Ford. Tom led the way to the front of the house, and I, attempting to follow with a little dignity of mien, made a misstep, and fell prostrate upon

the ground. Mr. Ford, with true politeness, came to my assistance; but my foot was caught in the rent in my skirt, and it was the work of several seconds to extricate it and stand me again upon my feet. With a feeling of vexation too prominent to admit of more than a hasty thank you, I darted from his side, and hid my blushes and confusion within the door of the friendly kitchen. I hardly knew which were the better, to laugh or to cry, as I stood laving my burning face and hands in the cool water, and brushing out my tangled hair. I could have done either with right good will. The ludicrousness of my position, my sad misadventure, would have caused an outburst of merriment, had it not been that Horace Ford was the last person before whom I should have wished to appear in such a plight. He had been a classmate of cousin Tom; the two had graduated a month before, and I knew him to be a noble, refined, high-minded man, a fine scholar, a successful teacher, and I had determined at any rate his first impressions of me should be prepossessing. But there it was.

I made a hasty change in my dress, and went down into the parlor. Mr. Ford was looking over a portfolio of drawings, and Tom was writing a note. "This is your work, I presume, Miss Dunbury?" Mr. Ford turned towards me as I entered the room, and drew a chair near the table. "They are finely executed, allowing me to judge." I merely bowed in reply. He made some remark upon the situation of our village, and I answered simply, and in evident confusion, I liked it pretty well. The school, the different branches taught, the text books in use, all came up before me, and I managed to reply in the fewest possible words, showing very little knowledge with regard to either. Mr. Ford tried in the kindest manner to draw me from my perplexity. He alluded to the books upon the shelves, the music upon the stand, proving himself to be quite at home with either, but I showed myself to be anywhere else, a stranger in a strange land.

Every effort to elicit music from the piano was quite as unavailing; my hands were beyond my control, and the most simple strains became a confused jargon of sound under my trembling fingers. I think at last Tom pitied me, for he proposed a familiar trio, and I blundered through the accompaniment in something like proper time, but my voice would not rise above the lowest notes, and finally I gave

up in despair. The moment the tedious call was over, and I released from torture, I flew to my room, and burying my burning face in my pillow, gave way to a torrent of bitter reproaches. "Oh, what an idiot he must think me!" I groaned. "I wonder if he ever saw a country girl before, and if he judges them all to be as stupid? I never do wish to appear particularly well that I am not making a perfect blunder of it all; and now I can never be myself in his presence. Oh, dear!"

And I said "Oh, dear," and applied the harshest epithets to my poor tortured self every night for the next six weeks. My task was light, my pupils attentive; they were evidently pleased with their teacher, and I in turn was satisfied with them and with myself, too, unless it happened, as it frequently did, that Mr. Ford came in while I was listening to some recitation, and in his quiet, gentlemanly way, paused to learn how I was progressing. Every time, I had failed of working some problem, or translated a sentence entirely wrong, or blundered into an explanation, which neither he nor the pupils could at all comprehend. But he never corrected me. He had become so accustomed to my failures, I believe he was astonished if I ever succeeded before him. I shunned him persistently; I ignored Uncle Walter's altogether, and I thought then if I could have heard that he was ill, demented, or anything to have removed him from Stapleton, I should have secretly rejoiced.

I received a note from cousin Grace as I was coming in from school one Saturday, when the days were growing short, and the maples were flinging out banners of crimson and yellow, asking me to come and spend the afternoon. Uncle and aunt were making a short journey, Tom and Mr. Ford were going to the cliffs, and she was to be quite alone. I took unusual care with my dress that day. I wore my hair in the most becoming manner, and a plain cashmere of delicate blue, with white collar and cuffs, set off my figure to the best advantage. I walked slowly across the orchard-path, slipping my shawl half off my shoulders, and swinging my work-basket idly in my hand, wondering—but no, I will not tell the subject of my thoughts as my feet measured the short distance between the farm-houses. I came in sight of the front gate just as the two young men were setting out upon their ramble, and I shall never forget the handsome, manly face of the young teacher, as he turned to send a word

of adieu to my beautiful cousin as she came down the steps. I had paused beneath the shadow of an apple tree, and waited till I saw Grace coming across the path to meet me, her face aglow with happiness, her pleasant voice trilling a soft, low melody, and presently a pair of arms were about my neck, and a light-hearted, cordial welcome greeted me.

"It is so long since you spent an afternoon with me, Hester, I don't believe you love cousin Grace as you used to." She drew her arm within mine and we moved slowly towards the house.

"I should not have sent for you, but Horace was away."

Whether there was any reproof in her tones I could not have told; the voice was merry enough, and she lifted her eyes to mine with a merry twinkle of fun dancing in them; but somehow I felt guilty, and could hardly respond to her lively talk as we went into the parlor, where the soft sunshine lay along the carpet, and the mild breath of departed summer lingered on the air. By the time I had taken my work from my basket, and planned a little with Grace about putting it together, I had recovered my spirits, and we worked and chatted in our accustomed freedom, till the sun had crept from out the southern windows and hidden itself behind the barn.

"It is too pleasant to stay in doors, Hester," Grace exclaimed, tossing her work in a heap upon the table, still holding her threaded needle and twirling her thimble around her finger. "We can expect few such rare afternoons as this. We could have had such a delightful trip to the cliffs if it had not been for my naughty cousin. I do wonder why it is you do not like Horace, Hester?" Grace drew her thread through the hem of her apron so quickly it broke.

"Why, I have not said that I disliked him!"

"Oh, no, not to me, but your appearance certainly indicates the strongest aversion. Indeed, coz, it is too bad of you to treat him so."

"I am quite sure my appearance does not indicate any more, no, nor half so much as I feel," growing indignant at her implied reproof. "We are not responsible for our likes and dislikes."

"But we are in duty bound to treat every one courteously, cousin Hester."

"And act the hypocrite? That is not my nature. I cannot say that I have any reason for disliking Horace Ford as thoroughly as I

do, but I can never be myself in his presence, and I shall be beside myself with joy when this hateful term is ended, and he away from Stapleton forever."

"Then you would not be willing to call him cousin, supposing the opportunity offered itself?" Grace turned and looked into my face with a smile that puzzled me.

"Oh dear, no, Grace. I would not wish to, that is a fact. I never could enjoy coming to visit you; our charming tête-à-têtes would be at an end, and then to be obliged to sit opposite him, and blunder through every annual thanksgiving dinner; no, Gracie, my consent is quite out of the question."

Grace sent a gleeful laugh ringing through the quiet apartment, and I should have joined her, had I not caught a glimpse of a sad, wonder-stricken group, just outside the garden gate, an old farm wagon bearing an apparently lifeless body, and cousin Tom, with a pale, frightened face, hastening up the walk.

Grace flew to meet her brother, and I heard his words indistinctly, but enough to gather that Mr. Ford had ventured too near the verge of the cliff, and the crumbling edge of rock had given way, precipitating him violently into one of the deep basins, that were objects of great curiosity in our quiet town; that he was quite insensible, and evidently severely injured.

I expected a shriek, or groan, or some demonstration of grief from Grace, as they lifted the helpless body and bore it up the walk, but she was calm, quiet. They laid him upon the sofa in the parlor, and Grace adjusted the pillows beneath his head, and she gave only one little cry of pain as she lifted the damp hair from off his forehead, revealing a dark purple bruise, just above the left temple. Tom sent a messenger in haste for a physician, and with my heart wholly in my work, I chafed the cold hands and gave such simple directions as I knew how, to try to bring the current of life back into its accustomed channel.

That pale, beautiful face; how it touched all that was tender within me! the tears ran down my cheeks, and it was with a strong effort of will that I controlled myself from shrieking aloud.

Grace had gone to assist her brother in preparing an application for the bruise, and I was left alone for one moment. I was upon my knees beside the senseless form, warming his chilled hands within my own burning palms, and reproaching myself bitterly for the injustice I had done the poor, helpless being before

me, when with a gasping sigh, the young teacher opened his eyes and fixed them upon my face. "Hester," he said, feebly, "I thought it was Grace."

The words gave me an indescribable pain, and when the young, beautiful face of my cousin bent over him, and her lips poured out a torrent of pity and regret, it seemed as if I was turning to steel before it all. I could not look into the sorrowful eyes that seemed following me everywhere, but I was myself then, calm, self-possessed.

It was a great relief to our anxiety when the physician came, and after a brief examination pronounced his injuries slight, and when Uncle Walter's carriage came into the door yard, a great burden seemed dropped from our inexperienced shoulders. Grace and I had worked with willing hands for the patient sufferer, and he had recognized every little attention with a look of gratitude, but beneath Aunt Agnes's soothing ministry, he soon sank into a refreshing slumber.

Grace walked with me to the gate as I went home that night, and we parted in silence and tears. The night was clear and calm as the day had been, but I walked home in the moonlight with the heaviest heart I had ever known, for there had come to me in those two hours a knowledge, a strange knowledge, that dashed with it for the moment all the light from my young life.

The next two weeks were long and tedious, the Academy a desolate spot, and I sat alone before the long table in the drawing-room giving a few finishing touches to a small crayon picture, the work of one of my pupils. The busy hum of voices had died out from below, and the silence fell oppressively upon my ear. That day had witnessed the close of the term, which I had been so anxiously waiting, but it did not bring the old-time freedom and sense of relief.

I heard the slow, labored tread of footsteps upon the stairs and along the passage, a light tap upon the door of my room, and before I had found voice to reply, it was slowly opened and the changed face of Horace Ford looked in. I had not seen him since he lay pale and still upon the sofa in Uncle Walter's parlor, for cousin Tom had taken his vacant place; but with a quick exclamation of surprise I sprang to my feet, and held out both hands, my face expressing more, I know, than my lips did.

"I thought I must look in upon you for a

moment this afternoon. It makes me feel quite like myself to be in my old place. I regret having been obliged to place so much labor upon you, but I hear your classes passed very creditably through the examination. I found myself quite inadequate to the task, and Dr. Meritt tells me my only hope for improved health and strength is in entire rest, as my injuries were more serious than he at first apprehended. So to-morrow I take leave of my friends in Stapleton."

He had taken a seat beside me, his usually cheerful face, sad and thin. My hand was so unsteady I could not go on with my work, and presently he imprisoned it within his own, and said, softly, "Hester, will you tell me before I go away, what it is makes you hate me so persistently? I came here prepared to love you very dearly, for your name was a familiar one to me, but you have repulsed me coldly, cruelly."

He looked into my face searchingly, but I only leaned my head upon the table and burst into tears.

"Hester, what is it," he went on, calmly "I am going to leave you to-morrow, and our ways will probably never cross each other again, but I must tell you how you have pained a heart that loves you, that would lay aside its own happiness to promote yours, and believing it will add to your peace at least, I will take myself out of your sight. Good-by, Hester. Heaven bless you," and with a stifled sigh he arose to depart.

"Horace," I called, lifting my tearful eyes to his, "if I have pained you, I am grieved, sorry, and that I have done so makes our parting very bitter. Promise you will quite forgive me?"

"Quite, Hester!"

"And you do not cast off my poor offering of friendship?"

"No; nor the hope that one day your heart may respond to something deeper," bending upon me a look of tenderness.

"All the love my heart can hold is yours already, Horace, you can never hope for more."

I think our love was a mutual surprise, but it did not make the hour any the less blissful. All was forgiven and buried away with the past, and not till twilight was fading into darkness, and my merry cousins came in search of their patient, were we recalled to the actual present.

"Now, Mr. Ford, I will not be responsible for your health another moment," exclaimed Grace, coming up to us; "you have disobeyed our orders, and if you suffer for your imprudence, you must look up another nurse. My care of you ceases from henceforth."

"I have forestalled you, Miss Gracie, and already engaged one for my lifetime," turning upon us both a mingled look of happiness and mirth.

"Oh, I am so glad for you both, dear, dear cousins. You know, brother Tom, how we had wished for just such a denouement, and the day of that unfortunate accident I tried to awaken a bit of jealousy in cousin Hester's heart, to show her the true state of affairs in that region. Oh, coz, only to think our charming confidential interviews are at an end; we can never have that perfect intercourse of feeling again, and you, why how can you, who dreaded the annual return of Thanksgiving day, endure to sit opposite the object of your aversion three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and have your life one succession of uninterrupted blunders. Oh, perverse human nature!" and our gleeful laugh broke up the quiet of the old academy, and sent lingering echoes into every apartment, as we descended the stairs and went out into the glimmering twilight.

I look back now over the summers that have gone, to the afternoon five years ago, when I heard the voice of cousin Grace calling across the green slope of orchard ground, and remember with a smile the sad mishaps that befel me that day, and gather a bit of wisdom that does not quite accord with the old time adage—"First impressions are always most lasting."

MOUNTAINS.

"The tops of mountains are among the unfinished parts of the globe, whither it is a slight insult to the gods to climb and pry into their secrets, and try their effect on our humanity. Only daring and insolent men, perchance,

go there. Simple races, as savages, do not climb mountains,—their tops are sacred and mysterious tracts never visited by them. Pomola is always angry with those who climb to the summit of Kladn."—THOREAU.

MY NEPHEW.

BY A. F. K.

Afloat—afloat—
Another little boat—
Launched forth upon the sea ;
Pleased beyond delight,
Sit I through the night,
This guest of an hour on my knee.

Ah, the German's song,
Sweetly chimes along,
But the music fills not my ear—
Ah, the stately rhyme
Of the olden-time
Speaks, but I choose not to hear.

Thou the wonder still !
Thou the miracle !
Babyhood and manhood in one,
Holds't me dreaming here,
Wrapped in hope and fear,
On the new life just begun.

Do I see thee now,
Manhood on thy brow,
Earnest in the struggle with men !
Does the blinding tear
Hide the little bier—
That may snatch thee from us again ?

Darker still the fear,
Hotter still the tear,
Should we see thee *living* and *lost*,
Treading thy sombre way—
Cursing the light of day—
By the rough waves madly tost.

Prayer hath stilled the soul,
Keep him, Father, whole,
Never less than *angel* or *man* !
Dying in youthfulness—
Living to work and bless,
Either that filleth thy plan.

FIRST AND LAST.

PART III.

BY M. C. F.

Concluded from page 780.

CHAPTER II.

"What a day it was, that day:
Hill and vale did openly
Seem to heave and throb away,
At the sight of the great sky."
E. B. BROWNING.

"A palpitating snake,
Bright, and cirque couchant in a dusky brake."
KEATS.

The day was as bright as pic-nic weather should be. The sun shone warmly enough to dry the fresh brightness of the grass and foliage before he was three hours high. Some of the merry-makers met at Mr. Foster's as the most central place. Among the first came Mary Somers and her two young lady visitors, escorted by Dick, all in equestrian guise.

"We had intended to provide a steed for you, Chrissy," said Miss Somers aside, when the rest were fully engaged in discussing the prospects of the day. "Dick is in a state of desolation at losing you as his companion. But after he met your friend last night he was in-

quisitive enough to make some inquiries about his horse and vehicle, and the total result was that he gave it as his reluctant opinion that a drive with Mr. Morton would suit you better than any arrangement we could possibly make."

She looked at her friend, who blushed deeply enough to warrant any suppositions Mary might be disposed to entertain. There were mixed feelings to send the blood to her cheeks. She had not thought of the mode of transit till now, but now she remembered that some weeks before, when the pic-nic was first spoken of, Dr. James had laughingly offered to drive her in the same old rockaway she had experienced of six years before, if she should not be ashamed to be seen in so antiquated a vehicle. She wondered if he would remember and keep his engagement, and if so, what she should do. But the time of starting came, and he had not made his appearance, and she presently found herself riding with Mr. Morton in his light vehicle in which it had been his pleasure to drive alone from the nearest town.

The cavalcade had proceeded but a short distance when they were joined by Dr. James, mounted on his handsome and powerful bay horse, the very "four-year-old" which had been Mr. Foster's boast a few years back. He merely lifted his hat as he passed Christina and her companion, saluted other acquaintances in the carriage preceding theirs, and took a place in the band of equestrians beside Mary Somers.

As Christina observed their cordial and familiar greeting, and watched Mary's pure profile lit by an animated smile as she turned towards him, a sharp pang thrilled through her with an intensity utterly unknown till that moment. The ideas suggested by her uncle and aunt a few weeks ago, which had temporarily vanished from her mind, suddenly sprang to sight, full-grown to certainties, as it seemed to her at the moment. Her companion little guessed the storm of emotion with which she was battling as she strove to understand and answer his light, surface conversation.

"Your friend the Doctor rides well, and is well mounted," said he, presently, much too politic to speak in open dispraise of the person in question, however great his aversion to him. "His lady companion, too—Miss Somers, I think, you said—is a match for him in both respects. They are a well-matched couple altogether. Do you not think so?"

"Why, Mary Somers is very pretty, I think. And Dr. James is not handsome, you know. I don't see any likeness between them," said Christina, with a deceiving air of candor; the manner which a woman intuitively uses to shield her feelings from alien eyes, taught by an instinct as natural as that which teaches the hare to double when the hounds are on her track, and deserving as little the harsh names of dissimulation and deceit.

Christina could criticize Dr. James's look easily enough herself, yet her face flushed with anger at the sneering laugh with which her companion answered, "No, your country Esculapins is anything but a beauty, certainly; and Miss Somers is almost more than pretty in her Madonna-like way. Yet there is a certain likeness in unlikeness between them, too, which leads me to imagine—are they more than friends, do you know?"

"I do not know of it," said Christina, briefly. Impossible for her to discuss in tangible shape the suspicion which she felt, in her inmost heart, would, if proved true, blot out the very light of life for her. She talked on with fever-

ish rapidity, striving to keep off all personal subjects; pointed out old battle-ground localities, and called attention, as introducing old friends to a stranger, to different points of view unfolding along the beautiful but sadly-named Brandywine.

The pic-nic ground was in one of the loveliest of the level meadows which for many miles skirt the eastern shore of the river. A rank of great trees bordered its waters; hickories and walnuts erect in manly strength, beeches drooping in feminine loveliness, old oaks, and hoary-headed willows, their aged limbs twisted in fantastic contortions. The meadows lay glittering in light, except where the tree-shadows made verdant gloom, but the opposite shore, high, rocky, and wood-covered, promised soon to cast grateful shadow over them, growing wider-extended as day advanced.

Half a dozen young men, the committee of arrangements, advanced to meet the new-comers and to marshal the ladies to the "drawing-room," formed by four stately pillars of trees festooned with national flags, while a booth of green boughs hard by did duty as dressing-room.

"We lamented so much not having you in our riding party," said Mary Somers, as she doffed her riding gear and adjusted her soft white India muslin, which fell into place quite unharmed by the pressure of the habit. "But your mode of conveyance certainly favors a better style of toilette," she added, as she turned her friend around, surveying admiringly the full transparent folds of her exquisite organdie, with its becoming trimming of lace, and knots of rose-colored ribbon.

Christina thought, on her part, that the pure unrelieved white of Mary's dress suited better with her regular, classic face than any other could have done, especially when she twisted an improvised wreath of American ivy in her light brown hair, allowing its sprays to droop and touch her shoulders; but she did not say so. She was in no mood to exchange with her friend the affectionate flatteries which young girls delight to lavish upon each other, and she turned from her to assist the Misses Thompson in unpinning their green and white summer silks, and arranging the streamers of ribbon in the head-dress of the plain elder sister, and the drooping ringlets of the younger, Miss Laura, a pretty, affected little blonde.

Soon the whole party were collected, and a hubbub of voices rose unchecked by the re-

straint that often renders the first half hour of a party so stupid. Mr. Morton chatted gayly with Miss Laura, who, shaking her ringlets with immense archness as she smiled up into his face, was evidently making "a set" at the handsome stranger; but meanwhile he watched sharply, though covertly, the few words which Dr. James was addressing to Christina. They were but few: a calm observation on the loveliness of the day, other indifferent words, uttered more gravely than such topics needed. Christina's heart, which had leaped tumultuously as she found herself close beside him, felt a constriction as of an iron band as she forced a reply as coldly calm as she felt his to be.

It was all over. All a vain dream. She was not even his little friend Tiny to him, and she had been fooled by thoughts that it made her cheeks burn to remember now! But he should never know—never guess—!

So the rash, passionate thoughts surged through her, as with sudden, smiling animation beyond even her wont, she exchanged badinage with Dick Somers, and with several other young men who gathered around her, attracted by a gayety and ease which they had not seen in her before.

The preliminary tuning of a violin and flourishes from a clarionet soon announced that dancing, even at this early hour, was to be initiated as the staple amusement of the day. Christina found herself upon Mr. Morton's arm as the groups dispersed on their way to the dancing ground.

"I had not expected," said he, allowing the supercilious look which he had kept in abeyance all this while to curve the smile on his lips, "that such an affair as *this* should have been the occasion of my first appearance with you in public, Christine. It is an odd début—and hardly welcome, as it interrupts the meeting I have looked forward to so long. But I presume you scarcely care to dance here, and at this hour."

"Dance? certainly I do!" she cried. "I would not miss it for the world! *Vive la danse!*" and she hummed a French chanson with a feverish vivacity that made her companion look at her with surprise. "I hope that you will dance a great deal, too, and enjoy yourself as much as I intend to," she added.

"Your wish shall direct mine," said Mr. Morton, bending towards her in a very lover-like way. "I am not disposed at any rate to

cede my right to your hand in the first quadrille," and he led her to a place in a set that was forming.

Mary Somers was already there, not with Dr. James as her partner, though he stood quite near her.

"How exceedingly pretty Chrissy Haviland looks to-day," said she, half aside, to him as she saw Christina approaching. "I should like to know whether it is the pic-nic or Mr. Morton's presence that has brought that light to her eye and that glow to her cheek. What do you think?"

"I see she looks very well, but cannot pretend to guess the particular cause," said the Doctor, quite calmly; but, indifferently as he spoke, he scanned the approaching pair with so deep and penetrating a look that Christina shrunk from it as she met it. But the next moment he had turned away to an elderly lady near him, and was arranging a comfortable seat for her, protesting that he too was a mere "looker-on in Venice," too old for dancing, and intending to devote himself to her if permitted.

Nearly everybody danced; even the plainest girls had partners, and Christina had more solicitations than she could possibly grace, though she danced every set continuously. Even Mr. Morton showed no farther desire to evade that share of the duties of the day, and graciously bestowed the favor of his choice on the prettiest of the girls. They had fairly earned appetites for dinner by the time that that pre-eminently important part of a pic-nic came in course, with its fun, and make-shifts, and hilarious uncerimoniousness, making up for what it would lack of dainty appeals to sophisticated palates.

The hour of comparative inaction that followed it, when songs were sung and games played by little groups, when some couples sauntered tête-à-tête along the shaded river-bank, and some girls, under the instruction of their beaux, attempted to fish, with a running accompaniment of little shrieks and giggles that would have scared away the stupidest minnow that ever gulped a hook—this hour was more trying to Christina than those which had preceded it. Intensely weary of the effort with which she had for some time kept up gay bantering talk with Dick Somers and Clarence Morton, she felt relief when the former, with a saucy, half-defiant look at her, showed his cigar case as a temptation to the latter to join

him in a philosophical survey of the party from a distance. A moment's quiet, a pause to meet and battle with the conflicting and only half-acknowledged emotions that strove within her—these she must have. As she turned with this thought to seek a quieter and more secluded spot along the river, she noticed Mary Somers sitting in the boat moored under the wide-spreading shadow of an oak, idly leaning back and dipping her hand in the water, while Dr. James stood erect beside her, looking out to the opposite shore. A pleasant group enough to look upon under the green gloom of the low-bending branches, but it brought no pleasure to the one who saw it now. A feeling of bitterness that was almost hate, rose fiercely in her heart as she hurried by, unnoticed by either of them, and finding a nook where she could neither hear nor see the merry-makers in the open meadows above, she crouched behind a tree.

"I wish I could never see nor hear any of them again," she cried, passionately, dashing away the hot tears that sprang to her eyes, choking back the sobs that forced themselves up to her throat. "I *will* not cry! I must think." But thought was not easy to poor undisciplined Christina. She could only feel, passionately and intensely. She was not left long alone to confront her inner self, however.

"Miss Haviland," said Laura Thompson's thin little voice beside her suddenly, "I saw you coming down here as I was arranging my hair in the dressing-room, and thought I would come and join you. You've no objection? What a sweet, romantic little spot!" she went on, without paying much attention to the murmured reply. "But it's a little lonesome, isn't it? We can't see a soul. I should not have known you were here if I had not spied you out from the dressing-booth."

"I wish you had been elsewhere, then," almost forced itself to Christina's lips; but as the manners of the Palace of Truth are not in vogue in modern times, she constrained herself to make some civil answer instead, and to listen, or seem to listen, to Miss Laura's continuous stream of very small talk.

Just as she had launched into a minute description of the dress she had worn at the last Bachelors' Ball on St. Valentine's day—"looped up with bouquets of French flowers, you know, and a wreath and corsage to match"—her ever-roving eyes caught a glimpse of some figures in the distance. "Who can that be coming?" she

exclaimed, stretching her neck to peep over the intervening screen of bushes. "Your handsome cousin, I do declare!—He is your cousin, isn't he?—And sister Lydia, and cousin Dick, and Mary, and her everlasting pock-marked beau, the Doctor. I dare say they are coming to hunt us up. But, no, they don't seem to be looking this way at all," she continued, disappointed; "I mean to call to them, and tell on you, in what a sentimental meditation I found you here. He, he!—Mr. Morton!"

"Please to do nothing of the kind, Miss Laura!" cried Christina, angrily, annoyed beyond expression at the possibility of being suspected as "the hurt fowl creeping in the sedges." She sprang up, exclaiming, "I mean to have that spike of Pontederia yonder. Will you have one? They are just difficult enough of access to make them tempting."

"But you will get your feet damp!" cried Miss Laura, as Christina stepped quickly into the thicket of tall grass and coarse ferns, at the farther edge of which the blue flower-spikes she spoke of reared their heads; "and maybe there are snakes there too. I should die of terror if I saw one, I know! Mr. Morton!" she cried, with an affected little scream, "do exert your influence over Miss Haviland, and don't let her go into that terrible jungle!"

"What is your royal behest, Miss Laura?" inquired the person addressed, with familiar gallantry, as he advanced, while at the same time Dr. James cried out with quick imperativeness—

"Christina! come away! that is not fit." But Christina, just reaching towards the Pontederia blossom, suddenly uttered a sharp shriek, and bounded back towards the bank where the rest were now standing.

"What—what is it?" cried the Doctor, springing to her side with a face as pale as her own.

"My foot—my ankle!" she gasped. "Something has bitten me! Such a sharp pain! A snake, I believe!"

A chorus of shrieks and exclamations followed her words. "Are you hurt, Christine?" cried Mr. Morton, pressing forward.

Dick Somers sprang into the brake, striking furiously with a fallen branch upon an undulating track that ran through the grass. "A moccasin, by Jove!" he shouted, aghast. "Its smell is strong here. There! Ah! I've missed him!"

"Sit down," said Dr. James to Christina, in low, hasty command, and he hurriedly placed

the half-fainting girl on the earth, and tearing off with firm, quick hand the little sandalled slipper, too slight to bar the cruel stroke, the gossamer hose, he set his lips to the purple mark in the slender blue-veined instep, drawing with desperate force the deadly venom from the wound.

"O, no, you must not!" cried Christina, the blood dying her pale face crimson, and she strove to rise; but he held her firmly, not intermitting his task one moment to combat her scruples. Mary Somers knelt beside her friend, pale and trembling, but quiet; Mr. Morton looked darkly on; and Miss Laura filled the pause by her exclamations and reiterated declarations that she had told Miss Haviland not to go into that horrid swamp.

"A handful of plantain leaves," said the Doctor at last, glancing up momentarily to Miss Somers. With quiet haste she brought them from a beaten spot in the meadow near by. As quickly were they bruised, moistened with a handful of the river mud and bound closely with his own handkerchief to the wound. Then he stood up and turned to Mr. Morton. "She must go home at once," said he. "You must drive her, and I will ride on to my own house and meet you at Mr. Foster's with the proper remedies. No time should be lost."

He stooped, and, raising her in his arms, strode across the meadow towards the halting-place, where the horses were tethered, at a pace that outstripped the rest, till Dick Somers, dashing off at a run, passed him by in order to prepare Mr. Morton's carriage.

"It is too much for you; I could walk," murmured Christina, making a faint effort to extricate herself from the strong arms which bore her so easily.

"Hush, Tiny," he whispered, with inexpressible tenderness. "Lie still, my darling." Holding her still more closely, till she felt his heart throbbing against her side. They spoke no other words till the carriage was reached.

"Shall I die?" she whispered then, looking up into his eyes.

"No, by God's help!" he answered, with a full return of her gaze. "Not of this." And with careful haste he placed her in the seat, and arranged a prop to raise her wounded foot. "Mr. Morton," said he, turning to that gentleman, who had reached the spot, "I need not tell you to drive as fast you can with safety. There will be, I trust, no cause for serious

alarm, only for prompt action." And leaping on his own horse, which stood already saddled, thanks to Dick's alacrity, he went off at a dashing gallop.

Mr. Morton, his first fear for Christina's life abated, was only filled with intense annoyance at the whole affair. He felt enraged with the man whose promptness and presence of mind had saved Christina's life; angry with her, too, for the very accident itself. The sharp stroke of the whip, which urged his horse to its fastest pace, had in it as much of temper as of desire to obey Dr. James's directions. Christina did not speak. She leaned back, her eyes closed, her veil drawn over her face.

"Are you suffering much, Christine?" inquired her companion at last, in a constrained voice.

"No—no—much," she answered, starting. She was not thinking of pain then. The ghastly fear that had seized her for a few moments had lifted from her heart at her friend's clear "No—by God's help." She should live, she felt; he had said so. And she should owe her life to him.

Fast as Mr. Morton drove, the Doctor's speed had far exceeded his. His bay horse stood with heaving flanks, wet with sweat, beside Mr. Foster's gateway, and he himself stood ready to assist Christina from the vehicle as it drew up at the steps. "Don't fear," he said, speaking cheerfully and reassuringly now. "Everything is ready for you that can be done. It will be all well with you, I trust and believe."

"I do not fear," said Christina, softly, as she yielded herself to be lifted from the carriage and borne swiftly in his arms again up the walk and into the house. Mrs. Foster stood ready to pilot her way to the chamber, and with few words but ready hands and quick comprehension she administered the remedies which the Doctor directed.

Not till Dr. James had decidedly given his opinion that no serious ill effects need be apprehended from the bite, from which the virus seemed to have been almost entirely removed by the means—so timely, though so hazardous to himself—which he had adopted, did Aunt Martha indulge herself by administering to her niece a scolding for the carelessness which had carried her into such danger.

"But I never thought of danger, aunty," pleaded Christina. "I never heard of poisonous snakes about the Brandywine before."

"I don't know that I ever did, either," said her aunt. "We don't often see moccasins north of the Maryland line, I know. But supposing they're not as thick as blackberries, that's no reason for running into ill-looking places without rhyme or reason for it. I feel right cross at you since I find you are not going to die of it. Suppose, now, it turns out that the Doctor has poisoned himself by sucking it out of your bite, how will you feel?"

"Oh! Aunt Martha!" cried Christina, springing up as if an arrow had pierced her.

"Hush, hush!" said the Doctor, soothingly, as he replaced her on the couch. "There is no such danger, none; you may believe me. Mrs. Foster, you should not agitate her thus," he said, reproachfully, for her whole frame was convulsed with the sobs which burst forth with almost hysterical violence.

"Come, come, child, I didn't mean to frighten you so. My tongue is too hasty sometimes, I know," said Mrs. Foster, penitently. "Come, now, don't cry. I won't scold any more about it—and as for the Doctor, he don't look a mite worse for it, after all."

Dick Somers was with Mr. Morton, waiting to hear Dr. James's report of Christina's case. He declared that he felt himself partly to blame in the affair, for he had the day before, when the other young men were near the scene of the accident, preparing the booth of tree-branches, been startled by the peculiar odor of the moccasin snake, but concluding that it was referable to the chestnut boughs they had been felling, he made no search for it. "If Miss Christina had lost her life to-day, I should never have forgiven my carelessness!" said he, with real emotion; "and that she is not to die of it is, I believe, owing altogether to you, Dr. James. My sister will join with all others who love her, to thank you."

"And I," said Mr. Morton, drawing the Doctor apart, and speaking in a low tone, "have deeper cause than all the rest to thank you. As a friend of Christine's relatives here, you probably know *how* deep."

Dr. James looked at him quickly and keenly, without speaking.

"You conjecture, at least, I see," pursued Clarence, with an air of the utmost apparent candor, "the closer than cousinly tie which binds us together. Our betrothal has not been a thing of long standing, but our mutual understanding dates much farther back. You must allow her future husband to ask how bet-

ter than by empty thanks he can repay the inestimable service you have done him?"

Whatever reply Dr. James might have made, was prevented by Mrs. Foster, who came out upon the porch where they were standing. "Chrissy thinks she would like to be quiet and rest awhile now," she said, "but I think, Doctor, she seems a little excited and feverish, more than I like to see. You will stay till after tea, and see her then, I hope?"

"It is necessary for me to go now, Mrs. Foster," said the Doctor, "but I will look in again this evening, at any rate."

"But, Dr. James," said Mrs. Foster, anxiously, "I don't think you look at all well yourself. You are right pale. Are you sure you have not taken some of the poison into your own veins?"

"Oh, no," said the Doctor, forcing a smile, "there is no danger of that. I am very well." And hastily bidding them good afternoon, he mounted and rode away.

CHAPTER III.

"Heart, heart, lie still;
Wherefore beat so strongly?"

"I cannot lie still: beat strong I will.

"Let Heaven's grace me fill, then lie I still."

Clarence Morton's wooing had not on this occasion progressed with the uninterrupted pleasantness that he had anticipated. During the late events he had been thrust into the background in a way that was grievous to his self-love and self-importance, and just now he was feeling terribly bored in the prospect of a dull afternoon and evening; so he gladly accepted Dick Somers's invitation to return with him to the pic-nic ground, and thence to his home till the next day. Flirting with Miss Laura Thompson promised, at least, better entertainment than a tête-à-tête with Uncle John, enlivened only by Aunt Martha's occasional bulletins of Christina's state of health. So the two young men departed in company, just as Mary Somers came, under the escort of a young farmer whom she had pressed into her service, full of anxiety about her friend. "I am so glad, so thankful!" she cried, on hearing the favorable report which her brother hastily gave her. "But I must stay with Chrissy to-night. I have excused myself to Martha and Laura, and you must do double duty in entertaining them, Dick, and take them safely home in good time this evening."

"With Mr. Morton's assistance, which he

has promised me," said her brother. "I have persuaded him to stay with us to-night."

"Then I must ask Mr. Morton's excuses, too," said Mary, "and lay another double share of host's duty on your shoulders, Dick. Let them send over for me early in the morning." And bidding them adieu, she sought Christina's bedside.

Stealing softly into her room, she found her not lying pale in exhausted sleep, but with bright wide-open eyes, and cheeks glowing like damask roses. "I am not sick nor suffering," she laughingly answered, in answer to Mary's affectionate inquiries. "I half believe you were all mistaken about that bite, after all. It could have been nothing so serious as you thought."

"Truly," said Miss Somers, looking attentively at her, "you look as if the very elixir of life were circulating in your veins, instead of poison. How came you by such rosy cheeks?" laying her cool soft hands caressingly upon them.

"They're feverish cheeks, that's what I'm afraid of," said Mrs. Foster, who had followed her in. "You mustn't talk, child. Mary may stay with you, but you must be quiet. I don't trust your well looks till the doctor has seen you again."

"Yes, you must be quiet, as Mrs. Foster says," said Mary. "I will sit here by you and read something to you, not too exciting, and do you drop asleep, if you can."

Christina willingly assented to this proposal, having in truth no desire to talk, and as Mary's voice flowed on in the rythm of Tennyson's "Princess," she lay quiet, with shining eyes that seemed to gaze far off into the land of dreams.

Twilight had darkened over the pages, and the two girls were both silent when Dr. James paid his appointed visit. "You don't think her much amiss, do you, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Foster apart, after the usual examination of symptoms. She spoke anxiously, struck by something unusual in his looks and tones.

He reassured her, adding that a few days' quiet, and the use of some simple remedies which he mentioned, would be sufficient to avert all evil consequences of her accident. Mrs. Foster went immediately to prepare the draught he prescribed, and he turned to Christina's couch again. "I have tried to set your aunt's mind as much at rest about your health as I really feel my own," he said, gently. "It

will be more prudent for you to keep your chamber for a day or two, but I apprehend no farther ill consequences. I am particularly relieved at finding you so well," he went on, after a pause, "for I find by a letter received this afternoon that it will be necessary for me to leave home directly, and the time of my return is indefinite."

She looked up at him with wide-opened, inquiring eyes, while the warm color faded out of her cheeks. He went on, steadily: "Mr. Morton tells me that you return to your aunt in New York, in a few days, under his care. In that case, I fear I shall not see you again before you go, and my farewell must be a long one. Good-by, Christina." He took her hand and stood a minute, looking down at her in silence; then stooped, and tenderly and solemnly touched her forehead with his lips. "God bless you, Tiny!" he said softly. "May He keep you happy in the best way. Farewell." He touched Miss Somers's hand in adieu, and left them.

As the door closed on his departure, Christina turned to Mary. "What is it?" she said wildly—"I do not understand."

"I suspect," answered Mary, calmly, "that he has concluded to accept the professorship in the Philadelphia Medical College, which was offered him some time ago. My father, when he mentioned the matter to him, strongly advised him to accept it, and though he did not seem disposed to take his advice then, I fancy he has thought better of it since. Father says that his talents are quite thrown away in his quiet hum-drum practice here. And it does seem as if he might attain a higher position. But he will be terribly missed in Sunfield if he goes, by rich and poor alike. Dr. James has a great deal about him to make him beloved; don't you think so?"

"You should be the best judge of that," said Christina, in a hard, sharp tone, quite new to her voice—"you will miss him most yourself, I should think."

"Oh, you know we talk of removing to Philadelphia ourselves next year," said Mary, laughing, in unconscious good faith. "I tell father he is not impartial in his advice. The Doctor is his prime favorite and friend, you know."

Christina made no answer. Bitter words crowded to her lips, but with an unwonted effort of self-control, she restrained them.

"I don't believe you are feeling so well,

Chrissy," said Mary, awhile later, feeling something unusual in her friend's demeanor—"Are you suffering, dear? Does your head ache?" She leaned affectionately over her.

"Oh, what matter?" said Christina, impatiently—"I am not to die, it seems." And she turned her head, withdrawing from the pressure of Miss Somers's kind hand. Poor Christina! Her whole nature was in rebellion against the pain of her heart, and she could not help her irritability.

Through the watches of the night, when Mary slumbered peacefully beside her, a conflict raged in her breast, and drove sleep far from her eyelids. "Well, that is all done with," she said to herself, turning on her unquiet pillow—"I have been a fool—that is all there is of it! He has bidden me farewell, and pushed me off from his life forever. The parting did not hurt *him*—and it shall not hurt me, either. I am no deserted, forlorn damsel, to mope and mourn for him. Clarence Morton loves me. He has sought me when I have ungratefully shunned his affection; he, handsome, admired, accomplished as he is; I should be very glad, very thankful for the love he offers me. If he speaks plainly to-morrow—and he will—I will tell him so, and he will take me away, far away from here. I cannot be happy till I go away. And then——"

Plans for the future, visions of the pleasures and pride of life, that might still be hers, were marshalled up before her. Her veins throbbed feverishly; the soft June air seemed to scorch her with sultry August heat. She slipped noiselessly from her sleeping companion's side, and leaned from the open window. Softly the light of the sinking moon silvered the tree-tops; in infinite peace and repose the world rested around her. A better influence stole in to calm her angry, rebellious mood. A feeling of the true reality of life arose to confront the shams with which she strove to cheat her hungering heart. Tears stole at last into her hot, dry eyes, and bowing her head upon her arms, she wept softly and quietly, tears that cooled her brain, and comforted her. "I do love him," she murmured, lifting her head—"I have always loved him. Why should I feel so ashamed and humiliated? I cannot have his love, it seems; but oh! can I bear to lie, and accept another man's? No, I cannot do it."

But back again surged the tempting thoughts. What! give up all? Incur her aunt's deep displeasure, inexorable as she knew it often to be?

Lose forever her place of petted darling in the luxurious home, whose delights were very pleasant to her? Wound Clarence Morton's feelings so deeply? And for what gain? Then the thought rose whether she were not already in honor bound beyond the possibility of refusal? Her thoughtlessness and irresolution might have made her seem to give a tacit consent, and he might be already considering her love as a thing assured him. Ought she not to put aside the question of her own feelings, and act so as best to spare his? Christina's guardian angel might tremble for her, as her worldly temptation assumed so fair a show of duty.

"Do not evil that good may come." A still inward voice spoke to her. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Trembling, she sank down upon her knees, bowed down by a new feeling of humiliation and self-distrust. "Father, guide me!" she breathed—"show me this one step clearly, and let me not search farther than this into the dark way."

Long she knelt in voiceless prayer, and quiet and assurance and patience flowed in and strengthened her. Mary Somers stirred at last from her calm sleep, and missing her companion from her side, spoke her name. "Chrissy, did you want anything?" she exclaimed, rising on her elbow. "Why did you not call me? You should not have risen."

"It is nothing, dear," said Christina softly—"I am coming back to bed now." And lying down beside her friend, she put her arm around her, with a pressure that silently asked pardon for the unloving thoughts that had stirred her heart against her; and lying so, they slept."

In the morning, Mary slid from her sleeping neighbor's side, and sought her own home, so early that she was in time to preside at the leisurely breakfast there, where Miss Laura, in a much be-furbelowed white peignoir, still kept up a coquettish game of flirting small-talk with Mr. Morton, with unabated spirit. In Miss Somers's eyes, he found much less favor. "He is not good enough for Chrissy," she said to herself an hour later, as she watched him ride away, "I shall be glad if it turns out that I have been mistaken in my surmises respecting them."

Mr. Morton, little troubling himself about the opinions of those he left behind him—opinions which it would have been difficult to convince him could be otherwise than favorable, reached Mr. Foster's, and speedily sought an interview with Christina.

The interview was not a long one, but at its close, he left the room with a savage look of pale wrath on his face, which boded ill for the one who had caused it, if by any chance his hand had power to interfere with her fate. "She shall repent the insolence which has rejected the lot it was a condescension to offer her," he muttered to himself, as he sprang into the vehicle he had ordered to be immediately prepared for him, and with scant courtesy of leave-taking to his host and hostess, drove furiously away from the place where he had suffered ennuï, mortified self-love and baffled desire, enough to make him hate its memory forever.

"What can have taken your cousin off in such a hurry?" exclaimed Mrs. Foster, entering the room where Christina sat. "And he looked anything but sweet, I can tell you. And here you are crying, Chrissy! Have you been quarrelling with him, or what is the matter?"

"Not quarrelling, aunty; only bidding him good-by," said Christina; "and it is not that I am crying for, either, for I hope I shall never see him again, as long as I live! Dear aunty!" she continued, throwing her arms around Mrs. Foster's neck, will you let me stay here as I used to—you and Uncle John? Maybe Aunt Isabella will never want me again, as she has threatened me."

"I guess how it is," said Mrs. Foster, after a pause, her shrewd mind instantly linking the circumstances together in something like their true order. "Well, child," she continued, soothingly stroking her niece's dark hair, "don't you fret about it. You were right to say no to that young spark, if that's what you did say. I was certain that there was a dreadfully ugly temper behind that smooth look of his, from the minute I set my eyes on him. And you know well that your uncle and I will be glad to have you stay with us forever, if things are to be so. Now lie down on your bed awhile, and get quiet, and I'll give you that medicine the Doctor left for you. I wish he hadn't been called away so suddenly, I'm sure. You'll be sick, with all this fuss, I'm afraid."

CHAPTER IV.

"Fast, silent tears were falling,
When something came behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind."

MILTON.

A slight feverish attack, resulting as much from her alternations of emotion as anything else, kept Christina in her bed for two or three

days after this. But as soon as her aunt would allow her, she resumed her place in the household, taking of choice a heavier share in its occupations than ever before. It was in a different spirit that she worked now than she could hitherto have brought to such tasks as she now assumed. Duties which she would once have hurried by if compelled to assume them, as distasteful preludes to enjoyment, were now taken up with an earnestness which showed that she found her best solace in them. On various pretexts, she declined going to Squire Somers's for awhile, and Mary, occupied with her visitors, who still prolonged their stay, did not come to see her. Meanwhile, she received from New York such of her personal possessions as she had left there, with a curt and bitter note from Mrs. Morton, saying that as she had, without warning to her, gone exactly in opposition to her known desire and advice, she had of course made up her mind to the necessary separation that must follow.

The allusions to ingratitude, stubbornness and deceit, that ran through the letter, showed her offended and alienated to a degree that Christina had not expected. There could be little doubt that Clarence Morton had fanned the flame of her indignation to the height it now assumed. Christina shed bitter tears over this letter. She was fond of her aunt, and felt the charge of ingratitude deeply. The change in her prospects, too, could not be agreeable to her. The dull monotony of her future life in this country home, a monotony which had not been so deeply felt while she was only a visitor there, lay drearily before her. There was nothing to relieve or divert the heaviness with which her first womanly grief pressed upon her.

These thoughts and feelings besieged her as she sat alone one midsummer evening, till she felt beneath their attack a fretful impatience of suffering that she had not given way to before since the night when she chose and decided her fate. The early supper had been disposed of while the sun was still high in the heavens, the farmer had gone again to the field, to oversee the completion of the day's labors there, and Mrs. Foster was visiting a sick neighbor.

As Christina sat alone in the room, busy with a task of household sewing, the tick of the clock, and the shrill, monotonous song with which Bridget solaced her labors, were the only sounds about her, and these smote on her ner-

vous, irritable mood, as almost insupportable annoyances. As the glow of sunset crimsoned the air, she put by her work, and passed out down the garden walk and past the grape-arbor, and climbing the stone wall that separated the garden from the meadow lot, sat looking out with weary, listless eyes, over the well-known scene. So she sat while twilight gathered round her, visions of the past and of the sad "might have been" chasing each other through her thoughts. Tears stole unnoticed to her eyes, till at last, laying her head on her knees, she sobbed like a weary child.

She heard no step upon the soft grass, but some one stood beside her. A hand was softly laid upon her bowed head. "Christina!" said a well-known voice, dearer than all other sounds to her, tenderer than any other earthly voice had ever sounded to her.

She raised her head, and looked up with such wonder and joy, as if a supernatural visitant from another world stood by her. "Is it you?" she breathed out, rather than spoke, at last.

His eyes shone luminous, his face was agitated by some powerful emotion, as he looked down at her. "Do you know," said he, without any ordinary form of salutation, "what I have heard, and why I am here?"

She gazed at him in alarm, making no answer.

"Christina," he went on, in a deeper tone, bending nearer to her as he spoke, "when I bade you good-by, I thought I left you forever. Now I come to ask you to bid me never leave you more. Can you—will you, dear, lay your hand in mine for love and life? It must be all or nothing."

Not a word she spoke, but gazed on in silence, till the light of a great joy rose and glowed in her face, and holding out both her hands with a gesture of entire giving, they were clasped firm in his, and she was gathered close, close in his arms, heart to heart, cheek to cheek, all doubt, all mistakings over, and the love of the past fulfilled and confirmed by to-day.

"I didn't know what it was made me feel to want to tell Dr. James all I knew and guessed about you and your city cousin, when I met him to-day at Mrs. Dean's," said Mrs. Foster, coming into Christina's room that night, after he had gone away, and kissing her heartily; "I'm not apt to go blabbing things out like that. But now I know what the feeling was sent for. Well, child, I can't wish you anything better than you've got, or will have, for a good husband is the one good thing there is for a woman, I've found that out. And I'll say for you, Chrissy, that you've showed a right sense of things in setting your heart on him instead of the other one."

Every year that has passed over Christina's head since then, has confirmed her aunt's judgment more and more. Her husband is only a country doctor yet. The city professorship was rejected after all, and he and his busy, happy wife, wish for no higher, no more luxurious station, happy beyond the need of addition to their worldly blessings, in the wedded love which includes the possibilities of all other earthly loves, their alpha and omega, their First and Last.

ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE.

BY L. N.

Only a baby's grave!

Some foot or two, at the most,
Of star-daisied sod, yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost.

Only a baby's grave!

To children even so small,
That they sit there and sing—so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all!

Only a baby's grave!

Strange how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here such a space—
O, more strange, could we forget!

Only a baby's grave!

Did we measure grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead,
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave!

Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such?

Only a baby's grave!

Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer Heaven for it!

A GAME OF MATRIMONY.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

It will do to write about it now, for the village gossip which it occasioned has all died out, and those who said the severest things at the time have long ago forgotten the whole affair in their astonishment at the folly of somebody else.

I was in all probability a coquette. I have had that word flung in my face often enough, though I always tossed it back in scorn. Many were the prudes who pursed their lips and despised my little teasing ways, and looked down on me from their serene heights of propriety.

Heigho! That was long ago; but I bore the girls' censure all the better for knowing that they would have broken as many hearts as I did if they had only known how. They could afford to be pitiless; as a race, we have no mercy for sinners who are tempted in some point where we are particularly secure.

I had raven hair, the only hair which will bear much adorning, and I knew how fine a background it made for flowers or gems. Such a shimmering when the light fell on it, such a dancing of gloss and shade! My eyes, too, they were said to be wells into whose depths you could look and see the light of stars. Who cares for color? The expression is more than that. Can you read anything in an eye? Can you get a hint of the soul which lies beyond and shines through it? Then it is beautiful.

Some reticent beings shut in an ocean of tenderness, and it never gushes to the surface; but all the feeling I had was not slow to make itself known. No emotion of mine ever lay quiet long enough to settle and clear itself; it was forever palpitating, flickering and dying out, to make way for another equally restless emotion.

Very early in life I made the discovery that I held in my hands the key of men's hearts. I don't know why it was. Will some philosophic young lady consult the German mystics and inform me? It was a natural power, as independent of my will, I believe, as the power of seeing visions and tipping tables.

There were plenty of girls more beautiful than myself; but the most of them tried too anxiously to please, not feeling much confidence in their own attractions. They were

thoroughly sensible, all the young men said so very respectfully, and if they spoke of me at all, no doubt it was to call me a giddy flirt. Yet all the while I was leading them about in chains softer than silk, but stronger than adamant.

To do myself justice, I never boasted of my conquests. There was a little feminine sympathy in my nature, just enough to keep me silent when I saw that my rejected lovers were seeking solace in the smiles of some of the other girls. Why need I tell these girls that they were gladly receiving what I had carelessly flung away?

I might, too, have felt some consciousness, not altogether innocent, that I had smiled and beckoned on this and that poor soul to the lover's gulf of despair—a refusal. Suppose I had, how could I help it? It is so delightful to every animate creature to be overrated. Who or what is insensible to worship unless it be a graven image?

Condemn me, ye fair and sensible ladies who dwell for all time on the serene heights of propriety! The sterner sex may grant me forgiveness if they please—but mind, I don't ask it, and shall not till I see them rising above the selfishness of toying with the hearts of tender young girls. As they live in glass houses, I warn them not to throw stones.

There was one young man who considered me foolish, and told me so. I could bear reproof from him, for he was worthy to give it. There were tears from the depths of some divine despair which would rise in my heart while he was talking; but I think he never saw them, for I usually shut the floodgates till I was safely out of sight.

I had glimpses of something better than the homage of young men who were fascinated in spite of their better judgment; glimpses of a nobler womanhood which was latent within me; and when Edward Eastman told me I was frittering away my time and neglecting my mind, I believed him, though I would not give him the poor satisfaction of knowing that I listened to his words.

We were sitting on the sofa, watching the sun go down, I remember, and I said, in reply

to a few candid remarks—"Dear me, Edward, such a musical voice as you have! It soothes me like the murmur of falling waters. But what have you been talking about?"

"Florence!" The tone was grieved.

"Why, Edward, I tell you the sound of your voice charms me so much that I can't for the life of me keep the connection of what you're talking about."

Then he laughed—"You incorrigible girl! You told me once I might scold once in awhile. You know that what I have been saying has been kindly meant. I take the liberty of a—"

"Grandfather! Yes, to be sure. You're getting so instructive, my friend, so edifying, that I'm fairly overwhelmed."

The sun just then sent in some very broad, slanting rays. Strange, I can recollect so well how Edward looked at that moment. I seemed to see him surrounded by a halo. This typified the beautiful image I had of him at times. Not often, but once in awhile, he stood out before my imagination as something higher and nobler than I was. At such moments I longed for some spiritual gift which would be a kind of passport between his soul and mine.

"Now, Edward, what are you thinking about? My shortcomings?" For he was looking at me earnestly, and it was hard to keep my heart out of my eyes.

He looked away at once. "I was wondering seriously, Florence, whether you have any heart."

"Why should you care?" said I, saucily. "If I were the most malicious of coquettes, I couldn't harm you. Such a sensible and discreet gentleman has nothing to fear."

I said this upon the impulse of the moment; otherwise I should not have said it all. The next breath I could have bitten out my tongue for very rage. The truth was, I believed that Edward did love me, faults and all, and in spite of himself. He did not speak for a minute or two, but there was a strange fire in his eye, a fire made up of conflicting elements.

"You are right, Florence; my heart is cased in mail—or ought to be. A year or two ago there might have been danger; but now I should be a fool indeed to care for a butterfly like you."

There was a sudden pressure about my heart, a stifling in the throat; but I seized a fan and flirted it with an air of tragic distress. "Thanks, kindest, most considerate of men, for your delicate rejection! We ladies don't usually say

'No' till we are asked. But you are so magnanimous, you gentlemen! You crush out a hope before it exists. With all the gratitude of a butterfly, allow me to thank you!"

"Laughing, of course," said Edward, in confusion. "Well, you laugh so musically that I can't for the life of me keep the connection of what you are laughing about!"

"Oh, do you descend to jesting? You surprise me, sir! Ahem! If the lecture is over, I suppose we may as well close with music."

And I flew to the piano to drown in a flood of sound the emotions I could not otherwise conceal. The notes fell like thunderbolts, with a little lightning flashing from diamond rings—a mimic storm. Then I was myself again.

Edward Eastman had said a very ungallant thing. It had not wounded me, I said to myself, because my heart, like his, was encased in mail. But it might have wounded me. No gentleman should have risked such a speech.

The flowers I had worn that evening looked tumbled and faded when I took them from my hair. I thought it had been a wearisome day, and the night was a relief. I stood gazing at a rose on my dressing-table. It seemed to enjoy drinking the water from the vase. "It expresses what it cannot feel," I thought, "a sense of deep content and beauty. Edward might say there are people like flowers, who convey by word and manner the hint of a substratum of feeling they never possessed. Thou art the woman! Well, let him think so."

Then I remember that I tossed the rose out of the window. And after this there were sails and rides and pic-nics, and some of my city cousins came to our village to ruralize, and I dressed and sang and flirted till I despised myself. There were times when we went boating, and the moonlight stirred the deep places in our souls as it swells the tides of the sea. Then I looked at Edward, and wondered why things were ordered so. Why did others sue for my emptiest smile, while he looked on calmly and saw through every artifice? It was as if he defied me. Well, the human heart is a strange, contradictory thing; I might not have honored Edward Eastman so much if he could have been brought to my feet by a glance.

The summer wore itself into autumn, and autumn breathed its last in the golden haze of Indian summer. I grew gayer than ever, more reckless of the hearts I trifled with. Then winter came, and there were evenings when it was not cheerful to look out upon the gray

landscape, evenings when there was no poetic moon to gild the bare facts of desolation and gloom. In the twilight I looked out on a bleak picture, whose background was a white, sullen sky. The bare arms of the trees stretched upward in endless entreaty. Those naked, dreary trees! Was there stirring in their frozen hearts any dream of future awakening?

There was a grand party at Judge V——'s. I shall never forget that evening. Now if I had written systematically—but I never could be systematic—I should have mentioned Delos Carter before this time. He was a gay, dashing young man, with an iron will underlying his gayety—a selfish will which had never been controlled. He came from New York to look up the title to his father's estate, and the deeds must have been long and intricate, judging from the time he spent in town.

It was amusing to see how inordinately flattered our country girls felt by his slightest attentions. For my part I considered him a presumptuous, reckless young man; and perhaps for the very reason that I despised him he persecuted me. Ah, it was so dark in my soul in those days! Sometimes I shook him off as if he annoyed me. Sometimes I let him believe that he pleased me. I was so desperate, so miserable, and latterly Edward had grown strangely indifferent. What cared I? Would I not prove myself to be a woman of spirit?

The night of the party at Judge V——'s, I declared flatly that I would not go, but immediately afterwards commenced adorning myself with unusual care, and went. The very glare of those lamps burns into my eyeballs now. The echo of the music dizzies my brain. Edward Eastman was there. I remember how he stood in the bay-window talking with Julia Snow. I heard him tell her he should leave town in a few days. Indeed! It seemed he had not thought it worth while to inform *me*! Perhaps he supposed such a piece of news would not interest me. What would a butterfly care? It is not in the way of butterflies to fret much about friends.

We lived in a country village, you remember. We played games like a set of rollicking children. The very spirit of mischief seemed abroad that night. We acted charades impromptu, and I was conscious of dashing off sparkles of wit which electrified everybody. At last a mock-marriage was proposed, and it was decided that I should act the bride. Instantly Delos Carter proposed himself as bridegroom,

and as he ran to the dressing-room to settle his collar, said—"Don't wait for me; let other parts of the game go on while I am gone."

Edward Eastman had hardly noticed me that evening. Now he came up and took my hand, saying—"Florence, I wouldn't do this. It might not signify with one of us you have always known; but you see how different it is with an entire stranger like Mr. Carter. Aren't you afraid it may make him more presuming than ever?"

"Presuming!" My last faint illusion was blown away like thistle-down. Edward was not in the slightest degree jealous of the brilliant gentleman from New York!

"Thank you," said I, releasing my hand, and freezing my old friend with a glance. "You take a great liberty in advising me; but your interference is something I've become accustomed to by this time."

I regretted my rudeness next moment; but was I going to retract my words? Not I. How the lamps flare and blaze! How the room hushes to a terrible quiet as we go through that mock-marriage. The thing which vexes me is that my affectionate bridegroom holds my hand in too tender a clasp; but that is part of the play, and I do not show my repugnance, especially as Edward is looking on in evident displeasure.

Young lawyer Wood performs the ceremony; and lest any one should suspect that marriages are not every-day affairs with him, he omits not the smallest word that could ever be supposed to pertain to such a service.

Everybody laughs, and considers Mr. Carter carrying out the farce capitally when he presents Mr. Wood with a paper, which by a fiction is supposed to be a marriage license. "Open it if you please," says the bridegroom.

Mr. Wood obeys with a smile, which immediately changes to a stare of alarm, I might say terror. The girls crowd around me with congratulations, and the curtain drops. But I have not lost sight of the pale Justice of the Peace, and an indefinable horror seizes me as I trace him to a corner, earnestly conversing with the dark-browed bridegroom, who has suddenly grown as frightful to me as he has always been odious. What I fear I know not clearly, but it does not soothe me to observe that Edward Eastman too looks troubled, and joins the mock-bridegroom and the Justice in the bay-window.

What happened after this I cannot narrate with any clearness. Events seem to mingle

together in a mist. I do not remember the order in which they occurred. I only know that the villain, Delos Carter, claimed me as his true and legally wedded wife, and that the law of the State was on his side.

He came to our house first with insinuating smiles, pretending—shameless hypocrite—that the marriage was an affair of our joint arrangement. I was palsied by the unscrupulous falsehood and could make no reply. But when I looked up at the man who stood before me with such an unblushing front, words came to my aid—"Delos Carter," said I "remember we are before witnesses."

It was in our parlor, and there were at least thirty people present, forming a sort of justice-court, and among them the perplexed lawyer who had performed the ceremony. My poor, half distracted mother stood leaning against the wall for support, while my friend Julia Snow chafed her hands and tried to soothe her.

Edward Eastman was rapidly pacing the floor, but when I commenced speaking he stopped short and looked at me. I saw that he doubted my truth. He half believed that I had gone so far in my foolish coquetry with Delos Carter as to promise marriage. But however unguarded I might have been hitherto, however reckless, I was bold in my innocence of such a promise. "Mr. Carter," said I, firmly, "I have amused myself with you, I confess, and I am heartily ashamed of my conduct. We have carried on a silly game of flirtation; but upon my honor, and in presence of these well-known witnesses, I solemnly protest that no engagement ever existed between us!"

Edward Eastman came up and shook hands with me when I had finished speaking, his face cleared of all doubt. "Thank God for what you have said, Florence," he whispered, "you can and shall be rescued from this diabolical snare."

Mr. Carter received all my protestations with an amused smile, which was tormenting enough to arouse all the indignation of my nature.

"My dear young lady," said he, "do not allow yourself to become unduly excited, though your anger is certainly becoming! Keep on with these asseverations if you like. We all know your fondness for raillery and repartee. I dare say no one here doubts that you are jesting."

"Jesting!" echoed Julia Snow with towering indignation.

"Jesting!" gasped my mother. "My poor

daughter must be demented indeed if she would jest at such a time as this!"

It would not answer. Mr. Carter's attempt to laugh off the affair as a caprice of mine was a melancholy failure. The assertion that I was a voluntary bride, making only a show of resistance, was too absurd to be credited.

"Hypocrite and scoundrel," cried I; for in my excitement I did not stop to choose my appellations, "dare you insinuate for a moment that this wedding was a premeditated thing between us, sir?"

"Most certainly I do, madam," replied Mr. Carter, with an air of injured innocence mingled with the meekest forbearance; "would I have subjected myself to this mortifying scene, think you, if I had not been the blindest of dupes? If you, Mrs. Carter, formerly Miss Florence Howard, are sincere, when you declare our marriage obnoxious to you, there is no faith in woman!"

Then he went on to repeat conversations which he said had passed between us; some of them in the presence of a third person, others when we had been seated tête-à-tête in my own parlor, or taking horseback rides together.

If he had been preparing a deposition with the minutest care, the knave could not have been more eloquent, more assured. In what he reported there was such an artful mixture of truth and fiction, that my cheeks were dyed with shame, at the same time that my soul was crying out with burning indignation against the falsehood and perfidy of the man.

Do you suppose I shall ever forget that black day of my life? Not every coquette has her levity and indiscretion visited upon her with such a terrible retribution. I covered my face, refusing to look up lest my gaze might fall on some mocking pair of eyes. Among the people assembled in our parlor on this strange errand were several of my former admirers and not a few young ladies who were secretly envious of me. Now was a fitting occasion for them all to exult. Could my worst enemy have devised for me a more mortifying dilemma?

Some of Delos Carter's cruel words ring in my ears now, and I cannot shut them out—"On such an evening in September, you must remember it, Florence! you and I were seated by the window in this room; I held your hand, we were looking at the stars; I said——"

But why torture myself by repeating these fragments of absurd conversations? I was too truthful to deny them altogether; and unfortun-

nately there was here and there a bit of reality so characteristic of me that it was instantly recognized, as I knew to my shame, that it must be.

I cannot remember how it was all managed; a fine and costs, and some of the machinery of law settled it all. I suppose there was not and never had been any real danger that such an adventurous knight as Delos Carter should capture and carry me off like a pirate. I know it became evident from my own unbiassed statements that the alliance was in the highest degree repugnant to my feelings; that so far as I knew at the time it was merely a mock-wedding for amusement, arranged without premeditation on my part. I think no one doubted my words.

The long and intricate title deeds relating to the estate of Delos Carter's father ended suddenly. The young gentleman himself vanished; I was safe.

Yes, like a storm-beaten soul at sea, I was safe, but shipwrecked! I had been tossed on shore, but that shore was a desert. I could not believe that I had not forever disgraced myself. I received congratulations enough, but they were thrown to me over cold shoulders, and when my young friends smiled archly, I could read in every dimple—"I am holier than thou."

The young gentlemen were gentler, kinder, more charitable than their sisters, as they always are; but I no longer felt the assurance that I could twist any one of their sex about my little finger. I was an uncrowned queen.

Edward Eastman went away as he had foretold, bade me good-by without looking at me; and then came on the abomination of desolation. I didn't care whether the sun ever rose again or not. When there was a freak of sunshine, it glared without warming, dazzled without cheering. I thought that for life I must struggle up a hill that never slopes, whose top is ever farther off, and ever looking bleaker as you go up.

Then one memorable day the thought came to me that Edward had mistaken me; I was not a butterfly. Butterflies never could suffer

as I did. I had a proud consciousness that a wretched woman's heart, a live heart, was throbbing in my bosom—"For what best proves there's life in a heart? That it bleeds!"

This is no place for a "preachment;" otherwise, I might tell of my actual struggle up hill. Not that I struck out a perpendicular course. Like the travellers up Mount Washington, I took a spiral road, and though every step wasn't upward, I could see by looking back that I was making progress. The "divine drudgery of doing good" was not as fascinating as a brisk flirtation, but pleasanter in the retrospect.

I grew so fearfully sensible and discreet, that my friends looked at me apprehensively, and I knew they thought, as I did, that the sunshine never would warm me again. But everybody was wrong, as usual. I dare say I could have struggled up hill all the way alone; but just as I began to think I must, and was trying to accept my fate cheerfully, Edward came back.

What had his coming back to do with the matter? We met coldly enough. The man who had wondered whether I possessed a heart, might keep on wondering, for aught I cared. I hoped I had improved a little, but I hadn't lost a jot of my old pride.

Two years had changed Edward, perhaps. At any rate, he was not so fond of making pragmatical remarks. We became good friends. One day he told me he had been strangely mistaken in one woman's character; but when he went on to say, with much feeling, that that woman was now an honor to her sex, and so far above his poor deserts, that he was bowed to the earth with humility—why, I knew, of course, that he was talking nonsense. When a man sets you up in the firmament as a star, and views you through a telescope of immense magnifying power, be sure there is some hallucination in his brain.

I dare not ask Edward if he sees me with his natural eyes now. We have been married for several years. Perhaps in a fit of candor he might confess to you that I make a tolerable wife; but I fancy he couldn't be cajoled into any more astronomical comparisons.

As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing—

So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

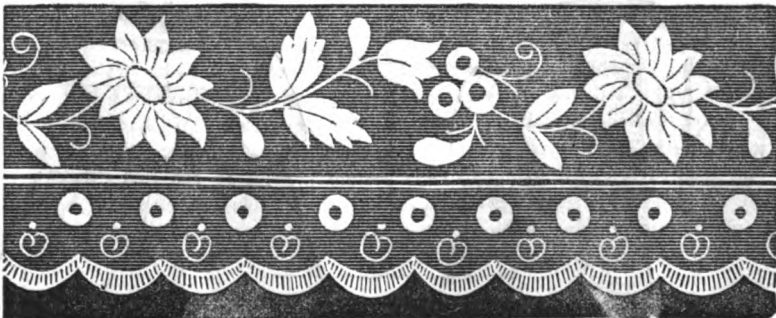
NOVELTIES FOR NOVEMBER.



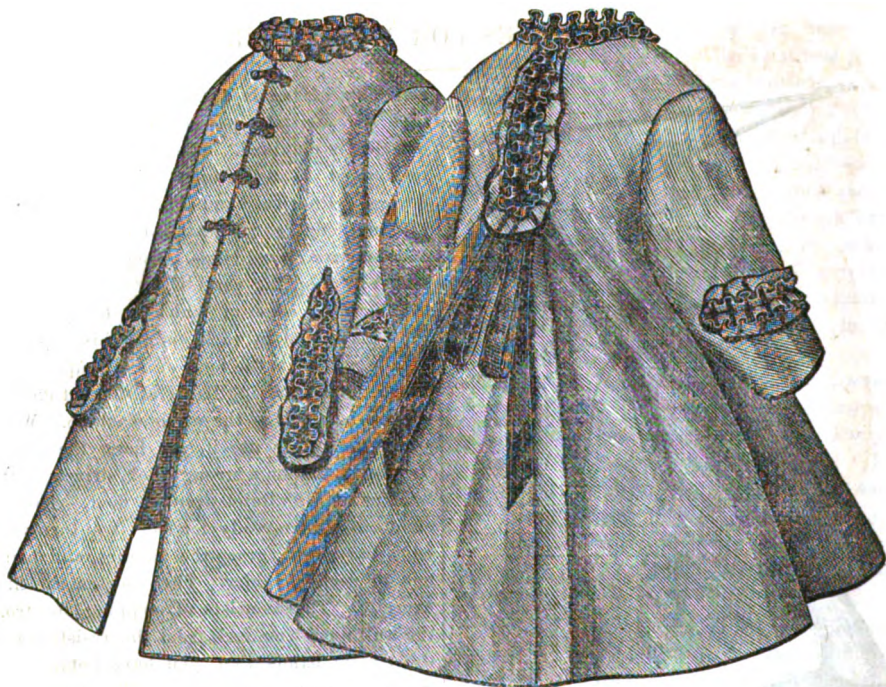
METHOD OF USING THE RANELAGH.

IN-DOOR GYMNASTICS.—The importance of in-door exercise for ladies is admitted by all medical men and teachers; but it is unfortunately the fact that few houses possess the requisite apparatus for an in-door gymnasium. Several portable instruments have, however, lately been invented, one of the best of which is the "Ranelagh," an example of the value of vulcanized Indian Rubber, as it is from the

elasticity of bands or ropes of that material that the resisting power for exercising the muscles is obtained. The construction of this instrument is as simple as it is effective. Several cylindrical bands of the Indian Rubber of equal lengths, are fastened together at the ends to strong steel rings. One of the rings is joined by a spring snap to a wheel pulley, on the bevelled edge of which a finely-twisted rope plays, and at each end of this rope is a handle, made in the form of a stirrup, with a wooden roller moving freely at the flat end for the grasp. This is the whole machine. When you are about to use it, you hang the ring at the top end upon a strong hook, driven in the wall, or into the lintel over the door. The instrument is then ready for use. You turn your back towards it, grasp the handles, and bring one to each shoulder. Then begins the first exercise. This consists of stepping out from the wall until you feel, from the resistance of the elastic bands, that you have obtained as much tension as your muscles will conveniently bear. Then extend your hands straight forward slowly from the shoulder, until they are quite straight; open and throw them slowly backwards, so as to open the chest as wide as possible, and so bring the hands into their first position. Repeat this at pleasure. These exercises may of course be varied to almost any extent, and the Ranelagh may be used by the strongest man or the most delicate lady or child. There is no jerk in the motion, and the exercise so obtained is both agreeable and healthy.



Edging—button-hole, overcast, and satin-stitch.



THE ALADDIN PALETÔT FOR LITTLE GIRLS.— This paletôt is in light gray cloth, with ornaments in brown silk. The novelty of the pattern consists in the strap-shaped strips of the material, which are placed on the back, fronts, and sleeves; they are piped with brown silk, slightly gathered in the middle and trimmed with a quilling of brown ribbon. A similar quilling is placed round the neck. Two long loops and ends of ribbon hang down from under

the strap at the back. The paletôt is fastened in front with brown gimp buttons; it is bound all round with brown silk. This shaped paletôt is equally suitable for black silk, or for a material the same as the dress. If made in black silk, the quillings should be bound with black velvet, and a violet, blue or bright colored ribbon might be introduced in place of the black quillings.



Baby's Jackets of Brilliant or Dimity.



Baby's Dress-cap.

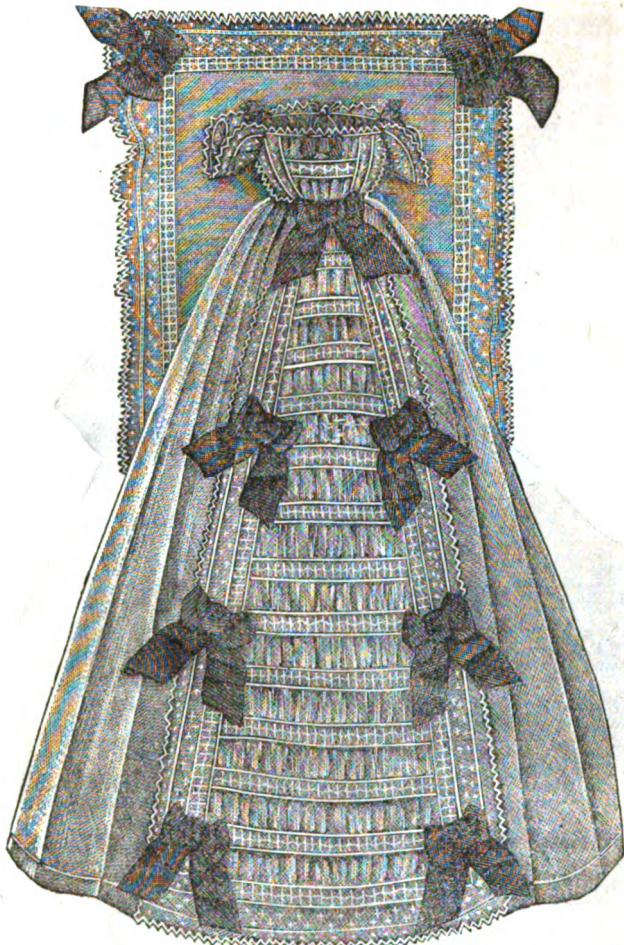


Baby's Bonnet and Mantle of white piqué or cashmere, ornamented with white silk braid and guimpe.

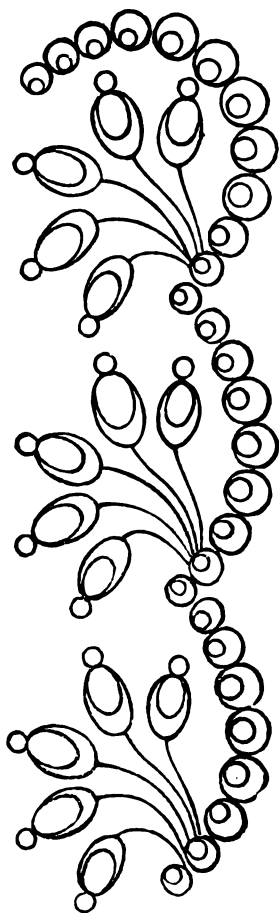


Baby's Night-gown.

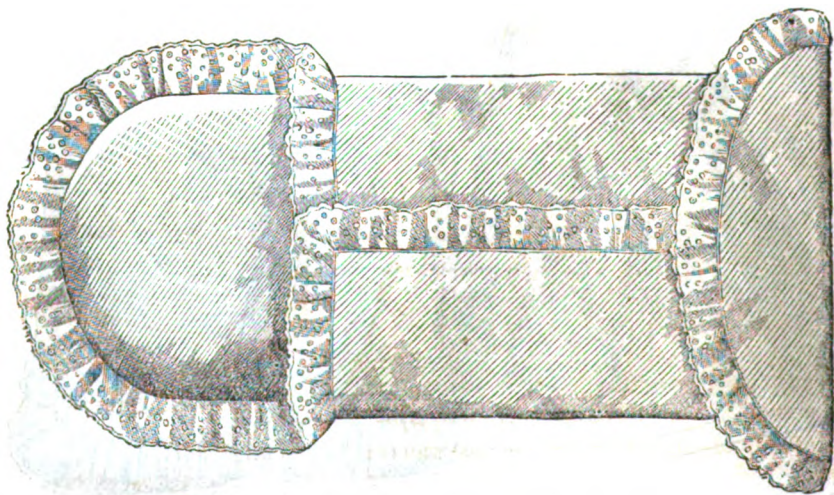
Drawers for a Child of three to five.



Christening Robe and Cushion.



Trimming for a Child's white muslin frock, button-hole stitch.



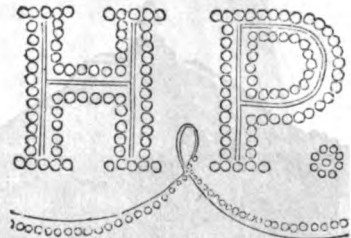
Cushion to lay the baby on when carried to church.



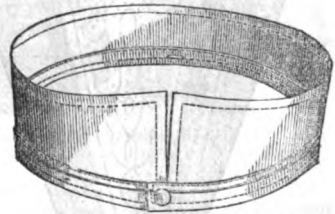
Baby's Shoe.



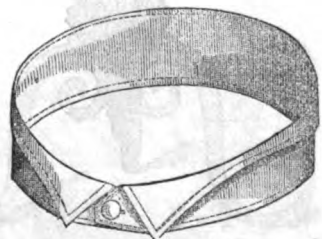
The Medici Hood—made of velvet, trimmed with chenille fringe.



Name for Marking.



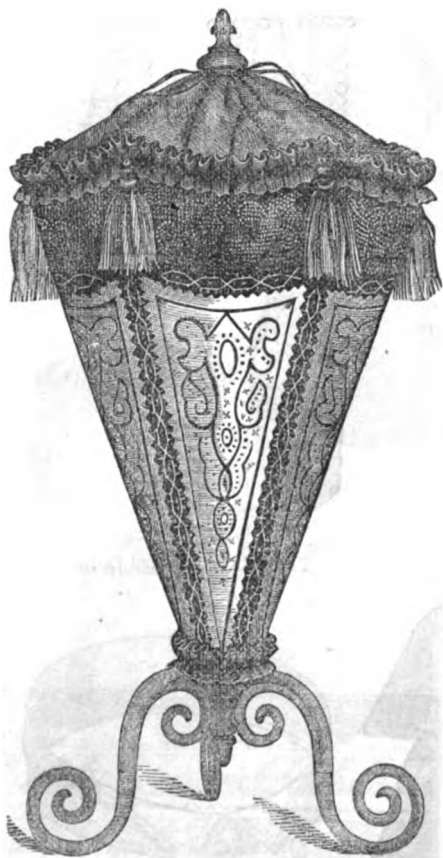
The Albert Edward Collar.



The Mexican Collar.



The Corsage Imperatrice



WORK-STAND.—This would make a tasteful and useful Christmas present. The centre-piece is made on a turning-lathe, with a knob on the top and a projection for the support of

the stand, and is fitted with three cane feet. For the stand you make a pasteboard foundation (for the shape of which see diagram), and cover with Berlin work on canvas, or with merino ornamented with rich braiding or embroidery, lining it throughout. This lining encloses a circular piece of pasteboard for the base of the funnel shape, on which it stands securely, fastened with small tacks to the central support. Inside it is furnished as a work-box, with pockets, pincushions, and needleflaps.

The finishing arrangements—the bag closing at the top, the ruche and tassels are shown in the cut.

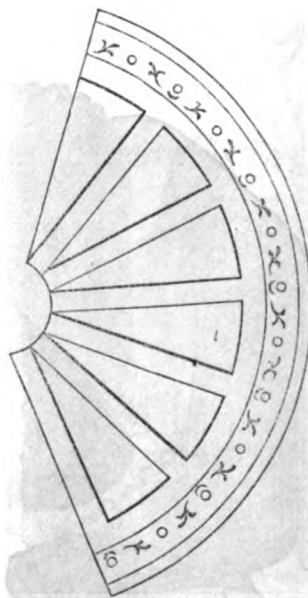


Diagram one-sixteenth the size.—Accompaniment to the work-stand.

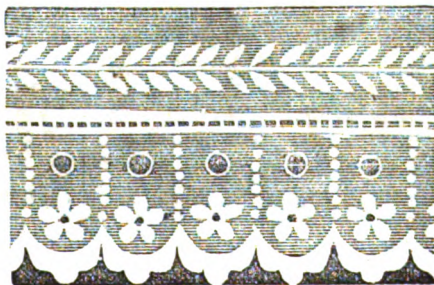
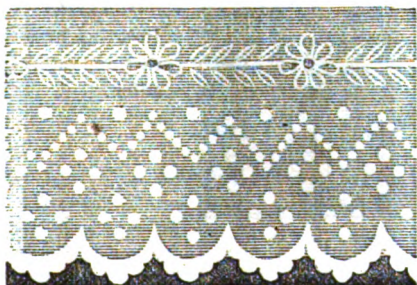




Children's Cloth Gaiters for Winter.

POLISH BOOTS.—These are particularly adapted for boys' knickerbocker dress as well as for ladies' walking boots. For ladies they are made of morocco of different colors to match

the dress; sometimes galoshed with patent-leather. Some are made to lace up the front, others to button.

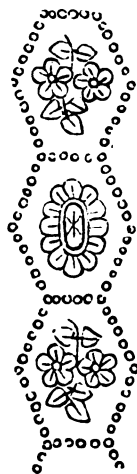




Lady's Out-Door Paletôt.



Name for Marking.



Inserting, over-cast, and satin-stitch.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE ECONOMY OF GOOD COOKERY.

There are those who look upon the multitude of cook books with disapprobation and disdain, holding them in light esteem as helps in every-day emergencies, and considering that the study of them encourages extravagance. Now we have quite a library of publications on modern cookery, from Francatelli down to Mrs. Child, and there is not one but we have at times consulted with advantage. The wants of a family through a series of years, from infancy to maturity, in sickness, in convalescence, in health, are so infinitely varied that all sorts of recipes, simple and elaborate, useful and luxurious, find their place, and we experience in this, as in weightier matters, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. An extended knowledge, the wider the better, of all the good ways of preparing food in use among men, is the best security against extravagance and waste. Economy means putting everything to its best use, and we find that no slight amount of information suffices for this. A skilled, scientific hand will make a better dinner of odds and ends than your ignorant Irish help with the choicest delicacies the market affords.

The very best cooking of its kind is often found in farmers' homes where no hired help is kept, and no cook books are consulted. But the family tire of a limited round of dishes, however well prepared, and then is felt the necessity of knowing how to vary the bill of fare in minor particulars when essential changes are not in your power. Variety is the secret of enjoyment; often it proves the condition of health. We know a good liver, as the phrase goes, whose favorite supper when a little indisposed, is a bowl of oatmeal gruel. Another, of ascetic habits, resorts to poundcake for dyspepsia. Change is a good thing of itself. If you have been too abstemious, rich and concentrated food will restore the balance; if troubled with surfeit, fall back upon Graham diet and very little of it. A housekeeper's stock of ideas and of information upon these matters should be of the largest and most liberal kind, as the health of the family is so dependent upon the wisdom of her ministrations. Good cookery and good health are inseparable, and that is the best economy which conduces to the highest health.

ADVANCE OF PRICES.

Our readers will perceive by our Prospectus for 1865, that we have adopted an advanced scale of prices for the coming year.

Of course the main reason for this advance is the

still greater advance that we have been compelled to submit to in the price of paper, ink, &c., and in the cost of living; but we have still another reason for it. Our readers must be aware by this time that we do not put *THE LADY'S FRIEND* in competition with the usual two dollar magazines. We think all impartial minds must admit our superiority to these. Our aim is to equal in all essential respects the *quality* of the three dollar periodicals. Witness, for instance, the costly, colored, *double* fashion-plates, so finely engraved on steel, which, during the last year, we have monthly presented to our readers. Witness also the style and character of our other engravings, the superior quality of our music, and the excellence of our literary contents. In what respect are these exceeded by the best of the three dollar magazines?

The advance in prices is really thus only in accordance with the superior character of our periodical; but, notwithstanding this, had prices in general remained the same, we should have maintained last year's rates. But, making such a costly book, the increased prices make the increased rates we have adopted an absolute necessity.

But we will dwell no longer upon the subject, feeling that to say more upon a matter so generally understood, and so clear to all, would be to question the intelligence and sense of justice of our fair readers.

AN IDEA FOR CITY GREENHOUSES.

BY E. M.

I often wonder very much why colored glass is not more used instead of the dead white frosted glass. In places where I have seen it, the effect is so very good, the bright colors harmonising with the flowers so well, and though I would never advocate this in a great conservatory, where every flower would be seen in its most perfect state, still, in small town ones where screening of some sort must be done, I have seen blue or purple bordering and yellow tinted panes producing with scarce any flowers the prettiest, brightest effect. One of the nicest I know of these is almost an optical delusion; it is a mere small window. I fancy it is contrived by the back of a very narrow balcony or window-sill being glazed as well as the front. It makes a mere double window, hardly a foot and a half deep. A little ivy is trained up the side and along the top, and some flattish pieces of wood or stone are piled up in such a way as to form a resting-place to several creepers that grow in them, while concealing a flower-pot in which is some gay flower. Two or three pots of primroses, or of some little bright flowers, are hidden

here and there with a little moss, and a hanging-basket completes the pretty arrangement, which gives, with the aid of its colored glass, quite the appearance of size to a place that does not possess it. But I have constantly insisted how much may be done with common materials when all "better" things will fail. In the arrangement I have in my mind, the aspect is nearly north. Nothing in the way of good flowers would be likely to thrive well. The whole green appearance is kept up simply by common things, viz: fern and periwinkle, with moss, and here and there evergreens, and the single gay flower is bought and brought in from time to time. Ventilation being well arranged, and not, as in some conservatories, made to consist exclusively of a draught of air under the roof, the flowers thus brought in last for a long time.

GET UP YOUR CLUBS.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM. If those who intend getting up clubs for next year, will begin at once, they will probably find it easier work than if they defer it. Our prospectus will be found at the end of this number.

Notwithstanding the increased prices, our readers will see we have managed to make three propositions relative to a Sewing Machine. The Machine offered is the one supplied by us last year, WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 MACHINE, sold by them now for \$55.00. It is a first quality machine, and gives universal satisfaction. We have scores of letters to this effect, from those who took advantage of our offer last year.

New Publications.

Dramatis Personæ. By Robert Browning. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

All of Browning's books are three-fourths vexation and disappointment; to read them is to struggle through a dim, pathless wilderness, jungle above, morass below, picking up now and then a shining jewel, bright enough to pierce the obscurity, plucking a fragrant flower, espying a rare bird of heaven among the branches; when a plain space occurs where one can see clearly and step freely without being caught and tripped up by disorderly undergrowth, what a relief! You take a long breath and enjoy it. "Caliban upon Setebos" is such a breathing place; a queer, out of the way subject, well managed. If a writer will but keep to the point he has made, be true to his own argument, whatever it may be, he gives us a chance of entering sympathetically into his thought; which, we take it, is the pleasure of reading. "Mr. Sludge, 'the Medium,'" is an unaccountable production for a poet—a careless, gossip monologue, altogether out of place in a volume like the present, having small pretension

either to wisdom or poetry. In this instance, however, we may be prejudiced by the distasteful nature of the subject. We see well enough the wisdom and poetry in this verse from "Abt Vogler!"—

"All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good,
shall exist;
Not its likeness, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky.
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once. we shall hear it by and by."

Browning at his best we like extremely. Our favorite in the present volume is

PROSPICE.

"Fear death!—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
Not let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old.
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

Fire-side Travels. By James Russell Lowell. "Traveling makes a man sit still in his old age with satisfaction, and travel over the world again in his chair and bed by discourse and thoughts." *The Voyage of Italy*, by Richard Lassels, Gent. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

"The first step of a true traveller is out of himself." However this may be as to the enjoyment of the traveller, it is otherwise when he comes to have readers. They find his personality the spice of every account, and this in proportion to his genius. The best things, humorous and poetical, in "Fire-side Travels," are those of which we say "That is Lowell!" In the first incident of the following paragraph the musical accord of thought and word is perfect:—

"Our stay at the *albergo* was illustrated by one other event—a nightingale singing in a full-blossomed elder-bush on the edge of a brook just across the road. So liquid were the notes, and so full of spring, that the twig he tilted on seemed a conductor through which the mingled magnetism of brook and blossom flowed into him and were precipitated in music. Nature understands thoroughly the value of contrasts, and accordingly a donkey

from a shed hard by, hitched and hesitated and agonized through his bray, so that we might be conscious at once of the positive and negative poles of song. It was pleasant to see with what undoubted enthusiasm he went through his solo, and vindicated Providence from the imputation of weakness in making such trifles as the nightingale yonder. "Give ear, O heaven and earth!" he seemed to say, "nor dream that good, sound common sense is extinct or out of fashion so long as I live." I suppose Nature made the donkey half abstractedly, while she was feeling her way up to her ideal in the horse, and that his bray is in like manner an experimental sketch for the neigh of her finished animal."

Here is a word-picture of Allston, which seems to us, judging from the limited data afforded by his portrait, to be as true as it is exquisite:—

"A nimbus of hair, fine as an infant's and early white, showing refinement of organization and the predominance of the spiritual over the physical, undulated and flowed around a face that seemed like pale flame, and over which the fitting shades of expression chased each other, fugitive and gleaming as waves upon a field of rye. It was a countenance that, without any beauty of feature, was very beautiful. I have said that it looked like pale flame, and can find no other words for the impression it gave. Here was a man all soul, whose body seemed a lamp of finest clay, whose service was to feed with magic oils, rare and fragrant, that wavering fire which hovered over it."

One more quotation, and we leave "Fireside Travels" to the many appreciative readers which the name of its author ensures it:—

"Suppose that a man in pouring down a glass of claret could drink the South of France, that he could so disintegrate the wine by the force of imagination as to taste in it all the clustered beauty and bloom of the grape, all the dance and song and sunburnt jollity of the vintage. Or suppose that in eating bread he could transubstantiate it with the tender blade of spring, the gleam-fitted corn-ocean of summer, the royal autumn, with its golden beard, and the merry funerals of harvest. This is what the great poets do for us, we cannot tell how, with their fatally-chosen words, crowding the happy veins of language again with all the life and meaning and music that had been dribbling away from them since Adam."

Poems of the War. By George H. Boker. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Perhaps the finest poem in this volume is the "Dirge for a Soldier. In Memory of General Philip Kearny." The first verse is especially beautiful:—

"Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!"

Full of fire and spirit is "The Battle of Lookout Mountain," that thrilling battle in the cloud, when

'Up towards the crystal gates of Heaven ascending,
The mortal tempest beat,
As if they sought to try their cause together before
God's very feet."

The conclusion is fine:—

"As the sun rose, dense clouds of smoky vapor boiled from the valley's depths.
Dragging their torn and ragged edges slowly up through the tree-clad steep:

And rose and rose, till Lookout, like a vision, above us gaily stood,

And over his bleak crags and storm-blanch'd headlands burst the warm golden flood.

"Thousands of eyes were fixed upon the mountain, and thousands held their breath.

And the vast army, in the valley watching, seemed touched with sudden death.

High o'er us soared great Lookout, robed in purple, a glory on his face.

A human meaning in his hard, calm features, beneath that heavenly grace.

Out on a crag walked something—what? an eagle, that trends yon giddy height?

Surely no man! but still he clambered forward into the full, rich light.

Then up he started, with a sudden motion, and from the blazing crag

Flung to the morning breeze and sunny radiance the dear old starry flag!

"Ah! then what followed? Scarred and war-worn soldiers, like girls, flushed through their tun.

And down the thousand wrinkles of the battles a thousand tear-drops ran.

Men seized each other in returned embraces, and sobbed for very love;

A spirit, which made all that moment brothers, seemed falling from above.

"And as we gazed, around the mountain's summit, our glittering files appeared.

Into the rebel works we saw them moving; and we—we cheered, we cheered!

And they above waved all their flags before us, and joined our frantic shout,

Standing, like demigods, in light and triumph upon their own Lookout!

Peterson's New Cook Book. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This appears, from a slight examination, to be an excellent cook-book, containing an abundance of plain practical recipes for every-day use, worded clearly and concisely: an abundance also for luxury. At the end are a number of useful directions and recipes, under the head of "Remarks upon Health." In one respect, this book is superior to most others of its kind; it is printed on good paper, in remarkably clear, handsome type, which is a great advantage. We observe in the recipe for Gold Cake that the absent-minded printer tells you to use a *teacupful* of salcratus—a mistake of small importance, however, as the good sense of the reader will not fail to rectify it.

Miscellaneous Receipts.

IMITATION OYSTER SOUP.—If this be carefully made, it will very nearly equal the real oyster soup in flavor. In the first place, a full quart of good white stock must be prepared, after which blanch two ounces of sweet almonds, and pound them to a paste, with a little water. Rub this paste through a cloth or sieve, with half pint of cream or rich milk. Then mix up together two table-spoonsful of anchovy sauce, one of vinegar, one of mushroom

catsup, three of white wine, a quarter of a nutmeg, grated, and the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and one tablespoonful of arrow-root or fine flour. This mixture must be added to the stock, and also the almonds and cream, and the whole boiled up together. The only seasoning should be pepper and mace.

TO COOK A RUMP-STEAK.—Procure two pounds of steak from the rump of a well-fed ox, let the steak be cut one and a half inches in thickness, and the whole length of the cushion, with the under fat. Have half pound of fresh butter and half dozen eschalots cut up fine; introduce the latter, with the butter, into a broad clean frying-pan, placing the same over a clear charcoal fire, and let them be continually turned until they both assume a rich brown complexion. When quite done, remove them into a large stewpan, throw half pint of scalding water into the frying-pan, and keep stirring it around for a few minutes with a spoon to make a gravy of what has remained in it; pour the gravy over the steak in the stewpan and cover it close, introducing the same by the side of the fire to allow the steak to seethe in its gravy. After an hour and a quarter, remove the lid from the stewpan and add to the contents one full-sized carrot scraped and cut in pieces one inch in thickness, four turnips pared and quartered, one stick of white celery disposed of in pieces of an uniform size, with one tablespoonful of clean-picked rice, two or three blades of mace, with pepper and salt to your taste; shake the pan round once or twice to incorporate the ingredients well together, and again cover it down, letting it seethe till the vegetables are thoroughly done. Add now to the whole one gill of sweet catsup and one gill also of good port wine. Remove your steak from the pan carefully into a deep dish, shake the ingredients twice or thrice around in the pan, and pour the contents over the steak. Garnish with four hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters. The above constitutes an exceedingly rich dish, and is the most luxurious manner in which a beefsteak can be served up to table.

TO STEW SHEEP'S KIDNEYS.—Obtain half a dozen to one dozen of sheep's kidneys, remove the outer skins, and split them open, but do not cut them wholly through. Sprinkle over them, inside and out, a sufficient quantity of pepper, grated nutmeg, and salt to afford them a seasoning, fry them in good butter until they become brown, pour then a small coffee-cup of scalding water into the pan, keep stirring it round to constitute a gravy; introduce the contents into a stewpan, place the same over a gentle fire for half an hour, continually shaking it round, thicken with flour and butter, and add at the same time a small quantity of sweet catsup.

CURRY.—Four ounces of butter, four ounces onions, one clove garlic, and a rabbit cut in small pieces, to be all put together into a stewpan and

kept simmering on the fire three quarters of an hour till the meat is tender. Then add a little good stock, and two tablespoonsful of curry-powder, two of tomato sauce, or the juice of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of milk. Keep stirring it constantly round with a wooden spoon for about half an hour; when the butter separates from the gravy, the curry is ready for table. The above proportions are sufficient for a rabbit, a chicken, or three-quarters of a pound of veal. If a chicken is used, it must be skinned; if veal, it must be cut in pieces the size of a florin.

CURRY POWDER.—Best turmeric, one pound; coriander seed, three-quarters of a pound; ginger, three ounces; black pepper, two ounces; cayenne, half ounce; cardamom seeds, half ounce; caraway seeds, one-quarter ounce; eighty cloves finely powdered. The whole to be finely powdered and well mixed, and put into stoppered bottles.

ORANGE CREAM.—A plain copper mould should be closely lined with quarters of oranges, stuck on with clear jelly; about eight oranges will be required, and a few pistachio nuts must be placed between the quarters. The rind of six oranges should next be rubbed on loaf sugar, and the juice of the same also squeezed on sugar. All this should be prepared over-night. A pint of cream added to this sugar and juice, and an ounce of gelatine dissolved, and just lukewarm, should be poured into the mould a few hours before serving. This cream makes a nice supper-dish.

TO MAKE EGG-HOT.—Take two newly-laid eggs, beat them up (whites and yolks together) in a basin with a fork until they form a perfect light fluid. Place on the fire a saucepan full of strong sound ale, and let it boil gradually, skimming off the yeast with a spoon as fast as it covers the surface of the ale, and working the same up with the eggs as it presents itself. When the yeast has ceased to show itself, pass the contents of the basin (the eggs and yeast mixed) into a bowl, and when the ale fully boils pour it over the latter, taking care to keep the whole briskly stirred round while the liquor is being poured into it to prevent it curdling. When smooth and settled, add a little grated nutmeg, ginger, and sugar.

TOFFEE.—One pound soft sugar, quarter pound butter, four tablespoonsful vinegar. Boil till it thickens. To know when it is sufficiently boiled, drop a little into a cup of cold water, when it will immediately harden.

TO PRESERVE SKINS FOR HATS.—After the bird has been carefully skinned, the skin should be nailed out on a board with the feathers downwards, and having been well peppered should be rubbed with a strong solution of alum and left on the board till quite dry. It must be placed in the air while drying.

ANOTHER.—Corrosive sublimate, one drachm; spirits of salt, two drachms; spirits of camphor, six ounces. Dissolve the corrosive sublimate in the spirit, add the acid, and brush. If the skin be fat, hang in a perfect draught, first day cover with salt, then wipe carefully; second day, camphor; third day, white pepper.

PATTERNS OF NOVELTIES FOR THE PRESENT NUMBER.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Riding Habit and Drawers, | 50 cts. |
| Country Jacket, | 25 " |
| Victor Albert Costume, | 25 " |
| The Aladdin Paletôt, | 25 " |
| Baby's Bonnet and Mantle, | 25 " |
| High Waist with Basque, | 25 " |
| Lady's Out-Door Paletôt, | 50 " |
| Baby's Shoe traced with design for silk embroidery, | 25 " |

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Robe of nut-colored alpaca, embroidered with violet, mingled with black and white. Corsetage habit with buttons at the waist, embroidered to match. Close sleeves embroidered at top and bottom. Bonnet of white tulle, ornamented with bunches of violets; a puffing of tulle replaces the curtain.

FIG. 2.—White dress with plain body and close sleeves. Small corsetage of black silk dotted with white, put on over the dress. Coiffure, rose-colored ribbon and tuft of roses.

FIG. 3.—A ponceau crêpe skirt over a white taffetas slip; the crêpe is trimmed with seven lace flounces. A tunic of either moire or taffetas is worn over the skirt, and is looped up with white lace bows. Cactus flowers and leaves in the hair.

FIG. 4.—Dress of pearl gray figured silk, the skirt without trimming. *Bourbons of Algerine* silk, covered with very narrow scarlet stripes placed horizontally in threes. The bottom, the neck, and the top of hood are edged with a narrow quilling of scarlet ribbon, and the hood has a silk cord at a little distance from the edge, running through the plaits of the hood, and formed at the back in an *arabesque*, with long ends terminating in *floss silk* tassels. Hat of white straw, trimmed with black velvet, and having a plume of scarlet feathers in front.

FIG. 5.—Skirt of black silk trimmed with ruches of white silk set upon squares of the material around the base of the skirt. Chemiset of pleated muslin; ceinture of black silk, pointed both sides; a large bow with square ends placed behind.

Ceinture and bow ornamented with white ruches; bows on the sleeves the same. Scottish hat of Italian straw, bordered and trimmed with red velvet. Black and red feathers in front, and net to match. Black boots with patent-leather tips and red heels.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The reign of crinoline is probably drawing to a close. The Empress of Austria forbids the ladies of her Court to wear crinoline, which is the commencement of a new order of things. But, Empress though she be, this German sovereign cannot impose a law in Europe which Paris does not adopt. Paris is undoubtedly the capital of Fashion.

We shall not dispense suddenly with expansive petticoats, but that crinoline is fast diminishing at the present moment is an incontrovertible fact. Many Parisians are only wearing four or five narrow rows of extremely supple steel to hold out the lower half of their skirts, and not a few dress-makers allow their customers only one horsehair petticoat, with a starched one above it.

Many fashions indicate the fall of crinoline. The skirts, which are cut so as to fit the hips; the short out-door coverings, which do not cling to the figure so pertinaciously as the long ones; the looped-up skirts, which accord but ill with the extensive circles of whalebone and steel; and lastly, the short-waisted bodices. If we cast a rapid glance back on the history of Costume, we will see that invariably when short waists were fashionable, skirts were but scanty, and on the contrary, when very long waists were general, as in Louis XVth's reign, skirts were immoderately wide.

There is a rumor that trained skirts are to be suppressed for walking dresses, which will be a wise proceeding for winter. Young ladies have never, as a rule, countenanced this useless length of skirt; they have worn their dresses when in Paris barely to touch the ground, and in the country even shorter, their petticoat reaching only to the ankle.

The fashion of wearing flannel petticoats and other under-garments colored has spread rapidly during the last few years. There are still those who retain their preference for white, and declare "there is nothing like it," but those who hold this opinion are in the minority. The flannel petticoats will be either scoloped or vandyked round the edge this winter, and those who desire these under-petticoats to be highly ornamented, will work a floweret between each scollop. The edge must be overcast with button-hole stitch, to make it firm, and this may be done with either wool or silk. If the laundress is not a very skilful specimen of her class, we should advise either wool or worsted to be used. The fashion of looping up the skirt, and the pertinacity with which the majority of the feminine world cling to the wide crinoline, render

a flannel petticoat no longer the hidden mystery of yore; consequently, besides the inward satisfaction of what we wear being as pretty as it is possible to make it, there is the chance of its being seen by others, and this is frequently a powerful incentive in ornamenting feminine garments. Dressing-gowns and dressing-jackets which are made of flannel will be elaborately embroidered this winter.

The *Paletôt* will still be in great favor, and deservedly so, as it is one of the most convenient of out-door garments for the autumn and winter. It is warm and comfortable, and at the same time very elegant in appearance. There is not much change in their form, except that the sleeves are now only made of moderate width; the skirts are of moderate length, neither very long so as to conceal the dress, nor as short as those made for summer wear. The closer fitting styles will be more patronized than the loose style of *Paletôt* or *Saute-en-Barque*.

For indoor wear Velvet Jackets will be extremely fashionable, they will be always made with *postillion* skirts at the back. In front they may either be of the *Senorita* form, closing at the throat only, or may be made like a high dress, closing from the neck to the waist; for this style the *postillion* skirt should be cut square. These velvet jackets are very useful, as they are elegant in appearance, very warm, and may be worn with almost any skirt.

Bonnets seem rather lower at the top, many being of the *Marie Stuart* form, depressed in the centre. The curtains are much smaller than last winter, and many bonnets are even made without any curtain at all; we think, however, for the cold weather, that this latter style will not be found to give sufficient protection to the neck.

Bronze boots have been more than usually fashionable this season, and we could scarcely say whether those fastened at the sides with either silver or gilt buttons, or those which are drawn on with elastic sides, have been most in vogue; both styles are worn. The bronze tips are certainly more approved of than the patent leather ones.

For balls, white kids are the fashion; they are more economical than satin, as they endure more dancing without fraying. Colored heels are now very generally adopted, as also colored toes or tips—pointed, not square ones. This insertion of color has exactly the same effect upon a white kid boot that a dark trimming has upon a light dress—it detracts from its size, at least in effect. The color of the kid tip should correspond with that of the heel, and both, with the ornaments upon the dress; thus a white tarlatane trimmed with blue would be accompanied with white kid boots, with blue heels and tips.

The newest description of slipper is satin, embroidered with chenille.

Natural flowers will be much used for head-

dresses; young ladies, especially, are now adopting this fashion. The hair is also frequently plaited, a coronet is worn with the hair rolled back from the temples, and a large cluster of plaits is arranged at the back. With white dresses there is nothing more elegant than the mother-of-pearl combs. Curis are frequently worn behind the ear, and around the plaits small garlands of flowers are entwined. Net combs are very popular. They are somewhat like the "Jenny Lind" comb which was worn several years ago. The ornamental part is composed of tortoise-shell cut in diamonds like a net, and these terminate with a gold fringe. Very frequently the comb is made of filagree gold and silver, with a fringe, in which either coral or gold and silver beads are introduced. Sometimes, also, the net is formed with thin plates of gold, in imitation of braid, and the lozenges or diamonds are studded with pearls, turquoises, coral, &c. The top of the comb is also ornamented; in fact, combs for evening wear are now considered necessary. A simple tortoise-shell comb is no longer regarded as being in character with the rest of the toilette; consequently, combs enriched with precious stones are decidedly the rule.

Riding dresses are made with short basques, and with a waistcoat; the skirt, bodice and waistcoat all being made of the same material. The form of the basque varies, but it is always of a moderate length; that which is generally preferred is small, and rounded in the form of a spoon. Small patterns, like a sheaf of corn, are most suitable for braiding, and each sheaf is joined with a button; cloth buttons are used for piqué habits, and steel for cloth ones.

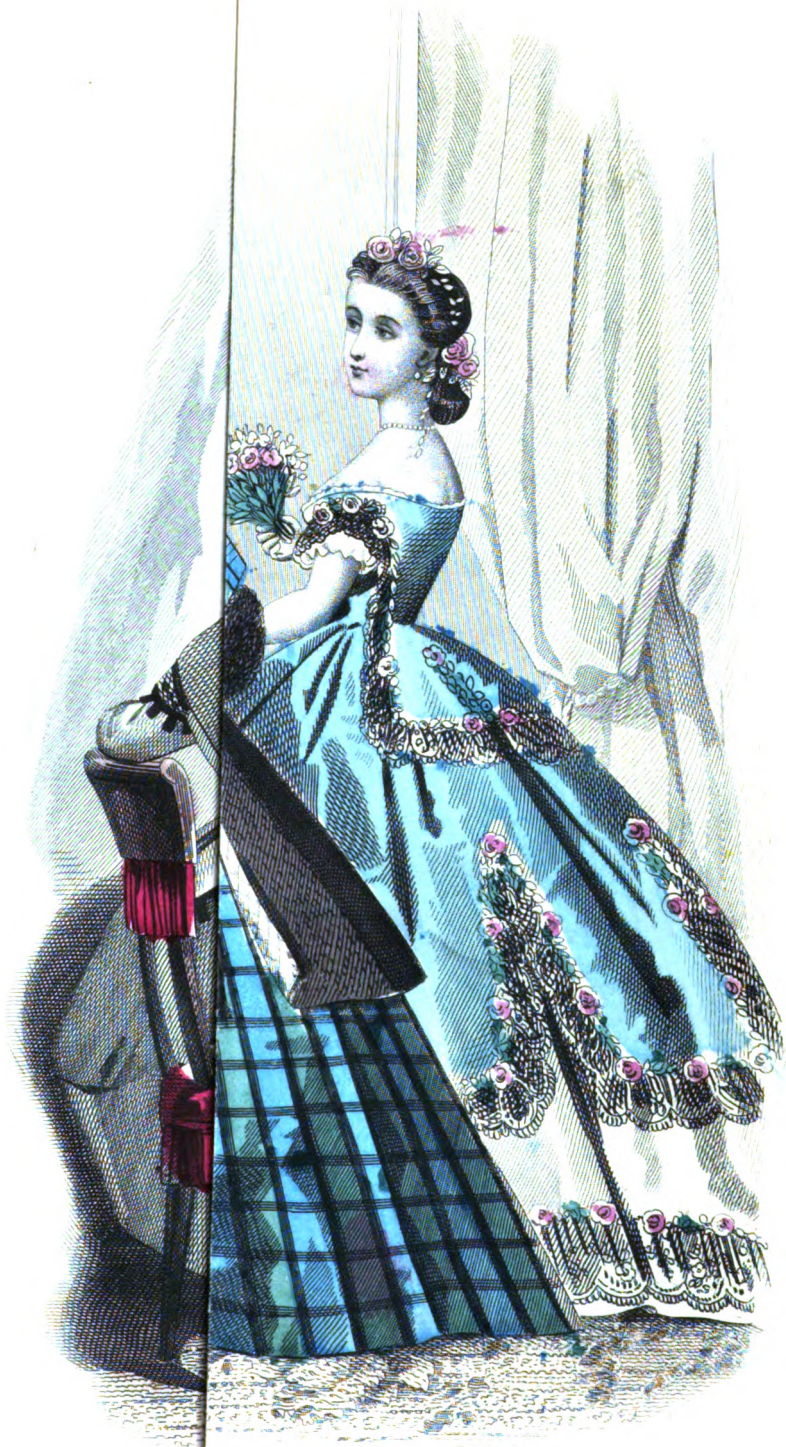
In town, dark-colored cloth habits, such as black, bottle-green, and marine blue, are alone worn, and these are ornamented with sateen braids, with small hanging bell buttons, made of steel.

The waistcoat is sometimes turned back with *revers* and bound with narrow white braid; an extremely narrow blue or groseille neck-tie is worn under the collar. The hat for town wear is, in form, like that worn by men, only it is lower in the crown; but in the country a more fantastic style is adopted. A beaver hat in the Louis XIII. form, with a long feather, and the Amazone straw hat, bound with velvet, and ornamented with a tuft of feathers, are the two favorite shapes. The casquette (cap) is also worn on horseback; the most fashionable sort is made of straw, with a black velvet peak, and it is trimmed with green cock's feathers, and a long green gauze veil floating at the back.

Scallops were worn during the spring, and were tried in a variety of ways, but vandykes have rather superseded them for winter dresses. Many dress-makers add to every point a hanging button of either silk, gimp, mother-of-pearl, or oxidized silver.

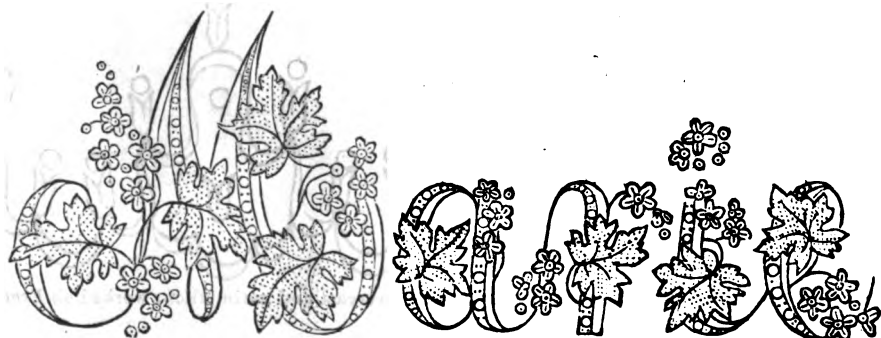


THE END OF THE WORLD





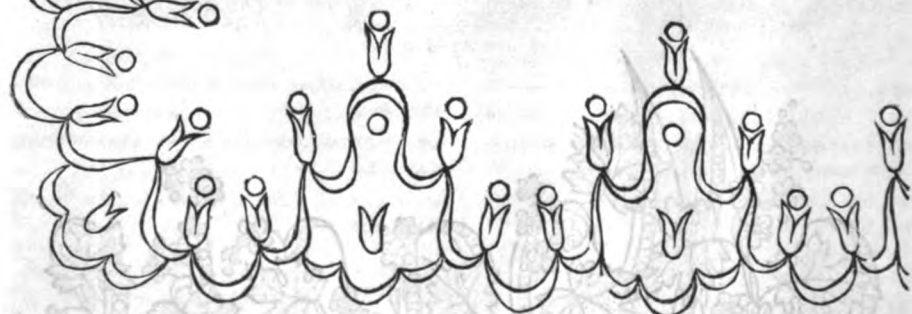
Jacket and Vest for Little Girl.



Satin-stitch and *point d'armes*.



Dress-cap of tulle and lace, with bright-colored ribbon.



BORDER FOR A MORNING POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF—Overcast and satin stitch, worked on French cambric.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1864.

[No. 12.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

It was a bright, sunshiny autumn day, harvest was over in the country surrounding Montauban, in southern France. In a very small and very pretty village in that neighborhood a party of gayly dressed peasants were collected before the door of its single cabaret, laughing so cheerily that their voices rang like a merry peal of bells upon the freshening wind. It was towards sunset, and work being done, the girls had donned their bright neckerchiefs and buckled shoes, and the young men wore sprigs of evergreen or a flower or two in their button-holes, while the jauntiest boasted a ribbon of blue or scarlet around their necks under the large flat collars of their rustic shirts. Among the group one, preëminently handsome, was called Ninus, and beside him stood a tall, slender girl, niece to the notary, therefore somewhat above her companions in manner and education, but there being little or no legal business in the range of her uncle's reach, not a whit beyond them in worldly wealth or grandeur. Still, Elise Dumont, as she was called, was at the present moment the centre of attraction, every laughing eye rested on her, every questioning glance read her face, and she was the ruling object of every thought. This was why:—A tall, black-eyed woman had that day reached the village, dusty and weary, and stopped to refresh and inquire her way onward to Lyons. Being too fatigued, as she presently discovered, to journey farther, she had begged shelter at the simple inn until the morrow, and prepared to rest till then.

The word went abroad that this was an Egyptian, wandering with the decrees of fate

wrapped up in her worn little bundle, and the key of one's whole future in her piercing black eyes, if she should choose to bend them on one, and reading their souls, open it.

Hearing this the lads and lasses had gathered from their dance, and besought her wondrous power to unravel what it might have in store for them. Nothing loth, the bright-eyed stranger had looked into their palms and foretold so much that filled the listeners with wonder, that Elise, quitting her uncle's side, stepped timidly within the ring and held her hand out for inspection. The foreign woman raised her eyes and met the face to which the pretty hand belonged; it was the first white untarnished one that she had laid in hers that day. The face, simple, pure, and childlike, but full of gentle dignity, seemed to surprise her also, for she paused a moment, and then said—"You will have a wonderful Christmas gift this year, my pretty lady."

"Lady! I am no lady!" cried Elise, laughing, "and that you must know if you are a sorceress." Then glancing towards her hands, she added, blushing, "I do some needlework, and keep my uncle's house, instead of going into the fields. That is why I am not tanned by the sun."

"Still, I must call you lady, and tell you there is a strange Christmas gift in store for you." She looked around an instant, and then catching Ninus regarding her earnestly, she added, "There is much to astonish and delight you in the future, and I shall ask this gay youth a year hence if I do not speak truly." Then it was that one and all laughed loudly,

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for Ninus was known to be Elise's chosen lover, and the gypsy's truth in divination was attested to by their merry shouts.

About this same Ninus hung a shadowy shred of mystery, that may have troubled others, but certainly never perplexed him for a moment. More than twenty years before, his father, a strange, prematurely old looking man, in the coarsest of garbs and most dejected appearance, had brought him, a mere child in his arms, into the village. With an air so stupidly terrified, and a manner so wandering, did he answer the few questions addressed to him by those his helpless wretchedness had touched, that he was thought demented, though harmlessly so, and charity was freely offered to him by the friendly peasants. After a time he was found cunning in the use of tools, and gave so many useful hints about building and improvements in all mechanical arts, practised by those simple people, that in time he established a sort of civil office among them, dispensing advice and directions, and receiving in return assistance and money. Thus a little cot, scarcely more than a hut, had come into his possession, and here in a meagre but contented way, had sprung from childhood into youth his only son. Ven-arre, as he was called, had proved himself master of something else besides mere aptitude in mechanics, and taught his boy to read and write—very rare acquirements in that simple minded village—but the youth did not spend his time in study only; when he grew to the years to be useful, his industry became proverbial. The flat, unplanted ground that spread before their cottage he changed into a fruitful garden, and displayed such taste and skill in its arrangement and cultivation, as to gain him employment in that line for miles around on the road to Montauban.

To see the notary's niece was to love her; so thought Ninus, and they had been dreaming that blissful dream of rapt devotion to each other so long, that it seemed their love must have sprung with their being, from eternity. He laughed, as did the rest, when the swarthy prophetess predicted her so grand a future, but his eye was troubled when it rested on her, and the bare thought of what seemed impossible for him, being in store for her, filled his mind with vague unsettled dread.

Twilight was coming on, and leaving the sibyl with her questioners, they turned together from the scene, and strayed away to where the hedges were becoming bare beneath the autumn

wind that carpeted the road under their feet with bright-tinted leaves.

"Elise," said Ninus, as they passed out of range of the rustic eyes that glanced at their passing forms from open door-ways, and her little hand sought his and rested there, "Elise, is there anything on earth for you, that I shall not share?"

"Why do you ask?" she answered, wonderingly.

"Because that woman's face was full of prophecy, and she said you would be a lady. I cannot promise you even a peasant's brightest lot. Ah, Elise, would I could give you a fate worthy of your beauty!"

"Who is that?" she cried, interrupting, as an old man, mounted on a heavy, stupid-looking horse, approached them.

"Oh, Ninus, it is your father. What can he mean? Where can he be going?"

It was indeed, an unwonted sight. M. Ven-arre had never been upon a steed in the memory of his son, and why he should thus suddenly start out upon the road a horseman, was more than he could conjecture. He neared the young people, and halting an instant, stooped down to address them. He was an odd-looking old man, with hair as white as snow, thin, finely cut features, and coal black eyes; but there was a look about his face that marred, or rather marked it as peculiar. It was a trace of by-gone terror, a quick, startled glance, a sudden contraction of the lip and eye, a sort of spasm, faint and undefined, like the veiny outline of a healed wound.

"Why is this, father? Where do you go so suddenly?" the son had asked, and he replied,

"To Paris, to pay an old debt. It will take all our little savings, but it is imperative, and must be settled at once, hence the haste I make now. You shall soon hear from me. Adieu."

With these words, he urged his clumsy horse forward, and was soon lost down the winding road. His face was white, and his eyes shone wildly.

"Something evil must have befallen us," said Ninus, sadly, "or why should my father, who has never before left the village, but always shrunk from the idea of the world outside, ride thus suddenly, and with such evident forebodings, towards Paris?"

"Do not court trouble, Ninus," said Elise, gently, "remember what the Egyptian said; it is yet three months until Christmas."

"That is it," cried the lover, dejectedly;

"there was some hope in the few francs all these years of labor have produced, but this mysterious flight of my father's—heaven only knows its object—will scatter that weak harvest to the winds."

A month passed by, and neither word or sign came from M. Venarre to his anxious and impatient son. At length, after the village gossips had exhausted themselves in surmise, and pretty Elise had almost despaired of the wonder being explained, he came back as suddenly as he had gone. It was just before twilight—the very time he had departed, but nearly two months later, when, on the same sorry steed on which he had ridden away, he galloped back again into the village.

Down among the naked hedges, where the chilly wind whistled of winter, walked the lovers, and seeing the object of so much thought and conjecture return, hastened to meet and welcome him. Even in the dim twilight, Ninus saw his father was both pale and changed, as he helped him from the saddle, and feeling his damp, cold hand tremble in his as he pressed it, forebore to question him. Leaning upon him and holding Elise by the arm, the old man entered the little cot that had been his home for so many years. Motioning them towards the low couch in the corner by the fire, they bore him thither, and a glowing log upon the hearth suddenly igniting a bundle of twigs laid upon it, a bright blaze shot up and lighted the little room brilliantly. Ninus shrank back shudderingly, as his eyes sought his father's face. He was dying. Great drops of moisture stood on his brow, his lips were parched and contracted, and his eyes were glazing fast.

"Oh, God! my father, speak to me one word, oh, speak to me," and with a cry of anguish, he fell upon his knees before him, while Elise gently supported the old man's sinking form. His voice was nearly gone, but in faint and gasping sounds he slowly uttered these words: "I feared this might be and prepared for it. You will find a letter on my breast, take it to its address. I would that I might live to—"

It was his last breath which followed these indistinct murmurs; the sinking coals shot up a wild gleam, and then fell down in embers, leaving the lovers alone in the gloom with the dead.

Ninus found upon his father the letter, concerning which his last charge had been, but he found nothing more; and the funeral, plain

and unpretending though it was, drained his scanty purse of his last sou. When it was over and his empty little cottage seemed doubly desolate, he bethought him of the errand on which he must depart, and felt that he had best discharge it at once, for beginning his simple unsaided toils again, with the loss of his dear father, so fresh a wound seemed almost intolerable.

"M. Clairmonte, Engelfort, near Poitiers," was written on the envelope, and to M. Clairmonte, Ninus determined to go at once.

"I shall walk there, of course," he said to Elise. "I cannot expect good neighbor Banerat to loan me his best horse, as he did my poor father. I will regret losing so much time in the journey, but to work quietly now seems impossible. I will walk briskly through the cold winter air, and I shall find freshness and spirit to commence life anew, in its sharp breath."

"I have a little souvenir here that you must bear with you," whispered Elise, tearfully, pressing a little purse into his hand; "if you do not take it I shall think some evil in the future will separate us, and be most wretched."

Putting the tiny bag in his bosom, (he had at first rejected it with a motion, for it contained money, and he could not bear to rob the trusting little creature who clung to him so fondly) he whispered softly again and again the tender good-byes that always precede a lover's parting, for he was to be on his way early with the dawn of to-morrow.

The road was glittering with a slight silver frost, and a dim, faint light was breaking through the pale gray of the sky, and a whistling wind sung cheerily of the coming day, as Ninus hurried away on his road to Poitiers. Looking back from a slight rise, he saw the little cottage of the notary, and a glance overcame him; turning away his head, and brushing the tears aside that gathered in his longing eyes, he trudged onward steadily. After he had been on his journey some time, it naturally occurred to him to wonder what might be the object of his errand, and why he should carry a letter so far by hand when there were mails by which it could be sent as well. From every one of these discursive investigations his mind returned as dissatisfied as it had gone out, and all he could do was to hurry on again and wait till the end of his travels should unravel the mystery. With using the little store of Elise sparingly, riding when he became too weary to

walk, eating homely fare, and lodging humbly, he could very easily go and return. To set to work again, with energy and diligence to repair the inroad sorrow had made in his fortunes, and fit up his little home when summer came again to receive a fair young mistress, was a darling object that spurred him on to hurry through with the task in hand; and by and by Poitiers began to appear in the distance, and at last he passed the Vienne and entered the city. Engelfort, he heard, from inquiry, was a great old chateau on the road beyond, that might be easily seen from its frowning like a massive German fortress or castle rather than a French country house. Who was M. Clairmonte? They could not tell; not the owner of the chateau, certainly not; that was the old Marquis de Valeroy, lately dead. Perhaps he might be the heir, who knew?

Hearing this, Ninus hurried forward, and travel-stained, dusty and weary, viewed the grand old structure rising before him, after walking till nearly sundown. Then for the first time an idea of the meaning of his father's earnestness in commanding him to come thither, entered his mind. "It was to get me a place as under-gardener—they must employ a great many in these vast and beautifully laid-out grounds. Oh! that would be charming; I should be able to live in sight of this grand river, and see this beautiful park daily. Elise, dear Elise, how amazed and delighted she would be with so much beauty."

He had reached the wide and massive gateway, that led up a broad level walk to where heavily carved marble balustrades guarded the great white steps ascending to the hall. The porter questioned him—"A letter for M. Clairmonte? Come in at once, and wait a moment."

Here the porter rang a bell, and a footman appeared, who, opening a small side door, conducted Ninus through the garden into an entrance in one of the main buildings.

"Wait here, and M. Clairmonte will see you when he is at liberty," he said; but Ninus fearing that an insignificant plea like his might pass unheeded, hurried after the retiring messenger to place the letter in his hand.

"Give this to Monsieur," he said, "and tell him that the son of M. Venarre awaits his leisure."

Returning, he looked about him, and fell into a dream of astonishment at the grandeur and magnificence that surrounded him; rich carpets, that he feared to tread upon; sofas, that

seemed too splendid for anything but admiration; mirrors that filled him with wonder, and pictures that thrilled him with delight. "Can it be real?—do people live always in such splendors?" was all he could think, when the door opened, a small, finely-dressed gentleman entered, bowing respectfully. He had a quick, observant eye, a good head and face, and a most respectful manner. Yet, although speaking with precision and care, there was something flurried in his voice, and which he endeavored to conceal for propriety's sake.

"I have the honor to welcome you, Monsieur," he said, bowing low; "I have looked for you long, and am surprised and pained to hear that the death of your noble father was the cause of your delay. I trust I shall be able, without fatiguing you too much, to render my account as I would have done to him. For the present, excuse the want of ceremony in your reception. Had the servants known of your coming, they would have done their best, no doubt."

Ninus had ceased to exist as a man, and become a living figure of astonishment. What did it mean?—what could it mean? Was he mad or dreaming? Asking himself these questions, he made no reply to M. Clairmonte, save a bewildered stare. At last, he gasped—"You are M. Clairmonte; who am I, Monsieur?"

"I have the honor to address the young Marquis de Valeroy, heir and nephew to the late proprietor of Engelfort. Your uncle died without having had the happiness to embrace you, for your noble father, his brother, having seen his beautiful wife led a victim to the guillotine, fled from Paris with you, to assume a peasant's dress, the only badge of safety then, and having been greatly shocked by the horrors of those days, never emerged from the disguise he had chosen until discovered by the agents of the late Marquis, who unhappily died before success had crowned their efforts."

"Was it for this, then, that my father rode away so gloomily?" cried Ninus, in a transport of delight. "He said he had a dreadful debt to pay, and filled me with dread of some impending misfortune."

"Your mother's death—if Monsieur will forgive me the painful allusion, was a blow that deprived him of all future glory in fortune's smiles, and it was only by representing the revenge he could gain upon the rabble, who decreed the horrid deed, that he could be won from his obscurity sufficiently to establish his

claim. But you—you, my lord, are to be envied; you have a long life of useful happiness before you, having learned justice and benevolence from experience, and enjoyment from Nature."

"Elise! oh, Elise!—what will she say? What rapture to meet her in such a place, and be able to offer it all to her."

These were the thoughts that flew like a shuttle, constantly across the web of every other feeling; and as the new lord of Engelfort looked over his broad domain with swelling heart and beaming eyes, it was always towards the road to Montauban he turned at last, murmuring to himself—"When will she come?"

At last the day came when a plain little travelling-carriage whirled down the hill and neared the broad gateway. A tall, slight figure, in a neat peasant's dress, sprang from it, and timidly glancing around, hurried after the footman, who ushered her into the mansion. In a chamber whose magnificence appeared a fairy dream to her young mind, she seated herself, and stared in lost amazement at a rich store of dresses spread before her; laces and embroideries, silks and jewels—it was really enough to turn one's brain, and hers almost reeled under it. "Let me think," she murmured to herself—"Let me try and think! Ninus came here to find a good friend, who gave him a pleasant home, and bade him send for me. I am to dress myself in the robes his

patron has so nobly provided me with, so that I may do honor to his taste, and show my gratitude. Yes, that was what Ninus wrote; but these are for a queen; the empress could wear none richer. Oh, I am dazzled; what shall I do?"

"I am come to dress Mademoiselle," said a voice, and a pretty maid presented herself, courtesying. Lost in delight and astonishment, Elise submitted, and came from under her hands indeed a queen of beauty and grace.

"Oh, what can I say? Where is Ninus? I have lost myself in this grand magnificence."

"And I have found a sharer in honors so delightful," cried Ninus, springing in, and catching her in his arms. "What do I see—a great lady—behold!" he cried, gayly leading her to a mirror. "Behold the Marchioness de Valeroy and her husband, the peasant Ninus that used to be, and her fond, true lover, that always will be."

"Speak, Ninus! What does it mean? Are you not a gardener here? What am I to be? Oh, I shall go wild with joy this Christmas day."

"Christmas day! Truly, then, it is so, and the gypsy was a sorceress indeed, for it brings you a coronet, and me a matchless bride."

So saying, the young Marquis, no longer the peasant-boy, but a richly-clad noble, led his beautiful Elise into the drawing-room, where were assembled the priest and wedding-guests.

THE OLD CRADLE.

BY ETTIE V. SLADE.

Bring it to me, from the chamber away,
Banished so long from the sunlight of day;
I'll brush from it softly the dust of the years,
Kneel by its side, and baptize it with tears;
Memories come swift, like shells in the wave,
Rosy and bright, from their fathomless cave;
Voices, long-hushed, for whose music I pine,
Haunt me beside this old cradle of mine.

Lost forms of beauty are passing before,
Greeting my eyes with their coming once more,
Rising like blossoms on each grassy tomb,
Faces are smiling, young, rich in their bloom;
Gone from the white brows the traces of woe,
So peaceful have been their slumbers below,
Peaceful as when I have watched them recline
Here in this old-fashioned cradle of mine.

Never hath life from its fountains of pleasure
Given my soul such a fulness of measure—
Such waters of deep and exquisite bliss,
When trembled its depths with babyhood's kiss,
As when I rushed to touch, dreamless rest,
Each tender, unworld-touched, innocent breast,
Singing, the while, some quaint little line,
Here by this old-fashioned cradle of mine.

Empty, thou art, bruised, tott'ring and worn,
Symbol of age, with its roses all shorn.
When will the mystical curtain arise,
Hiding my fold in the shadowy skies?
Hasten, thou, angel—oh, haste with thy call,
Bind up the sheaf that hath ripened to fall,
And lead me where heavenly glories enshrine
The dear ones that slept in this cradle of mine.

TWO FALLS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY M. C. PYLE.

It was very kind in Uncle Josiah to take Fanny and me with him when he went on that trip of his to the coal mountains of central Pennsylvania, that was certain. To us, born and bred in the rich lowlands of the same State, mountains were still an unknown enchanted world, a mere myth. But that first day of our travels, as we dragged slowly in the lumbering stage-coach up the first slope of Summit Mountain, we did not appreciate the beauty of our expected fairy-land—not I, at least. Fanny's bright eyes seemed to look out more complacently upon the stunted pines, scrub oaks, and huckleberry bushes, diversifying but hardly shading the clay soil glaring in the mid-day September sun. But then her situation was better than mine. Her back was to the horses, but that did not disturb her, and the other tenants of the seat, "warranted to seat four," were all of moderate breadth—Uncle Josiah's thin figure in one corner, Fanny's slender one beside him; then a handsome and rather distinguished-looking young man, whose easy but perfectly respectful remarks to Fanny very probably assisted her favorable view of things in general, while the older and graver looking gentleman in the corner, nearly opposite to me, quietly engrossed in the perusal of the morning's New York Times, though a larger and more athletic-looking figure, was still spare enough to be no unpleasant neighbor.

But that cross-looking fat woman beside me, who in her extra care for her "bunnet-box" insisted on carrying it in her expanded lap, with a pair of threateningly protecting arms disposed about it, was a neighbor I shall not soon forget. When we first took our places, I comforted myself for her propinquity with the fact that there were but three on our seat; but at the moment of starting, a stout young Dutchman turned the corner of the village inn with more velocity than could have been expected from his "running gear"—a short and particularly dumpy pair of legs—and mounted the steps of the stage-coach.

"Blenty of room, blenty," he assured me, good-humoredly, as I drew away my drapery from the few inches of seat that remained, and

with a squeleh he was wedged in beside me, tight as a tooth in the socket.

There is a popular but fallacious theory that fat people are always good-natured. I never believed it; but if I had, my female neighbor would have uprooted my conviction. Her sour and aggressive temper radiated from her in all sorts of jerking and unpleasant motions, particularly of those elbows that guarded the "bunnet-box." Poor woman! she was evidently convinced that there was a combination against her that she should be "scroulded," as she audibly complained she was, in every position in life; so she kept her weapons of offence and defence ready.

"I beg your pardon," said the strange gentleman in the corner, suddenly lowering the paper from before his face and accosting me, "does it make you uncomfortable to ride backward?"

"Not at all," said I, startled, "but—"

"Then I think you had better change places with me," said he; and the movement was made with such quiet decision, that before I had time to politely object, I was extracted from my position and whisked into the opposite corner, while my deliverer took my place between the good-natured and ill-natured pair of fatties. To my look and gesture of relief and heart-felt thanks, he only replied by a bow and a smile that relaxed the lines of his firmly-set lips, and raised the arch of the brows that lay rather too closely impending over a pair of bright dark-gray eyes. A reserved, haughty, fastidious-looking face I thought it a moment afterwards, as the smile faded away and he addressed himself to the perusal of his paper again. How he had happened through that screen to see the discomfort he had relieved, I did not know. For himself he seemed calmly insensible to crowding, and in consideration of the quiet firmness with which he held his place, the fat Gorgon drew in her elbows, edged herself more towards her thin daughter on the other side of her, and forbore her aggravating twists and nudges.

"Heigh-o-hum," yawned Uncle Josiah, forgetfully, as he laid aside his paper. Then consulting his watch, "Has any one the true time? I think I must be slow to-day."

"I haf a watch," said the Dutchman, quite briskly, rousing himself from a gentle slumber into which he had fallen; and throwing back his coat, with some labor and difficulty he extracted a huge silver turnip, at which he gazed attentively; then holding it to his ear for a full minute, he slowly added, "put she doeshn't go. Put dere ish a petter one in dis bocket," he continued, with renewed cheerfulness, and from a fob in his pantaloons he produced another, gold or newly gilt, shining resplendent. His little eyes twinkled as he surveyed it affectionately, turned it on one side and the other, tapped it, then, holding it to his ear, after a long pause he pronounced with deep and profound emphasis, "Put she doeshn't go neider." And with calm resignation he let his silent time-pieces drop slowly back into their roomy receptacles, and once more composed himself to slumber.

Uncle Josiah gave his short, hearty "Ha, ha!" while Fanny and I exchanged a glance of intense amusement at this specimen of humanity, differing from any we had hitherto known, and I said in a low voice, "Like Miss Kilmansegg's golden leg, 'a good un to look at but bad to go!'" at which the eyes of the reader of the Times gave another smiling flash brighter than the first. As if some spring had been touched that set our tongues going, conversation straightway became general, and the Summit was reached without any further thought of the tedium of the way.

While Fanny and I were shaking the dust out of our dresses at the inn on the Summit, while waiting for the gravitation-car that was to convey us to the town of M—— in the valley below, we saw Uncle Josiah and the two gentlemen who had been our stage-coach companions exchanging cards, and going through the first stages of regular acquaintance-making with evident cordiality.

"Those two gentlemen are certainly going to M—— too," whispered Fanny. "How particularly nice in uncle to be making friends with them. The one who sat by me looked worth talking to—eh, Marian?"

She looked at me with bright, dancing eyes, half deprecatory too. Fanny certainly had an eye for beaux. She could not help it, while they were so continually coming forward as candidates for her good graces. The reason why my interest was never so much excited on that subject as hers was patent enough. If I had been Fanny's old maid aunt instead of her

orphan cousin, there could not have been less rivalry between us. Yet I believe I am not ugly. Fanny is prettier, I know. She always insists that my tall figure is better than her petite one, my slate-colored, black-lashed eyes more interesting than her bright hazel orbs—but the little puss knew what she knew. That sort of semi-tenderness and gallantry which places young men in their relations to young women in the category of beaux (hateful word, but there is no other to use in the place of it), it was never my fate to inspire. It is curious, this matter—curious to see how one sister in a family will attract in this way, have flutterers always about her like moths round a candle, while another, laboring under no special disadvantages of mind or person, will never experience the same sort of attention. She may have friends in the other sex, kind and true; she may even have a lover, and finally a husband, but she will never have beaux. Mine was this case, and Fanny's the other. I believe I never wished it otherwise. I had my own undefined visions of love floating in the far distance, but this tinsel that mimicked the priceless gold, I never coveted. I think Fanny and I loved each other the better, and dovetailed the closer, for being so different.

"Uncle is talking political economy, I've no doubt," said Fanny, still watching the group. "I don't believe that good-looking one half appreciates 'internal resources and skilled industry,' do you, Marian? He wouldn't snap his fingers to the dog and begin to play with his ears if he had the true interest, would he?" Her eyes danced with fun as she spoke. "Uncle finds the steady-looking one the more congenial spirit, that's plain. He listens quite differently. Now he is talking, and uncle listens as if he was saying something worth hearing. I wonder who they are?"

Fanny's curiosity—which I shared this time—was soon satisfied, for uncle came directly to take us to the car, whose seats were already being filled with passengers for M——.

"My dears," said he, "let me introduce you to our fellow-travellers, Mr. Hamilton Wade, Mr. Henry Randall, of P——; my nieces, Miss Bennett, Miss Mellon."

"Hamilton Wade!" whispered Fanny, rapidly, as soon as she could draw me aside a moment. "Why that's the author! A live author, and an author's friend! O, Mannie!"

She gave me an ecstatic pinch, and turned demurely to answer a remark of Mr. Randall's,

the handsome young man who was *not* the author. I scanned Mr. Wade's face furtively while he talked to uncle, feeling sure that under its look of haughty reserve I could trace the traits of those fancies and lofty ideas that made his writings so fascinating. But as our car, moving slowly and gently at first, fairly turned the crest of the Summit, and began to move rapidly down the slope, I forgot Mr. Wade and the others too in the panorama opening before us. At our right a deep gorge sank suddenly down, down, and opposite rose high, and stretched far in undulating lines, the mountains. I felt my lips and cheeks whiten as I drew in my breath at this first view. Some inexpressible emotion grasped and thrilled my heart at sight of those long sweeps of mountain crests, not divided into round hills and peaks as I had imagined, but standing like a wall along the horizon, a great wave, sweeping on, caught in its motion and fixed and hardened there forever. I have seen Niagara since, but not with so keen a feeling of adoring wonder as I trembled with that day.

"You should see the White Mountains," said Mr. Randall to Fanny, looking into her bright, dilated eyes, and smiling at their look of enthusiasm.

I turned my shoulder on the young man, vexed by a deprecatory comparison before this grandeur and beauty. Mr. Wade, on my other side, to his credit, I thought, sat quite silent, and let me be so.

Soon, almost too soon, we skimmed over the few miles of descent, and came in sight of M——, lying in the cup of the converging hills, as if it had been poured down fluid and crystallized into a town, and soon were landed at the pleasant hotel of the place—large, clean and commodious, nestled as close as possible to the side of a mountain—so close, that from the veranda that ran around the upper story we could step out on a shady, tempting path, that led upwards over rocks and through forest shadows, no doubt the means of approach to a little summer house we could see perched far above, with the starry flag floating above it.

We saw our new acquaintances welcomed by two ladies, who were afterwards introduced to us as Miss Randall and Miss Ellis, the sister and cousin of Mr. Harry Randall. The former was sharp-nosed, oldish and over-dressed, yet handsome in spite of those drawbacks; but the latter was so very pretty, albeit in a wax-doll style, and Mr. Randall seemed so attentive to

her, that I teased Fan with declaring that it would be left to Uncle Josiah to show her the points of view, after all. We were amused at dinner to see how constantly Miss Randall talked to Mr. Wade, all the pendant streamers in her hair bobbing and shaking as she twisted her head and made little motions with it, and with what phlegmatic composure he received her attentions, eating his dinner, and making an occasional short answer, in a way that struck us as very comical. We agreed that he looked as if he was spoilt with too much attention.

After dinner, Uncle, Fanny and I started sight-seeing immediately, down the beautiful river, tamed here to the sober duties of life as a canal, and there Uncle Josiah handled coal and talked statistics with all about him till my head ached with its burden of newly-acquired facts.

Mr. Randall, who was sitting with his sister and Miss Ellis on the veranda when we returned, asked if we had encountered Mr. Wade in our rounds. "He made off to the river, I believe," said he, "and is probably fraternizing with some of the coal-barge men over a social pipe, by this time."

"Not very likely that Hamilton Wade has such low tastes," said Miss Randall, curling her lip.

"Very likely, Maria" asserted her brother, laughing, "as much so as that you sent him off by an overdose of Emerson. Hamilton prefers human nature 'all alive O,' to crystallized ideas and apothegms."

Miss Randall looked more annoyed than the light, teasing speech seemed to deserve, I thought.

Two or three others joined us on the veranda, and some courteous remarks were exchanged, all seeming more free and easy than is often the case in more frequented summer haunts.

The glimpse of the wooded and precipitous slope of the mountain so near, tempted me much more than the conversation, and slipping round to the end of the veranda, out of sight of the rest, I strolled into the path that led upwards from it, intending to go but a little way; but there is something fascinating in climbing an ascent. It is hard to leave an upward path before at least reaching some open standing-point—a platform to mark one's progress. So it befell that I walked and scrambled on, stopping here and there to gather some moss or fern that attracted my eye particularly, till, before I had an idea I had climbed so high I

saw through the trees the flag that floated over the summer-house we had noticed from below, and finding myself so near it, I pressed on, determined to have a look at the prospect from that point. It had not occurred to me that the little building might have other visitors, and I was disconcerted on entering by the sight of a gray summer coat, and still more so to find that its tenant was Mr. Wade, comfortably extended on a bench, with a blue wreath of cigar-smoke curling from his lips, as he gazed out on the panorama below. I was annoyed, partly because I was alone, flushed and heated by my climb, with the upper skirt of my dress gathered up to form a receptacle for the treasures I had amassed by the way; but more, that I had come in this way to ferret out Mr. Wade, who had evidently fled from us to solitude. It was plain he did not desire our company, and I was accordingly much indisposed to have his. I may have surprised a glance of vexation, too, as he threw away his cigar, and rose surprised at my entrance. He spoke politely enough, however—"Miss Bennett, you seem to have felt the magnetism of this little eyry, too. Did it not draw you up, from the moment you first caught sight of it?"

"It must have been its magnetic attraction drew me here, I suppose," said I, "for I came almost involuntarily. I did not know I had a predecessor in the track, however."

"You look quite injured by that fact," said Mr. Wade, smiling. "But the view is none the worse for the tribute I have taken. See!"

He sat quite silent as I gazed out of the wide expanse of mountain, valley, and winding river, but when I turned to retrace the path to the hotel, he accompanied me. "I wish he would stay where he is," thought I, impatiently, and hurried along, as if quite unconscious of his presence, descending recklessly, till my dress caught on a projecting branch, and, alas! a rending sound announced a terrible tear, while my mosses, etc., were scattered all around.

"Sad consequences of over-haste," said Mr. Wade quietly, as he disengaged my poor, pretty chaille from the branch, and stooped to gather up my fallen treasures.

"Please don't trouble yourself," said I, as composedly as I could. "It is no consequence about the mosses. Oh—only that cup moss!" and relenting at the recollection of the scarlet cups I had gathered from a most delicious old stump, quite covered with them, I

stooped to search for them among the green and amber mass.

"I should call it all trash alike," said my companion, cavalierly. "Ladies have a taste for the upholsteries of Nature, I know; but there can be no more sentiment or association with these low forms of vegetable life than with an oyster."

"Indeed, they are more beautiful than many more ambitious things, I am sure," said I, indignant and piqued for the sake of my mosses and my own taste, equally. "As for associations, if I want anything of the sort, (which I don't) I can think of Mungo Park, revived in his direst despair by the sight of the moss in the sand beside him, speaking of an ever-present Providence, even in the lonely desert."

"A very improbable story," pronounced Mr. Wade. "In such sore straits, the mind would gather itself to its inward forces, and not float idly out in that way."

"But the story is true, Mr. Wade," cried I, "and it is you that are mistaken, in deciding in that dogmatic way how the mind would act in certain circumstances."

Was the man just trying to provoke me, I wonder? for he only laughed a little. "Give me a Shakspeare instance, then," said he. "Come, now, if it is not in Shakspeare, it is not in human nature. That's my test."

"What dreadful fanaticism. I accept no such test! Not but what there are plenty of instances, no doubt, in Shakspeare, if I could think of them. Will Desdemona do, in the midst of her bewildered grief, telling Emilia how to deck her bed? 'All's one, Good Father; how foolish are our spirits.'"

"Hardly to the point; but it may pass, as you can evidently find nothing better," said Mr. Wade, laughing again; and then he threw off his irritating, half disdainful, dictatorial manner, as if it had only been assumed, and spoke in quite a changed and pleasant voice. "But see here, Miss Bennett. Here is something whose beauty needs no association to enhance it." And he caught from a high rock beside us a long trailing branch of the five-leaved ivy, bright ruby-red from the first touch of frost, and threw it lightly across my shoulder. "The sap must have turned to wine in those leaf-veins, one would think."

"How brilliant it is; and oh, what a splendid bunch of golden-rod," as that too was added to my collection. "Like solidified sunshine. How ripe these autumn flowers all seem."

Though these white and blue asters have coolness and shadow in them, too."

"A country life has cultivated your knowledge and appreciation of flowers, I think," said my companion, looking attentively at me with those peculiar dark gray eyes of his, which seemed to send their glances down through the surface of things.

"I should have thought you would have ascribed a taste for upholsteries to city cultivation," I made answer, with quite a scathing accent, I thought; but Mr. Wade only looked amused.

"The taste is feminine in its generality," said he; "but I discriminate the varieties. There is a love of what is fine, and of what is beautiful; two distinct affections.—Allow me." And lifting the low drooping branch that leant across the last curve of the path, we emerged into view of the veranda and its occupants.

"Marian, where have you been?" cried Fanny, as I approached. "Why, you look like a tableau of autumn with her sheaf."

"Rummaging in mother Nature's cupboard a little; that is all," said I. "Shall I share my spoil?" And I presented a clustered golden-rod to Miss Randall, a spray of asters to Miss Ellis, and going behind Fanny, fastened some drooping ferns in her dark hair.

"You have a taste for the rural and romantic, I see, Miss Bennett," said Miss Randall. "Have you succeeded in imparting any of it to Mr. Wade?" She spoke smoothly, but with a disagreeably sarcastic look in her black eyes. Mr. Wade answered—

"You behold me a complete convert, Miss Maria, ready to take the whole tribe of mosses and ferns to my heart."

"Indeed, it is a conversion then? and Miss Bennett has been your missionary."

"A disastrous mission," said I, turning to Fanny and indicating my torn dress. "Will you come with me, Fan?" and we sought our chamber to repair damages.

"See what comes of being 'rural and romantic,' Mannie," cried Fanny, holding up her hands in dismay, over my unlucky chabli. "No help for this now. You will be reduced to the brown mousseline de laine again. And Miss Randall will think it serves you right," she added, laughing.

"I suppose so," said I. "Sarcastic old thing! but I'll wear this crimson vine in my hair and look as 'rural and romantic' as possible, in spite of her."

I felt much better acquainted with Mr. Wade after this little escapade. We had a pleasant conversation together that evening, too, and I began to think he was not nearly so haughty and reserved as I had at first supposed.

Before we parted from our new acquaintance that night, we all made an engagement to visit a certain coal mine in the vicinity; the one best worth seeing; and the next day our whole party, including two oldish gentlemen from Philadelphia, and the shrewd, sensible-looking wife of one of them, started in such vehicles as we could procure, for the mountain slope where the mine was to be entered.

Well, as to the delights of visiting a coal-mine, I am not so sure. Plunging into a dark cavern, toiling down and up precipitous stairs with coal-cars, empty and loaded, passing and repassing beside one like an endless nursery song of "here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down," splashing through pools of black water, listening to talk among the gentlemen of dip, and strata, and shafts, and solacing one's self with the picturesque effects of the lights in the miners' hats—behold the best of my reminiscences. But then I was not in a very good humor; I may as well confess it, and its cause.

Before entering the mine, we ladies had been invited into a pine-wood shanty near by, that we might divest ourselves of crinoline, loop up our skirts, and endue ourselves with odiously ugly oil-cloth hats and capes, to shield us from the dripping of the roofs. These preparations dismayed Miss Randall and her pretty cousin, and at the last moment they declined to enter the mine, preferring to wait without and solace themselves, the one with crochet-work, the other with Emerson. Subsequent to this decision, I, reëntering the dressing-room to replace a broken boot-lace, overheard this colloquy outside the window:—"Shows their sense, too," Mr. Wade's voice was saying. "It is only a pity that the others do not partake of it. I am sorry I consented to the expedition under the circumstances."

"Ugh, you misogynist," answered Harry Randall's gay voice. "You don't deserve to have lady companions till you learn to appreciate them better."

Mr. Wade languidly answered, "Never less likely to learn than when they undertake sight-seeing. I know the young lady manner of doing it. Constant demands on one's attention, little shrieks at every contretemps, questions that

show they neither understand nor care to understand."

At this point in the diatribe I beat my retreat, with burning cheeks, and more burning indignation, mentally pronouncing Mr. Wade a disagreeable, conceited, prejudiced MAN (in the style of Fanny Kemble's enunciation of the offending masculine title), and resolved to keep very far aloof from him henceforth.

Well, the fastidious gentleman was not troubled with his young lady companions that day. Mr. Randall took care of Fanny all the time, and I kept as near as I could to Uncle Josiah, following as he tramped unmindfully through the puddles, and quite ignoring Mr. Wade's offer to assist me over two or three of the worst places. That I stepped ankle-deep into one particularly black pool in consequence, did not put me in any better humor.

We were to walk back to the town instead of riding, that we might visit a celebrated point of view on the way, so attaching myself to uncle and the old gentleman with whom he was deep in converse, we trudged off in advance of the others; but when we reached Point Look-out I could not bear to hear them talking tariff and balance of trade in the very teeth of the mountains; so slipping off from them I rested myself in a little nook in the rocks, and sat there till the rest of the party had arrived, exclaimed over the view, and departed again, and still sat there quiet, not thinking about the beauty spread out before me, but just letting its influence flow in and overspread me with peace and still delight.

A crackle, a rolling pebble in the pathway attracted my attention after awhile, and peeping out from the screen of leaves that hid my retreat from view, I saw Mr. Wade sauntering slowly down the path, having tarried behind the rest, it seemed. I drew back and sat as still as a mouse. On the platform of rock a few paces from me he paused, and leaning leisurely against a hemlock trunk remained gazing out upon the view so long that I grew impatient of the restraint of my enforced stillness; though the tall figure with folded arms under the green drooping boughs made a good foreground enough for my picture.

"For ever, and ever, and ever," he murmured at last, with a deep inspiration, as if concluding a mentally pronounced psalm of praise, and turned to go, springing lightly from the rock where he stood to another beyond and below him. The stone rolled under his feet,

and he disappeared from my sight with a clatter and final thud that proclaimed a heavy fall.

"Oh, dear me!" said I to myself, unable to restrain a malicious laugh, "my lord of creation has had a downfall, and that through no fault of womankind, either. Serve him right."

All was silent for a few minutes, and then I heard an inarticulate sound, more of pain than vexation. Moving from my nook, I peeped down. I could just see Mr. Wade's face, which was quite pale, and his lips bitten in as if in great pain. He was trying to drag himself up from the rocky bed of a dried-up mountain torrent, into which he had slipped. He half-raised his right arm, then sank back again quite still for a minute; with his other arm then grasped a sapling and drew himself up into a better position, felt his shoulder, then stooped and examined his ankle, and then suddenly and with much emphasis, exclaimed—"No bones broken! but now how the deuce shall I get down this con-found-ed hill?"

By this time my malice had become strongly tinged with compassion; besides, I thought it a fine opportunity for one of the troublesome articles he thought so cheaply of, to exhibit a helpful magnanimity; so abruptly parting the boughs I appeared at the edge of the bank, saying, "You seem to be in trouble, Mr. Wade. Can I help you in any way?"

What a flush of mortification overspread his face.

"Miss Bennett," he exclaimed, trying to laugh, "I did not know I had any witness to my feat of agility. Are the others there?"

"They have gone on," said I; "too far to assist you, I fear. Are you much hurt?"

"My ankle," said he, with a grimace, as he tried to raise himself; "and my shoulder. I think it is no worse than a sprain or bruise, however. I'll make shift to hobble down the hill after awhile."

"I will try to find you a stout stick to lean on," said I; and started on a search which soon procured the staff in demand; but unluckily the shoulder was as badly crippled as the foot, and both on the same side. Mr. Wade's effort to prop himself on the crutch resulted in his sitting down again, and growing so pale that I ran off to a tiny water-course I had noticed trickling down the rocks a little farther up the hill, sopped my handkerchief in its cold waters, and twisting two large leaves together formed a cup in which I managed to convey a little

water to his parched lips, and then moistened his brow with my dripping handkerchief.

"I am truly mortified and sorry to give you so much trouble, Miss Bennett," said he, presently. "A great lumbering fellow playing interesting in this way! But pray do not trouble yourself any farther with me. I am not able to be your escort down the hill, it seems; but after I have rested awhile I will manage the descent by myself."

"I must have better assurance of that before I leave you," I answered, quite resolutely. "Fortunately we are not far from the public road, for I caught a glimpse of it from my seat up yonder. I will go and see if I can find any better assistance than mine for you." And without waiting for any assent, I made the best of my way through the woods to the high road, and was so fortunate as to hear just as I reached it the sound of wheels and hoofs, and an unmistakably Dutch exhortation to "Gum up dere," and to see enthroned on a bench laid across the sides of a rough mill-wagon our fat friend of the stage-coach.

With various Teutonic exclamations he heard my appeal for his help, and dismounting and anchoring his horses with a stone tied to a rope, he lumbered after me through the woods with the graceful alacrity of a young elephant. With his stout help Mr. Wade managed to reach the wagon and bestow himself upon the hay that covered its floor.

"I and my conveyance look equally chivalric, do we not, Miss Bennett?" said he.

"Sir Launcelot once made use of such a one, at any rate," said I. "I hope you will not be dubbed the Knight of the Cart after this."

"You gum too. Blenty of room," said the charioteer, a hospitable smile overspreading his broad face as he indicated a seat in the hay beside Mr. Wade.

A vision of myself riding through the town heroically supporting the languid form of this supercilious member of the nobler sex, rose with ludicrously tempting distinctness before me, but I muttered a "*retro-sathanas*" and declined the good-natured invitation.

The charms of the landscape were quite superseded by the excitement of this adventure, and I made the best of my way back to the hotel, where I found Fanny wondering at my tardiness, and ready to tell me of Mr. Wade's accident, he having arrived in the meantime. But when I did my tale unfold,

she listened delightedly, assuring me that "it was as good as a play."

"Not a word about you did he say when we were all questioning him," cried she, laughing and clapping her hands; "shall you tell, Mannie?"

"Not so ill-natured," said I. "He is evidently mortified at having required and received my assistance, and I shall say nothing about it."

"I think he will appreciate our sex better after this," said Fanny.

"I think he will detest the sight of one member of it," answered I.

Which of us was correct we had no chance to ascertain for several days, for we accompanied uncle that evening to another town, where he had an engagement to lecture, and several others followed, so that it was nearly the close of the week before we returned to M—. We found our acquaintances still there. Mr. Wade's accident had not proved so severe as might have been expected, for he was afoot again, limping a little, but apparently not much the worse for his fall.

If he had been mortified at my witnessing that feat, he was, at any rate, magnanimous enough not to visit it on me, and, I must own, showed no signs of the special detestation I had predicted. I saw much more of him in the next few days than I had done before, and did not once see him exhibit the superciliousness and dogmatism I had charged him with. There was, indeed, a comrade-like frankness in his manners and conversation. I could feel myself a human being and not merely a young lady when he was talking to me. Somehow I found I could not now discuss and criticize him as I had done with Fan. Fanny, I noticed, on her part, had ceased her jesting allusions to circumventing "*la belle cousine*," though there was no doubt that Mr. Randall was much oftener at her side than at that of pretty Lucy Ellis. The latter was not left beaules, however, for a late arrival from Philadelphia, a youth in irreproachable summer costume and lovely cuneiform whiskers, was generally devoting himself to her. Miss Randall, meanwhile, scorning such game as this, talked high-English to Mr. Wade at every opportunity, and at other times flattered Uncle Josiah by quoting from his "*Essays on the Tariffs of European Nations*," to that degree that Fanny and I began to discuss with comic horror the chance of having her for an aunt.

The few days of our stay slipped rapidly away till the last one came. In the afternoon preceding our going, we all went together for a walk along the river to where two mountain waves met and shut in a deep-shaded gorge, only pierced by the river and a railroad track that run beside it, and offered a convenient path for us, every curve opening fresh vistas and new combinations of form and color in the glorious hills, bathed in the soft light of the descending September sun. Reaching a place where the track crossed a temporary depression in the valley, by a skeleton bridge raised about ten feet from the ground beneath, my companions prepared to descend from it to the river bank below. The embankment was very precipitous, and the ladies' descent required much gallant care from the gentlemen, and was accomplished with a running accompaniment of little squeals and laughs, as usual in such cases. Now at this moment Mr. Wade's remarks about the inconvenience and bore of young lady companions recurred forcibly to my mind, and brought with it a great disinclination to impose my weight upon that gentleman, who stood holding out his hands to assist my descent; accordingly, "I am not coming down there," said I. "I shall just run across the bridge and see round the next curve, and meet you all below. Please to go on without me." And suiting the action to the word, I stepped on to the bridge.

"Miss Bennett, you must not on any account," cried Mr. Wade, hastily and peremptorily.

"Indeed I shall," I persisted, laughingly.

"It is dangerous."

"Not for me."

And supposing he alluded to the danger of stepping across the vacant spaces of the bridge, I sprang on rapidly across the wooden ties, confident in a head that never dizzyed at any height. But suddenly from the curve before me sounded the shrill, warning whistle of an approaching locomotive, and with roar and rattle the iron monster came full in view, almost, as it seemed, already upon me; and as I stood motionless, appalled, unable to retreat, if indeed any retreat had been possible, a warning cry sounded in my ears. I was seized in strong arms and borne from the bridge in a leap to the ground below. A shock, and darkness for awhile, then earth and sky swept round before my reeling sight; but I knew the agitated face leaning over me, and as the train thundered

over the very spot on which I had just stood, I felt from what he had saved me.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, in tones I could hardly recognize. "I could not help it, Marian. O, thank God!"

I was but stunned, and sat up, dizzy and trembling. "Are you hurt?" I gasped. "My headstrong folly! O, Mr. Wade you saved my life!"

"Hush, compose yourself," he said, more calmly and soothingly. "I am not hurt; don't think of it;" for I was shaking with a nervous chill, and had much ado to keep from breaking out into hysterical sobs; and he untied my battered hat, and stroked back the disordered hair that fell over my face.

Our companions had not seen what had occurred, but startled by the passage of the train and by our not having joined them, were calling to us from the other side of the embankment.

Mr. Wade shouted, "Coming, coming," and then said, "Can you walk now? Let me be sure you are not seriously hurt;" and trying to compose and quiet myself, I let him assist me to rise, and even adjust my hat again, and brush and straighten my mantle. Surely no attempt at independence was ever a more disastrous failure than mine!

Uncle Josiah, Fanny and Mr. Randall came up to us, the others in sight some distance beyond.

"Is anything the matter, Marian?" asked Fanny, in eager, anxious tones. "Where did you get down? Mercy! how pale you look! and your hat all bent! Did you have a fall?"

"Miss Bennett did slip as she was descending from the railroad," said Mr. Wade, quite in his usual cool, calm tone; "and I think she struck her head. Did you?" turning to me.

"Yes, a little," said I. "Nothing much. Don't mind about it, Fanny. But, uncle, I think I will go home if you will give me your arm."

"We were going to turn at any rate," said Fanny; and so said the others as we joined them.

I kept fast hold of uncle's arm, and whispered to him and Fanny to say nothing about my malapropos accident. Fanny, by a more lively flow of rattling talk than usual, and Uncle Josiah in his dryly humorous way, kept up the conversation and shielded my silence; but Mr. Wade walked on beside Miss Randall almost silent too. He did not limp more than usual,

nor appear to have suffered by his leap from the bridge, I was glad to see. Beyond this I did not notice much, being occupied by the endeavor to walk steadily, while my dizzy, throbbing head made everything heave and swim before me.

But the hotel was reached at last, and Fanny went with me to our room, bathed my head, and loosed my dress, kindly refraining from talk or questioning. I said I would not come down again, so she brought me a cup of tea, and then I tried to sleep—tried, while broken thoughts and scenes and fancies raced through my excited brain, and above and through all I saw continually Hamilton Wade's pale, agitated face, and heard him say in those strange tones, "I could not help it, *Marian*. O, thank God!"

Yet I must have slept, for suddenly, it seemed, daylight was gone, and the moonlight was streaming through the window. The curtains were drawn back, so Fanny must have come in quietly while I slept. I felt much better—well enough to rise and put on a wrapper, not intending by any means to face the circle in the drawing-room, where I could hear the notes of a waltz, to which I had no doubt several couples were whirling round the room, but to sit awhile in the cool air and moonlight of the veranda, which stretched quite tenantless on that side of the house. Not tenantless, either, for a figure emerged from the shadow of a pillar which had hidden it. Mr. Wade—and not smoking either, for a wonder.

"Miss Bennett, it is you," he said.

"Mr. Wade! I thought you were in the drawing-room with the rest," said I, awkwardly enough.

"No," said he, placing me in a chair, "I have been waiting here for just what has occurred—the chance of seeing you. I wanted to be sure that you were not suffering more than Miss Mellon believed. To be sure, too, that you forgave me for my act this afternoon. It was rough, but indeed it was necessary. I started to cross the bridge after you when I found you would not turn back, and when the train turned the curve I saw there was no chance but just that—to seize you and make you leap from the bridge. I am more thankful than I can tell that you were not seriously hurt; but had I known you would be, I must still have done it."

"O, Mr. Wade!" said I, trying to command my voice, "please do not talk about my forgiv-

ing you. It was a senseless act I shall always be ashamed of, trying to cross that bridge. It might have cost both our lives. I am grateful, shall be always—" Then I broke down, holding out my hand to him, which he took with a firm, warm pressure, releasing it again in silence.

"Miss Marian," said he presently, in a changed and lighter tone, "I want to ask you something. Ever since the day we visited the coal-mine together, I have suspected that you overheard some very absurd remarks I made to Harry Randall outside your dressing-room. Tell me, was it not so? And have you not borne a little grudge in your heart ever since on their account?"

"I did certainly hear you say something about the disadvantages of having young lady companions on excursions," said I, rallying my forces as well as I could at this straightforward question; "and I believe I was more vexed and angry than I had any business to be, especially as to-day has shown that you were quite in the right about it—just as I was trying to prove the contrary too;" and I tried to laugh.

"You forget to mention how effectually you proved the contrary to me that very day," said Mr. Wade, smiling too. "I repented my heresy in metaphorical sackcloth and ashes, while you were bathing my forehead after my unlucky tumble that afternoon." After a pause he added, more seriously, "I wish now that I had been in the right of it. Can you guess why?"

"Not in the least. And why?"

"Because, if you were really troublesome, helpless, a burden to others, there might be some credit for me in my desire that I might have the care of you, henceforth and forever. But as it is—"

Well, well, I shall not tell what more he said, nor what I answered. I did not tell Fanny herself, when she wondered to find me looking so bright and well when she came to bed. Not that night, nor till we were quietly at home again.

And to think that I was married before Fanny, after all! That is my second wonder. But the first and crowning one is, how Hamilton Wade *did* happen to fall in love with me!—though time is beginning to abate that a little.

But I fancy I shall not have Fanny's maiden estate to wonder over much longer, for Mr. Harry Randall is a very constant visitor at

our house whenever she is with us, and her dark eyes have a shy, soft look in them when he is with her that I never noticed there before. I am easy about Miss Ellis's breaking her heart, for I still see that cuneiform-whiskered

youth in close and devoted attendance on her. For myself, every day I pass in the sunshine of my dear husband's love makes me bless more and more gratefully the mountains, and our two falls there.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE BARNES.

She wore what maidens wear but once—

A robe of snowy whiteness fair;
And dazzling as her radiant glance,
And orange blossoms in her hair.

And like the wild bird's fluttering wing,
Her heart stirred with the stirring air,
As on her hand was placed the ring—
The ring that maidens never wear.

And forth she went with joyous tread,
And music fill'd the heaven's blue dome,
And roses on the path were spread
That led her to her splendid home.

And many press'd to kiss her hand,
And wealth and joy around her shone;
For, noblest in our own brave land,
Was he who claim'd her for his own.

* * * * *

She wore what mortals wear but once—

A robe of snowy whiteness fair,
That wrapt her bosom's pure expanse,
But stirred not with the stirring air.

Departed was the orange wreath
That then had deck'd her radiant brow,
And hush'd, her bridal ring beneath,
Her ice-touch'd heart was slumbering now,

And forth they went with mournful tread
From 'neath the minster's lofty dome;
And tears above the path were shed
That led her to her narrow home.

For far away in Southern land,
Unhonor'd by sepulchral stone,
Lies he, the bravest of that band,
He that had claim'd her for his own.

THEN AND NOW.

BY E. MARGARET STARR.

The south wind crept in at the window that night,
Heavy with odor and spicy perfume,
As though it had passed over orange bowers,
And over the citron in richest bloom.

The moon rode up in the eastern sky,
An empress whose realm was the wide, wide world,
And the earth and the heavens, and even the trees,
Were spangled and jewelled, and frosted and pearled.

The night-bird sang in the willow copse,
And the brook prattled on like a child in glee,
While I wondered if sorrow *was* in the world,
When it seemed so gloriously bright to me.
For only that morning he asked me to wed—
The man that I worshipped with passionate love;
What wonder the earth had grown brighter beneath,
What wonder the heavens grew brighter above.

I sit by my window again to-night,
And the south wind comes in as it came that day,
When I said that it blew over orange bowers,
And over the citron groves far away.

But now it has fluttered o'er fields where the dead
And dying lay strewn on the battle-ground;
How many a father's joy and pride,
And mother's darling, might there be found.

The moon climbs again up the eastern sky,
Struggling with masses of flying clouds,
That look, with their splashes of crimson stain,
As though they were gory and tattered shrouds.
The roses swing back from the lattice low,
And an odor that's sickening is wafted in,
For it seems to my aching heart to-night
As if it were heavy with guilt and sin.

Oh why is a woman's arm so weak?
And why is her hand so powerless to save
Those who are dearer to her than life,
Who have never a shelter—not even the grave?
The face of my dead lies stark and white,
And a thousand long miles are 'twixt him and me,
And the night of my sorrow is weighing me down—
Oh, will its morning light ever be?

FROM THE SAME STOCK.

BY FRANCES LEE.

"We are getting old, father—that is the truth. I find I can't do as I could once, no more than you." Mrs. Meekers sighed a little over the lost strength of her youth, as she lifted the tin boiler full of clothes from the stove to a board upon the floor, and began to convey them with a stick to a tub standing half across the room, in a backless chair.

Mr. Meekers gave an answering sigh, which sounded like wind in the top of a pine tree. "It is not altogether age with me, Dempsey—not altogether *age*; a man at my years ought to be fit for something more than holding down a stuffed rocking-chair in the chimney-corner, and if it wasn't for this here neuralagy getting hold of me, I could hoe my row with anybody yet, and manage at a pinch to handle a scythe as well as ever I did."

As he spoke, he pressed his brawny hands, each one nearly large and powerful enough for a small mill-wheel, upon his head, where the tumultuous blood boiled and beat against the blue walls of its prison.

Mrs. Meekers saw the motion. "Your head don't get any better, does it, father? I must try what a poultice of hops will do, as soon as I get these clothes sudsed out. Take and bind them on hot as you can bear, and who knows but it might ease down the pain?"

"'Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing,' says Solomon; and Solomon was in the rights of it—he was in the *rights* of it," mused Mr. Meekers, quieted in spite of the pain, as he watched with proud satisfaction Mrs. Meekers's comfortable figure, in a tucked-up calico gown, scrubbing away at the blue wash-tub, with as much energy as though the health and cleanliness of the whole Army of the Potomac depended upon her individual efforts; which, by the by, is the way we all ought to work, in whatsoever our hand findeth to do, according to Solomon, again. The sight was more soothing to him than a bushel of Dover powders, or a whole pipe of embrocation; for, from the time he took Dempsey White for better, for worse, he had always found her a great deal better.

For a brief moment there were no other sounds in the long, low kitchen, which Mrs. Meekers had herself painted with red lead and

buttermilk, than a rubbing and splashing at the blue wash-tub, and the disconsolate creaking of Mr. Meekers's rocking-chair. Then Mrs. Meekers spoke up again, with a brisk cheerfulness of tone which in itself was a tonic of the most strengthening sort. "There, father, now I've got these clothes out of the suds, and it will be all the better for them to let them lie awhile in the blueing-water; so I'll let them wait a spell, and try to doctor up your head."

As she spoke, she drew a chair to a high cupboard with cloth doors in one corner of the room, and mounting upon it pulled down from the upper shelf an old pillow-case, from which she took a handful of hops. On the bottom shelf but two, were a pile of tin dishes, and in a twinkling, the hops were simmering for dear life in one of them, upon the stove. Then she brought out a pillow stuffed with hop-flowers. "Now father, I'll tell you what, you just camp down on the lounge, with this pillow under your head, and I'll have the poultice ready in a jiff to lay right on. Supposing you take a good drink of hop-tea, too? It wouldn't hurt you any."

Mr. Meekers, with a stifled groan, limped by help of a crutch to the lounge, and with the air of a lion submitting to a mouse, followed every direction. The good man would as soon have thought of asserting himself against the play of his lungs or the beating of his heart, as setting up in opposition to the small parcel of subtle womanhood, who swayed him as the invisible wind tosses about at its will the sturdy branches of the oak.

"There, father! Now I shouldn't wonder if you dropped off to sleep, and waked up feeling all better. Any how, you'll be likely to sweat some, and that will be good for you," said Mrs. Meekers, bustling off again to the wash-tub.

The drawsy influence of the hops, assisted by the soothing presence of his wife, although she made noise enough to run a fulling-mill, soon sent Mr. Meekers into a profound slumber. When he awoke, dripping with perspiration and weak as a bulrush, but with the cruel pain deadened and quieted, he found the wash-tubs cleared away, the floor mopped, and Mrs. Meekers busily stirring a kettle of porridge

upon the stove. "Yaw—aw—aw—aw!" said Mr. Meekers, in token of returning animation. "I'm better, Dempsey! I'm a wonderful deal better! But, I tell you what, wife, I aint in any danger of setting the great river a-fire yet." Then he laughed loudly enough to be heard by a man with glasses upon his nose and a valise upon his arm, who was coming through a turnstile, which led into an orchard surrounding the old yellow farmhouse.

"Well, father, that is no matter; we don't want the great river set on fire. Think what a fix Jason would be in if he couldn't raft down his logs this summer," returned Mrs. Meekers, laughing in return, but on a key at least seven octaves higher. "And as for me, I've done about all I mean to till milking-time, seeing as how the men took their dinners with them to-day. I am proper tired, I can tell you, for I haven't had any fool of a wash to-day, and as soon as I get your porridge made, I mean to slip off my old wash-gown, and lop on to the bed long enough for a cat-nap."

"I am afraid, wife, it is too much for you to see to the barn-chores, with all you have to do in-doors; I am, indeed; and I am not sure but Jason ought to take the time out of his work for it, if he is in such a driving hurry to get along. It is a terrible trial for me to be laid aside just at this time, a poor, broken tool, I do assure you." Mr. Meekers sighed again, and this time it was like the North wind blowing down a chimney.

"Nonsense, father, cheer up! I am a poor stick myself, compared with what I was once; but I am not so far gone but I can milk a couple of cows, I hope. That little Hornet is rather frisky, to be sure, but she will get used to me, and I to her in time; only, it makes me some lame, being a new thing. However, after a nap, I shall be as brisk as a cricket."

While thus this cheerful heart was brightening everything it touched, the man with glasses and a valise was coming through the clover which bordered the foot-path, across the orchard; and reaching presently the door of the farmhouse, he let fall the heavy brass knocker, which had been polished until it shone like a star, in a single, imperative knock.

Good Mrs. Meekers was so much startled by the sudden din, as she stood pouring the porridge into a large bowl, that she spilled a little upon the stove; only a little, but yet enough to fill the room with smoke, and a bitter, stifling smell of burning milk, of course. "Well,

well, seems to me this here is a new kind of incense to scent up with for company. However, I expect it is nobody but my tin-peddler. It is his week to come along; but I am kind o' sorry he should choose out to-day, when I don't feel so much like waiting upon him." So saying Mrs. Meekers wiped off the stove with a cloth wet in blacking-water, unpinned her tucked-up gown, and hurried to the door.

"Your servant, ma'am! My name is Smith! Does Mr. Meekers live here, and is he at home?" asked Glasses-and-valise, with a cordial bow.

"An agent, likely, by his fix-up," quoth Mrs. Meekers to herself. "Yes, sir, Mr. Meekers lives here, most certainly, and he is at home; but he is not well to-day; would another time answer as well, or could you make known your errand to me?" she quoth aloud.

"I should prefer to see the gentleman himself; I have come some distance, and am a relation of his. You don't know me, I suppose?" responded Glasses, turning about his face for critical examination.

Mrs. Meekers looked at him attentively. "I can't say that I do; but come in. If you will excuse its being the kitchen, I'll take you right in where Mr. Meekers is, seeing he doesn't feel like stirring about much," said she, heartily, every tired muscle and languid drop of blood in her body starting up, and putting itself in tune for cordial welcome to kindred blood and muscle. "Here is a gentleman who calls himself Mr. Smith, and claims to be a relation of ours," she continued, throwing open the door into the kitchen, where the odor of scorched milk still contended with the fragrance of cinnamon roses, coming through an open window.

Mr. Meekers lifted his heavy head from the hop pillow, and looked intently at his guest and kinsman, as though he were gauging every atom of his humanity, and preparing to parcel off each by each in its proper climate, that he might thus know upon which particular twig of the family tree to find his fitting place.

Mr. Meekers was not a man who did anything in mild degree, and how he happened to be named Moses Meekers, instead of Boanerges Nether, I don't know, unless in accordance with the law of contraries, which may account for any improbability. So now, instead of a polite glance of half-recognition, and a quiet "pardon me," his face expressed an interrogation-mark a mile long.

"You don't know me I see!" remarked the guest, with brisk cheerfulness.

"I am extremely sorry to confess that I am at fault—turn a *little* more to the right, if you will—no, sir, I can't *quite* bring your countenance to mind, though I may have seen it before, and I don't discover any family looks that I recognize, either. By the way, I think, if I mistake not, my wife called your name Smith; you are not Christopher Smith, the son of she that was Matilda Meekers, are you? I haven't seen Christopher for these dozen years, far 's I know, and that much time changes people strangely, sometimes. A *dozen* years, did I say?—more than that; one or two and twenty, at the least calculation."

"Why, no, father! Christopher's hair never bore so much upon the sandy as this gentleman's, and for my part, I am free to admit that to my recollection I never set eyes on him before," chimed in Mrs. Meekers, looking at him with her head on one side, like a robin at a cherry.

"Well, I hardly thought you would know me, as we never had the pleasure of meeting before—at least, to my knowledge; but I am the son of Nehemiah Smith, who had some connection with the Meekers family if I mistake not, originally; so I suppose we belong to the same stock," returned Mr. Smith, in a sprightly way, and with an air of great self-satisfaction.

"Nehemiah Smith! Nehemiah Smith! No, no! I am positive I never had the pleasure of an acquaintance with any person of that name; but take a chair, sir—take a chair!" replied Mr. Meekers, whose boundless notions of hospitality extended even to the entertainment of self-invited strangers and wayfarers. But then he could afford to be hospitable; *he* hadn't the dinner to get, and the dishes to wash.

"Belong to the same stock? Most likely we do. Noah was the ancestor of us all, I take it, ejaculated Mrs. Meekers, in the retirement of the pantry. Poor soul! *she* it was who *had* the dinner to get and the dishes to wash; and alas! for the nap she had promised herself; for it was already high noon, and, according to the habits of the farmhouse, quite time for dinner.

"Have you come far?" asked Mr. Meekers, intent on the hospitable.

"Well, a matter of three or four miles. I stopped with a friend in Hilltown last night,

and have only rode from there to-day," replied Mr. Smith.

"Then you have a horse? Well, now, sir, would you be so very good and kind ~~as~~ to bring him around to the barn and look after him yourself? You see my circumstances, just how I am situated. I could make a shift upon a pinch to hobble about some with my crutch, in spite of my lameness, but if I stir, I am afraid this 'ere acute and most distressing pain in my head, which my wife—who is a most excellent nurse, by the way—has quieted down, will return as bad as ever. So now, will you, *as a particular favor to me*, look after him yourself, and give him *just such* feed as you wish him to have. I am sorry, *sorry* it has happened so, but you see just how it is."

"Certainly, sir, certainly, with the utmost pleasure," replied Mr. Smith, rising with the air of conferring a great favor, and going for the horse who was tied to the fence, and was amusing himself by reaching over and munching the young shoots of a grafted apple tree.

"The fire is e'en a' just out, father, and I'm a good mind I wont kindle it up to cook any potatoes, seeing our new relation has evidently come only for his dinner. I'm thinking whether or no he can't make a cold bite do. There is boiled meat and nutcakes, and with a bit of pie and a bowl of cold coffee, I'll venture but for once he can make a live of it," said Mrs. Meekers.

Thus when Mr. Smith came in from the barn, he found the table covered with a cloth which Mrs. Meekers herself spun and wove years and years before, and which had been spread upon the young grass to 'clear out,' in the time of apple blossoming, every year since, until it was almost as fair a sight as a white rose or a water lily. Upon this cloth, in addition to the cold meat, the cakes, the bit of pie, and the coffee, were stewed currants, cider, apple-sauce, pickled cabbage, pickled cherries, cup custard and election cake, besides wheat and new rye bread, with butter full twenty-two carrots fine.

I do not accuse Mr. Smith of being a gourmand, when I say he actually smacked his lips at the tempting array of Mrs. Meekers's "cold bite."

"I hope you will be able to make out a dinner. Being on the invalid corps, I am dieting upon milk porridge myself, and as the boys are gone for the day, my wife didn't lay out for great doings, but she has just clapped on the

table what she happened to have in the house already cooked, sit up and make yourself at home to such as it is," remarked Mr. Meekers, in a tone of exceeding cordiality, yet, owing to his miserable, debilitated state of health, in so low a voice that he could not have been distinctly heard more than an eighth of a mile away.

Mr. Smith required no second invitation, any more than you or I would have done, but taking a place at the table spoke effectually his ample appreciation of the dinner, by a token louder than words; while poor wearied Mrs. Meekers sitting opposite him tried to keep up her head as a cordial hostess should.

"This is just what I like, cousin Meekers, this unceremonious way of making one of the same stock right at home. Members of the same family, however remotely connected, ought not to be formal with each other to my thinking. At least, such are my views, and I am prepared to contend they are sensible ones," averred Mr. Smith, with the air of a man who expected and rather desired to be contradicted.

"You are correct, sir, you are correct! And as for that matter, we are plain people, my wife and I, and we should make a sorry figure in trying to be genteel and stand for ceremony with any one, relatives or not," returned Mr. Meekers, from his pillow of hops. "But you were saying you spent the night at Hilltown. I have quite a good many acquaintances in that place, first and last; may I ask the name of your friend," he continued.

"The name was Smith; John Q. A. Smith. We were not in reality what one would call *friends* previous to yesterday, but I chanced to hear of him at a house where I happened to drop in to dinner, and learning he bore my name, took the liberty of making myself known to him. I found him and his family very pleasant people, and shall most certainly visit them whenever I happen this way in my travels. We could not quite satisfy ourselves of the precise degree of relationship existing between us; but without any kind of doubt we came from the same stock. The best we could trace it, we descended, John Q. A. from one, and I from another, of three brothers who came over from England some hundred or more years ago."

"Surely!" replied Mrs. Meekers, speaking with emphasis, the better to hide any appearance of weariness or want of interest.

But she need have had no fears, for, if I mistake not, Mr. Smith's was by no means one of

those sensitive natures which are continually on the look out for a slight of some sort.

"I found your meal bin without any difficulty, cousin Meekers, and now I must trouble your good wife for a kettle of boiling water to mix the feed for my nobby and air his drink, for I never allow myself to give him anything cold when it can be avoided, for fear of bringing on a cough," said he, rising from the table after conducting like an anaconda.

The duties of hospitality forbade cousin Meekers and his good wife to suggest that water standing all the morning in an uncovered cistern exposed directly to the rays of the June sun, could by no possibility chill man or beast. On the other hand these duties required that the good wife kindled again the burnt-out fire and filled the empty tea-kettle.

"After the 'nobby' has his mess, I will leave father to entertain our visitor and slip off long enough to get a bit rested, for sure as Z is Zany I can't hold out to keep upon my feet much longer without getting a fit of the headache, and then what would become of the chores?" said Mrs. Meekers to herself.

But not so! not so!

"My nobby doesn't seem to be quite right somehow. I am afraid he is going to be sick," said Mr. Smith, coming in from the barn as Mrs. Meekers was putting away the last dish preparatory to slipping off.

Mr. Meekers started like a war steed at sound of the trumpet. "Sick, is he? Dempsey, wont you just reach my hat."

"Had you better try to stir about, father?" mildly expostulated Dempsey. Nevertheless she brought the hat, and the war steed without condescending to reply to her inhospitable suggestion, flung it upon his head and stumped off with his crutch and Mr. Smith.

In a moment there was a sound like a young thunderbolt. It was Mr. Meekers calling "*Dempsey! My wife!!* Wont you just step this way!"

Mr. Meekers was not a man who believed in dropping womankind out of all but the monotonous interests of housekeeping, and certainly he might as well have dropped out his right hand.

Doubtless Dempsey expected the familiar call, for she immediately appeared under a lopsy green sunbonnet. "Well, father, what is it?" she asked, as cheerful and fresh as a hemlock in January.

"It's colic and no mistake. This is a *pratty*

sick horse," replied Mr. Meekers, shaking his head.

"I let him drink back here at cousin Smith's without taking the chill from the water. I was fearful then what the consequences might be," chimed in the disconsolate owner, looking, on his part, dismal as a Lombardy poplar in summer.

"It is cousin Smith's *out-bin*. That is what's the matter," retorted Mr. Meekers, curtly. "Dempsey," he continued, "I want you to skim off a quart of cream and mix it with the same quantity of molasses, just as quick as you can. That *may* relieve him."

The limpsey sunbonnet disappeared and reappeared several times, and presently the poor beast staggered upon his feet, and little by little the glazed eyes brightened and the drooping neck strengthened itself.

"It is not the first time by a divers many that I have seen animals relieved as quick as this by cream and molasses. Just you remember it, friend Smith. It is a simple remedy, and a pretty sure one according to my notions, *if taken in season*," said Mr. Meekers, hobbling back to his hop-pillow.

"How extremely lucky that I was among relatives! as it were those of the same family. If I had been at a tavern now, it would have cost me nobody knows how much to doctor up my nobby, and I might have lost him into the bargain. Well, this is of a piece with my usual good fortune," remarked Mr. Smith, gaily.

"If he had been at a tavern where he had to pay for his oats, I reckon the beast wouldn't have had any excuse for getting sick by over-eating," muttered Mrs. Meekers to a wood cut of Abraham Lincoln, which hung in a black pine frame behind the bed-room door, for she had at last gained the desired haven of her bed.

"I see you've got a horse standing idle in the barn, cousin Meekers. How would it do for me to take him for a couple of hours and leave mine here to recruit? I want to see something

more of your town, and if you are agreeable to it, what supposing I ride out, as I propose, with your horse and then come back and spend the night with you? I know you will overlook any seeming liberty as between two of the same stock, family relations so to speak."

"Certainly, Mr. Smith, certainly. Only you must excuse my not waiting upon you. I find these here tearing, blinding, acute pains in my head haven't given up the mastery over me, come to stir about," replied Mr. Meekers, who was much too exhausted to resist this friendly "stand and deliver!" even if he had felt the disposition.

It was three days more before Mr. Smith had finished his business in that vicinity, and wandered so far away that he did not find it convenient to return and spend each night with cousin Meekers. For the black valise was full of papers of needles and packages of superfine sewing-silk, which he wished to present to the notice of the loyal women of America. Before the time of the League the labels upon these packages had been "*Superfine Paris*;" but those evil days of wicked deception are of course now passed forever, and it will hereafter doubtless be always fashionable, and therefore desirable, to adhere strictly to the truth.

But everything ends at last. Even Solomon's Temple did not stand forever; and so there came eventually a morning when the beat within the radius of one day's journey was entirely made, and then, with a parting present of a paper of needles which proved a trifle rough and rusty, and a package of a dozen skeins of sewing-silk, which shrunk to ten upon examination, Mr. Smith made his farewell.

"I shall always remember you, cousin Meekers, and will be sure to call upon you whenever I am in these parts again," said he, by way of consolation.

Then he departed, without doubt to find at the earliest possible convenience, somebody else from the same stock.

BE GOOD.

BY W. S.

God does not say, "Be beautiful," "Be wise,"
Be aught that man in man will overprize;
Only "Be Good," the tender Father cries.
We seek to mount the still ascending stair
To greatness, glory, and the crowns they bear:

We mount to fall heart-sickened in despair.
The purposes of Life misunderstood
Baffle and wound us, but God only would
That we should heed His simple words—"Be
Good."

JOHN JONES.

BY BEATRICE COLONNA.

"Papa, who is going to have Courtland Lodge?"

"Don't interrupt papa—he is reading," interposed a soft voice, and two very pretty hands playfully pinched the ears of a gray kitten that had entangled itself in a maze of colored wools.

The questioner shrugged her shoulders, with an impatient curve of her short upper lip. "He is always reading the paper when I want a little information."

The reader's eyes slowly followed the length of two columns of the Times, and then raising them, he said, "Did any one ask me a question?"

"I did, papa, about half an hour since."

"Pardon me, my dear, but I glanced at the clock before beginning to read Lord Palmerston's Policy, and I finished it in exactly ten minutes."

"Granted, papa; now please tell me who has Courtland Lodge?"

"A Mr. John Jones."

"John Jones! Some horribly low fellow, I presume. I should think the old Courtlands would rise from their graves."

"I do not understand, my dear."

"Why, papa, a man by the name of Jones! A dreadful man, who has made some money, probably, and hopes to sink his frightful cognomen in Courtland Lodge."

"You deal too much in horrors, Eugenia. Jones is a very good name, of Welsh origin, and I have known several fine families who bore it."

"Hallo, Geny, what's the matter?" said a cheering voice, and a curly head looked in at the open window, out of the most roguish eyes imaginable.

Eugenia, who always wore her hair in a coronet, affected long trains and a haughty air; who dignified her brother Tom with his second name of Waltham, and called her sister, Theodosia, at full length, bit her lip, and blushed with anger.

"I say, your face is as red as a turkey-cock! Who has been stepping on your corns?"

"Waltham, you are an excessively rude and vulgar boy, and ought to know that young ladies never have co— those dreadful things you mentioned."

"What! corns, eh. I say, Theo, don't girls' shoes ever pinch? Oh, no! I guess not!"

"I wish that boys' cravats pinched, sometimes," retorted Eugenia, savagely.

"Say, Theo, what makes the Duchess so furious this morning?"

"Why," said Theo, apologetically, "a Mr. John Jones has taken Courtland Lodge, and—"

"A Mr. Jones! ho! ho!" cried Tom, laughing like a goblin, "and has her Grace fallen in love with him, and wont he have her?"

"Fallen in love with him, indeed!" cried Eugenia. "I would not look at a Jones, much less speak to him."

"Well, I would advise you not to put on such airs, Miss Eugenia, you will be an old maid if you do, for Dukes don't grow on every tree, and if they did, they are not for your shaking."

"I had rather a thousand times die an old maid than live a Jones," said Eugenia, sweeping out of the room, with the combined dignity of Queen Bess and the Empress of the French.

Eugenia, passing majestically through the hall, put on her shawl, as if it were a coronation mantle, and her hat, as if it were a diadem, and crossing the garden, paused before the gate of a pretty cottage which was embowered in trees like a nest. This was the Rectory, and the home of Lettie, or as Eugenia dignified her, Letitia Keene, the Rector's niece, and Eugenia's bosom friend.

She had raised the latch of the gate, when Lettie ran down to meet her; a little creature, with brown eyes, brown curls, and a delicate, fragile appearance, like the wood-anemone.

"How do you do, Letitia?" said Miss Mortimer, bending to kiss her, in a magnificent manner, as the queen might salute young ladies upon their presentation at court.

"Very well, thank you, Eugenia," said Lettie, the superb name coming from her pretty lips with peculiar effect: "wont you come in?"

"I do not know," was the languid reply. "I wanted to see you because you have nothing demonstrative about you. I have just been through a scene at home."

Lettie patted her hand sympathetically, and Eugenia looked gloomily grand.

"Have you seen the new owner of Courtland Lodge?" asked Lettie, picking a branch of

laurestinas, and abstractedly pulling off the pink blossoms, as she spoke.

"No, but I have heard his name, and that is enough for me," replied Eugenia, loftily.

"I was passing the Lodge this morning," continued Lettie, "and he was at the gate, giving some directions to a servant; Louisa Ralston was with me, and introduced me. He is—"

"I know," interposed Eugenia, "short, square-built, has broad shoulders, red hair, green eyes, and wears spectacles."

"You have seen him, then?"

"No, but I know he must be all that, if his name is Jones."

Lettie's great eyes slowly widened upon her. "You are a remarkable girl," she said, with emphasis. "I should sometimes be afraid you would read my thoughts, if I ever had any which I wished to conceal from you. Perhaps you can also describe his friend, Mr. De Lacy?"

"I will do so, with the greatest pleasure. He is tall and slender, with aristocratic features, diminutive hands and feet, and very expressive eyes."

Lettie clapped her hands, "You are a witch, a sorceress, a diviner! But no, you must have seen him!"

"I assure you that I have not. I only judged that as it was impossible for a Jones to be elegant, it was equally *impossible* for a De Lacy to be inelegant."

"He had just come up with a gun in his hand, and followed by oh! such a beautiful pointer, when we reached the gate. After the introduction, he smiled, and said something to Mr. Jones, which I could not hear. He replied, 'a fair exchange is no robbery,' and stooped to pat the dog's head. Louisa says Mr. Jones's father married a Miss De Lacy, and consequently this Mr. De Lacy is own cousin to Mr. John Jones."

"I do not envy him his relationship," said Eugenia, scornfully.

"Mr. Jones seemed very sensible," interposed Lettie; "and—"

"Such people ought to possess sense, for they can have no other recommendation."

"Oh! Eugenia!" said Lettie, "you know uncle said in his last Sunday's sermon upon pride—"

Eugenia froze Lettie's words on her lips, by a look which made her blush scarlet, and lower her flossy curls over the blossoms she was crushing in her careless fingers.

"Did you ever see me exhibit any arrogance when giving directions to our servants; or when visiting the poor of your uncle's parish? Could you call me very proud when I am in the society of our mutual friends, the Lisles, the Ramsays, the Sydenhams, and a thousand others?"

"No, certainly not," said Lettie.

"Very well, do you not see that this which you call pride, when taken in connection with a Jones, is only an exhibition of proper self-respect."

This remarkable reasoning, and perhaps the look which accompanied it, appeared to convince Lettie, who always deferred to her friend's opinion.

"Now," said Eugenia, graciously, "put on your hat, and we will take a little walk."

The young ladies crossed the beautiful little lawn belonging to the Rectory, and descending a natural slope, reached the brook, which, after leaping over the picturesque brown rocks that lay a little above, formed a quiet pool, shadowed by willows and low-growing underbrush; and reflected upon its surface, disturbed only by a slight ripple, the flowering grasses which fringed its margin.

A cluster of bushes, growing upon the side of the slope, just above the brook, curved out above the roots, and then erecting themselves formed a natural seat, canopied and bound together by the luxuriant creepers of the clematis. There Eugenia stretched herself indolently upon the ground, and desired Lettie to tell her "something new."

"I do not know anything," said Lettie, pouncing upon some winter green, and biting the spicy leaves.

"I have something to tell you," said a man's voice, causing both the girls to start; Lettie growing pale, while Eugenia became red, and sat up, looking fixedly in the direction from which the sound proceeded.

"Wait, until I get out of these confounded bushes," said another voice, and a rustling followed, during which the two girls peering through the interlacing vines, recognized Messrs. Jones and De Lacy in fishing costume, carrying their rods in their hands.

To their dismay, they seated themselves against the clump of bushes, being directly at their feet, the trunks of the trees only intervening.

"Uncle De Lacy wishes me to marry Miss Eugenia Mortimer."

These words appeared to petrify Eugenia, who had risen to her feet, and stood for a moment staring at her friend; then sitting down, took a pencil and paper from her pocket, and wrote a few words, which she passed to Lettie. "If we move, they will discover us. This would be very awkward. I intend to remain and learn how I am to be disposed of."

Lettie looked at Eugenia after reading this, and saw that her face was deeply flushed, and she was frowning with compressed lips and sparkling eyes.

"What could have put such an idea into the old gentleman's head?" inquired another voice.

"I believe he was at one time desperately in love with the aunt, or grandmother of the young lady, and is determined that I shall inherit his complaint, and culminate it, as fate prevented him from doing."

"And do you intend to 'see Love through another man's eyes?'"

"Not I. Although my uncle has made my continuance in his favor depend upon forming this connection, I say with Benedict, she shall be 'wise, or I'll none of her; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll not look upon her; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be what color it please God.'"

"You have never seen her, I suppose."

"Never; and upon one thing I am resolved, that I will not marry a pretty fool, or a handsome vixen. I think I should prefer some one like that pretty creature with the soft brown curls, whom we met this morning, and whose name I did not catch. She was very sweet mannered, and looked sensible enough. At any rate it is deucedly hard to be tied down to another man's ideas of a good wife. If it was not for my uncle's invariable kindness to me, I wouldn't ever look at any woman but the one that my own fancy might suggest to me."

During this discourse Eugenia bit her lips until they bled, and tore her handkerchief into infinitesimal pieces. If Mr. Jones could have seen her then, I fear he would have recognized the handsome vixen whom he feared.

This silent fury terrified poor little Lettie, who was afraid that Eugenia would be unable to control herself, and would betray the fact of their presence to the two young men. Their terror reached its climax, when one of them exclaimed—"It is very odd, but I certainly smell frangipanni."

Eugenia gave the signal for retreat, and they

both bounded up the slope, and were out of sight when the young men, who had heard the swirr of their skirts as they struck the bushes, took possession of the abandoned fortress. The taller and slighter of the two picked up the fragments of the handkerchief, and, after examining them, passed to his companion one which bore a crest, and the initials E. M.

"Eugenia Mortimer!" said the other, reddening, until his eyes shone pink through his spectacles—"she must have heard every word that was said."

"Yes, and those remarks were unpardonable."

"Uncle De Lacy's property is undoubtedly forfeited, for this testifies that the young lady must have been enraged."

"Judging from that circumstance, I should say that if her husband gained a fortune with her, he would have to expend it in the purchase of wigs."

"And glass eyes."

"And court-plaster, to conceal the marks of nails."

"And Radway's Ready Relief, rendered necessary by flying tea-pots."

The young men laughed heartily, and retracing their steps, resumed their interrupted employment. After whipping the stream for a short time, with but small success, they decided to change their base of operations, and shouldering their rods, moved up the brook.

As they came out upon a meadow, they perceived on the other side of the stream two female figures, in round hats, tight-fitting casaques, and bewitching balmoral boots, who had approached the edge of the brook, and were evidently meditating its passage upon a series of stepping-stones. "By Jove!" said he who had found the handkerchief, to his companion, "what a figure that tall girl has! Doesn't she carry her head like a queen?—and Venus, and all the Graces! first look at her ankle! See, how she essays the stone, while the little one shrinks, and trembles, and furtively seizes the skirt of her jacket. There, she has reached the centre of the stream, and the little one is afraid to follow her, although she assures her there is no danger, as I can tell by her gestures, Wasn't that pose superb?"

She, who was enacting the Naiad of the stream, and balancing herself with difficulty on the slippery stone, now, for the first time, observed the advancing fishermen, started, and slid down into the brook.

In an instant, the young men were in the water, and wading out to her assistance. She had fallen upon her knees, but rose to her feet immediately, and found herself confronted by a pair of spectacles shining mildly from under a wide straw hat, while their owner extended to her a very handsome hand. Turning her back upon him, she began, with as much dignity as was consistent with moving through three feet of water, to wade to the bank. The tall fisherman muttered an aside to his companion to the effect that he "had better defer the offer of his hand until they were on dry land," and striding towards the young lady, raised her in his arms without speaking. Her face became crimson through her mask-veil, and she looked up as if about to speak, then lowered her eyes, and remained silent. A dozen steps brought them to the land. When they had ascended to the bank, she made a movement as if to release herself, but his strong arms held her like a vice, and he began to walk rapidly across the meadow, followed by his companion and hers. "Really, this is too much," said the nymph of the stream, struggling to escape from the strong grasp which held her—"Sir, I desire to be released."

"Excuse me for the liberty I am taking," coolly replied her bearer, "but these wet clothes must be changed immediately, and here we are at a place where you can be accommodated;" and he bore her through a great, escutcheoned gate, up a broad avenue of limes, and into the hall of a large Elizabethan mansion, where he was met by a young girl, who approached him with every manifestation of extreme surprise.

"This young lady has met with an accident, Helen; will you please take her into your room?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "Send Alice to me with some hot water, immediately."

Saying this, she preceded her unexpected guests into a grand old chamber, admirably furnished, and having requested the stranger to remove her dress, while she procured some dry clothing, ran from the room.

When the door had closed upon her, the bedraggled one turned to her companion, and said—"Well, Letitia, what do you think of this?"

"I am so astonished that I do not feel as if I could ever shut my eyes again—positively, I believe that the lids are stretched at the corners."

"I consider it very impertinent, this carry-

ing one off against one's will, and I am not going to stay."

"Do you know where we are?" queried Lettie.

"Why, no; I was so confused, that I could think of nothing but my peculiar position."

"I thought you could not know that this was Courtland Lodge."

"Courtland Lodge?"

"Yes, and it was Mr. De Lacy who——"

"Who brought me here; and that dreadful man, who is going to marry me——"

"Was the one in the spectacles."

Eugenia sprang to the door, and opened it. "There is no one there," she whispered to Lettie—"come!" and gathering their skirts from around their feet, that they might run more lightly, they were out of sight in an instant.

About two hours after the occurrence of these events, Tom Mortimer, entering the drawing-room in his usual tumultuous manner, found his sister Eugenia and Miss Keene seated there, chatting over their embroidery. "So, Geny," said this terrible boy, with an utter disregard of grammar, "you've fell into the brook, and been fished out by Mr. Juhn Jaunes!" and Tom attempted a travesty of the sisterly dignity.

Eugenia and Lettie exchanged a look of dismay.

"Ho! ho! you thought nobody knew it! You wouldn't *speak* to Mr. John Jones; oh, no! but you let him carry you around in his arms."

"I *did* fall into the brook, while attempting to cross it, but it was *not* Mr. Jones who imposed his services upon me."

"Oh, my eye! how grand we are! I say, Theo, 'imposed services' is Latin for fishing out."

"Do be still, Tom," said a voice from the adjoining library.

"Well, now, Geny, either you or Rol Keene have lied; for he said that Mr. Jones pulled you out; and Rol said you looked like a regular guy; and Jones, who is the deuce and all for fun, almost killed himself to keep from laughing."

Eugenia put up her lip, and turned her back upon Tom, who slipped around behind Lettie, and pulling his cap over her face, said—"Now, Lettie Keene, you first tell me, or I'll never take this off until you're dead."

After a short struggle, during which Eugenia boxed Tom's ears, and had one of her under-

sleeves torn into ribbons, poor Lettie escaped from the room, and Tom slung himself from one of the windows, dropping upon a flower-bed beneath, and destroying a choice collection of rare plants, while Eugenia, crimson with anger, followed Lettie into the garden, just in time to see her gallant deliverer of the morning coming in at the front entrance, with the knight of the spectacles.

The two girls crouched down behind a rose-bush, until the gentlemen had been admitted into the house.

They had inquired for Mr. Waldemar, which the dull ears of the attendant translated into Mortimer with the greatest facility, and ushered them into the drawing-room, where was an overturned ottoman, resting on a piece of embroidery, and a basket, robbed of its colored worsteds to make a bed for the sleeping kitten.

The gentlemen exchanged a glance of satisfaction at these tokens of femininity, and said, sotto voce—"Thought he was an old bachelor."
"Niece, probably."

The door opened and admitted a portly gentleman, who bowed to them, and glancing at the cards in his hand, said—"I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Jones and Mr. De Lacy?"

The young men bowed and introduced each other, Mr. Jones making some allusion to Mr. Mortimer having been an old friend of his father.

"Ah! very possibly. Pray, which branch did your father belong to—the Ponis or Llewellyn?"

"My father," was the reply, "was simply John Jones, and I am not aware that he possessed any pedigree, except an assurance of honest ancestors."

"Oh! ah! h—m!" said Mr. Mortimer—"the very best possession in the world, sir. After all, what is the use of ancestors, when we must all trace back to the gardener, Adam?"

Mr. Jones suggested ancestors being of use, inasmuch as they were necessary to our after existence."

Mr. Mortimer laughed, and Mr. De Lacy made some timid advances to the kitten, who was now awake, and contemplating the strangers, with a tail like a banner. "I understand, Mr. Jones, that you have taken Courtland Lodge," said Mr. Mortimer. "Delightful residence, summer or winter. Sir John was a very old friend of mine, whose loss I find it impossible to supply."

Mr. Jones politely hoped that Mr. Waldemar would often visit the Lodge, if there were any agreeable associations connected with it. The exterior would remain unchanged; some slight alterations were made in the manner of furnishing.

"Why the dèuce does he call me Waldemar?" said Mr. Mortimer to himself.

During this conversation, Tom slid into the room, and began tormenting the kitten until it vented its despair in a piteous howl. "Thomas!" said his father, severely, "are you not ashamed to torment that poor animal? Go and employ yourself in finding your sister; that I may introduce her to these gentlemen."

Plunging through the garden in his eager desire to tease his sister, he caught the flutter of two muslin robes, rose and azure, and pursuing them, stole up behind the maids, who were sauntering along in a confidential manner, and imitated the scream of a steam-whistle, in their ears. The girls started, and Eugenia, turning upon him, said she did hope, from not having seen him for some minutes, that he had committed suicide.

"No, indeed," said Tom, "I went into the drawing-room, because I knew papa would want some one to send for you to come and see Mr. Jones."

"Oh!" cried Eugenia, with a start of horror, "he has not sent for us!"

"Yes he has. I told him that you had hid behind the bushes, but I thought that I could find you."

"You little wretch!" cried Eugenia—"how dared you?"

But Tom was beyond her reach, and shrieked, dancing like a Puck—"You had better come quick, and see Mr. Jo-o-ones."

"If we don't, he will say something awful about us," said Eugenia. "Come, Lottie!" and with the air of Mary Stuart going to execution, she approached the house.

"My daughter, Mr. Jones, Mr. De Lacy—Miss Keene, our Rector's niece, Mr. De Lacy, Mr. Jones, of Courtland Lodge, you know, my dear?"

Eugenia bowed, without lifting her eyes, and assumed the chair placed for her by a hand as white as her own, as if it had been a throne.

The young gentlemen exchanged a glance of intelligence. They recognized this tall beauty, with the coronet of shining black hair, the superb complexion, and arched brows, as the heroine of their morning's adventure.

Eugenia, looking up, met a half-deprecating glance from a pair of brilliant blue eyes, which sparkled and flashed above a mouth demurely set, but richly colored and arched like that of the Apollo.

Eugenia, meeting this glance, blushed and smiled, then bit her lip, and raised her head to its haughtiest angle. "Do you like Rosedale?" she asked, in a manner which gave the impression that it was a matter of complete indifference to her.

"Very much—particularly the water-scenery."

Here a convulsive giggle from Lettie, who stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, when Eugenia looked at her.

"Mr. Jones," said Lettie, turning to the owner of the spectacles, who had enticed the kitten within reach of his hand, and was furiously stroking its back, "you mustn't rub that kittle's fur the wrong way;" and she glanced at his companion, whose brilliant smile showed that he appreciated the suggestion.

Mr. Jones became a bright rose-color, and his mouth twitched nervously, as he replied—"I would not dare even to attempt it, for I do not think the small tiger would brook such an affront."

"He talks right out of the Waverly Novels, doesn't he, Miss Keene?" said Mr. De Lacy. "'Brook an affront.' One could imagine him a knight-templar, spear in rest, charging the enemy."

"While his companion-in-arms bears off some fair lady from the threatening perils of 'burning bolt,' or 'flowing river,'" retorted Mr. Jones.

"If that were the fact, I should consider the lady the '*companion in arms*,'" remarked Mr. De Lacy, with a meaning glance at Eugenia.

Eugenia's eyes beginning to flash ominously, Lettie created a diversion by holding up the kitten, decorated with a turban, hastily improvised from her own handkerchief.

Every one laughed, and after a few desultory remarks, the young gentlemen took their leave, having received from Mr. Mortimer a cordial invitation to call again.

"Very gentlemanly young fellows, upon my word," said Mr. Mortimer, as the gate closed upon their retreating figures.

"Very forward, disagreeable persons, I consider them," broke in Eugenia, her little foot emphasizing upon the floor each sharply articulated adjective.

"You must be very difficult to please, my dear," said her father, mildly.

"I am not at all difficult to please, papa, but I very much dislike those two young men, and if they call again I do not intend to see them."

So saying, her majesty swept indignantly from the room, followed by poor little Lettie, her small heart heavy with the consciousness of having been pleased with those whom Eugenia so much disliked.

The two friends did call again, but Miss Mortimer, true to her resolve, was "very much engaged, and begged to be excused." They called a second time—Miss Eugenia was suffering from a terrible headache. Again, and the young lady is nowhere to be found. Mr. Mortimer entertains them, and inwardly deploring his daughter's obstinacy, but is too indulgent to his motherless child to force her compliance with his wishes.

Meanwhile, Lettie Keene, with her charming simplicity and sweetness of manner, has completely won the hearts of the cousins, who make the Rectory a place of frequent resort, to the great discomposure of Eugenia, who flies the room upon their arrival, and seeks the uncongenial society of the Rector's fat wife, who alternately knits, dozes, and pets a disgusting poodle that has taken a great dislike to Eugenia, and snarls every time she moves, making ineffectual snaps at her white fingers as she restores the fallen knitting-needle. Eugenia has almost concluded to give up the Rectory, evenings, and sits at home with her father, inconceivably lonely, as her blood flows too warmly to render any length of time spent over books or work anything but an oppressive nightmare.

Insensibly she falls into reveries, in which she sees Lettie gayly chatting with her friends, or accompanying their rollicking college songs upon the piano, and finally catches herself wondering if Mr. De Lacy's eyes are really as blue as they seemed that afternoon. She has not seen them (the cousins) for three weeks, the fear of meeting them having circumscribed her usual walks, and caused her to abandon her customary equestrian exercises.

One day Lettie mentions how long it is since they have ridden on horseback, and timidly implores Eugenia to accompany her to The Ruins, a romantic spot about three miles from the village. Eugenia assents, and her horse having been brought around, she mounts, and, followed by a groom, joins her friend at the

Rectory gate. Her cheeks, lately so pale, are finely colored, her eyes blaze from under her drooping scarlet plumes, and she feels with delight her horse curvet under her firm but delicate touch.

"Oh! Lettie," said Eugenia, using for the first time the petting diminutive, "I feel now as if I were alive. Isn't this delightful?"

"You have stayed in the house until you have actually grown pale—you, who always have such a lovely color."

"A few such rides as this will paint my cheeks again," said Eugenia, putting her horse into a canter.

They had reached a point where two roads merged into one, and as they swept around two horsemen joined them, having approached by the other road. One glance proved them to be Mr. Jones and his cousin.

They raised their hats, and saluted the ladies with grace, and almost imperceptibly Mr. De Lacy was by Eugenia's side, while Mr. Jones joined little Lettie.

"It is a long time since I have met you, Miss Waldemar."

Eugenia's haughty head was lowered three inches. Waldemar! He mistook her for some one else. Then he did not know that she was the object of his cousin's matrimonial designs. This changed the aspect of affairs; and if he should not chance to refer to that incident of the brook.

Mr. De Lacy did not make any such reference, and the proud Eugenia became charming. Mr. De Lacy was a perfect horseman, and with Eugenia correct equestrianism covered a multitude of sins. The rapid motion, while it deepened the carmine on her velvet cheek, lent additional depth and lustre to the soft blue eyes that sought her own so often, and the usual polite nothings became quite seductive when uttered by those harmonious tones.

When they reached The Ruins, Eugenia was astonished to find how short the ride had seemed, and had not found time to ask herself how the cousins chanced to join them so opportunely. Neither did she wonder, when at the suggestion of their cavaliers they had alighted from their horses, and seated themselves upon the daisy-sprinkled turf, that a boy should appear in response to Mr. De Lacy's whistle with a basket laden with chickens and champagne.

Never was chicken so delicate as that presented her by Mr. De Lacy's long, white fingers,

upon a plate of rare old china; never champagne so sparkling as that which foamed in the flower-like glasses, and sent the blood dancing up into the brain, filling it with a thousand pleasant fancies. How could she have been so rude to that handsome youth who reclined at her feet, with one hand resting upon the folds of her habit where it swept the ground, the other holding up the wine to pledge her. Even Mr. Jones was no longer detestable, as he sat with his back to her and devoted himself to darling Lettie.

It was too provoking that it should ever be time to return; and when they had remounted their horses, and Mr. De Lacy had the audacity to say that he wished they could ride on forever, Eugenia turned towards him with a brilliant smile, and bent her head over her horse's neck without speaking.

That same evening, Lettie was with Eugenia when the young gentlemen called to invite them to a drive the following morning. Mr. Jones's sister Helen would accompany them. The invitation was accepted, and in a short time Mr. De Lacy and Eugenia were engaged in a game of chess, while Lettie teased Mr. Jones to her entire satisfaction.

After the drive, Eugenia and Lettie called upon Miss Jones, were invited to spend the evening, and a number of young persons asked to meet them and dance to the music of the piano. Eugenia and Lettie returned the politeness. Then followed drives, rides, picnics and excursions in endless variety. At all of these Mr. Jones was Lettie's devoted attendant, and Mr. De Lacy never left Eugenia for a moment.

Lettie was in her garden tying up some refractory vines when Eugenia came up the walk, looking even more imperious than usual, Lettie thought, and flushed faintly, drooping over her flowers, her hands trembling unaccountably as she attempted to knot the pink cord around the luxuriant creepers, flaring with scarlet trumpet-flowers.

Eugenia, approaching, beheaded several innocent asters in a savage manner with the carved point of her parasol, and her "Good morning, Letitia," sounded in the poor child's ears like the patrol's harsh "Who goes there?"

"Ve—very well, thank you—at least I have a little headache," stammered Lettie, getting her creepers inextricably entangled, and dropping her ball of cord, which rolled along the path and finally deposited itself at Eugenia's feet.

Eugenia picked up the cord, looked sharply at Lettie, and said, "Rush of blood to the heart—head, I mean." Lettie blushed violently, and Eugenia continued: "I do not know but you may be surprised at what I am about to say, Letitia, but I consider it my duty as your best friend."

Here Eugenia faltered a little, for she was quite overcome by the pathos of her subject. Lettie was silent, and made most unskilful snips with her pruning-shears at the vine she was training.

"To tell you," said Eugenia, making a startling leap from the sublime to the common-place, "that I do not like what is going on now every day."

"What?" said Lettie, desperately.

"This desperate flirtation with Mr. Jones."

"But I am not flirting," said Lettie.

"Goodness gracious! you are not in earnest?" cried Eugenia. "Oh! Letitia, I implore you, pause before you take the final step. Consider how dreadful it would be to be Mrs. Jones—Mrs. John Jones. How irretrievably vulgar! And you could not escape from it—unless you should happily die. Do not, my darling, let his fortune obscure his frightful name. Mrs. John Jones would be no more endurable, even if it were written in letters of gold."

Then Eugenia paused, and seated herself upon a border, in expectation of Lettie's reply to this objurgation.

Turning her back upon Eugenia, Lettie extended her left hand to her. Upon the slender forefinger shone a diamond ring. Eugenia firmly believed that if she had not been seated, she would have fallen; as it was, she stared at Lettie's little hand, as if it had been at the least a rattlesnake.

During these few terrible moments, Lettie seemed to have been mustering her courage, and now turned around, determined to battle for her rights with the implacable foe. But as Eugenia merely sat still, and looked at her as if she was some frightful monster, Lettie, who had anticipated a wordy encounter, found herself in the position of one opposed to a foe armed with unknown weapons, and her eyes sank beneath Eugenia's steady gaze.

"Letitia Keene, you have astonished me."

Eugenia had fired the first shot, and Lettie immediately began to hammer down her charge. "I should think you might have expected it."

"How much has Mr. Jones a year?" was Eugenia's unexpected query.

"I do not know," replied Lettie.

"Then you do not know for how much you have sold yourself," rejoined Eugenia.

"Good morning, ladies," said a voice at her elbow, and turning, she became conscious of the presence of the hated Mr. Jones, and his fascinating cousin.

"How fortunate," said Mr. Jones, "that we have found you here, Miss Waldemar, for we were on our way to your house, to invite you to join us in a row on the lake, this evening."

Eugenia murmured something unintelligibly, and bit her lip, while keeping her eyes fixed on the gravelled walk, where she was tracing circles with her parasol.

"You will go, will you not?" murmured Mr. De Lacy, in her ear; but she did not hear him, as she was now watching Lettie greeting Mr. Jones, and unconsciously frowning as she did so.

"Lettie says she has no other engagement," said Mr. Jones, turning to Eugenia; "and we hope Miss Waldemar will look upon our request with equal favor."

"Of course I shall be happy to accompany Miss Keene," said Eugenia, loftily.

Mr. Jones bowed with an appearance of happy unconsciousness, and turned to his betrothed.

In vain Mr. De Lacy attempted to gain Eugenia's attention, she answered at random, and seemed to be occupied with her own thoughts, so that finally, he stood silently by her side, until his friend remarked that it was time to keep their appointment at the Manor Farm, when they parted, with many wishes for a cloudless evening.

"Oh!" said Eugenia, when they were again alone, "he called you Lettie—a Mr. Jones," and she turned and went out of the garden gate, as Coriolanus turned his back upon the plebeians of Rome.

The moonlight was resplendent, and the smooth waters of the little lake, or pond, lay like a sheet of silver between the gently shelving banks, where two boats slid lazily from their moorings out into the water, which they scarcely rippled, so light and unfrequent was the dip of the oars.

The two boats separated, and one paused a moment to take in a load of water-lilies, which gently swayed on their broad leaves upon the surface of the pond; and the moon, passing from behind a veiling cloud, shone brightly

upon profuse black braids wreathed with the white and fragrant blossoms. Eugenia looked like a water-nymph, with her dark, beautiful head crowned with flowers, rising from the misty, undefined folds of her summer mantle. as in compliance with Mr. De Lacy's request, she sang, "Oh! summer night;" and then, with subtle coquetry, looked anywhere but in the sparkling eyes that were bent on her with undisguised admiration.

"How I envy my cousin," said Mr. De Lacy, with a little sigh, glancing towards the other boat, where two heads were bent suspiciously near each other.

"Ah! Perhaps Mr. Jones would be willing to exchange with you," said Eugenia.

"I did not mean that," cried Mr. De Lacy. "But under this moonlight, to be privileged as he is with the one he loves."

"Oh!" said Eugenia, "you were rivals!"

"You know that is not true, Eugenia," said Mr. De Lacy, bending towards her with a look and accent that could not be mistaken.

It was the first time that he had ever called her Eugenia, and with a blissful certainty of what would follow, she trembled, and began dipping her hand into the water, which was now motionless, as her escort rested on his oars.

"Dearest love," began Mr. De Lacy, when Eugenia started and held up her hand, the fingers quivering, and as if grasping at a support, then with a stifled sob, she reeled, and would have fallen backwards, if her lover had not caught her in his arms. Snatching off his hat, he filled it with water, which he poured over her head and face, and ventured, as she lay upon his arm, to press his lips to where her forehead shone white through the waves of her hair.

His caress seemed to recall her scattered senses, and she looked around, but did not attempt to withdraw herself from the arms which held her fast. "I felt a cold hand grasp mine under the water," she said, shuddering.

Mr. De Lacy smiled. "Is mine any warmer?" he asked, as he raised her hand to his face, and breathed lightly upon it.

Then followed a murmured conversation, sealed by a kiss upon her smiling lips.

"You are progressing, cousin John Jones," cried some one near them.

Eugenia sprang to a sitting position, and confronted Lettie and her betrothed, whose boat was now parallel with theirs.

"Jones!" exclaimed Eugenia, in bewilderment.

"Yes, Jones," said Lettie. "How irretrievably vulgar! You can never escape from it, unless you should happily die. Not even letters of gold can render enduring the title of Mrs. John Jones."

"What do they mean?" said Eugenia, turning to her companion. "You are—"

"John Jones," was the calm reply.

"But it cannot be," said Eugenia. "You are laughing at me—this is very unkind."

"No, Eugenia," said the quondam De Lacy. "I am really John Jones. I have taken advantage of a mistake made in our first introduction to the village people, and knowing your dislike to the name of Jones, have won you under the borrowed title of De Lacy. I presumed upon your love—and now—"

"I love you," said Eugenia, with burning cheeks, "and I think, if I try very hard, I can even love you as John Jones."

When Eugenia returned to her father's house, she saw, suspended upon a hastily contrived arch, before the front entrance, cut out of newspaper, and illuminated by two or three colored lanterns, these two words—

GENY JONES.

"Ho! ho!" said Tom, turning a somerset over a bush, and appearing like an imp in a pantomime. "I swam out from the island, and grabbed your hand under water, when John Jones was making love to you; and so after all, our fine duchess will be nothing but Mrs. John Jones."

HONOR.

The only way for a woman to gain honor is by exemplary holiness. This makes her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband and her own works "praise her in the gate."

The sole glory, then, of that sex is to be good; for it is a "gracious" woman only who retains honor.—*Bishop Ken.*

COUSIN CALEB'S WILL.

BY JULIA GILL.

The dry leaves flew and rustled in a quick breeze, as they do to-day. Brother Frank and I were in the last of a line of mourning coaches which wound along the streets of our rural city, slowly and solemnly, under the shadow of St. Lawrence's Church, up the street lined with elms, out into the country where the cemetery lies. Slowly and solemnly, robed in deepest black, rode the mourners. "Ostentation! hypocrisy!" thought I. "Who in all these coaches wishes poor cousin Caleb back, or not wishing him back, sheds one tear at the parting, sorrowing that they will see his face no more?"

Frank and I were last, I said. The lawyer of the deceased rode with us. We were but slightly acquainted with him, Frank and I; yet Frank, who was usually skeptical when one talked of human probity or purity of motive, professing to believe that all goodness died from earth with our mother, told me more than once that if there were a Christian man in the city it was young Lawyer Woodland. Frank was, in those days, wild and reckless, following the seas; and now when the line of coaches turned in long procession back, he whispered slyly to us, "What a pity it is that custom will not allow us to gallop back."

"At least the front coach, with all interested in the will should have the privilege. Laura and I are calm enough, but think of the state of Haman's mind just now!"

"Do hush, Frank," I expostulated.

Lawyer Woodland gave us a curious glance, which I interpreted to mean amused disapproval of Frank's levity, but he said nothing. Perhaps I may as well take this place to tell you that Frank and I were orphans. He went before the mast on a merchant vessel trading to China. I had a delicate constitution and a limited education, (very limited, I considered it.) I never dared undertake anything more than the teaching of a small private school of little children, what would be called in England a "dame school," I suppose, but by this and my evening class I picked up a subsistence.

I had always pitied Cousin Caleb, a forlorn-looking, white-haired, shabbily-dressed old man, and I made it a point to speak to him

wherever I met him—street, post-office, omnibus. "My mother's cousin," I said to myself, my heart warming towards him. I had even once visited him, hearing he was ill; but I thought he so evidently wished me to leave him alone, that, though he permitted me to set down for him the basket of grapes I carried, I never dared to repeat the call. When he was in the street again I overtook him one morning as I walked. "Good morning, Cousin Caleb; I am glad you are able to come out," I said, *modestly*, for I was afraid of intruding.

He looked up quickly. "You shouldn't waste your small funds buying grapes for the sick," he said.

"Oh, as to that, they were given me by one of my scholars," I answered.

"Ah, and you gave them to the old man."

"My mother's cousin," I replied, apologetically.

He turned from me suddenly, and went into a store. I was afraid I had offended him. He was so eccentric, what could one do to make friends with him? A penniless old man; how he got his living was a wonder, everybody said; but then, everybody added, it wasn't much of a living he had. It was probably the Hon. Mrs. Poole who paid his rent and supplied his fuel and food, said Mrs. Poole's few acquaintances, who knew of her relationship to him; but very few they were who did know of it, for the Hon. Mrs. Poole was remarkably near-sighted in the street and never knew her mother's brother except once a year, when she invited him Thanksgiving day to eat dinner with the servants in the kitchen, to which room she descended with rustling of silk and flying of ribbon to speak graciously to him, thereby ensuring a quiet conscience for a whole year. I wondered at it, but Cousin Caleb always accepted these invitations as I knew, for I was sure to see him coming out from the back gate of the Poole mansion. At least this had happened three years when I was returning from Mrs. Rivers's, who always invited me to dine with her that day for little Bessie's sake—my earliest scholar—whom the Lord had taken.

The Hon. Mrs. Poole often told me, from whom the relationship could not be concealed,

that she could afford to give nothing to the various charities for which I had been appointed solicitor, for her family was expensive, and then Uncle Caleb would doubtless soon become a charge to them; the cause was worthy, yes, no doubt. She would like to knit and sew as others did for the poor, but there was Uncle Caleb; if she had the time to do anything she really ought to do it for him.

"But Cousin Caleb does not wish it," I was once bold enough to say, tired of this refuge of hers. She looked astonished at my audacity.

"No," I persisted, "I offered to knit for him, and he told me a poor Irish woman, whom he named, had done all his sewing and knitting for years."

She was embarrassed for a moment, but recovered, bowed coldly, and said, "Ah, that indeed!"

Her husband, the Hon. Simeon Poole, whom incorrigible Frank always would call "Haman," (alleging the lofty manner in which he looked at him, when they met in the street, as expecting him to prostrate himself,) gave largely to all benevolences which he might head, patronized all do-good societies which he might serve as president, made one of all honorable processions which he might lead off. I do not wish to be hard or bitter towards him, there might be an amount of right feeling, true benevolence, with this, but he had such a lump on the top of his bald head back of firmness, (not but that firmness was large enough) that I fancied it must feel uncomfortable, like a swelling. (I have since learned, however, that an undue proportion of self-esteem, without an undue proportion of approbateness, makes a most enjoyable brain arrangement.) So I suppose ostentation came natural to him, as shrinking too much in the back-ground did to me, and we were equally imperfect.

But what I was going to say, when I interrupted myself with that phrenological parenthesis, was this, I do not think the Hon. Simeon recollected his wife's uncle from one Thanksgiving to another. But on his sudden death this lawyer, whom Frank knew a little, had certified to the Hon. Simeon that his wife's relative had died possessed of thirty thousand dollars; that he had a will in his possession dictated to him by the deceased, with an injunction that its contents be not made known until after the burial. Ah! that indeed!

Now you may see why and how people suddenly learned that Mrs. Poole had an uncle

living in the city all this while. Now you see the reason of the long procession of coaches with the Pooles in the first one as was proper; and the meaning of the rosewood coffin, and of the heavy black with which we draped ourselves; the honorable Mrs. Poole's uncle was gone.

Eleanor Poole, the honorable daughter in her teens, was ashamed. It wasn't genteel to have more than three or four carriages at a funeral, it had such an Irish look. But there sprang to life so many claimants to the Clarke blood that this parade was unavoidable, so said her father; the expense would of course come out of the estate, but the honorable niece, her husband hoped, could afford to show that much regard for her mother's brother.

"I didn't know he was your mother's uncle," said her schoolmates to Eleanor.

"Neither is he, if you mean that shabby old Caleb Clark you have seen about the streets. My mother's uncle was a man of the same name, Mr. Caleb Clarke, the name spelled with an e."

The head of the Pooles insisted that I also of the last coach wear mourning. "It will be paid for by the estate," said he generously, "but Mrs. Poole can well afford it."

The carriages going slowly back again, stopped one by one at the honorable doorsteps. We were all to have tea at the Poole mansion, after which the will would be read. We were ushered, soon after alighting, into the dining-room.

"What have we here? ah, you wish me to carve this turkey. I have a talent that way. I put my fork into the breast never once removin' it till the whole lies in slices before me, as you see! I have a talent for carvin' turkeys. How do you like my dinin'-room, gentlemen? I planned this room."

"Senator Poole also has a talent for droppin' his gees," I said to myself.

"Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the honor of my majesty!" whispered mischievous Frank.

After turkey, pie, pudding, knickknacks, we had tea and coffee; after tea and coffee we went up-stairs into the library. I had no curiosity to hear the will read, and I secretly wished myself at home, giving my usual evening writing-lessons to the class of Irish girls who came to me at half past seven. I was weary of the Poole pomp and chill, which last was a literal fact as well as a figure, the chill I mean. I shivered over the hot dinner in the dining-

room, and my teeth actually chattered within my lips in the library, where there was but the faintest possible sense of a far-off dungeon-furnace.

"We will now attend to the readin' of the will of our deceased relative," said Mr. Poole, in a magnificent tone.

Woodland took the document from his pocket and was about to open it, when Mr. Poole stretched his hand imperiously for it. Woodland relinquished it readily, with that curious half smile I had seen him wear in the carriage; more in his eyes than about his lips. I acknowledge I could not myself help thinking of Haman waiting in the Persian court, there was such an air of grandeur and self-satisfaction about our relative just now, but that might be because Frank was always putting the comparison into my head.

"In the name of God, amen. I, Caleb Clark, being of sound mind and in my usual health of body, do hereby make this my last will and testament.

"I give my soul to my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to be his forever.

"Secondly. I give my body to the earth—to the sea—to the dissecting-knife—just as it may please the Great Disposer.

"Thirdly. I give and bequeath to my niece, Mrs. Susannah Poole, the only daughter of my only sister, in consideration of the use of her kitchen one hour once a year, all my tin-ware, consisting of one bread-pan, one milk-pan, one oil-can, and one dust-pan."

Here the Hon. Mr. Poole smiled, as saying one could afford to put up with eccentricities from one's uncle.

"Fourthly. I give and bequeath to Eleanor Poole, the daughter of my niece Susannah, above mentioned, a Bible which will be found in my writing-desk, with her name printed on the cover, desiring her attention to those particular texts at which she will find the leaves folded down."

At this point in the reading, Miss Eleanor's under lip appeared remarkably swollen, which diminished considerably from her beauty, I thought.

"Fifthly. I give and bequeath to Mrs. Donahue, the Irish woman who has washed, sewed and knit for me, my bed, my stove, my table, my chairs, my earthen and iron-ware, my two silver spoons, and all my old clothes."

Mrs. Poole reached across the corner of the sofa and whispered me—"It was so good in

poor Uncle Caleb to remember the poor woman." Mr. Poole continued his reading in a distinct tone, but with an evident business-like haste and contempt for these husks and shells of the nut.

"Sixthly. I give and bequeath to Laura Clark Granville, the daughter of my cousin Laura Clark Granville, one hundred dollars, which will be found in my writing-desk, that she may hereafter have somewhat with which to buy grapes for the sick."

The listeners started. The blood of the Clarks all over the room began to prick up its ears and snuff the quarry afar, but none started more than I. "A hundred dollars!" I said to myself. (You would laugh if you could know how large a sum I thought it.) "I shall take lessons in French now." Looking up, I caught Lawyer Woodland looking as though he read with satisfaction and perhaps amusement the very thoughts of my mind. Shame-faced, I looked down again.

"Seventhly. I give and bequeath to Frank Granville" (here Frank lifted his eyebrows), "brother of the above-mentioned Laura, the sum of five hundred dollars, to be found in a paper parcel in my writing-desk, on condition that he abandon that abominable habit, the use of tobacco, otherwise this sum to go to his sister, Laura Clark Granville."

"Done," said Frank, in a loud whisper.

"Another eccentricity," the Pooles' manner seemed to say, "and not so pardonable." He went on gravely.

"Eighthly. I give and bequeath to Randolph Woodland, my executor, the sum of five hundred dollars, to be found in a parcel directed to him in my writing-desk."

Mr. Poole frowned. Mrs. Poole smiled—with her lips, not her eyes. Her husband read on crabbedly.

"Lastly. I give and bequeath to Laura Clark Granville, above named, my old writing-desk, with all the old letters therein contained, to which I commend her attention."

Here the will was signed, sealed and witnessed in due form. Woodland was to be executor.

The blood of the Clarks was mystified. Where was the thirty thousand dollars? Hush! "A condicil." The blood of the Clarks was on tiptoe. Old Aunt Amy took a pinch of snuff nervously. Old Mr. Ebenezer Clark blew his nose so loudly that the reader was obliged to pause, as speakers do for the cheering in the House

of Commons. Only Frank and I, and no doubt Lawyer Woodland, could look calmly and curiously on, laughing a little in the secret chamber one keeps in one's soul. We had nothing to be anxious about, having been served already. But look at the Pooles. Gracious Mrs. Poole is sorry for the poor relations—but what could they expect? The brow of Hon. Simeon is resplendent. The sense of a whole verse in the Book of Esther was expressed in the tone with which he pronounced the word *codicil*—“To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to *myself*!” All this passed lightning-like through my mind, while old Mr. Ebenezer was blowing his nose. But if these thoughts came to me like lightning, the words of the *codicil* fell like thunder.

“To Laura Clark Granville, already named above, I bequeath the remainder of my property, which is thirty thousand dollars, in gas and bank stock, in token that *her mother was my cousin*.”

For myself, I was stunned. I had a faint idea of being sorry there must be the trouble of contesting the will and having a fuss, for the belief that the Pooles would of course have what we had from the first accorded them by right of blood, was still fast in my mind. I met Mrs. Poole's eye. I had heard of people looking daggers; it seemed to me she looked broadswords. Eleanor muttered something about “underhanded lawyers” and “schoolma'ams” to little Mrs. Anson, a cheery, chipper woman, whose face had suddenly grown as gloomy as a fireless air-tight stove; but the blackness which gathered on the brow of the ex-senator was beyond all comparison. I thought of Pluto, of Jupiter Tonans, and I believe of Medusa's head; but these did not express in the least that element of indignant surprise, that sense of *injury*, of *injustice*, of astonishing, confounding, unprecedented *ingratitude*, which appeared on that face which was a moment before so serene on its inaccessible mountain of self-approbation. I expected Frank to do something crazy, but he sat perfectly still, looking at Mr. Poole. Old Mr. Ebenezer blew his nose again, and said, “I hope the gal will make good use on't.”

I had a bewildered feeling that it would be proper for me to rise on the spot and disclaim all intention of taking advantage of the eccentric will (though I clung in my mind to the old writing-desk). Perhaps Frank guessed at this; at any rate he rose at that moment and led me

out—not before I heard Mr. Poole say: “Not in his right mind—evidence sufficient.” Lawyer Woodland left the room at the same time, and, going out of doors with us, offered me his arm.

“If this doesn't read like a novel!” said Frank. “Why, sister Laura didn't expect so much as an old clock!”

“Mr. Clark had the greatest quiet enjoyment of this plan of his,” said Mr. Woodland, “he fairly chuckled over it. He said it was all he could do to prevent himself from *giving* it outright to your sister for the pleasure of seeing it in her possession, but he said she was so modest and undervalued herself so much he was afraid he might have a difficulty there. He sent for me to draw up this will, Miss Granville” (turning to me), “on the day you first met him in the street after his sickness.”

“But ought I to keep it?” I said. I was trembling all over, and bewildered still.

“Now don't be a goose, Laura,” said Frank, emphatically.

“Certainly,” said Mr. Woodland, no less emphatically. “Would you give it to those who are already rich? Mr. Poole values his property at more than twice the amount which has fallen to you.”

Frank asked him, and Mr. Woodland went in with us. I wished he would not, for I wanted to be alone, to sleep over this new strange era in my life's short history. My Irish class was already gathering about the doorsteps.

“Norah dear, wont you tell the girls I don't feel well—I—I—can't have the class to-night.”

“Oh yes, mem, and it isn't the faver that ye bees having?”

“No, oh no, not at all. I shall be better in the morning.”

We went in. I never had troubled myself to be ashamed of my poverty, and was not now. The carpet was poor, but it covered the floor and was swept clean. There stood the little cooking-stove and the children's little chairs, the mahogany table I used for desk, on which were books, children's patchwork, the Chinese-work-box Frank had brought me, and pens and ink. On the other table, pine, painted red, and used for a dining-table by Frank and me, stood my two boxes of chrysanthemums in their white and red beauty, precious flowers, the original plants belonging to my mother. Here, too, was my little glass cabinet of shells from the Indian seas, overhung by fan coral; and opening out of this kitchen, parlor, school-room, all in one, was my morsel of a bed-room; and this was all

my home. I had been very thankful for it. I had wished, to be sure, to be able to buy a cover for my table—red pine, even with chrysanthemums in flower upon it, did not suit my sense of the æsthetic—I wanted a print, just one, a lovely landscape with children, or kine, or deer in the foreground, to hang on the ugly paper of the walls; I wanted to buy books, study, write and improve myself—but this last I thought of only as a very lovely castle in Spain.

Into this room we came—Lawyer Woodland, Frank and I. Frank lighted a lamp. "Come, Laura, give us some tea, dear. Laura won't let me smoke in her room. We'll take our cigars out-doors. Hullo! you'll have to smoke alone! it is well I stopped as I did!" he said, with a comical look at me. Woodland watched me as I made the tea and brought out the choice tête-à-tête china that was my mother's (I was glad I happened to have a few lumps of white sugar in the bowl) and the plate of tea cakes—I knew how to make delicious tea cakes—he watched me but said little, going away immediately after drinking his tea. Frank went away with him, bidding me good night, for he had lodgings on another street.

I did not allow myself to think that night. I went to sleep. Perhaps my nerves were excited, but I did not feel it; I rather think, on the whole, they were benumbed. But one thought stirred me a little—the thought of the writing-desk. I longed to have it home, to lock the door, to look over its contents without molestation, with not even Frank by. In the morning, I thought first (from habit) of the causes I had for gratitude—health, a roof over my head, and food for the day—next, of the old writing-desk. Then I prepared breakfast for Frank and me. "Frank likes muffins," I said, "and coffee; he shall have coffee this morning." The "bank and gas stock" kept itself in the background. If I thought of it, it was so vaguely and dreamily, as one thinks of the palaces in Persepolis or Babylon, that not a pulse beat the faster.

Frank came. "Nice breakfast; but why didn't you have a steak, child? You are rich now. What do you think Woodland says? He almost wishes you had never had that bequest."

"Why, Frank?" I asked, surprised. "He said I must keep it."

"You will dismiss your scholars to-day, of course," he replied, not answering my question.

"I couldn't think of it, Frank," I answered, earnestly. "Why, little Kitty Bell has nearly

learned the seam-stitch, I think she will catch it to-day; her sister Mary will finish her primary arithmetic this week; and there is George, there is Tom and Clement all getting along so nicely in their writing—"

Frank broke into a loud laugh. "And the school-mistresses are all dead but you."

"No, you naughty Frank, I am attached to children, and you can't understand such a thing," I said, reproachfully.

But the matter was settled for me. Not one of the twelve appeared at nine except little Kitty Bell, who came to carry away her knitting and her sister's books and hers.

"What is the matter? Why don't you come to school?" I asked.

"Grandma said she was going to send us to Mrs. Beebee's school now."

Towards noon Norah came in for George's chair and books.

"What is the matter, Norah? Where are all the children?"

"Sure, mem, and Mrs. Anson says ye bees such a rich leddy ye'll niver kepe school again. I bees sorry, I was thrying to make the pot hooks all by meself the night. And are ye quite well of the faver, mem?"

"Have you told any one I was sick?"

"And sure and I haven't, mem."

I sat down and thought the matter over. It never occurred to me before, but every one of my scholars was in some way related or connected with the *mourners* at the funeral of yesterday. It was unkind, I felt; they need not take my employment out of my hands until I signified I wished it, I thought. I gave way, like a foolish girl as I was, and had a good cry. Not long. I was interrupted by a loud knock, as of a loaded whip-handle, on my door. I hastily dried my eyes, and opened it. A teamster was unloading a heavy-looking desk, which was brought in carefully, and set in the middle of the room. At the same time he handed me a package, sealed. "Ninepence, ma'am."

I paid the man, locked the outside door, and then the inner door after him, and sat down before it. Large, clumsy, standing on four legs, painted blue, like Fatima's door. I was losing myself in a fit of dreaming over it, when I recollected some one might come in. I tried the lid. It was locked. Oh, here was the key in the sealed package. Large packages of letters, of papers, very neatly done up, but very yellow; Randolph Woodland's five hundred dollars; Eleanor's Bible; Frank's five

hundred; my parcel of one hundred dollars, with which I had promised myself lessons in French—I shut the lid suddenly, for I heard Frank's step.

For a week I did nothing but cook for Frank and me, (and I must own to making him devour a good deal of baker's bread and other trash) and ponder over the contents of that desk like a miser over his strong box. There were letters there a hundred years old, from our ancestors, Cousin Caleb's and mine; old bonds, and deeds, and family records; they bought and sold, married, gave in marriage, ate and dressed, and went away forever, these busy beings, whose names were written out on the yellow paper! It was very curious and strange! In one corner of the desk I found a private drawer; in it was a tiny miniature—my mother's! And here, too, is a lock of her hair, a withered rose, and a white pebble, with the initials of her name in ink upon it. That phrase of the will in which he had almost repeated my words to him, "In token that her mother was my cousin," comes back with meaning. Ha! a secret drawer? My hand touched it accidentally. A letter, worn and ready to fall in pieces. It was from my mother to her Cousin Caleb. She could not disobey her father, and her father could not consent to her marriage with him, the consanguinity of first cousins in his opinion should forbid such affinity.

I shut the blue lid, and went out to walk. The slant November sunshine is always beautiful to me—mellow, subdued, golden; unlike the gay, bright May-light of which butterflies and daisies are born, dazzling as beauty at a ball; it reminds one of the patient, cheerful sweetness of a mother's face lighting the whole house. I was thinking of this when I met Randolph Woodland. He turned back with me, and when I said I was going out of the city, to the river, he said he was going there, too. He carried a handsome hot-house bouquet in his hand. "I brought this to set between your red and white chrysanthemums," he said. I believe I gave a little cry of pleasure. I had seen such flowers at fairs, but I never held them in my hand. He enjoyed my

childish delight. We talked of flowers, of trees and gardens, of Mary Howitt's Ballads, of other poetry, of books and literature in general. I said suddenly—"I must do something; they have taken away my scholars; I will go to school. I certainly can afford it—can I not?"

"I should think so."

And so it came about, that at nineteen I went to Madame Ballou's boarding-school, and studied to my heart's content. Otherwise I would have been very lonely, for Frank went off to sea again, and I had to study so closely, beginning so late, that I received no visits, and went into no society. No visits; yes, if you consider Randolph Woodland's calls as such; but he was Frank's friend and Cousin Caleb's also, and I came to look at him as a brother, almost. Mademoiselle, the French teacher, startled me one day by calling him my "lover;" but Mademoiselle's French brain was always running on romances.

But another day—and it was in June, and the trellised roses were blossoming about the houses, and the elms were swaying their greenery again, I was startled still more; I was walking with Randolph Woodland out to the cemetery, and we were talking of names, and I said what a curious name his was; and then he burst out in a tone so earnest, yet so timid, I was startled, as I have said. I was going to tell what he said, I believe; but that is not necessary. Only that he had kept silence for many months, lest I, lest others, should think Cousin Caleb's Will had rendered me beautiful to him. It was Cousin Caleb's praises of me that drew his attention towards me at first; but before he had at all interested me in himself, he said, he was called on to write the Will. With this money, he thought, she will move differently in society; she will see others; I will wait. But now, could I like his curious name enough to take it? Could I trust him? Could I love him? And then it was that I saw he was not like a brother at all; not even like a first cousin. And we were married long ago—not long enough, however, to make our oldest boy, Caleb Clark Woodland, old enough for the army by six years, by which deficit he considers himself abused.

AFFLICTION.

Though a Christian may have passed through all other departments in the school of probation for Heaven, yet, if he has not been exercised in the department of affliction, his education

can scarcely be considered as complete training for the society of those above, "who have come out of great tribulation."

MY AUNT GOLDBEATER.

BY MRS. DENISON.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD BAREGE DRESS.

"I liked the fashion of it though 'twas ancient."—*AXON.*

It was several years before the breaking out of the Rebellion, and food and clothes were cheaper than they are now, yet my Aunt Goldbeater always seemed to begrudge me both. I did not mind it so much when I was a child, but my appetite would increase with my years, and my dresses would persist in getting shorter and shorter. My stepmother had died when I was seven, leaving an infant a week old and a boy not quite two years, besides myself. Aunt Goldbeater chose me because I could perhaps make myself useful, she said, the other children were taken by strangers—both, I think, in one family. When I was fourteen, Aunt Goldbeater's nephew came to board during his college term at our house. I was then something between a companion and a servant, but, I judge by the picture before me, taken when I was sixteen, very pretty—a blonde, with blue eyes and soft masses of golden-colored hair.

The first time I was ever ashamed of my appearance was when I saw him. My aunt had spoken of him fondly as little Phil and our Philip, and of course I imagined that he must be a little boy. I even carried some of my juvenile books into his chamber—how should I know that boys of twelve or fourteen seldom enter college? In my ignorance I fear I scarcely knew what the word college meant.

The arrangement of his room had been left to me, for my aunt early found out that I had good taste, and availed herself of the knowledge not unstintingly. It was a pretty, cool place, looking out on the great green opposite the court-house, and sentineled on two sides by gigantic oak trees. When I had finished, and my Aunt Goldbeater had seen through her spectacles that it was all good, she said to me, "Now, Mary, you have done very well, and I think I will let you make over my gray barege for yourself."

The gray barege had always been my especial detestation. I had seen it worn five long years, had followed it to church, to picnics; had sat beside it at breakfast, had finally

seen it degraded to the commonest house service—as for instance—"There'll be plenty of dust to-day, I think I'll put on the gray barege—run up stairs, child, and get it."

I believe I shivered with horror, for I had associated the dress with a great many unpleasant things, but I knew there was no escape from that edict, so I sat down sullenly to the picking-out of the old barege, wishing fervently that I only dared tear it into strips, and throw it in the rag-bag. But a bright thought came to me. I had some bits of crimson silk that I had saved for years, with this I would trim it after my own fashion, and so I went to work. My aunt did not see it till after it was done.

"Well, Miss Elegance," she said, disdainfully, with a curling lip, "you are really tricked out. If I had been you, I'd made it up without trimming. Now you'll look like neither one thing or the other. However, it don't matter much."

The manner stung me more than the words. I was choking with indignation, but I had learned wisdom long before. I hope those who sneer at the friendless and the lonely have at least the apology of thoughtlessness. It is easy to wound the sensitive heart—just as easy to cheer and make it grateful.

In a few days Philip came. How was I abashed to see an elegant young man who took little or no notice of me apparently, after one glance that I could not interpret. I can now—it was admiration. Tall, lithe, handsome—the word hardly expresses what I mean by that, for to me he seemed as beautiful as an angel, with his delicately curved lips, bold forehead and wavy hair, browner than mine, but with tints of gold about it. How I blushed when I thought of the books, how I wanted to sink through the floor when he said one day—"By the way, Aunt Goldbeater, you've given me some delectable reading, up stairs."

"Why, what?" queried my stately aunt, as she looked up surprised.

"Goody Two Shoes; Fairyland, and an infantile Pilgrim's Progress. You should have made it perfect with a few baby A B C cards," he added, laughing.

"Mary," my aunt was looking straight at me, "you foolish child!"

I could scarcely restrain my tears. With the tact and good feeling of a true gentleman, Philip spoke up so pleasantly and naturally that I was deceived. "I assure you, aunty, I enjoyed them an hour or more, last night, it was a real treat, don't blame anybody. I wish all the books I read might give me one-tenth the innocent and exquisite pleasure I have felt while enjoying them." His tone and manner instantly set me at my ease, but my cheeks were crimson, and I blushed none the less because I felt his long, searching glance.

The next term Aunt Goldbeater was ill for several months, so ill that experienced nurses were required, and I had the entire care of the house. I am sorry to say that I enjoyed that long term of peace, and I think my uncle, a meek man, several years older than his wife, seemed, under the circumstances, unusually cheerful.

And Philip, ah! those golden evenings, when he brought his books in, and out of the pity of his noble heart—pity I would have accepted from no other—taught me their lore, exclaiming often and indignantly against the shameful neglect of my education. "Let me see, you're a sort of cousin of mine," he said, one evening, during a pause in the exercises.

The room was part library, part sitting-room. A cheerful fire burned in the grate—the red, warm curtains, the crimson colors of the carpet, the full gas-light, the picture of my old uncle sitting away off, fast asleep in his arm-chair, his snowy hair contrasting with the red of the thick velvet—all combined to make us a pleasant and happy group.

"No indeed—I wish I was," I said, innocently; "my little brother and sister, if they are living, are your cousins, because their mother was Aunt Goldbeater's own sister. But my father was her second husband, so you see I am of no relationship whatever. But mother (I always felt as if she was my mother, I was so very young, a little babe when I was given to her) loved me dearly, and I suppose on that account Aunt Goldbeater took me."

"What do you sigh for, Molly?"

"Did I sigh?" I asked, looking up with a smile. "I don't know. I am very happy tonight."

"So am I," he said, briefly, with a glance that made my heart throb with quick, glad beats.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW HAPPINESS.

"Silks and velvets are not virtue,
Nor can gold create a saint."

Seventeen to-day, I said to myself, half laughing, half crying. Half laughing, because of certain words Philip had said to me the night before, on which strangely enough he was twenty-one and almost a graduate; half crying, because of my very scant and humble wardrobe, and, as I thought, Aunt Goldbeater's growing dislike. I could hardly tell in what it consisted either. She kept me hard at work, and I was very certain that I did all that was in my power. But my pride was outraged by being obliged to wear her old dresses. My uncle was rich, and I knew he had purchased a handsome silk dress for me, when my aunt got well, for I overheard them talking of it, quite accidentally. He had shown the stuff to her. "What's that for?" she asked, hastily.

"For little Molly—the poor girl has nothing new, and she has been very faithful while you were ill."

"Nonsense! do you think for a moment that I will allow this extravagance? No, no. I shall take this myself, and she may make my black silk over. What would you do to the girl? By and by she will think she is a lady."

"And she is one, in my opinion," said the old man, boldly.

"How! a girl that lives on charity? A poor thing that I rescued from the work-house, she, a lady! I suppose you would like to think so, perhaps you would like her to marry our Phil."

"Well, I don't know as he could get a better wife."

"Worse and worse! Husband, I am ashamed of you. Think of his family—think of my brother, the judge—those elegant girls, his sisters; he, a wealthy and educated young man to throw himself away upon her! You talk like a fool," and my uncle slunk away from the angry sound of her voice.

My cheeks burned, sobs arose in my throat; how could I stay here and eat the bread of dependence? Better, far better go and toil in some kitchen, for which I might have just and honest recompense. But still I drudged on; it was some compensation to have the sympathy of Philip, and to know—aye, to *know* that I was growing beautiful.

"Seventeen to-day," I kept repeating to myself, "and Philip twenty-one." Why I

added the latter clause I hardly knew, but I did. In some strange manner it seemed to me as if his destiny was linked with mine.

"Why, here is a package for you," cried my aunt, in astonishment.

I took it from her, though I could scarcely compass it. I felt my cheeks burn feverishly.

"Why don't you open it here?" asked Aunt Goldbeater.

"I prefer to take it to my chamber, aunt."

"Do you know what it is?"

"Pray how should I?" the question was indignantly put, and I retreated, followed, I was sure, by her curious glances. Oh! the beautiful things that greeted my vision! first and foremost of which was a rich silk dress, with all necessary articles to make it with. How thoughtful! I glanced over my treasure—I laid everything separately on the bed, and then with sparkling eyes I called my aunt, as I exclaimed, "who could have been so thoughtful, so generous!"

She never responded—her glances burned me like a baleful fire—her lip curled as I had seen it before. "I would not keep them," she said, after a long silence.

"Why not, aunt?"

"Because it is not considered respectable to take such gifts from young men."

"Then uncle—then you did not send me these?"

"No—Philip, probably," and she sailed out of the room.

I did take them—it was after a long talk, though—a beautiful, glorious talk with Philip, shall I ever forget it? No, because he told me how dearly he loved me, how he had loved me from the time he first saw me in my little quaint, oldish, gray barege dress with red trimmings—he called them red, the dear fellow.

Ah! from that time for months, my life was all harmony. The new silk dress was made; my uncle presented me with a bonnet and mantle, and I was for once treated with the consideration and respect I had craved so long. It seemed a terrible blank the first few weeks after Philip left. My aunt acted strangely. I could not tell what concealed motive was in her manner. One day she called me in her little room; I entered, trembling, dreading bad tidings.

"Sit down, Molly," she said, never looking me in the face.

I obeyed her.

'You and Philip—have—that is to say—

Philip has—been paying his addresses to you. "You needn't speak," she went on rapidly—"I know all—he told me—told me at Hampton"—my aunt and uncle had gone as far as there with him on his return south, "and he is desperately sorry that he ever committed himself."

I arose, angrily.

"There—there—be reasonable," she said, excitedly; "he is wealthy—his family aristocratic—they would never consent—they would disown—disinherit him—you, surely, if you love him, would not allow him to sacrifice himself for a boyish whim—you—"

"Aunt," I interrupted, coldly—"did he tell you that?"

"Do you doubt my word?"

"I ask you, yes, or no—did he tell you that?"

"Yes—but—if—"

I heard no more. Doubtless a scene would have been very dramatic; but I verily believed my heart was broken. I was crushed; and yet my whole nature rebelled against the feeling that Philip was false; but when months passed, and after all his ardent promises, no letter, God only knows what I suffered. But I had grown, oh! so terribly proud! Never should my aunt know a pang of mine, though her keen gray eyes watched me constantly. I fear I very nearly hated her.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW LIFE.

"Life is but a repetition."

Almost a year, and no tidings from Philip. One day a letter came to me, only a few lines, thus:—

"MISS GRAYSON:—A little brother and sister of yours are in the family where I am staying at present. I thought I would tell you that they are unkindly treated. They are noble children, and I think their situation deserves consideration," etc. etc.

Then followed some advice.

I needed this incitement, for I was falling ill. I immediately formed my plan. My aunt coldly acquiesced. In less than a month I had furnished a little hired room, where the sun shone nearly all day. I chose the occupation of a seamstress, and love lightened my path, for the two beautiful children soon felt for me a generous attachment.

Day after day my little spot of sunshine grew dearer to me, and at last it began to im-

part some cheerfulness to my life. The times were good, Providence aided me; little Jenny was an angel, Bob a bright, handsome boy; both of them I had sent to school. My whole soul was in the work of educating these children. I toiled for fair prices; the days, weeks and months rolled on; Sumter had been attacked, civil war began to spread its devastations. Little by little my wages were reduced; sometimes I could not meet my expenses, and Aunt Goldbeater never thought of me. Bob required many things, dear boy! he was so eager, so industrious. For awhile I managed to do over-work—to rise earlier, to sit up later, in order to liquidate debts; but I seemed continually falling back. I tried other shops, and found the prices even lower, and Jenny and Bob began to want new clothes, in order to give them a decent appearance at school.

Winter was coming on, and people prophesied it would be a hard, cold season. Prices went up, day by day; still I toiled, going without needful things; still my spirit prophesied better times.

One day Jenny came home, hot and flushed, and laid her head against my shoulder. "What is it, darling?" I asked.

"I don't know; my head feels so big, and aches so," she sobbed.

This frightened me. I took the child in my lap, felt her pulse, her burning forehead, and inadvertently placed my hands on her feet. Oh, such a chill as came over me then! the poor, worn shoes were soaked to the ankle, for the day was rainy. "Why, Jenny!" I exclaimed, "why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't like to," she said; and now I remembered how she had always tucked them away—"because you have to work so!"

The dear, thoughtful child! the tears fell from my eyes. Well, the result was a fever, a doctor's bill, a little bed spread in my room, and a white sheet laid over the dear, dead form. Alas! alas! when I think of the anguish of that time—my rent in arrears—the expenses of the funeral, and the awful grief at sight of that dear dead face, that I had begun to love so passionately. But for poverty, my darling might—Yet, I will be silent; God knows best.

Mrs. Goldbeater had the funeral from her house. Was she not kind—very kind? She offered me ten dollars, when all was over—that was kind, too—I tried to think so.

My treasure was in Heaven now, and my

heart went yearningly up there—oh, how often! Something seemed to tell me in the midst of all my trouble, to hope on, trust on. So, through cold and weariness, I worked, and hoped, and trusted, often to receive only ill-tempered suggestions or cross criticisms on my labor. Till twelve, one, or two, I often sat up, my fingers blue and trembling, my feet wrapped in comforters, my body in shawls, trying to earn enough for the expenses of dear little Jenny's funeral; trying to keep Bob in school, though he was willing, poor little fellow, to go into a shop, and in the end I saw no other way.

CHAPTER IV.

JUSTICE AT LAST.

"What is past is but the mirror
Of what is, and is to be."

My Aunt Goldbeater died and was buried. God forgive me the bitter resentment I used to feel whenever I thought of her—God forgive me!

My Aunt Goldbeater left me a hundred dollars—enough to pay my debts, but—

Well, I went to the funeral, thinking all the time of poor little Jenny. My poor uncle had grown quite childish—he was never very manly, in his best days—no *man* will follow blindly the governance of his wife. I went over all the house, recalling that old, weary time. I saw the room where I had put the childish books for Philip; they were there still; for before he went away he would not allow them to be touched, and afterwards I had not the heart. The curtains kept their olden loops; the hangings were faded; oh! how my heart swelled! the emotions with which I was possessed almost frightened me—I had not yet forgotten, after all my struggles—not yet renounced.

I was leaving the house quietly, when my old uncle came towards me, with a woe-begone aspect. "It is for you—she spoke of it when she was wild," he said, "and I think it must belong to you"

I remembered that box. She had bought it at the Falls of Niagara, and I used to wish that some one would give me such a beautiful gift.

"She spoke of it, and it's yours, I guess," repeated the old man, in his senile tones, and turned and tottered to his arm-chair, a strange, sad smile on his withered old face.

Once home, something told me to prepare myself before I opened that box, and well for me that I did. I laid away my shabby mourn-

ing—I had contrived to purchase some for poor little Jenny—placed my chair in the sunlight, and opened the lid. A folded paper caught my eye; in that were two bills, of the value of fifty dollars each. Then came a package tied with a bit of faded black ribbon I undid it carefully, though with a shaking hand, for something whispered of treachery, successfully accomplished. Four—five—six—eight letters dropped on my lap. I could not gather the strength to touch them for several moments.

There I sat, gazing blankly at my own name; for I remembered that hand-writing; it could be none but his. Then, like one frantic, I tore them apart, and read—now here—now there, caring nothing for dates. And though my heart was ice and my brain fire, I took them once more, laid them in perfect order, and commenced a reperusal. Exclamations are not in good taste on paper—written anguish cannot convey to the reader the struggles of a soul striving to *forgive the dead*. For, read the following, which had been intercepted by my Aunt Goldbeater:—

“MY DEAR LITTLE MOLL—I must write, and not twelve hours away from you. I never could say what I wanted to when with you—now can you bear the infliction of at least six pages on your time, patience—love?

“I won’t doubt it—and you—you know dear little one, that I love you passionately, absorbingly, entirely. Not for wealth, you poor little pussy—not for your beauty, you charming Cinderella; but for real, positive, genuine worth, and because—I can’t help it to save my soul.

“To me—to me alone, I trust—you are truly rich and nobly beautiful. Write to me, my best beloved—I do so long to see a letter from your very own hand.

“I am in the midst of frivolity, tumult, fashion—everything that distracts me, and that I dislike. Oh, for one sight of you—one glance at the hem of that dear old barege—one sound of your soft voice. Oh, to look into those blue, blue eyes—they are beautiful! I am sick of all this tiresome pleasure. Write—write—write me, my beloved.”

Still through blinding tears, I read:—

“No answer yet?—oh, Mary mine, what has happened? I have worried myself into a fever, thinking you may be ill—you were so pale when I left. I gave my charge to Aunt Gold-

beater, *told her you were to be my wife*, and she will be very tender of you for my sake—*she promised me.*”

There was no romance to me in all this drear reality—through every letter the same endearments—the same passionate disappointment. Well, thank Heaven, I did not die. Bob found me on the floor, where I had fainted, the letters scattered round.

I have forgiven Aunt Goldbeater. It was a long, hard struggle, but it made me stronger. I could not bear such miserable feelings; furthermore, those solemn words, which I repeated day by day—“Forgive us—as *we* forgive,” constrained me. Since that time I have had a fresh baptism of suffering—hard times, starvation prices, no fire, no light, oppression—because I was poor; and Bob helped me bear it all.

One day Bob came home, blundering into our poor room, crying out that a gentleman wanted to see me. I looked in the glass, straightened my dress, smoothed my collar and my hair, and said, “Bring him up, Bob.”

In he came, dressed in a captain’s uniform—tall, straight, dark, manly, and handsomer than ever—my Philip.

I stood like a creature of marble. I could not speak; my breath seemed suspended. “Mary,” he cried, “oh, my darling!—my darling!—to find you thus!”

By this time I had put my hand out towards the table for support, but he took it, and me too—close, close to his heart, while Bob looked on in speechless astonishment.

“I have been abroad, Mary—to England, France, Germany—everywhere, but I did not forget you. When I returned, I found our household broken up. My father, though a Southern man born, loved the dear old flag, and removed to the North. When I found him—for I too made my escape from the nest of traitors, my mother put a letter in my hands written by Aunt Goldbeater. Oh, Mary! imagine what I felt, when I learned of the horrible conspiracy against my peace. But she is dead, and I am ready for the field. But I must leave you as my wife. Do you say yes, Mary?”

I could not speak—I was too happy.

To-day Bob is preparing for college, and my husband is with me, having left an arm on the Southern battle-fields. He says I am his good right hand, now.



HARVEST MEMORIES.

When the noontide sun of autumn floods the corn-
fields' hazy gold,
Fond memory paints a picture from the harvest days
of old:

A maiden crowned with poppies—a whisper in her
ear—
An answering glance half-startled—the reapers' voices
near.

When athwart the tawny stubbles the violet shadows
fall
Of the witch-elms in the hedge-rows, a vision I re-
call:

Her auburn hair sun-gloried—sweet eyes brimful of
tears—
Two hands fast locked together, a pledge for coming
years.

When the yellow moon is rising over yon dark copse
of fir,
And the harvest songs are silent, and there's not a
sound astir,
Half in moonlight, half in shadow, through the hazels
as of yore,
She seems to come and meet me, who will tryste me
nevermore!

EVELYN FOREST.

HAVE COURAGE, DEAR HEART.

BY PHILA HENRIETTA CASE.

Thou art weary, dear heart, and the way is long,
And cold and dreary, and hedged with ill,
And terrible tempests of sorrow and wrong
Are breaking about thee, and darker still
Glooms the untrod path through the coming years,
And clouds drift darkly over the sun,
The star of hope has gone down in tears,
And thy dreams have faded, one by one

But faint not, dear heart, for after the storm
Comes the richest flood of golden light,
And the tints of morning are rosy and warm,
That follow the darkest, wildest night.
Though the burdens are heavy, and hard to be
borne,
Keep steadily on in the path of right,
The laurel wreath may only be worn
By the hero of many a hard-won fight.

Courage, brave heart! the terrible wrong
That has crushed thy life with its withering
blight,
Shall fill thy soul with bursts of song,
And flood it with waves of softest light.

The burning tears that have dimmed thine eyes
So of en, the blessed angels know
Have made thee meet for thy home in the skies,
And washed thy spirit as white as snow.

Out in the world, unloved and alone!
Ah, me! 'tis a wearisome life, we know,
But be not discouraged, press steadily on
To the beautiful isle where thou fain would go—
There are lotus groves, and forests of balm,
And the sands are flecked with the ruby's stain,
And the lengthening shadows of date and palm
Are soft and cool on the golden plain.

And there when thy labor is done thou shalt rest,
And thy life flow as sweet as a poet's dream,
As only the brave and true may be blest,
Who have breasted the storm, when never a
gleam
Of light cheered the way, and the honor and
fame
That alone and unsaided thy hand hath won,
Shall drape with glory as bright thy name,
As the crimson and gold of the setting sun.

THE WRECK.

BY J. C. T.

Break on the shore, dark, glittering wave,
And dash in foaming spray,
Thy giant might may wildly wave,
Then pass away.

Break on the shore, thou wilt not harm
The wreck so rudely marr'd;
A lonely mast, through wind and storm,
Keeps its stern guard.

All silent is the shattered bark
That sported with the gale;
All drooping, desolate and dark,
Each tattered sail.

Rare treasures linked with it their fate
To stand where ocean rolls,
But where is now the living freight,
Of human souls?

The sturdy arm is powerless now,
Its earthly labor o'er;
The eye of fire, the thoughtful brow,
Rest evermore.

(874)

The throbbing heart, whose every beat
Was strong with hope and love,
Wrapt in its watery winding-sheet,
With waves above.

And she whose clinging faith and trust
Had led her o'er the deep,
Mingles with his her precious dust
In their last sleep.

These, ah these are wrecks that lie
Deep buried in the sea;
The casket of the soul laid by,
Its drapery.

The gem is gone, the treasure fled,
To realms beyond the wave,
And left us but the silent dead—
The ocean grave.

Then break, oh break, thou mad'ning surge,
And dash in foaming spray,
Thy moan shall be their only dirge,
Thus passed away.

WHO DID THE WRONG?

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

From the moment in which I entered Saratoga, it seemed to me that I had been transported to a different planet. At home, the absorbing topics of conversation had been the war and the high prices. Everybody looked depressed. Everybody was trying in spasmodic, intermittent ways, to practice economy, and finding their efforts defeated by the fearful expansion of prices in whatsoever one must eat, drink and wear.

Butchers, bakers, and grocers bills were received with a shudder; and fair fingers, which had been unused to such toil, did what their grandmothers had done before them—made darning-needles cicatrize wounds in stocking heels and toes, and ripped and turned cottons, and cambrics which now cost as much as handsome dresses did three years before.

But at Saratoga all this was changed. In this new world which I had entered, the people seemed to have nothing to do but to dress and enjoy themselves in every indolent, graceful, luxurious fashion imaginable.

The hours went by, swift-winged, to music, and dance, and banquet! Who would have imagined for one moment that the country was in the awful stress and anguish of a struggle for life and death! Talk of economy, when diamonds blazed, and silks shimmered, and gold glittered on every side. Talk of economy, when women sauntered down to the springs every morning before their late breakfast, sweeping the walks with flowing robes of all fine and costly textures, dainty as woven moonlight or sunset mists, with plumes fluttering over fair foreheads, and gems that mocked the sunlight clasped on neck, and arm, and waist.

Talk of economy, when the balls were one blaze of dazzling splendor—when music rose, and throbbed, and swelled in voluptuous enchantment through the great halls, where women swept to and fro robed in laces that a queen might have worn at her coronation; where pearls sanded dark hair, as morning dews sand spring grasses; where the richest embroideries trailed like a white surf over daintiest cambrics; and where it seemed as though every inspiration and art of fashion had exhausted themselves in grace and adornment of the

crowds of women that made light and beauty at the Springs.

And yet with a stubborn pertinacity my thoughts always took a straight road from these sights and sounds, which filled the night and the day with mirth and revelry, to the awful battle-fields, to the foul prisons, crying by night and by day unto God, and to the hospitals where brave hearts languished and endured, for the love of their country, through those fierce heats of August. Could these be the granddaughters of the women who melted their lead into bullets, and spun their gowns of linsey-woolsey through those long seven years of struggle and suffering?

Could these butterfly women, whose golden wings fluttered through the summer hours, ever rise to any heights of endurance, any fervors of self-sacrifice? Somewhat after this fashion rose and fell my thoughts that morning, as I sat on one of the iron seats which lie asleep and enchanted in the gay, noisy heart of Saratoga. The tall oaks and pines folded the walks in heavy shadows. The stillness and beauty must, it seemed, beguile any heart into calm and gladness.

The grass, moved by the soft winds, stretched like a lake of dark waters below us. The walks skirted, and stretched, and curved on every side. The strong, bracing scent of the pines inspired the air. Over all this the birds sang in the August mornings. And as I sat there a young girl, in a pretty barred muslin and straw hat, leading a little child with a face like some picture marvellous for beauty, came slowly along and took a seat a short distance from my own.

This young girl, of hardly medium height, had a face remarkably pleasing. I know the more I looked at it, the more it attracted me. It had no wonderful gift of beauty, but it had the charm of youth, and sweet freshness. The clear, dark eyes, the bright lips, the little touch of color in the cheeks, all made it a delight to look upon. I thought at first this girl must be the mother of the beautiful child, with the curls that hung golden about its head, with its eyes like harebells, and its small red blossom of a mouth.

But I did not think this long. There was no

faint resemblance between the two faces. And as I sat there my curiosity was stimulated to define what sort of a relation existed between the girl and the child. The latter wore a white dress with a heavy blue silk sash, and there was something about all its pretty, lively movements which indicated care and cultivation. You would have discerned, beyond a possibility of mistake, that this child had dwelt in an atmosphere of wealth and refinement.

The girl's appearance indicated this in some lesser degree. She was removed as far as possible from any coarseness of face and manner, but she lacked in some subtle way the air of the belles who hourly swept the walk; there was a singular absence, too, of display in her simple white dress, and the only ornament she wore was the pretty coral brooch which clasped the frill at her neck; still, in the vast hotels yonder, there were few faces which had a finer charm than this one, which sat so near me that summer morning.

Something was at work in this girl's soul—I saw that, in a little while, some expectation, some pleasure, some unrest. She glanced about her on right and left, with a little half indrawn breath, with a smile that came and vanished; sometimes I fancied in a quick, fleeting shadow of doubt or uneasiness.

She frolicked with the child, who seemed wonderfully attached to her; they had little romps together, up and down the shadowy walk, and oh! it was a pleasant thing—so pleasant that the silvery mirth seems to echo in my memory still—the laughter of this young girl and this little child, starting out, and breaking down, and bubbling over together.

At last, a little tired with their pretty romping, they came and sat down on the bench together; and a moment later the girl's face flushed into a shy, pleased consciousness that was pretty to see, and following the swiftly withdrawn glance of her eyes, I saw a gentleman approaching us. After the manner of men, he was certainly this. He wore the finest of broadcloth, and there was about him that air of quiet, well-bred assurance which indicated at once that he was familiar with the world—a man who would not be likely to lose his self-possession under any circumstances.

He looked a little beyond his thirties, and had a face that I suppose women, who are fond of that term, would have called "distinguished." The features were all well moulded, but some subtle expression in which eyes and mouth held

their part, made me distrust this man. He approached the young girl with an eager regard of manner which no one could fail to observe; offered her his hand with a smile which I have no doubt had fascinated many a maiden.

"Agnes," he said, "I have been searching for you all around the park. What have you hidden yourself up here in the shadows for?"

I see this girl now, with the shy pleasure in her sweet face, and the faint blush that made it alive all over, as she answered, "I hardly know, Mr. Isham, unless it is because I like shadows. I always did."

"I am aware of that. The loveliest flowers often do, and so waste their sweetness, where none can find it."

The gentleman said this, still retaining the girl's hand, and gazing with interest and undisguised admiration on her face. His manner was almost fond. I could not say it was too familiar, for it was certainly respectful, and yet there was assuredly some anxiety in it that I disliked, or feared, or both, although I knew nothing of the relation of each towards the other.

He took a seat beside the girl now, and the little child clambered on his knee, and called him "Uncle Fred," and he patted her curls, and gave her his slender cane to amuse herself with, but his thoughts were evidently engrossed by the lady who sat at his side.

"Well, Agnes, how do you like Saratoga?" he commenced.

A little shadow of depression or pain fell into the brightness of her face. "It doesn't attract me strongly," she answered. "Perhaps it would if I were a fashionable lady, and mingled in its gayeties. But I am outside of that, you know."

"Only by your own free will and election, I hope."

"Surely you must know better than that. I am simply Mrs. Evans's seamstress, and that of course would debar me from any position among her fashionable friends."

The young gentleman brought down his hand on the iron seat with indignation. "Agnes, this is a shame and an outrage," he said, "as though you were not in all respects the equal or superior of my haughty sister and her silly, fashionable friends. Sara ought to have more sense. I am exasperated with her airs."

"Oh, well, it is the way of the world," answered the young lady, with some bitterness, and there were tears in her eyes, and I knew

that a thousand little slights and indignities, which must have galled and wounded to the very core a nature like hers, rose up and stung her memory then.

The gentleman looked at her. I saw he probed to all that was in her thoughts just then. He slipped his hand over hers. "Well, my dear girl, remember that you have one friend who feels and appreciates all that there is awkward and unpleasant in a position in which you are so evidently out of place, and who would do anything in his power to relieve you from it."

"You are very kind, Mr. Isham," and she smiled up gratefully in his face.

"I never suspected that before, but all that you have told me makes me very glad that I went half a day's journey out of my route to take the Springs in it."

"Did you?" with manifest surprise.

"Certainly I did. The thought of one small, shy, sweet face here, had an attraction for me, that overcame all my repugnance to the giddiness, and frivolity, and senseless talk I must encounter amongst Sara's friends."

How gracefully this man could flatter! How sweetly this girl's face answered him, with the blush that flamed all over it, and yet could not smother the delight there! And those dark, bright eyes of his, carefully watching all, were on her face for good or for evil.

"Uncle Fred—Uncle Fred! let us go to walk," broke in the child's voice now, and the cane which had been amusing her for a few moments dropped out of her hands like snow-balls.

"That's it, Posie," he answered, with alacrity. "Let us take a walk, Agnes," and he rose up, giving one finger to his small niece, and offering his arm to the young lady; and so, without observing me, for my seat was a little behind their range of vision, the trio passed out of my sight.

And I tried to return to my book, but some new interest for that young, sweet-faced girl—some vague fear and dread of her companion possessed me, and drew my thoughts after them. And so the book lay idly in my lap, it might be for half an hour, when two ladies, in elaborate morning-dresses, with magnificent lace shawls trailing the walk, sailed slowly past, and dropped themselves languidly in the seat which had been vacated.

The ladies differed strikingly in personal appearance. One had a good-natured, rather

pretty, insipid sort of face; the other lady was taller, darker, finer looking, with altogether more emphasis of face and bearing.

"Oh, isn't this charming, Cousin Sara," exclaimed the smaller lady, as soon as she had seated herself, glancing over the beautiful park.

"Yes, Anna; but I am too amazed and indignant to appreciate anything of the kind to-day," fanning herself with her sandal-wood fan.

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Enough to distress me. Just before I met you, what should I see but Fred and my seamstress, a little way before me, walking along with Gracie, in the most intimate, loving manner imaginable. I was perfectly outraged, and my first impulse was to rush forward and separate them. But I did not want a scene in the park, and then it would never do to arouse Fred's ire. So I bottled my wrath, and waited for the time to pour it on the right head."

"I don't wonder you were aggravated, Sara. Still, I suppose that it was only natural if he invited the girl to walk, that she should go with him."

"Nonsense, Anna. It was all Agnes's fault. It always is, if a gentleman shows any attention to a girl in her position. No doubt she's used all her arts to allure him into these attentions. The blame lies wholly at her door. Men always will admire a pretty face, and the girl has got that, and got around him, too, in some sly fashion of her own, for she's always modest enough in my presence, but there's no trusting this class of persons. I ought to have dismissed her long ago, but the truth is she has such exquisite taste, and can get up a dress so charmingly, that I couldn't make up my mind to spurn her, though I saw that Fred was quite too much interested in her. To see my seamstress leaning on the arm of my brother in broad daylight. The sight fairly blasted my eyes. She'll go now, with short warning, but she'll hear something first she won't be likely to forget."

The speaker's cousin half laughed at, and half deprecated these sentiments.

"I sympathize with your feelings, Sara," she answered. "But the girl is remarkably ladylike for her position. I really supposed she was some friend of yours stopping at the hotel, when I entered your room the other morning, and found her there engaged in sewing. How did you come across her?"

"Oh, it was all luck and chance. Her parents

are dead, and she was left to the care of an only aunt, who brought her up and died more than a year ago; and this girl came to the city to find employment in fine sewing, stopping with some former neighbors of hers, who were known to friends of mine, and who knew also that I wanted a seamstress. The girl's natural taste in dress is marvellous, and then Gracie adores her."

"But, Sara, what if Fred were really smitten with this girl, and should take a fancy to marry her? Men have done as strange things, you know, and surrounded with wealth and ease nobody could suspect she was not born and bred a lady."

Her companion's pantomime expressed what no words could. "Don't, Anna, don't," she exclaimed. I should never lift up my head again—never survive the disgrace. Not one of us would ever recognize Fred, if he should so demean himself. Marry my seamstress! But there is no danger of *that*. He is fond of pretty faces, and will say all sorts of soft things to women, who will be fools enough to believe him. But he is too wise to disgrace himself or his family."

"I think," subjoined the other lady, who seemed in her indolent way to have some faint sympathy for her cousin's seamstress, "that the matter better be broken off at once for the good of all the parties concerned. Fred's attentions may raise hopes in the girl's mind which can never be realized, or engage her affections, and it would be a pity to have her heart broken."

"I shall give myself no trouble about that," with a fine sneer. "Fred is no worse, if no better than other men. They will all take advantage of a woman's folly. The girl has only herself to thank for whatever happens to her. In cases like hers, I never waste one spark of charity or pity. Come, Anna, it's getting warm here. Let's go down and have a drink of Congress water."

My eyes followed the elegantly dressed lady as she moved slowly away, and I almost wondered that fire did not come down from heaven and devour her. Of what stuff could that woman's soul be made, who could see a young, lonely, friendless, innocent girl, go down, it might be to her ruin, and take no care, no pity for her? who could have the heart to drive her out with anger and scorn into the world, with no heart to cherish, and no arm to protect her, the victim either of her brother's vanity and love of conquest, or something far worse than

that, that one could not name, only think of with a shudder!

For I had no faith in this man. Despite all his disguises of speech and manner, something wrong lurked in Frederic Isham's gaze—something which bore witness that there was no truth in him; and all day long, and for two or three that followed, that young, sweet, trusting face, with its shy delight, and the blushes waxing and waning in it, haunted and solicited me; and at the end of this time, through a friend of mine who was sojourning at the same house with the Ishams, I learned all that there was to tell.

The lady had broken out on her seamstress, whose quiet dignity had hitherto restrained her, with a storm of invective and reproach, and wounded and insulted the girl in every possible way. Of course Agnes would not humiliate herself by remaining with her another hour, and she left, going out into the world that had no home, no friends for her, with that sweet face which was likely to be her greatest snare. And before she left Frederic Isham had learned the whole truth—to whom could she go in her loneliness, but to this one friend, and when the cars left Saratoga, he went with her.

"Perhaps the man really did love her, and will make her his wife after all," I said, catching desperately at this straw of hope.

"Never," said my friend, vehemently. "I know too much of the man. He is hard, and utterly selfish at the core; a thoroughly bad man, who loves to make conquests of the hearts of women whom he regards as his equals, and to beguile to their ruin his inferiors. He probably made Agnes suppose that he intended to marry her, for he is master of every art that can ensnare a woman; but pure-minded, innocent girl as she was, she will be lost, soul and body!"

And this man will go on his way, and men will praise, and fair women will smile on him as before! And who will require at his hand, the soul of that sweet girl, "Gone to her death."

It makes one almost mad to think of it—to think how her loneliness, and orphanage, and helplessness were her ruin, and how all the sin and shame that were the man's and his sister's, must be heaped on her young, helpless head!

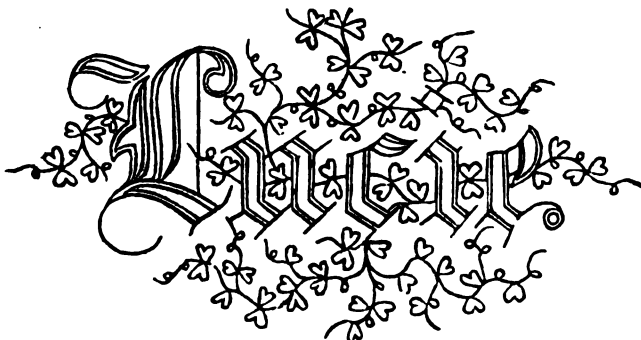
But God does not forget. His mills grind slowly, but sooner or later His fearful judgment shall overtake this man and woman—sooner or later He will avenge this girl's wrong, which does not cease to cry unto him day and night, from the earth where she wanders, or the grave where she sleeps!

NOVELTIES FOR DECEMBER.



COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL FROM FOUR TO SIX YEARS OF AGE.—In light gray alpaca or poplin, the border formed of a strip of plaid material—velvet, silk, or wool. The quilling, in either case, must be of silk, and of colors to match the plaid. The sash is made like a Swiss band round the waist, but has a bow and long ends at the back. It is of the same material as

the border round the skirt, and trimmed with a similar ruche. Braces, forming revers on the shoulders, are added to the band, and are trimmed to correspond. A white pleated muslin chemisette is worn underneath, with long sleeves, and collar and cuffs of white linen, edged with narrow lace.



GOTHIC LETTERS.—Satin stitch edged with overcast.



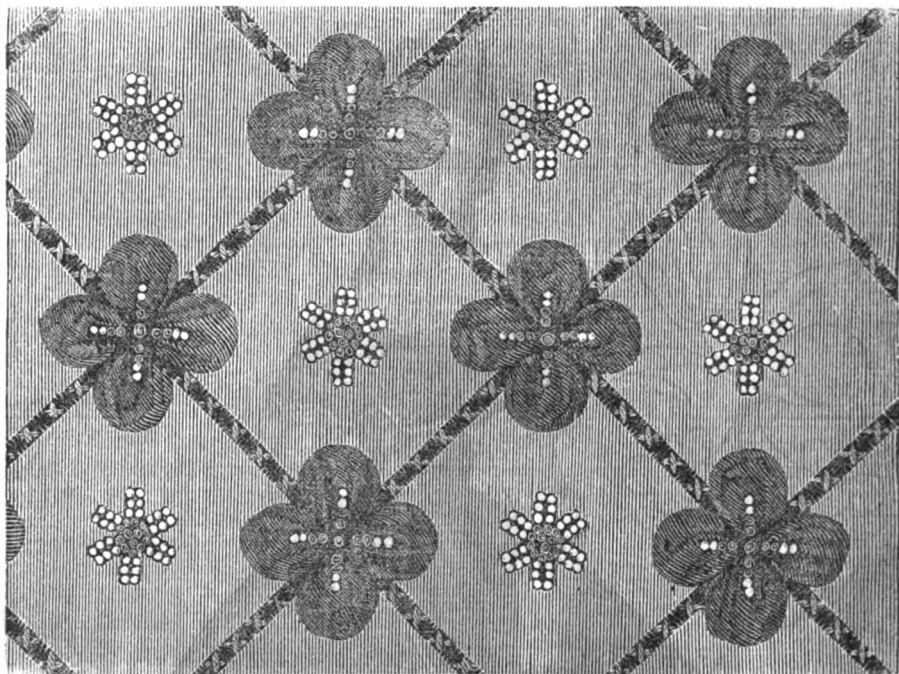
MODEL OF A CASHMERE OR ALPACA DRESS.—The bodice is ornamented at each side, with two scarfs to match, which decrease in width at the waist. The dress is cut in the Gabrielle form, and has no ornament at the back. The scarfs are trimmed with narrow back-stitched crossbands of taffetas, which form lozenges,

and are edged either with black lace or a ruche. Three tassels depend from the scarfs. A small square pelerine, trimmed with narrow bands which cross each other, is fastened in front with two tassels. It is pointed at the back. A coat sleeve, trimmed as far as the top of the sleeve.



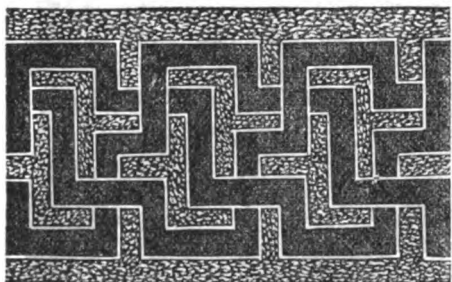
BALL DRESS of crimson silk; ruche of the same, with spaces left plain and filled with medallions of black velvet, edged with black and white lace. Over-skirt and berthe of black and white chenille-tulle, similarly edged.

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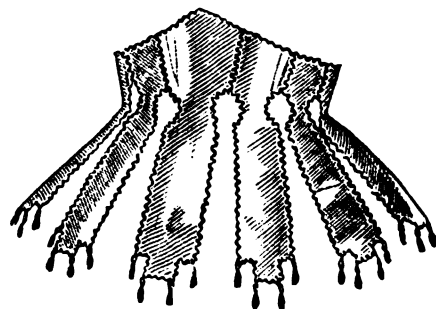
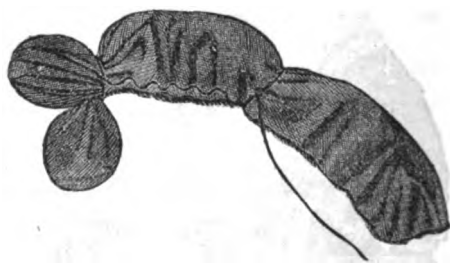


RELIEF-EMBROIDERY IN SILK FLOWERS AND BEADS.—The foundation for this should be cloth, velvet, or heavy silk. The squares are formed with bands of black velvet, fastened

with silk cross stitches; the flowers of a bias strip of silk, gathered into four leaves and set on as shown in the cut; the crosses and stars of gold or steel beads.

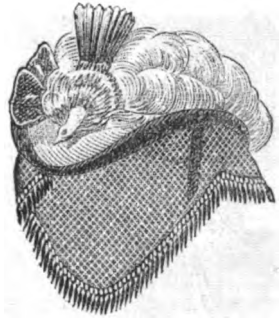
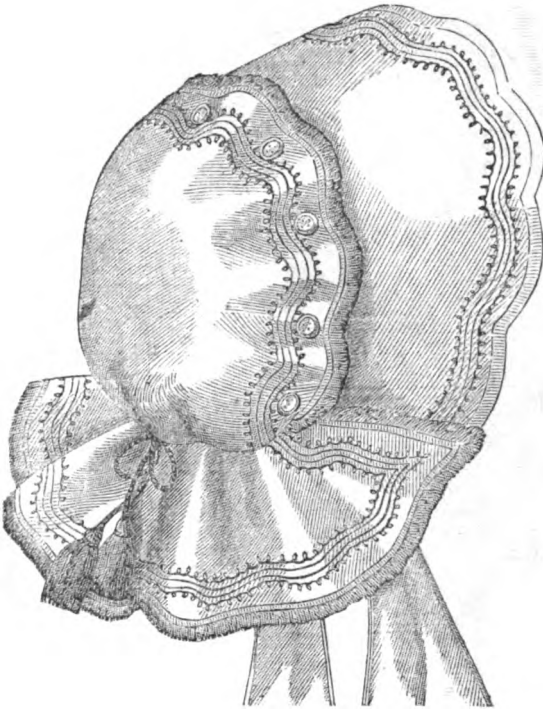


BRAIDING PATTERN.—This small border will be found very useful for ornamenting children's dresses for winter wear. The design can be carried out either in narrow black velvet, edged with white, or in fine worsted braid.

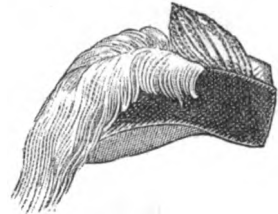


Ceinture with lappets, trimmed with gimp and little acorns.

No. 1.

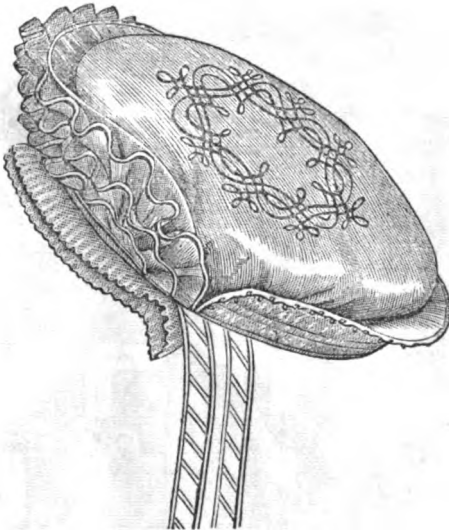


CHAPEAU MOUSQUETAIRE, of white Terry velvet, the rim bound with black velvet, and a black velvet bow on one side; in front a rare scarlet bird and a large white ostrich feather. Black lace veil edged with chenille fringe.



HAT OF BROWN STRAW, the brim bound with black velvet, ; in front a jay's wing and a large ostrich feather.

No. 2.



No. 1. Baby bonnet. No. 2. Baby cap for little boy—both made of white cashmere braided with white silk braid.



White Apron for little girl.



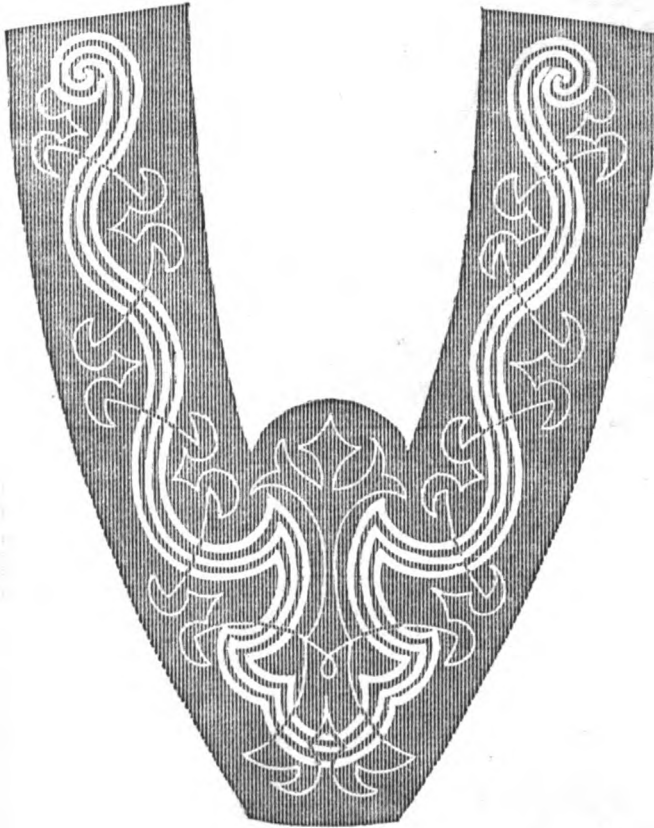
These Alphabets will be useful for marking letters any Christian name can be composed pocket-handkerchiefs, and with the small for the purpose.



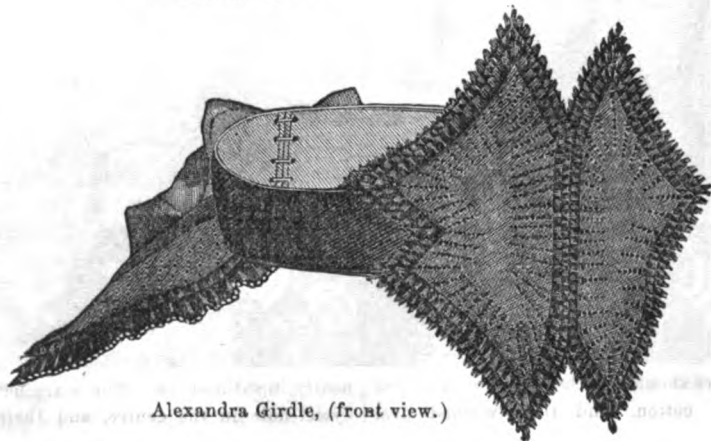
The letters should first be raised with coarse nearly in satin-stitch. The stars have a small embroidery cotton, and then worked over eyelet-hole in the centre, and their rays are

worked in *point Russe*. For table-linen, this star may be worked in red or blue cotton, and in that case the outline of the letters should also be worked in over-cast of the same colored cotton, the inner parts only being left white. This style is also pretty for marking pocket-handkerchiefs.

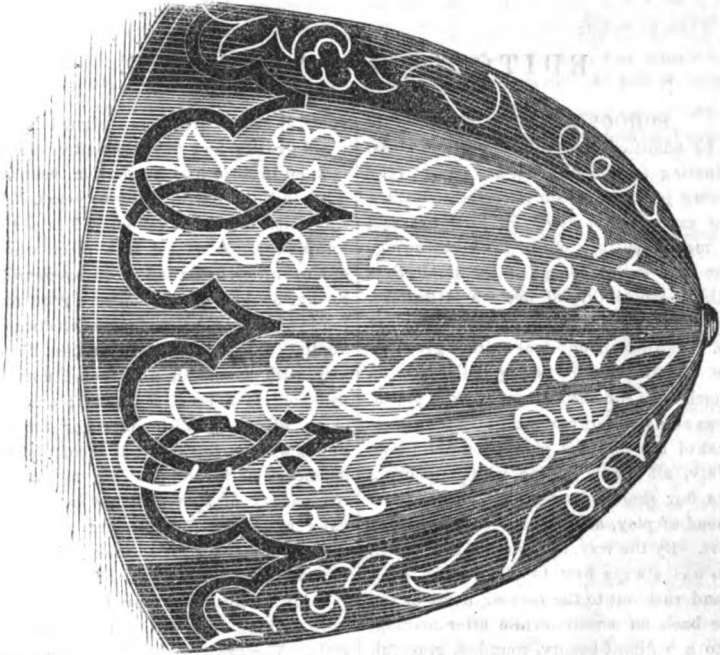
Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Embroidery Cotton, Perfectionne, No. 40, should be used for embroidering pocket-handkerchiefs; their same make of cotton, No. 24, for house linen.



THE VELVET SLIPPER.—The Velvet Slipper is perhaps the most elegant and luxurious of all the various sorts now in fashion. The one which we are describing is in violet velvet, ornamented with a mixture of maize-color braid and a pattern in chain-stitch, executed in maize-color crochet silk. The serpentine lines are in braid, being also continued in a changed form, so as to vary the design on the front of the slipper. The ends of the braid must be passed through the velvet and secured on the under-side. The lighter pattern is worked in the chain-stitch, using maize-color crochet silk.

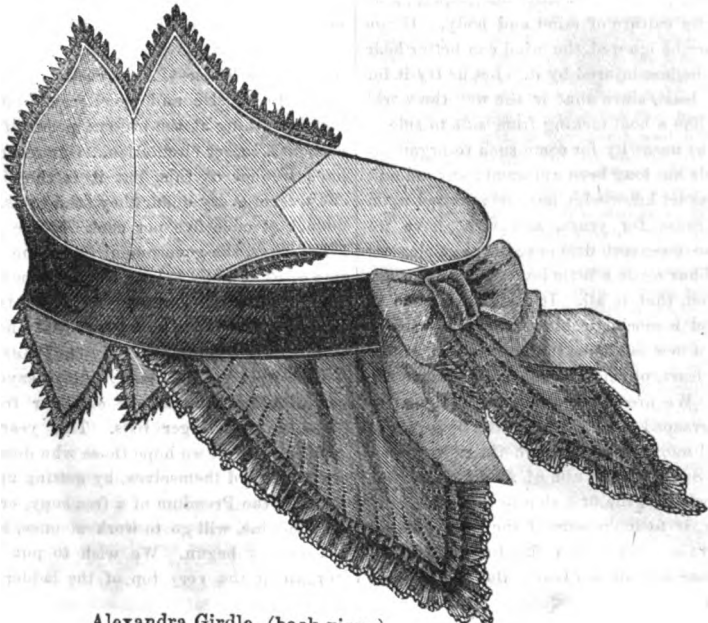


Alexandra Girdle, (front view.)



THE IMPERIAL LOUNGING-CAP.—The Imperial Lounging-Cap possesses a very Oriental appearance when seen completed. It is composed of six portions of velvet in two alternate colors, a rich violet and dark crimson. The scroll which appears black in the illustration is formed of narrow black ribbon-velvet, with a gold thread at each edge. The design may be

braided in narrow gold braid, or two silk braids of different colors. A violet braid on the crimson velvet, and a crimson braid on the violet velvet, has a very rich effect. A long silk tassel, made of the two colors, interspersed with gold, is fastened at the top, and hangs down on the side of the cap.



Alexandra Girdle, (back view.)

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

SCHOOL-GIRLS.

It must be admitted that this important class, busily graduating for womanhood, are as yet very far from being justly or sensibly treated. With a few brilliant exceptions, schools for girls are still devoted to mental culture only. Even boarding-schools, that take entire charge of the pupil, thus assuming the responsibility of her whole welfare, think their duty fulfilled if mind and manners are attended to. Nowhere is physical culture given its equal place. Seminaries for young ladies now do not differ much from the one we remember in youth, where zealous study on our part, and faithful assistance on that of the teachers, comprised the whole round of duty, all claims of the young, growing frame to its fair share of attention being classed under the head of play, and considered the pupil's own business. By the way, the romp of the school, the one who was always first to throw down book and slate and rush out to the rocking-horse or the swing, came back on a visit awhile after leaving, matured into a brilliant beauty, rounded, graceful, blooming—she whom no one had thought of calling so much as pretty! The wonderful change was a mystery then; with our present ideas, cause and effect are plain enough.

For boys, the simple permission to develop the body by sports answers pretty well—not for girls. In a boarding-school, nine-tenths of the pupils are too languid for spontaneous exercise. Facts prove the necessity of positive encouragement, equal pains taken with the culture of mind and body. If the claim of either be ignored, the mind can better bear neglect, will be less injured by it. Let us try it for a change at least, since that is the way the world progresses—like a boat tacking from side to side of a stream. The necessity for some such re-organization of schools has long been apparent; any amount of light and exact knowledge has been poured upon the public sense for years, and what have we gained? The incessant dropping of physiological preachments has made a little impression upon the rock of custom, that is all. It would please us to see a few good iconoclastic blows shiver the whole system, that a new might be inaugurated, in which, for a time at least, physical culture should have the ascendancy. We are much mistaken if the prize impatiently grasped at by slighting the body would not be gained more surely through its rightful development. Say that the aim of school-girls is to store up knowledge; the first step to that, as to any kind of work, is to make sure of the proper tool—a vigorous brain—and to keep this tool in order by whatever means will answer best. But as the years

spent at school are those assigned by nature to the rapid growth and development of the body, which is fixed in form and proportion, beautiful or otherwise, in those few momentous years, it is plain that the chief aim of a school-girl is *not* to store up knowledge. A school is a place where the best opportunities, helps and encouragements are afforded for harmonious growth—where good and healthful tendencies are cherished, and defects met by specific appliances. A room for exercises, large, light and airy, with a smooth, uncarpeted floor, is as indispensable as a room for meals; and the time will come when establishments for the reception of pupils will be considered as incomplete with the one deficiency as the other. The means for an attractive variety of sports should be furnished. As a daily relaxation, independent of the weather, nothing is better for girls than music and dancing to relieve the tension of the brain induced by study. Whatever objections may be felt against dancing have nothing to do with it as an exercise for school-girls. The great voyager, Captain Cook, is said to have secured the health of his sailors by insisting upon a daily dance on deck. For the same reasons, only more weighty, we would have the same healthful alternation with the sitting posture of students. The details are easily settled if parents and teachers but keep the object in view.

THE COMING YEAR.

We have now a circulation of nearly *twenty thousand* for the *LADY'S FRIEND*, which we think does pretty well for the first year. But of course we want to do better—for, so costly is our magazine, owing to its size and excellence, that we cannot make anything at the present prices of paper, &c., without a larger circulation. Our readers may perhaps wonder at this, but it is the simple truth. Why, from every dollar they send to us, we have to deduct at once five per cent. for the government tax. Thus, the government tax alone reduces our rate of \$2.50 to \$2.37½, and in the same proportion with all our other rates. It amounts to a very heavy burden upon us, but we will cheerfully pay it, if our subscribers will only enable us to do so.

Last year we had many letters saying that we began rather too late, or else our friends could have sent us larger lists. This year we are in good time—and we hope those who desire to aid us and to reward themselves, by getting up clubs, and securing the Premium of a free copy, or of a Sewing Machine, will go to work at once, if they have not already begun. We wish to put the *LADY'S FRIEND* at the very top of the ladder as regards

circulation, as we think it already is as respects merit—at least a good many tell us so. If we are able to say next year about this time, that our circulation has doubled, and is about forty thousand copies, we shall feel pretty well satisfied—though of course we would not complain if we had the good round number of one hundred thousand.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

Remember that the **WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE No 3**, that we offer in our Prospectus, is as excellent a machine as can be found in the country. Their higher priced machines, while handsomer, are really no better, so far as the sewing itself is concerned. Every machine has a hemmer. No makers have a superior reputation to Wheeler & Wilson; they sell more machines than any other manufacturers in the country. The regular cash price of the machine we offer, in New York and Philadelphia, is \$55.00. In the Western cities, we believe, it is sold at a higher price.

No husband or father can make a better Christmas or New Year's present to wife or daughter than a Sewing Machine. And it only requires a little work to get twenty, or thirty, or forty subscribers at \$2.50 each; and then \$20.00 additional in the first case, \$10.00 additional in the second, and nothing additional in the third, and you are entitled to a SEWING MACHINE, which will either be duly forwarded to your address from the manufacturers in New York, or delivered to your agents in that city, as you may prefer.

It is needless to expatiate at this late day upon the value of a good Sewing Machine in a family—of course we are not alluding to those which are as worthless as they are cheap. Only those who have had them know what a perfect treasure they are. Especially where there is a family of children are they invaluable.

OUR STEEL PLATES.

We find a great deal of pleasure which we cannot doubt is shared by our readers in the singular beauty of the engravings that adorn this holiday number of *The Lady's Friend*. The *Snow Birds' Christmas Visit* is a charming winter picture. That their little fluttering visitors have come down from the sky with a greeting from the Lord, is the beautiful thought shining out in the earnest gladness of the children's faces. The subject of our Frontispiece was suggested by one of the fine and sweet imaginings of Hans Christian Andersen. This is the story:—

THE FLOWER-POT.

"Every time that a good child dies, one of God's angels comes down to earth, and takes the dead child in his arms, then spreads his large white wings, and flies over all the spots which the child best loved, and plucks a whole handful of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty, that they may bloom

in still greater loveliness in heaven than they did upon earth. And the Almighty presses all such flowers upon His heart, but He gives a kiss to the one He prefers, and then the flower becomes endowed with a voice, and can join in the choir of the blessed."

"These words were spoken by one of God's angels, as he carried up a dead child to heaven, and the child heard him as in a dream. And they passed over the spots in his home, where the little one had played, and they passed through gardens filled with beautiful flowers.

"Which shall we take with us and transplant into the kingdom of heaven?" asked the angel.

"There stood a slender, lovely rose-bush, only some wicked hand had broken the stem, so that all its sprigs, loaded with half open buds, were withering around.

"Poor rose bush!" said the child; 'let's take it, in order that it may be able to bloom above, in God's kingdom.'

"And the angel took it, and kissed the child for its kind intention, and the little one half opened its eyes. They plucked some of the gay, ornamental flowers, but took likewise the despised buttercup and wild pansy.

"Now we have plenty of flowers!" said the child, and the angel nodded assent; but he did not yet fly upwards to God. It was night, and all was quiet; they remained in the large town, and hovered over one of the narrow streets, where lay heaps of straw, ashes, and sweepings; for being quarter-day, there had been several removals. There lay fragments of plates, pieces of plaster of Paris, rags and old hats, and all sorts of things that had become shabby.

"And amidst this confused heap the angel pointed to the broken fragments of a flower-pot, and to a lump of mould that had fallen out of it, and was kept together by the roots of a large withered field-flower, which being worthless had been flung into the street.

"We will take it with us," said the angel, 'and I will tell you why, as we fly along.'

"And as they flew, the angel related as follows:—

"In yon narrow street, a poor, sickly boy lived in a lowly cellar. He had been bedridden from his childhood. In his best days he could just walk on crutches up and down the room a couple of times, but that was all. During some days in summer, the sun just shone for about half an hour on the floor of the cellar; and when the poor boy sat and warmed himself in its beams, and he saw the red blood through his delicate fingers, that he held before his face, then he considered that he had been abroad that day. All he knew of the forest and its beautiful spring verdure, was from the first green sprig of beech that his neighbor's son used to bring him, and he would hold it over his head, and dream that he was under the beech trees, amid the sunshine and the carol of birds. One spring day, the neighbor's boy brought him some field flowers besides, and among these there happened to be one that still retained its root, and which he therefore carefully planted in a flower-pot, and placed in the window near his bed. And the flower was planted by a lucky hand; it thrived, and put forth new shoots, and blossomed every year. It became the rarest flower-garden for the sick boy, and his only little treasure here on earth; he watered it and cherished it, and took care it should profit by every sunbeam, from the first to the last, that filtered through that lowly window; and the flower became interwoven into his very dreams, for it was for him it bloomed, for him it spread its fragrance and delighted the eye; and it was to the flower he turned in the last gasp of death, when the Lord called him.

He has now been a year with his heavenly Father—and for a year did the flower stand forgotten in the window, till it withered. It was therefore cast out amongst the sweepings in the street, on the day of moving. And this is the flower, the poor faded flower, which we have added to our nosegay, because this flower gave more joy than the rarest flower in the garden of a queen.

"And how do you know all this?" asked the child, as the angel carried him up to heaven.

"I know it," said the angel, "because I myself was the little sick boy who walked upon crutches. And I know my own flower."

"And the child opened his eyes completely, and looked full at the angel's serenely beautiful countenance; and at the same moment they had reached the kingdom of heaven, where all was joy and blessedness. And God pressed the dead child to His heart, when he obtained wings like the other angel, and flew hand-in-hand with him. And God pressed all the flowers to His heart, but kissed the poor withered field-flower, which became endowed with a voice, and joined in the chorus of angels that surround the Almighty; some of whom are quite near their heavenly Father, while others are standing outside them in a large circle, and others again beyond these, and so on, further and still further, in endless succession, but all equally happy. And they all sang, great and little, the good, blessed child, and the poor field-flower that lay withered and cast away amongst the sweepings, under the rubbish of a moving day, in the narrow, dingy street."

RENEWALS.—Although every number of the *LADY'S FRIEND* is electrotyped, and therefore we can always reprint our numbers, still it is a great convenience to have our subscribers renew their subscriptions as speedily as possible. There is always more or less delay in reprinting.

A PERFECT POEM.

Emily Brontë, the "sister Emily that loved the moors," is not so well known or considered as the author of "*Jane Eyre*;" the single novel by which she is judged, though powerful, is so unpleasant that we never heard of any one willingly looking at it a second time; yet we sometimes think that of all that gifted family whose lonely, dream-full life was suddenly opened to a sympathizing world, the truest child of genius was Emily. It is certain that she has left behind her the best poem; those of Charlotte, in the little volume issued by the three sisters, are comparatively commonplace, while this is absolutely perfect.

REMEMBRANCE.

"Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave?
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all severing wave?"

"Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern leaves cover
Thy noble heart, for ever, evermore?"

"Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring:
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering!"

"Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!"

"No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee."

"But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy."

"Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine."

"And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?"

ELIZ.

THE CASH SYSTEM.—Our readers will please remember that the rule of our magazine is to stop sending it as soon as the term of subscription expires. We credit nobody. This is the only satisfactory rule, both for publisher and subscriber.

New Publications.

Emily Chester. A Novel. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.
For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

This is a singular book; the generality of readers would pronounce it incomprehensible and unpleasant. The heroine, a magnificent, incomparable creature, such as novelists delight to paint, has an affinity for one man through her nerves, for another through her intellect; marries the latter involuntarily, his powerful will constraining her, and is thenceforth torn in pieces like Hypatia, (the comparison is the author's) by opposite attractions for two men, neither of whom she loves in the least. This is the singularity of the book—the psychological mystery of her warring emotions. What we find in fiction generally, and what we like, is the harmonizing of the whole nature, however complex it may be, in love for one object. But this woman's heart is untouched in the fearful struggle that rends her asunder; she is simply the victim of her own antagonistic organization; and in the last chapter dies of internal conflict, fairly devoured by the Sphinx, in the flower of her youth, for failing to read the riddle of her life.

Essays on Social Subjects. From the *Saturday Review*.
Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

A set of able papers on matters of general interest, as the title imports, agreeably written and well worth collecting into a book. We may mention, "Mistakes in Life," "On Being Understood,"

"Hugger Mugger," "Explanations," and "Constancey," as particularly good.

—
Evan Dale. A Novel. Boston: A. Williams & Co. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

One of those productions that set you speculating what kind of readers they must be who would relish a fiction that never rises above the flattest level of commonplace. Undoubtedly there are plenty of such; the publishers know what they are about, and would not use up so much good paper if they were not sure of a large class to be pleased by it; and as the book is strictly moral and perfectly harmless, and possibly entertaining to many, we should be sorry to interfere in the least with its circulation.

—
The Ocean Waifs. A Story of Adventure on Land and Sea. By Captain Mayne Reid, Author of "The Desert Home," "The Boy Hunters," &c. &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Whoever wants to make a bright boy happy by an acceptable Christmas present, could hardly do better than choose out one of Mayne Reid's story books. He lays himself out specially for the entertainment of boys, and his efforts are ably seconded by the attractive style in which the publishers issue them. The one before us is brimful of adventure, and copiously illustrated by spirited engravings.

—
The Poems of Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

We are glad to have the poetry of Bayard Taylor complete in this beautiful, compact, blue and gold edition. Great traveller as he is, and popular as are his books of travel, it is his poems that will live in after years.

"The sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

So we found in looking over this volume, chiding ourselves all the time for the perversity of enjoying most the mementoes of deepest suffering; but Shelley sustains us, so we confess our pleasure in "Autumnal Dreams," unsurpassed as a picture of the season, and the sentiment in exquisite keeping, "The Phantom," "Autumnal Vespers," "Storm Lines," and "A Requiem in the North." "Poems of the Orient," have great attraction for us—as a whole we like best the introductory—"The Poet in the East;" "Tyre" rolls on with a magnificent volume of sound; "Desert Hymn to the Sun," and "Camadeva," are fine; whatever does not meet our taste we pass over with the poet's own thought—

"And if the temper of our colder sky,
Less warmth of passion and of speech demands,
They are the blossoms of my life—and I
Have ripened in the suns of many lands."

"The Quaker Widow" is one of our special favorites. It is drawn from life, and is true at every point to the quaint, lovely peculiarities of that peculiar people, who have preëminently striven to keep themselves unspotted from the world. We should not know where to look for as good a picture of the kind, a woman friend—noble, pure, quiet-minded; open to the beauty of nature, tender in conscience, submissive always to the Master's ordering of her life. The California Ballads are splendid in conception and versification. What could be more vividly realizing than "The Bison Track?" The words are all alive. "The Norseman's Ride" is one of the finest things in the book. We remember at its first publication that it found signal favor with the poet Whittier.

This collection appears to be a complete one, and will be valued accordingly by the poet's friends. The portrait in front is a fine steel plate, handsomely executed, but not as good-looking as it might be.

—
The Cliff-Climbers; or, The Lone Home in the Himalayas. A Sequel to "The Plant-Hunters." By Captain Mayne Reid, Author of "The Desert Home," "The Boy-Hunters," &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Mayne Reid's books are very popular with boys, and deservedly so. This one looks unusually captivating, with its eight illustrations of wonderful adventures and ingenious contrivances for escaping from the "lone home"—a valley girdled with precipitous mountains, and its one doorway an impassable glacier. How the party got in and how they got out we shall not spoil the story by telling.

Miscellaneous Receipts.

—
TO MAKE WHITE BROTH.—Lay down two pounds of lean veal, with a small-sized fowl, properly trussed, in a saucepan, with as much water as will just cover them; add thereto a blade or two of mace, a few slices of lemon-peel, and one tablespoonful of clean-picked rice. Place your saucepan over a gentle fire, and allow the same to simmer until the essential juices of the meat are effectually abstracted. Beat up a couple of fresh-laid fowl eggs in a basin until they arrive at a fluid state, when they may be passed into a tureen, and the scalding liquor poured over the same, care being taken to keep the eggs well stirred around with a spoon or ladle to thicken it. Serve it up to table with toasted sippets. The above is well suited for invalids.

SHOULDER OF MUTTON EN EPIGRAMME.—When a shoulder of mutton is almost enough roasted, take off the skin to the thickness of a crownpiece, and remove the shank-bone. Season both with pepper

and salt, a little lemon-peel cut small, a few sweet herbs and crumbs of bread, and put it on the grid-iron till it be well browned. Take the rest of the meat and cut it into pieces of the size of a shilling. Keep the gravy and mix with it a few spoonful of strong stock, a little nutmeg, half an onion cut very fine, a small bundle of herbs, pepper and salt, some gherkins shred up small, a few mushrooms, two or three truffles finely cut up, two table-spoonful of wine, and a little flour dredged into it. Stew all these with the meat slowly for five or six minutes, taking care not to let it boil. Remove the herbs, lay the meat in a dish with the gravy, and place the broiled portions upon it.

RELISH FOR CHOPS.—Pound one ounce of black pepper, half ounce of allspice, one ounce of salt, half ounce of scraped horse-radish, and the same of eschalots peeled and quartered. Put these into one pint of mushroom catsup, and let them steep for a fortnight and then strain it. A teaspoonful of this is usually mixed with gravy for chops or steaks, or added to thick melted butter.

A SAUCE FOR BOILED PHEASANTS.—Procure a small stick of white celery, and one eschalot. Pick out the best stalks of the celery, and chop them into a mince. Have one pint of new milk in a saucepan by the side of a good fire, and, after divesting the eschalot of the skin, consign them both to the saucepan, with the addition of six black peppercorns and a little salt. Allow the milk to simmer until the quantity is reduced to half a pint. Have ready the crumb of a stale French roll, and with a table-spoon remove the eschalot and peppercorns from the saucepan, introducing the crumb instead of the latter. When the bread has become thoroughly softened, beat it up with a quarter pint of sweet cream, and serve it up to table in an appropriate sauce-boat.

OYSTERS ETIQUETTE.—Procure two dozen oysters. Have them opened and throw them in a clean basin or soup-plate. Take a small bunch of parsley chopped quite small, a little raw lemon rind ditto, half a nutmeg grated, and the crumb of a stale French roll, also grated; let the latter be well mixed up together, adding one drachm of cayenne pepper. Have at hand the yolks of three fresh eggs, beaten up into a fluid; dip the oysters separately into the eggs, and roll them in the crumb of the loaf until the whole of them are encased in a bread coating or covering. Put a quarter pound of good butter into a Dutch-oven, setting it before a brisk fire until the former is fully melted, arranging your oysters on the tray of the oven at your convenience. Keep the oysters continually turned until they assume a perfectly brown crusty appearance. When fully baked, serve them up with a plate of bread and butter, cut thin, and use salt at discretion. A stick of celery eaten with them adds greatly to the relish.

SAVORY RICE FOOD.—Having saved the bones of the previous day, a very good food may be made as follows:—Take six pounds of bones, which break into small pieces, and boil in ten quarts of water for four hours; having added three ounces of salt, a small bunch of thyme, bay-leaf and savory, put into a stewpan the fat and two onions cut thin, half a pound of vegetables, as carrots, turnips, celery, &c., cut very thin; half ounce of sugar; put it on the fire for fifteen minutes; stir it occasionally; add half a pound of oatmeal, and mix well; moisten with two gallons of the stock from the bones; add one and a quarter pound of rice, previously soaked; boil till tender, and serve.

DUTCH SAUCE.—A gill of cream, five yolks of eggs, two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of flour. Mix all well together in a small saucepan, and place it in another with boiling water until it becomes quite thick, keeping it well stirred. Then flavor it with elder vinegar, which is made by soaking the petals of the flowers of the elder in vinegar; and when the vinegar is well flavored with it, you drain the vinegar from the petals, and filter through blotting-paper.

GAME PIE.—Cut up a hare and season it afterwards. Make a raised crust (or use a dish, if preferred), and having added hard-boiled eggs and forcemeat, bake the hare in it. When about to serve it up, remove the cover of the pie by cutting it out, and substitute for it the following jelly:—Put into a stew-pan that shuts very closely a small bare knuckle of the leg or shoulder of veal, or a scrag of mutton, a slice of lean ham or bacon, one or two onions, a little lemon-peel, a teaspoonful of bruised, and the same of whole pepper; two blades of mace, a bunch of herbs, and three pints of water; and let them boil together. Skim it well as soon as it boils, and allow it to simmer until quite strong. Strain it, and when cold remove the fat with a spoon first, and then lay a piece of blotting-paper over it, so as to get rid of every remaining particle. Should it not be clear, after becoming quite cold, let it boil a few minutes with the whites of two eggs, being careful not to add the sediment, and pass it through a sieve, with a clean fine cloth in it, which has previously been dipped in boiling water. The forcemeat may be made by finely chopping up a little ham, some fowl or cold veal, bacon or fat, a small amount of onion, a piece of lemon-peel, some parsley and salt, nutmeg or pounded mace, cayenne pepper, and bread crumbs. Pound these all together in a mortar, with an egg or two beaten and strained. The raised crust should be prepared in the following manner:—A little fine lard and an equal quantity of fresh dripping or butter should be boiled in water. While this is hot, the amount of flour required to make the paste of the required stiffness should be added; then it must be kneaded and

beaten with a rolling-pin till smooth, and a lump placed in a cloth to soak until nearly cold. After rolling out the paste to a proper thickness, a piece may be cut out for the under crust of the pie, one for the cover, and a long strip for the sides. When arranged in their places, the sides and under crust may be fixed together with white of egg, the pie filled, and the cover put on. Partridges or other game may be substituted for hare.

POTATO PUFFS.—Take cold roast meat, either beef, mutton, or veal and ham; clear it from gristle, chop small, and season with pepper, salt, and cut pickles; boil and mash some potatoes, and make them into a paste with one or two eggs, roll it out with a dust of flour, cut it round with a saucer, put some of your seasoned meat on one half, and fold it over like a puff, prick or nick it neatly round, and fry it a light brown. This is an excellent method of cooking up old meat.

LIGHT ROLLS FOR BREAKFAST.—One pound of flour, one ounce of butter, one large eggspoonful of carbonate of soda, and the same quantity of salt, a large teaspoonful of sugar. Mix the butter with the flour so thoroughly that you will hardly know there is any in it. Then mix the three other ingredients together, and put them in amongst the flour in a basin. To this add as much buttermilk as will make the dough like that used for common white bread. It should not be much kneaded, but rolled out to the thickness required, and then cut to the size wished for the small rolls. The oven must be well heated before the rolls are put in. They take about three-quarters of an hour to bake.

GINGER WINE.—This is about the best wine for a beginner to try her hand upon, not only because it is less expensive than some kinds, but also because it humors the impatience of a tyro by being ready to drink two months after it is made, whereas most wines should remain in the cask a year. To every gallon of water allow three and a half pounds of sugar, two ounces of good hot ginger, and one lemon. Peel the lemons very thin, and boil the peel and the ginger (previously well bruised) very thoroughly. Put the sugar, lemon-peel, ginger, the necessary quantity of water, and the juice of the lemons, into a cask, and set the wine to work by stirring in some good yeast, allowing from a dessert to a tablespoonful per gallon. When the wine has done working, put some raisins in at the bung-hole, allowing about a quarter pound per gallon.

TO MAKE "BISHOP."—Procure a large, ripe, sound lemon, pierce the same in various parts, and rub into the peel as much pounded white loaf sugar as will abstract a sufficiency of the essential spirit of the rind into it. Introduce into each puncture a spice-clove, and lay the lemon in a bowl. Have ready at hand, on the side of the fire, a quart of the best port wine, scalding hot, pour the same into the

bowl, over the lemon, adding sugar to your taste, and crown the bowl with the whites of half a dozen eggs, whipped up into a consistent froth. This constituted a favorite beverage of the late Professor Porson of "Græco-literature" celebrity.

FOR A GOOD CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Take three ounces of flour, and the same weight of finely-grated bread-crumbs, six ounces of nice beef suet (kidney suet) chopped very small, six ounces of raisins (weigh the raisins after they are stoned), six ounces of well-cleaned currants, four ounces of minced apples, five ounces of sugar, two ounces of candied orange-peel, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg mixed with pounded mace, a very little portion of salt, a wineglassful of brandy, and three whole eggs. Mix all these ingredients well together, tie them tightly in a thickly-floured cloth, and boil for four hours.

FOR A PLAIN KITCHEN PUDDING.—Suet, flour, raisins, currants, of each half pound, spice as agreeable, two ounces moist sugar, one or two eggs; mixed as the other is. Makes a very good *plain* pudding; boiled six hours in a cloth.

CHRISTMAS PLUM-PUDDING.—Suet, chopped fine, six ounces; raisins, stoned, &c., eight ounces; bread-crumbs, six ounces; three eggs, a wineglass of brandy, a little nutmeg and cinnamon pounded as fine as possible, half a teaspoonful of salt, rather less than half a pint of milk; fine sugar, four ounces; candied lemon, one ounce; citron, half ounce. Beat the eggs and spice well together; mix the milk by degrees, then the rest of the ingredients. Dip a fine, close, linen cloth into boiling water, and put in a sieve (hair), flour it a little, and tie up close. Put the pudding into a saucepan containing *six* quarts of boiling water; keep a kettle of boiling water alongside, and fill up as it wastes. Be sure to keep it boiling at least six hours. Serve with any sauce; arrowroot with brandy.

GERMAN CREAM BISCUITS.—Take four ounces of butter, six ounces of powdered loaf sugar, seven ounces of flour, one tablespoonful of fresh cream, and one egg. Make the above into a dough, beating it well; then roll it out very thin, cutting it into square pieces two inches long and one broad. Bake in a quick oven, and when done they should be a light yellow brown.

GERMAN FLOTTKRENGEL.—Take one pound of dry flour, three-quarters of a pound of well-washed butter, ten tablespoonfuls of cream. For the top of these cakes melted butter or egg, powdered sugar and cinnamon. Break the butter into small pieces, and mix with the flour, then adding the cream; mix quickly into a light paste. From this break pieces, and roll them out with the hand about a quarter of a yard long, and join the two ends in the middle, to give them the form of a B. When all are done grease them on top with egg or melted butter, strewing sugar and cinnamon over it. Those who

like almonds will find them with the above very delicious. These cakes require to be baked quickly.

GINGER OR CINNAMON TABLET.—Melt one pound of loaf sugar or sugar candy with a little water over the fire, and put in one ounce of pounded ginger or cinnamon, and keep stirring it till it begins to rise into a froth, then pour it into a dish which has been first rubbed with a little butter; before it hardens, cut it into the size and shape you approve of for table.

TO CURL FEATHERS.—The ribs are scraped with a bit of glass, cut circularly, in order to render them pliant; and then, by drawing the edge of a blunt knife over the filaments, they assume the curly form so much admired.

KNITTED PETTICOAT FOR A CHILD THREE YEARS OF AGE.—I have just completed a knitted petticoat for my little girl, and as it is particularly soft and warm, and very quickly done, I think the recipe may be acceptable to some of your readers. Wooden needles, No. 5, and a good length; Scotch wool. Cast on two hundred and twenty stitches, and knit thirty-six rows plain, always slipping the first stitch. By row I mean two needles, so that you count thirty-six ribs on each side. Then knit one row as follows:—Knit 4, knit two together, repeat to end of needle. Knit six plain rows or ribs, then knit three, knit two together to end of needle, and six more ribs plain. Next row, knit two, knit two together to end of needle, six more plain rows. Then take needles No. 10, and knit five ribs; should this be too large for the child's waist, take smaller needles. To make the button-hole, knit four stitches and cast off four stitches, knit to end of needle, and in returning cast on four stitches opposite those cast off; knit five more ribs and cast off; join it up the back with a crochet needle, work one row of double crochet round the opening, and one row in the cast off stitches all round the bottom of the petticoat; this bottom row looks better done in thicker wool. If preferred, the petticoat can be knitted in stripes of colored and white wool.

NETTED CURTAINS.—A simple and pretty arrangement for netted curtains consists of about forty rows of netting with rather fine cotton, on a mesh a quarter of an inch across, or, if round, about No. 9 of the standard wire or knitting gauge, then with a mesh an inch across and coarse cotton rather thicker than single Berlin wool. Net a plain row, then a row taking three of these stitches into one, a plain row, and a fourth row increasing three stitches in each, and making the whole number the same as at first. These four are all with the wide mesh and thick cotton. The best way is to work a small piece, and ascertain by multiplication how many stitches are required for the entire length of the

curtain. I have commonly seen two sizes of Strutt's netting or Dutch cotton used, and the curtains last a long time, there being no difficulty in netting up any rents at the wash or broken stitches. A design can be darned in on the broad stripe, but it seems scarcely required—indeed, I prefer their appearance without, as being less heavy.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE.—Rinse the black lace well in strong blue water. Do not rub or soap it in the least, but change the water when the dirt has left the lace, and rinse again in strong blue water. Shake the wet out, and hang till nearly dry. Then iron with a piece of muslin over the lace, and you cannot but be pleased with the result.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—A white alpaca dress, trimmed with black lace insertion, the sections of which are surrounded with loops of black velvet. A jacket edged with loops of black velvet, pointed in front and cut with basques at the back. The small side basques are cut separately, and afterwards joined to the side pieces; the back is cut in one piece. A white muslin chemisette, with embroidered muslin collar and cuffs, is worn underneath the jacket. The head-dress is composed of a wide guipure insertion, lined with pink silk, and edged with guipure. This is formed into loops and two square lappets; there are small moss rose-buds underneath the loops in front; a narrow pink ribbon commences underneath the loops, is carried round each side of the head, and tied underneath the mass of hair at the back, the ends falling on to the shoulders.

FIG. 2.—A low frock of buff piqué, ornamented with black mohair braid; the edge of the skirt is scalloped out and bound with black braid; the sleeve is formed with an epaulette. A band is arranged as a scarf upon the shoulder, and joins the sash, which is tied at the side, and terminates with long ends.

FIG. 3.—Dress of pearl gray silk, the skirt very full and without trimming. *Postillion* jacket body of scarlet velvet, the *postillion* of moderate length and very wide. It is open at the sides, the openings being edged with a rich black *passementerie*. All the edges of the body are trimmed with the same *passementerie*, which on each shoulder and at the cuffs forms an ornamental pattern. At the middle of the back, and at each opening of the *postillion*, is a row of small black buttons.

FIG. 4.—Dress of straw-colored silk, trimmed with *passementerie* of white silk. Corsage round,

with a ceinture of gros grain and a very large mother-of-pearl buckle. Bonnet of puffed white tulle, with a small curtain of blonde.

FIG. 5.—Dress of plaid silk or poplin, the skirt without trimming. *Paletot* of rich silk plush, the color warm brown or *Havana*. It is lined throughout with white silk and quilted: the fronts have four buttons on each side, fastening by loops of *pasamenterie*. There are two pockets at the waist, placed lengthwise, and these are trimmed by a *pasamenterie*, forming an *Arabesque* pattern. A similar *Arabesque* is also placed at the bottom of each sleeve, and another is placed on each shoulder, with three tassels, so as to form an *epaulette*. Bonnet of black velvet, having a loose crown of plaid silk, and trimmed with plaid silk and white feathers; the curtain is of black lace over white silk.

FIG. 6.—Dress à deux jupes, the first skirt is of white silk, and has at the bottom a founce of black lace, headed by a narrow garland of small roses and buds. The second skirt is of blue silk; it is cut into squares at the bottom, and is edged with a garland and black lace like that on the under-skirt, except that the black lace is narrower. The body is of blue silk, and has a postillion jacket at the back, open in the middle, and edged all round with the black lace and a garland of roses, which trimming is carried up the sides of the body, over the shoulders, and across the fronts, where it forms a *bêthe*, having a large bouquet of roses placed in the centre of the chest.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For the promenade, *paletots*, more or less tight-fitting, together with some large full *rotondes* or *talmas*, will be the garments most in favor.

The *basque habit* is another style which is being worn in Paris. It is merely a tight-fitting velvet body, with a very large and long *postillion* jacket, skirt at the back.

The skirts of *paletots* are at present of moderate length: as the season advances, some ladies will prefer them a little longer; but this style will always be made to fit quite tight to the figure.

Dress bodies are generally plain and high; some have the waist round, others with point in front. Postillion skirts are in very great favor. It is expected that waist belts with large buckles, will be much worn with the round waists.

A great improvement has lately been introduced in the manner of wearing these wide belts; they are no longer worn straight round the waist, but are pleated twice under each arm, and once at the back, which causes them to fit the figure like a corset. The gilt buckle with black enamel for morning, and the mother-of-pearl for evening wear, are those most generally adopted. Jet buckles are also worn out of mourning.

Sleeves both for dresses and *paletots*, are decidedly

smaller, both at elbow and wrist; some dress-sleeves are almost tight-fitting. Wide or Pagoda sleeves, are now hardly ever seen.

Very pretty small jackets are made of white cashmere or yak, and ornamented with pine-patterns, cut out in black cashmere, embroidered in brilliant colors, and appliqué over the white ground, so as to form a very elegant border. The same style of trimming is employed for morning dresses of the same material. The skirt is open in front, and a very rich border runs round the bottom and up the front; the body has revers also embroidered, and the pattern is repeated on the shoulders and at the back, on the seams at the waist. The dress may be either white, very light green, or maize. The border consists of pine-patterns and other devices, fancifully intermixed and worked in the brightest hues, scarlet, deep maize, turquoise blue and Turkish green being the predominating tints.

The work is not very difficult, not being the raised satin-stitch of white embroidery, but a species of *point Russe*, or *point lancé*; that is, a stitch carried from one point to another of the work, without being sewn over, the pattern being traced upon the material; it is thus gone over with the silk. A little dotted work for filling up, and herring-bone stitch for fixing the pieces of material often appliqué in the borders, give it variety. A great many mothers take pleasure in thus ornamenting their little ones' frocks, and the work is newer and more amusing than braiding. This style of quickly-worked and fanciful embroidery is quite in vogue now.

Embroidered dresses are very fashionable; fine cashmeres, especially, worked with silk of a darker shade. White beads are sometimes introduced with the embroidery. Fuschias are worked on white cashmere, with purple chenille, each pistil terminating with a white bead; or a pearl-gray cashmere dress is embroidered with irises in three shades of violet chenille, with elegant effect.

The black velvet coats, with either revers or un-trimmed tails, are worn with every variety of skirt: they replace the white bodices. The square basque suits every body; it should be wide, and trimmed with a gimp ornament in the centre of the waist at the back, and in the two corners of the basque. To simulate a waistcoat in front has a good effect; this is managed with a handsome chenille fringe, which turns off at the sides and trims the square basque.

Quite pretty head-dresses for leaving a theatre or ball-room have made their appearance. They are hoods made in pink, blue, and white satin, and quilted in a very small pattern by a sewing-machine; the lining is always white sarsenet. The hood is pointed in front, and a pelerine, pointed both at the front and back, is added, and

this is likewise quilted; both hood and pelerine are edged with a very full pinked-out ruche, or a band of either swan's-down or ermine. The novelty in these hoods is the large pelerine which is added to them, being double the size of that worn last winter. When this head-covering is adopted, the hood attached to the opera cloak is suppressed.

There is a schism among the Parisian milliners on the subject of bonnets. Many of them are making the very smallest shapes, without curtains, intending them to be worn with the hair in a large padded bow, falling low on the neck at the back, a style which still remains highly popular. Other milliners, and the celebrated Mme. Laure among the number, are anxious to bring back the fashion of wearing the hair very high at the back. These also make exceedingly small bonnets, but with transparent crowns, so that the hair can be seen through: while below the crown there is either a large bow or a small curtain made of double tulle. Probably the small bonnets, without either stiff crown or curtain, and with the mass of hair at the back, will be the popular style this winter.

The dressy bonnets are almost all made alike. The front in the form of a half-handkerchief, sometimes plain, and sometimes puffed; and round the edge, falling upon the hair, there is a fringe, made either of feathers, chenille, or white bugles (*white jet*) as it is called in Paris. This appears the only way at present of trimming bonnets with feathers; hats have monopolized the long plumes. Black net bonnets, embroidered with jet beads, and with a long fringe of jet bugles falling upon the hair, is a style frequently adopted.

Jet butterflies are in great favor upon bonnets; they are worn at the top of the head, with outspread wings. Those made of mother-of-pearl are placed upon full dress bonnets. The mother-of-pearl is now dyed in all colors, and much adopted upon head-dresses. The large shells made of either shaded purple or blue velvet, are eccentric novelties for head-dresses; marine plants and grasses are arranged as though they were escaping from them. These shells are finished off with loops of pearls, which fall among the grasses on to the neck.

Sashes for evening wear are in great demand. As the generality of evening dresses are white, looped up with colored flowers, sashes are made white, with a stripe of color down the centre to match the ornaments. A wide stripe of cerise moire between two white stripes has a very good effect. These striped sashes are not all made of the same material: where the centre stripe is moire the side ones are satin, and *vice versa*. All sashes still continue to be worn of an exaggerated width, and velvet is generally adopted with silk dresses.

TRIMMINGS.—On woollen materials—as well for dresses as for paletôts—silk braid is the most suitable style of trimming. It is not arranged in straight rows, but in a variety of patterns, formed of strips of unequal lengths, disposed in twos or threes, and crossing one another. A pearl or gimp button is often placed at the end of each strip.

Silk dresses are trimmed with gimp and jet, or with lace insertion. The trimming often simulates the form of an open tunic over the skirt. The epaulettes and cuffs are always much ornamented. If a flounce is worn at the bottom of the skirt, it is disposed in box pleats, and a gimp ornament or a fancy button is placed over each pleat. Deep silk fringe, with a heading of gimp, and arranged in waves or scallops is also a new and fashionable style.

WHITE CHEMISETTES.—These convenient and popular articles of dress are in cold weather often replaced by foulard bodices to wear with Swiss bands or open jackets. They are very pretty in pearl-gray, blue, or white spotted with red; they are made with double pleats in front and behind, worked in point Russe down the centre of each pleat in black or colored purse silk; the sleeves are half-fitting, with one deep pleat at the top and a deep cuff also worked in point Russe. The front and cuffs are fastened with silk buttons.

A FANCIFUL JACKET.—It was of gray cashmere, rounded off in front like a Zouave, but longer at the back; a pattern of a sheaf was placed on the epaulettes, fronts, basques, and at the bottom of the sleeves. This pattern was made of strips of extremely narrow cashmere braid of brilliant colors; the end of each strip of braid was finished off with a round pendant button of silk, matching the braid. Besides the sheaf patterns small strips and buttons were placed all round the jacket and round the sleeves. The whole was pretty and coquettish.

CRAVATS.—Very pretty little cravats are worn, made of ribbon braid, brocaded in cashmere or Turkish patterns, and edged with fringe. Others are made of ribbon, with a bouquet of flowers brocaded on each end, and a pretty fringe composed of tiny silk tassels. One was of purple ribbon, with a bunch of white field daisies and ears of corn in natural colors. Other new cravats are of pink, blue, or mauve silk, with a chess-board pattern on the ends composed of interlaced black and white velvet. A cravat is almost indispensable with the narrow sticking-up collars, or with those the points of which alone are turned down in front. The linen collars and cuffs are now worked round the edge with delicate open embroidery, or trimmed with Valenciennes lace, which forms a very pretty contrast. The same mixture of plain linen and open work or lace is seen on the white chemisettes worn under open jackets.

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